

The Elks

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Magazine

MAY, 1929



In This Issue:

Charles Johnson Post, Boyden Sparkes, Ben Lucien Burman, and many others



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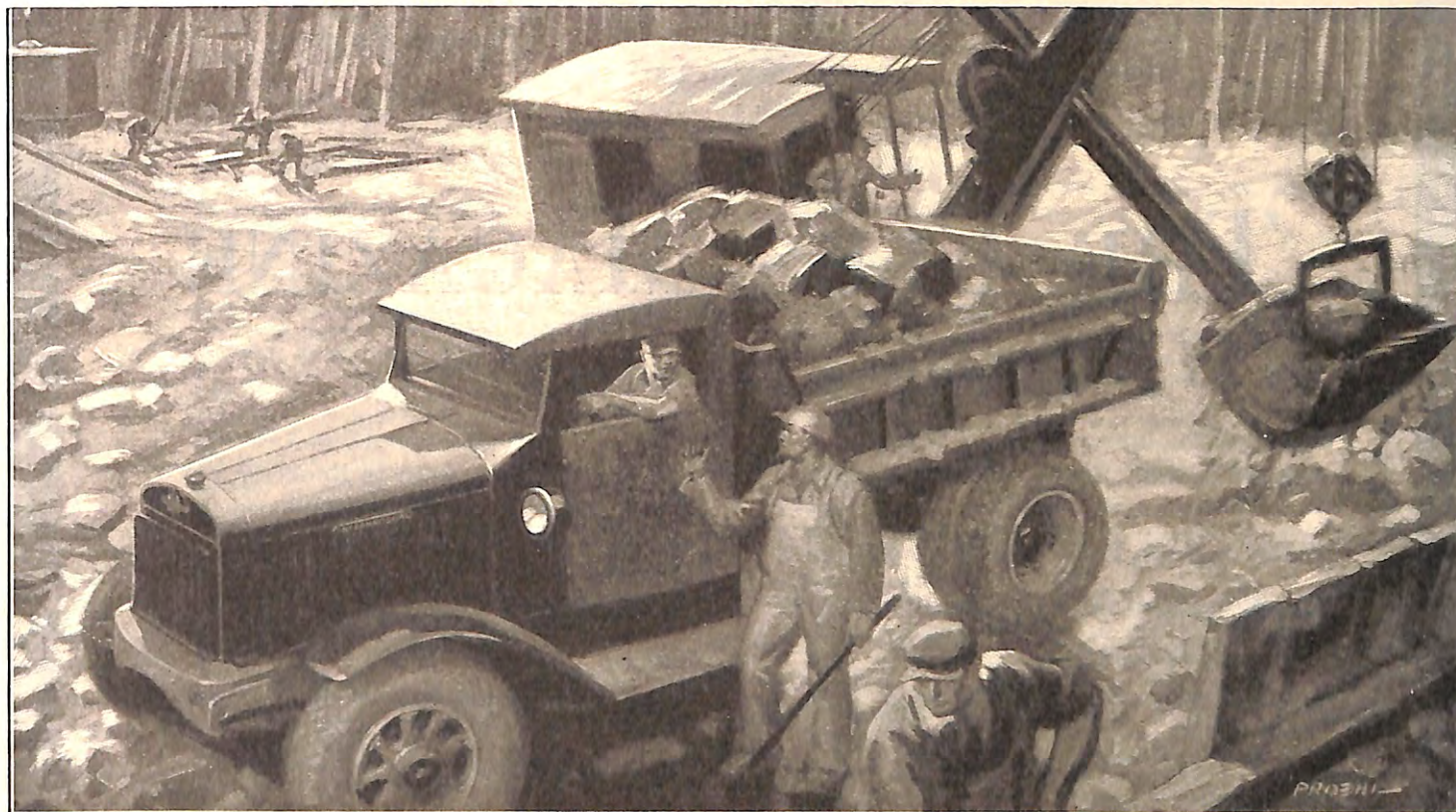
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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Seven
Number Twelve

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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Cover Design by Sam Brown

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER
OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Published Under the Direction of the Grand Lodge by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

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Editor and Executive Director

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50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

The Elks Magazine is published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U. S. A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y. Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and

Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and member's number; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please also notify your Lodge secretary of change, and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of changes to THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

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

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

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

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

Official Circular Number Seven

*Elks National Home,
 Bedford, Virginia
 April 27, 1929*

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

MY BROTHERS:

May First, in New York City, is known as Moving Day. Let us inaugurate a "moving day" throughout the Domain of Elkdom.

When this communication is received—and read at the first May meeting of your Lodge—the newly elected officers of all subordinate Lodges throughout the Order will have been installed, committees appointed and, if the proper selection of Exalted Ruler has been made, a meeting will have been held, or at least arranged for, between the officers and committeemen and Past Exalted Rulers of your Lodge for the purpose of formulating a constructive, concrete and forward-looking program of activities for the ensuing year, which will set your Lodge in motion to achieve a year of real substantial accomplishment.

From reports which have come to me, a large proportion of the newly installed officers have begun auspiciously and the increased enthusiasm manifested in the communications received indicates a renewal of interest on the part of our membership, a decided improvement in attendance and a better spirit of cooperation. Accordingly, I appeal to the individual member of every Lodge to manifest interest and encourage the officers by making a special effort to attend at least one meeting during the month of May, and thereby cooperate in getting the Lodge *on the move!*

President Hoover has issued a proclamation inviting all organizations interested to make every reasonable effort to bring about a nationwide understanding of the fundamental significance of healthy childhood, and of the importance of conservation of the health and physical vigor of our boys and girls throughout every day of the year. May First will be "Better Child Health Day," when a nationwide program is to be put on for more and better play. The Grand Lodge, in session at Atlanta in 1923, endorsed the recommendation of the Committee on Good of the Order, that subordinate Lodges, wherever practicable, increase local recreation facilities for children by providing and/or equipping playgrounds. I urge every Lodge to cooperate with its city government in accordance with the President's proclamation. Ask your Mayor, your Park Commission and your Board of Education how you can be of service—and *let us move!*

Mothers' Day

*"Honor thy Father and thy Mother that thy days may be long
 in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."*

An Elk enshrines his Mother and endearingly inscribes her memory in his heart.

Not alone should every Lodge assemble on the second Sunday of May to exemplify our beautiful Mothers' Day ritual, but every Elk should pay his personal tribute of love and respect to her living personality or her revered memory.

Memorial Day

*"The night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
 And as silently steal away."*

They who wore the blue and the gray are rapidly answering the final Bugle Call to re-assemble in peaceful unity in the Grand Lodge of the Hereafter. Just as Elkdom has proven itself

to be a patriotic agency not alone to re-unite the North and the South, but to weld the East and the West into one great national family; so, in that spirit, may we continue to observe the thirtieth day of May as a testimonial of our appreciation of the service rendered by those of our country's gallant sons who offered their lives in the supreme sacrifice in the Spanish-American and in the World War. Let us not forget those of our Brothers who sleep peacefully in our Elks Rest, thus re-affirming that an Elk is never forgotten, never forsaken.

The Grand Lodge Convention

The Sixty-fifth Communication of the Grand Lodge is another month closer. California, here we come!

The general committee of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, is leaving no stone unturned to surpass, if possible, any previous convention in the history of the Order. She has furnished, and will continue to furnish, from time to time, descriptive and illustrated advertising matter. Please lend your cooperation in having it effectively distributed and/or conspicuously displayed. Please see that the Los Angeles Committee of your Lodge is actively at work, and if such a committee does not exist in your Lodge, appoint one at once.

The Convention will be held in the Grand ball-room of the Los Angeles-Biltmore Hotel (also the Headquarters of the Grand Lodge) July 7-13. The parade, which will take place on Thursday, July 11, will be made an outstanding feature. It has been so arranged that it will terminate in the Coliseum, which has a seating capacity of 100,000, so that ample opportunity will be afforded the families and the friends of the participants to review it.

It is requested and expected that the members of each Lodge will appear in a distinctive uniform: this uniform, even if it be so simple as to consist only of a white outing shirt, white flannel trousers, purple cap and tie and black or white shoes, may be adopted by all of the Lodges of a particular State. No costumes of a grotesque or a burlesque character will be permitted, and while the Los Angeles Committee is offering special inducements by way of prizes to encourage Lodges or State Associations to enter floats, no float will be permitted which carries any advertising matter.

In the next issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, will appear a letter of instruction to be issued by Grand Esquire Harry H. Atkinson, Grand Marshal of the parade, but, meanwhile, Lodges and members thereof may secure full information regarding the parade by addressing Brother H. H. Atkinson, at the First National Bank Building, Reno, Nevada.

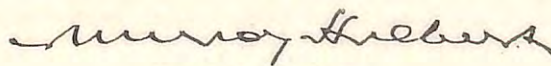
Appointments

To succeed Hon. Walter P. Andrews, of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, who resigned, I have appointed Hon. Arthur S. Tompkins of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, as Chief Justice of the Grand Forum. Brother Tompkins is a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge F. & A. M. of the State of New York. To succeed Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, who resigned to become a Trustee of the Elks National Foundation, I have appointed H. B. Maynard, Past Exalted Ruler of Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge, No. 290.

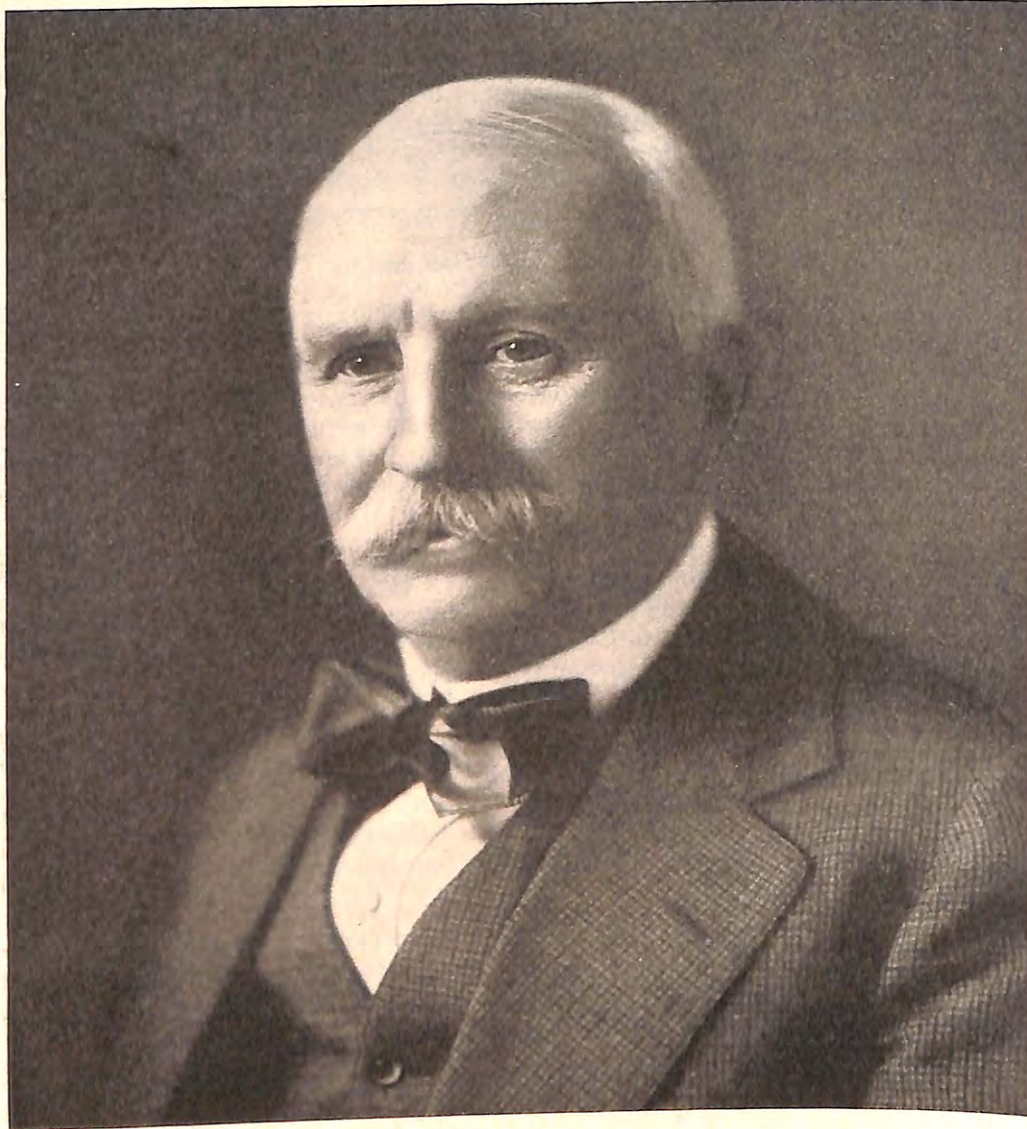
As District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the Island of Guam, I have appointed Past Exalted Ruler W. G. Johnston, who will attend the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles.

On June first, I shall begin preparation of the report which I am required to submit at Los Angeles in accordance with Section 24, Chapter 3 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, and I will welcome suggestions with respect to matters which any Lodge, any Past Exalted Ruler and any member of the Order may feel disposed to submit for consideration.

Fraternally yours,



Grand Exalted Ruler.



Astley Apperly

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

ON SATURDAY, March 23, at the residence of his daughter in Champaign, Illinois, Astley Apperly, oldest living Past Grand Exalted Ruler passed away. His loss is felt deeply by his many friends throughout the Order.

Born in Gloucestershire, England, November 10, 1844, Mr. Apperly was brought to this country in 1851, his family settling in Louisville, Kentucky, in which city he was educated. He served as first assistant engineer in the United States Navy during the Civil War.

Mr. Apperly became a member of Louisville Lodge, No. 3, in 1886. He was first elected Exalted Ruler in 1890 and served three successive terms in that office. In 1893, at the Grand Lodge Convention held in Detroit, he was elected Grand Exalted Ruler. From that time on all through his life he maintained a keen interest in the affairs of the Order. In 1901 he was a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Distribution; from 1902 through 1907, he served with the other Past Grand Exalted Rulers on the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order. As late as September, 1919, he was elected Treasurer of his

Lodge and in that capacity he served until October 4, 1926, when he resigned on account of poor health.

Mr. Apperly's body was taken from Champaign to Louisville, where it lay in state in the Lodge room of the Elks Home. The funeral services, attended by more than two hundred members and their families, were conducted, March 26, by the officers of Louisville Lodge. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell were present, representing the Grand Exalted Ruler. The eulogy was delivered by Mr. Campbell, and representatives of the Blue Lodge of Masons and of the Grand Army of the Republic, to both of which Mr. Apperly had belonged, also spoke. The Past Exalted Rulers of Louisville Lodge acted as honorary pall bearers. Interment was in the Elks Rest at Cave-Hill Cemetery, Louisville.

The late Past Grand Exalted Ruler is survived by his daughter, Mrs. George W. Clinkenbeard, of Champaign, Illinois, his son, George M. Apperly, of Louisville, and six grandchildren. To all the family THE ELKS MAGAZINE conveys the sincere sympathy of the entire Order.

THE MOST IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

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ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
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THE present hour sees a great change taking place in business. Small businesses are being gathered together into great institutions. The position of Vice-President in charge of Production, or Sales or Finance, in one of these great institutions is a larger responsibility than the presidency of a small business used to be. There has come an increasing demand for an expansion of the Institute's pro-

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We have prepared a special booklet describing the entire program, with particular reference to the new features. We should like to circulate this widely and to the following groups of men:

—The heads of businesses who recognize

that the training of competent associates is their major problem.

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In Canada, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto



"Separate nothing, get that, we stick together. You're going to stay right here with this pack train and bring these mules into Riobomba, understand?"

The Slow-Poke

By Charles Johnson Post

Illustrated by the Author

FROM outside in the patio there came the snarling barking of an irritated little dog that rose above the grunts and whooshes of the Indian idlers. There was the cackle of laughter and ejaculations of encouragements:

"Buena chinche!"

"El perro! El perro!"

"Go it, bug!"

"At him dog!"

"Chinche! Chinche! Bug! Bug!"

From his high stool in the office that opened off the patio a little, spectacled, mild-eyed man hopped nimbly down from his stool in front of a heavy ledger and trotted energetically to the door that opened upon the patio. "Vayase!" he shrilled. "Get out!"

The little group of other clerks of the firm of *Hermosillo y Hermanos* in this terminal railroad town of *Pinchincha*, in the inner Andes, parted and revealed to Don Erasmo the center of the commotion. A bug—a beetle of huge size and corresponding courage stood facing a little dog, a little dog whose main ancestry had been fox terrier but whose genealogy otherwise was badly tangled. In and out the dog would jump with his little barking battle-cries and sturdily the bug would turn to face the attack with his heavy stag-like tweezers poised for a pinch.

And the little dog dared not close in; once he had in a past engagement, but never again.

"Vayase!" shrilled Don Erasmo. "That chinche! That bug—such courage!" He seized the dog from the rear with one hand and with the other deftly grasped the beetle, also from the rear.

"It was a good fight—ah, but you should

see it!" said one of the junior clerks regretfully.

Don Erasmo handed the bug to an Indian for safe deposit in the inner patio, or corral, where there was much herbage and its own home and tossed the dog into an empty packing case as he shrugged his shoulders. "A fight—yes; but to what purpose?" he said. "Was it a lady bug who captured the affections of the *perrito*—or would the doglet wed with a señora beetle? Absurd! Then why fight? A fight should have a purpose." And he laughed mildly.

As a matter of fact Don Erasmo was kind-hearted—which embarrassed him; and he was romantic, and romance was the very thread of his mild life. In fact it was his life.

On his high stool in that commission house of *Hermosillo y Hermanos* no one would have suspected Don Erasmo of romance. Plugging away over endless way-bills and turning the endless pages of twenty-pound ledgers, with his spectacles, his mild eyes and already thinning hair no one would have suspected that the fires of romance and adventure burned within—and had for years. But nothing had struck a spark within his mild soul; his worship of romance and adventure burned with the cold flame of caution. He was a bachelor, a *soltero*, which would seem to argue against his romantic fiber; but it was because he was romantic that he was still a *soltero*. For Don Erasmo was, in a way of speaking, engaged—and he had, also in a way of speaking, been engaged for years.

Unfortunately the lady in the case had been as dutiful as a daughter as had been Don Erasmo as a son; and it was this sense of duty to their respective parents—long dead, peace to their ashes—that had kept love in a perpetually arid bloom that never dared to blossom into marriage.

For the fair *Señorita Eufrosina* was quite as romantic, in her way, as was Don Erasmo in his. The difficulty was that the father of *Señorita Eufrosina* had been a rollicking, two-handed old gentleman, whose pattern was as truly American as if he had been brought up in a Michigan lumber camp and fought his way up to easy money and never forgot it. And the father of Don Erasmo had been a pleasant, meticulous old gentleman who had never been more or less than thirty seconds ahead of the first note of the first piece when the Government band played in the plaza of *Pinchincha* on every Thursday afternoon, and to whom regularity was the spice of life.

"*Mi papa*," explained Don Erasmo once, "*mi papa* said get a good job and stick to it."

AND the papa of *Señorita Eufrosina* had said to his daughter:

"Marry no *perezoso*—marry no slow-poke of a man!" and had chased Don Erasmo away from the first diffident and amatory advances under the iron-barred windows of the *Eufrosino* paternal residence. And *Señorita Eufrosina* had accepted mildly after the rather wistful and well-trained Spanish way. The cornet—which he had selected because, secretly, it seemed so militant—gathered dust upon its case. But not for long. He played again—badly, it is true—

but marches, military airs that comforted him grandly as he cautiously dreamed of valor and action.

Then the precious papa of each had died, and each dutiful offspring had gradually crystallized into pillars of well-preserved, salty remembrance as they kept facing the past and the hallowed paternal admonitions.

They would meet, it is true, on the nights or the afternoons that the band played in the plaza—the great dissipation and sole function in Pinchincha except when a strolling troupe of bull-fighters visited it during the season—and on these occasions Señorita Eufrosina would stroll around the band stand, discreetly guarded by the grim sister of her father at her side, while Don Erasmo would mildly stroll behind and get a few daring words with Señorita Eufrosina over her shoulder until the grim aunt came to life. Then the aunt would clatter briefly like a castanet, and add:

“Remember your dear father, *niñal!*” and glare at Don Erasmo with her two black eyes that bored their way out from behind the high-class, heavy-powdered, marshmallow visage and the lofty, quivering, tortoise-shell comb.

Once Señorita Eufrosina had slipped Don Erasmo a photograph—it fell with adroit innocence from the folds of her flowing, luminous skirts—and no one saw Don Erasmo pick it up. And Don Erasmo had one taken of himself—a prudent *carte de visite*—about the size of a playing card. But Don Erasmo never knew that aunty had taken it from Eufrosina as soon as they were in the home patio, and had torn it up with the gestures of a windmill and a shrill clack of un-aristocratic Spanish that she had remorse enough to make part of her confession to Padre Vicente two days later.

Thus matters had gone on, or rather, sat still.

Don Erasmo had his good, steady job

with *Hermosillo y Hermanos* and had stuck to it. The first twenty-pound ledger had become filled up and he had gone on to a second. That too was now filled and stood now on the shelf behind him followed by four more. He wore spectacles now, except when he mildly strolled the plaza when the band played, and his hair was thinning a little. Once he had gone down to the coast on a little business for *Hermosillo y Hermanos* and had thrilled with the adventure of travelling for two days on a railroad train and stopping over in the great city of Arequipa overnight between those two days. And once he had accompanied a mule pack-train into Illabaya and Riobamba over the last Andean trail where these two towns nestle in the clefts of the huge brown gorges of the last and greatest of the Andes—Riobamba, that is the last jumping-off place before facing the jungles of the far interior where the wild rubber comes from and where you sleep o' nights close by the water's edge and on an open sandbar so the savages cannot rush your camp. That is to say, so they cannot rush it too quickly. In Pinchincha was the good job. Mildly his thoughts went back to it and faithfully. He was romantic, but contented in a mildly discontented kind of way—if one may express it thus.

As Don Erasmo returned to his high stool and ledger he passed the open inner door wherein was the sanctum of Señor Don Juan *Hermosillo* himself. “Señor!” called Don Juan, raising his voice. Beside him sat three men, *gringos*, as Don Erasmo knew at a glance.

Don Erasmo entered and bowed to Don Juan and with a slightly lesser inflection to the *gringos*.

“Don Erasmo,” said Señor *Hermosillo*, “I have the honor to present to you the eminent American Señor *Smeeth*, his distinguished confrere Señor *Hanson*, and the very estimable Señor *Oo-ah-t-song*.”

Mr. Smith, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Watson bowed. Don Erasmo bowed lowest and ceremoniously waved his hand in a gesture that gave them freely the keys of Pinchincha. “I am the servant to you,” he said politely.

“Now then,” continued Señor *Hermosillo*, “Señor *Smeeth* and his friends speak Spanish—(but, oh, *caramba*, how badly—” he murmured the thought within himself)—“and as they are going into the interior, the *montaña*, to develop the gold of the *playas* for the Copacabana Mining Corporation we are to act as their agents. I place your services at their disposal.”

“I am honored,” said Don Erasmo very politely. “Am I to go into the *montaña* with them?” thrilling a little cautiously at the possibility of adventure.

“HEAVENS—no!” ejaculated William Smith, in English, as he looked at the rather wispy figure of the mild Don Erasmo and thought of the up-river trip that he had just taken through the hilly jungles to get back to Pinchincha after his first preliminary survey for the Copacabana outfit.

“No, Señor, *buscamos arrieros, cargadores, mulas, y—y—yea*, etceteras—*sabe*—you understand?” he waved his arms broadly and with a smile that was its own interpreter.

“I know!” responded Don Erasmo, “you need a pack train and a mule-boss and packers and mules—and you need more outfit for the *montaña*.”

“Righto!” said the sunburned Bill Smith cordially and he smiled amiably on Don Erasmo as he linked his arm through that of the little man. “And now, since the sun is over the yard-arm, how about a little *bebida*, a little drink—yes?”

Don Erasmo looked at Señor *Hermosillo* and that gentleman nodded. “As for myself,” he bowed, as well as his plumpness

The nearest Indians spun about, and fled down the street. From one of them came a stone that cracked and bounded from the walls



would permit, "I am busy, but Don Erasmo will be with you."

"Here, Dan," he returned to Watson, "you hook Don Erasmo by the other wing so's to help him over the high places and we'll head in for a drink." "Sam," he turned to the sedate Mr. Johnson, "you lead the way to the tambo."

And with this low class appellation he referred to the very grand Hotel Gran of Pinchincha, which is, as everyone there-about knows, very grand indeed, where barefooted Aymara Indian boys, in clumsy knitted woolen nightcaps with ear tabs shuffle over the roughest floor ever laid and serve drinks.

"What will you have?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Gaseoso con syropa," said Don Erasmo. Soda water and syrup.

"Good," said Mr. Smith, "the same for me." Dan and Sam nodded also.

Four pink sodas were delivered.

"You know," added Mr. William Smith, "there's a heap of romance in this 'drink hearty' stuff and a shot of hooch with a good song ringing clear—but I've paddled around in the tropics long enough to know that it's bad medicine for us little boys on a job like ours. If I ever get on the beach it won't be by booze."

"Preaching again, Bill," remarked Dan.

"Well," retorted Bill, "somebody has to when you two old soaks are about. You guys get sick just so's to get a legitimate excuse for a drink—didn't you get sick three years ago just for that?"

"Yeah—and I haven't been able to get sick since. Maybe if we're lucky we'll get a little malaria down the river this next trip—or a few snakebites, yes?" Dan laughed cheerfully.

"Como?" inquired Don Erasmo. "How?"

"Just kidding," said Mr. William Smith in English. "Now how the dickens can I translate that!" He pulled out a pocket dictionary; he rummaged rapidly through its pages; kid—a young goat; kidder—a monopolist of grains; darn Spanish anyway; "Try fun," suggested Dan; "fun—fun—to make fun of, ah, —"

"Burlarse de nosotros mismos!" We make fun of ourselves.

"KEEDDING!" repeated Don Erasmo. "I shall have the opportunity to learn English!" he thought. But to make fun of oneself! To make fun of one's friends! Shades of his dignified papa! But, at any rate, they were not slow-pokes—*perezosos*.



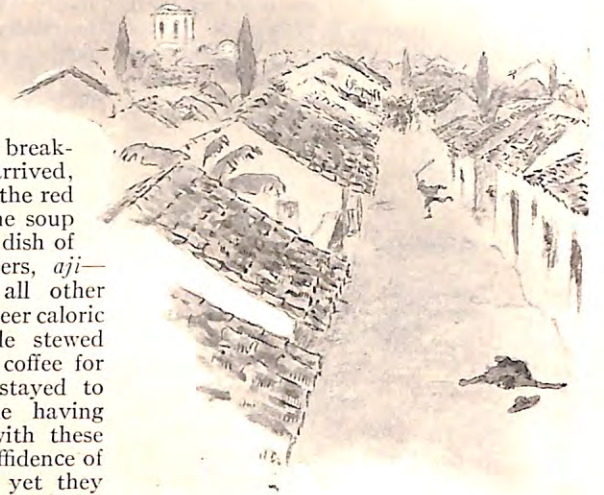
Don Erasmo jammed the big rowels of his spurs into his horse, "Amigos! Amigos! Eufrosina! I am here!" he shouted

The drinks passed. The midday breakfast hour of all Latin America arrived, and the barefooted Aymara with the red night-cap shuffled around with the soup and the roast goat and the little dish of those most venomous red peppers, *aji*—pronounced *ahce*—that leaves all other known peppers miles behind for sheer caloric impact, and with the inevitable stewed peaches and slightly salted black coffee for a wind up. Don Erasmo had stayed to breakfast. It was almost like having traveled himself, this contact with these queer *gringos*. There was no diffidence of formal contact with them; and yet they were rather likeable, they did not offend that which, he thought with surprise, they ought to offend. He felt friendly. They inspired him with a kind of energy, somewhat. Never had he played the cornet so martially (or so badly) as he did that evening, or dream more recklessly and with less caution.

For sixteen miles along both banks of the Cochabamba River the Copacabana Mining Company held a mining concession. A preliminary survey had been made, and a permanent camp inside had also been established. Equipment was needed, a supply of food for the laborers that must be taken in, some light machinery and tools—nothing heavier than could go on the back of a mule. There must be trade goods for a store—goods would appeal to the half-tame Indians of the rivers, for there would be no post within a hundred miles in either direction. All of this needed attention and, outside of the tools and engineering equipment Don Erasmo was, in fact, excellently equipped to suggest.

That afternoon they went through the warehouse of Hermosilla y Hermanos listing supplies and followed by the Indian *cargadores* who began piling the supplies outside to be wrapped in tarred burlap against the trip through the pass and then down the rivers lashed to rafts because, in running the rapids they would be more under water than

out of it. Food stores like the *chalonga*—the mutton that had been dried in the high air of the mountains and that is the staple food of the workers—the *chuno*, the little, dried, ancestor of all potatoes and no bigger than a fair nutmeg,



were being soldered in old Standard Oil tins to keep them dry. Shovels, picks, machetes, axes, an anvil, a small forge, a grindstone, cartridges, candles, chain, calicoes in small bolts, dynamite and mosquito netting as fine as lawn to keep out the tiny pests, were selected and turned over to the Aymara or *Cholo* packers to be packed and then weighed and enclosed in nets of rawhide in order that both sides of the mule would have the same weight of load. And all this under the supervision of Don Erasmo who hopped nimbly about and produced first a chaos and then an order and then back to a chaos again shrilling away in Spanish one moment and then clucking and guttering in fluent Aymara, as he caught some imperfectly soldered tin.

Señor Hermosillo beckoned fatly from his office off the patio. Don Erasmo trotted over.

"YOU remember those packages of *triquetraque*?" said Señor Hermosillo from behind his hand, "Well—stick the *gringos* with them! I trust to you!" he added grimly.

Don Erasmo knew them and groaned. Their white paper wrappers and screaming red labels proclaimed them the finest grade of firecrackers—and utterly unmovable stock in a country where, when one wishes to celebrate with noise, there is a handy Winchester or Mauser or a half-stick of dynamite that makes a lovely bang—and that is useful besides. But firecrackers! They were childish. True, these were fine firecrackers and bigger than your finger, each, and went off with a crack like an army rifle. They had sampled them once with a view to stimulating sales on a *fiesta* day, but the sampling had only confirmed the fact that these *triquetraques* were a total loss—one of Señor Hermosillo's little commercial experiments that was to be permanently a debit in red ink. Don Erasmo groaned again; but he lost no time. Let the bad news be gotten over with, queeck!

"Señor Beel," he asked dully, "you could use some firecrackers in the interior, in the *montaña*, yes?"

"What for?" asked Bill.

"Well, that was the question that was stumping Don Erasmo too.

"Well, for celebration for *fiesta*—save dynamite and cartridge," he answered desperately, but there was no hope in his heart.

Bill thought. Down in that river country

Little figures in flapping ponchos stood out in brilliant silhouette against the white walls. One slumped as Bill fired



east of the Andes you fired a salute every time you left a village, every time you left a friend, every time there was a *fiesta*, every time you arrived at a jungle village, every time you met a friend as far as you could see down the river bends.

And for *fiestas!* Good.

"Let's see 'em," said Bill.

Don Erasmo produced a firecracker. Bill lit it from his cigarette. This was no mild Chinese firecracker but a fine, fat banger straight from the United States. It cracked off like an army carbine. Beautiful! "How much?" he asked. Don Erasmo named the price—it was the price asked of the Pinchinchans at the final failure; he was afraid lest the miracle of disposal should fail. Señor Hermosillo growled when he told him of it: "These are *gringos*, wealthy," he said, "fathead, you should have doubled it—yes three times." "But," he added amiably, "thank God they are gone at last—you did well, Don Erasmo."

But Bill lost no time.

"I'll take 'em," said Bill. "By golly, the Copacabana Mining Company will be the most popular on the river when we begin handing these out. And Fourth of July is coming too!" But Don Erasmo knew better and he felt a little sorry for sticking the Copacabana outfit—but not too sorry.

Slowly, but fairly steadily, the packing went on. Muleteers came and boasted to Don Erasmo of their mules, and brought in loads of rawhide nets and began balancing their mule loads. So busy was Don Erasmo, that he even missed the band in the plaza both times that week, and his timid far-off romance still clung to warmth in the ashes of events. However, he noted in the Pinchincha newspaper, *El Mundo*, that the Señorita Eufrosina had gone with her aunt

on a visit to relatives in Illabaya for some weeks. So it really made no difference.

One day Señor Bill said to Señor Hermosillo, "I want your Don Erasmo for this trip—will you give him leave of absence? We'll pay him twice what you do, and he'll be back in three months."

The Copacabana Mining Company was important. Señor Hermosillo rapidly acquiesced. "You will pay him thus through me," he graciously acquiesced; "it is more convenient thus." "You will go with them, Don Erasmo," he explained later and privately; "it will be opportunity—of course. And you will receive the same wages that I will continue to pay you," he added, "thus you will lose nothing by it."

Don Erasmo thrilled. Adventure! Ten days of mule pack-train across the last pass—then two hundred miles of mountain rivers—rapids, jungle, a pink pearl-handled revolver in his pocket! He thrilled—but it was, after all, a timid thrill—one can not shake off the habits of a lifetime and of a papa who said "get a good job and stick to it!" However, he was sticking to his good job, was he not? He was still working for Señor Hermosillo—steady was the word, that dearest of papas who always knew best!

STEADILY the long weaving mule train followed the rutted trail that had been worn by thousands of mule trains and llama trains clear back to the days of the Incas. New large rowelled spurs adorned Don Erasmo, a *vicuna* poncho and a *vicuna* scarf softened the winds of the plateau, the pink pearl handled revolver revealed itself against his belt whenever the wind lifted his poncho, and his starboard saddlebag bulged with the awkward shape of cornet case, while the port

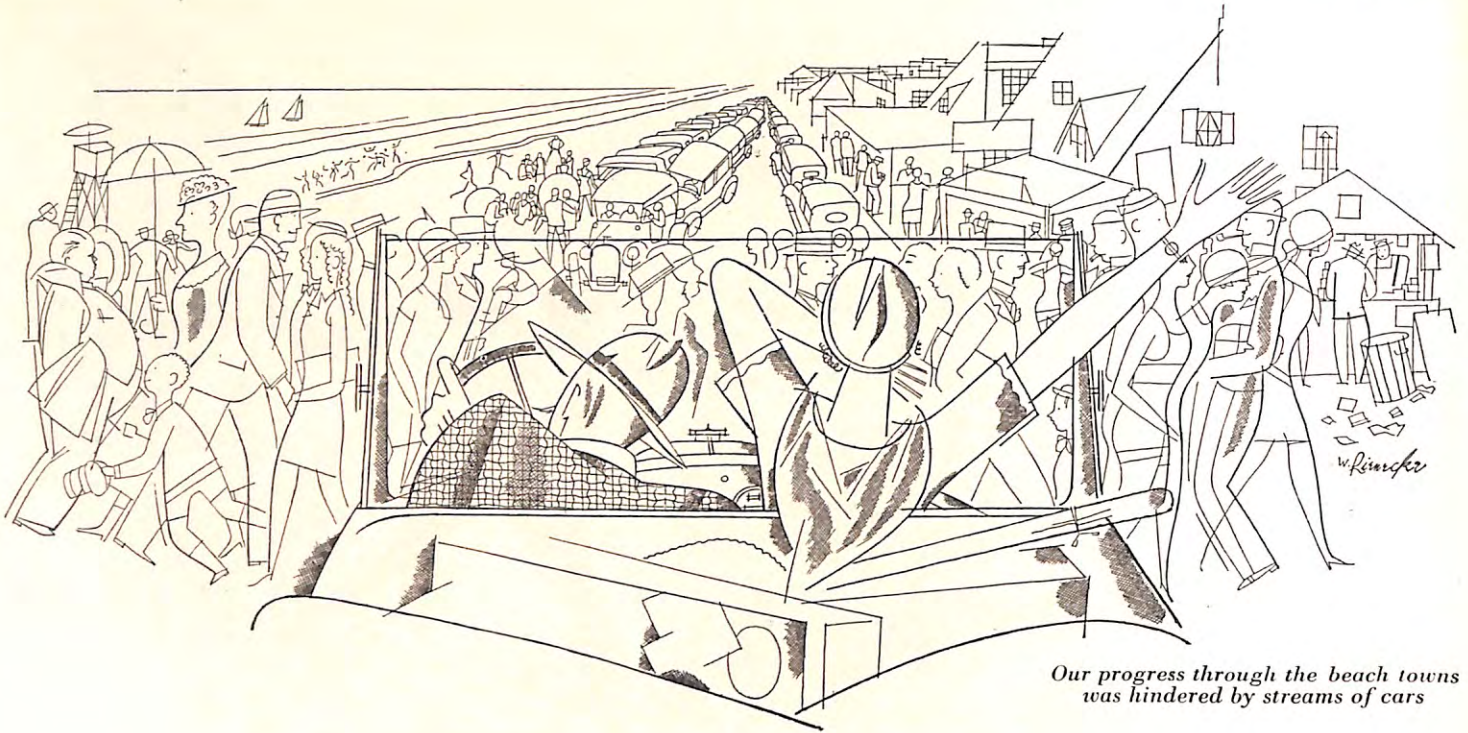
saddlebag balanced with an equally awkward burden of fat, black cigars in soldered tin boxes, a bottle of cognac (for cramps and to be taken night and morning with as much powdered quinine as could go on the end of a penknife blade) and some fancy English biscuits, also in tins, and to be used as way-side lunch during the three days.

Over that vast flat plain that was in their rear, with its low rim of ragged, frosted mountain peaks, one could almost see the camp and mud-hut of the night before in the even, limitless distance of the clear air.

It was over this plain that Señorita Eufrosina had been trundled in an ancient stage-coach, a *mosquito*, holding four tightly and with two Indian drivers on the box outside—one to wield the big, long-lashed whip and the other to drive the six, seldom-harnessed, native horses, over the open trail of the Andean plateau. This was the luxury of wealthy travel. For the rest it was like Don Erasmo and the Copacabana-outfit, mule-back all day and sleep in a mud-walled Aymara hut on a mud bench for a bed, and trust that neither cooties nor smallpox would choose you when there were so many more succulent Aymaras about for their sustenance. And then, too, Don Erasmo would pass within a few miles of Illabaya where the Señorita Eufrosina was reflecting her charm upon her relatives in that village.

An occasional blizzard swooped down upon the pack-train and Don Erasmo and the whole outfit would wind themselves in their native *vicuna* neck-pieces until their eyes peered through a slit in its folds as through a conning tower. They passed the great divide; the pack-train began weaving down the trail and then, almost in an instant, the head mules would be lost in a soft,

(Continued on page 59)



*Our progress through the beach towns
was hindered by streams of cars*

Touring Without Tears

*A Seasoned Motorist Gives Some Trouble-saving Advice
to Those Who Take to the Road in Cars*

By James Charlton

Drawings by William Reinecke

WE WERE up in Maine, four hundred miles from home, and were starting back early on a Sunday morning. To reach our Connecticut village we had a choice of two principal routes. One, running through the manufacturing towns of Massachusetts, but avoiding Boston by some twenty miles, was familiar to us. We were bored with it. The other, following the seashore and going through a succession of quaint and historic old coast towns, led into Boston, but, nevertheless seemed more alluring. We elected to take the latter route.

Spurred by the call of business, we were anxious to cover as much ground as possible that day without becoming too tired. After all, what is the use of going off for a vacation and loafing about in the sun, if the strain of returning from it requires a week's recuperation? It was our plan to drive until dark, find a place to eat and sleep, turn in early and rise for an early start the next morning. We realized, of course, the day being Sunday, that we should meet heavier traffic than we had on our east-bound trip, made in the middle of the week. But in choosing a destination for the night, we allowed for the consequent reduction in our speed. At least, we thought we did. But it turned out that we hadn't calculated carefully enough.

If we had scrutinized our course a little more keenly in advance, we should have noted that it went through a number of beach towns which are the summer playground of Boston's masses. We did note the names on the map, but we didn't have sense enough to foresee what they would mean to us. When we reached them we found our progress hindered by vast streams of cars crawling along at ten miles an hour, or less, with frequent stops to allow the hordes of city refugees a chance to swarm across the highway from beach to hot dog stand, and vice versa.

As a result of our lack of foresight, we arrived in Boston a matter of four hours later than we had expected. The sun was just beginning to set, which meant we were in for a lot of night driving that we had wanted to avoid. The fact is, we didn't find a bed until about one o'clock in the morning, because by the time we reached the destination originally decided on, every hotel and tourist haven in the place was closed and not shouts, knockings nor ringing of bells could evoke a sign of life in any of them. We had to drive forty miles further, to a larger settlement.

I have related the foregoing to bring out the point that, in motoring as in almost every other form of activity, one can learn a valuable lesson every trip. Having driven cars since the one-cylinder days, I may claim a certain measure of experience; yet each new excursion brings the wholesome realization that I don't know it all. Among the readers of this magazine, there may be others who know even less. For them I am going to try in this article to give some suggestions that will add to their enjoyment of this season's touring and, possibly, spare them a certain amount of that plenteous commodity commonly known as "grief."

TOURING today does not involve the hardships it did ten years ago. Automobiles of the present vintage are very different in performance and in the amount of care they require from those of an earlier day. Roads are also vastly improved, not only in surface, but in marking. Gas, oil, and other supplies, except in the more sparsely settled regions, are easily obtained. Yet, although motor cars require less care than formerly,

they need what they do need just as urgently. And while roads are, for the most part, good, and plainly marked, they do vary and they do still present problems in the guise of forks without signposts. And granting that gas, oil and supplies are to be had on every hand, not all the gas and oil is of the best grade, and not all the roadside stations stock everything one may want. In planning a tour it is well to recognize that this is an imperfect world, and that one should therefore leave as little to chance as possible.

If you are contemplating a tour this season, to the Grand Lodge Convention, perhaps, but are one of those people to whom time is no object and money is no object, read no further. This article is not for you. It is directed at those who can afford a limited amount of time and a certain definite amount of money, and is based on the thought that a saving of either or both will be welcome. With this in mind, I call your attention to one important fact: careful preparation in advance will save both time and money when you are on the road. Carefully study your route. Carefully prepare your car.

Offhand, laying out a route seems a simple matter, but it is not without its problems. We will suppose that you would like to drive to a certain place, stop there a few days to enjoy the bathing, the scenery, or the interesting sights, and then return by a different road. Or perhaps you do not plan to spend any length of time in any one spot, but to keep moving every day. Supposing, also, that the projected trip is to be your vacation and is to constitute a rest for you, you are confronted immediately with this question: Can I cover the territory I would like to cover comfortably, without strain, or am I going to come back home worn out? Motoring can be a splendid form of relaxation, or it can be hard, tiring work. It is relaxation if you drive only so far each day

as to be normally fatigued. If you set yourself such a course that you are forced to go on to the point of exhaustion in order to make your distance, you will get very little fun out of the trip and will return home more or less a wreck.

The way to lay out a route sensibly is to base your daily mileage on the natural gait of your car. As every driver learns, there is a certain speed at which his car seems to run smoothly and without effort, is easy to steer, easy to accelerate, easy to brake. Above this speed, the car labors, and so does the driver. Automobiles vary so markedly that it is rash to generalize about their capabilities. It may be said, however, that the natural gait of most cars is approximately fifteen miles an hour less than the utmost speed they can attain. My own, for example, will do in the neighborhood of seventy, fully loaded. Its natural gait is somewhere between fifty and fifty-five. At fifty, it is smooth, cool, quiet, and can be controlled with a minimum of effort. The natural gait of its predecessor was somewhere between forty and forty-five, for although it was almost as fast a machine as my present one, it was not so easily controlled and it was not so comfortably sprung. You see, for relaxation in driving you must have not only physical comfort and lack of effort, but mental serenity as well. Driving at a speed which forces you constantly to fight your steering wheel and your brake does more than tire your body; it upsets your peace of mind.

EVEN though your car's natural gait may be, say, fifty miles an hour, you may not be able to use that rate of speed. Nor will you average fifty, though conditions permit you to hold that pace most of the time. Surprisingly enough, one's hourly average is always well below the figure at which one keeps the speedometer. Driving steadily at fifty, one can average only about thirty-seven or eight. On a Southern trip last January, over flat concrete roads which stretched like straight ribbons as far as the eye could reach, with practically no traffic or intersections, I covered a hundred miles in two hours flat. But to do it I had to keep the speedometer at sixty and over all the way. In plotting your route it is necessary to take into consideration the type of country you expect to traverse and the kind of roads it offers. In the thickly settled

and hilly sections of New England, for instance, you cannot maintain so high an average as you can in portions of the West and South. By studying maps of the states through which you propose to travel and by working out your expected hourly mileage, you can tell pretty accurately in advance where your nightly stops are likely to be.

Whether you prefer to put up at hotels or at tourist camps, you will find it worth while, in my opinion, to try to end your day's run near a town or city of some size, if possible. Your car is apt to need tuning up or adjustment, or some minor repair, before you get under way the next morning. And if you are near a town you will probably be near a service station where your own make of car is understood. Beware of the casual tinkering of self-confident roadside mechanics, whose knowledge of machinery is often limited to filling gas tanks and toasting frankfurters, and whose only tools are a screwdriver and a pair of pliers—with which simple implements they can do untold harm.

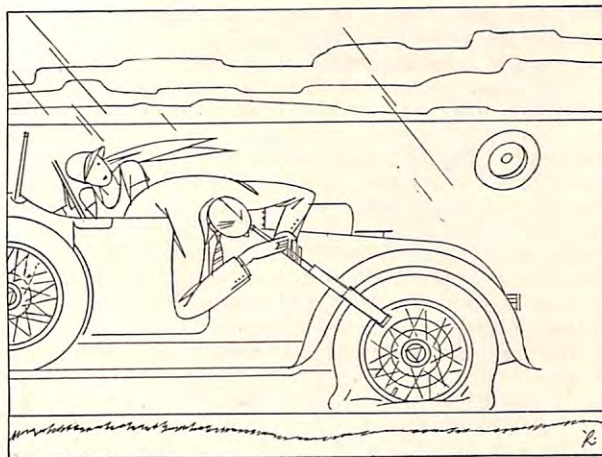
In charting your course before you start, plan not to try to do too much. Allow yourself a little leeway to compensate for unforeseen circumstances that may spring up to delay you, such as flat tires, detours, local celebrations, missed roads and bad weather. Driving south we were held up in one city for a solid hour by some kind of parade that paralyzed all traffic. You can never be sure what sudden contingency may pop into your path when you are driving in regions that are strange to you. Bear in mind that it isn't sprinting, but the steady pace, maintained mile after mile, that eats up distance. Set your gait and stick to it.

In case you have neither time nor inclination to lay out a route for yourself, becoming a member of your local automobile club will make available to you the services of its touring bureau, which supplies itineraries and other information.

If you are planning to spend your nights at hotels, it is a good plan to telegraph ahead for accommodations, so that, should you arrive late, a room will be reserved for you.

It should go without saying that it is important before undertaking a long tour to make sure that your car is in the best possible condition. Some people think that because a car has been performing adequately enough in daily service about town, it is in shape to drive for considerable distances without preliminary examination. Maybe it is, and maybe it is not. So far as I am concerned, I have given up guessing on the subject, taught by experience that such guesses are apt to be expensive. The open road has a way of searching out and revealing the defects in an automobile as no amount of daily short-haul work will do. And it usually happens that the breakdown occurs miles from a garage.

I do not mean, necessarily, that you should have your car completely overhauled, taken apart and put together again. If it has been performing with normal reliability prior to your trip, there is no need for that. I do mean, however,



I have noticed that when tires do go flat, they go just as flat as they ever did

that it should be checked at certain vital spots where troubles are apt to develop.

First there is the matter of carbon. By all means start with an engine that is clean inside. Have the carbon scraped out and the valves ground and set. That is not an expensive job nowadays, and is worth what it costs. You will have no fun on your tour driving a badly carbonized engine.

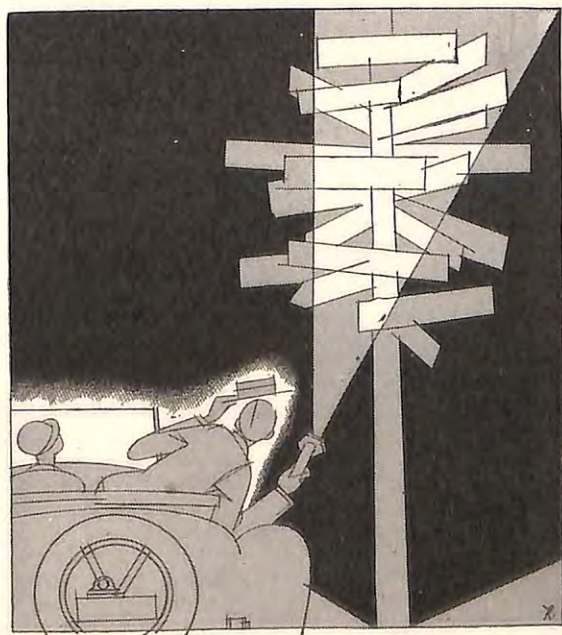
Second, have your spark plugs and distributor points cleaned and adjusted. Dirty plugs and burned points, out of adjustment, cut down an engine's pulling power and snap. If your plugs and points have been in use for 10,000 miles or so, have them replaced. New ones will not cost much and will save their purchase price in the long run in increased gasoline mileage and lowered oil consumption.

THIRD, have your crankcase drained, flushed out with oil—not kerosene—and refilled with new, fresh oil of the right grade. Make sure, also, that there is plenty of lubricant in both transmission and rear end.

Fourth, inspect the fan belt to see that it is tight and that it shows no signs of weakness. If you have any doubt about its condition, buy a new one. The efficient functioning of the cooling system on your car is of the utmost importance. Driving at sustained speed for hours at a time throws a heavy burden on it, a burden far heavier than is imposed on it by ordinary driving around town. One of the weakest spots on almost every engine is the packing nut on the water pump shaft. This has a tendency to work loose just enough to cause a small leak. Have it tightened—and, if necessary, have the gland repacked—before you start. And do not fail to carry in your tool kit a wrench that will fit it, so that you can tighten it yourself, if necessary, on the road. On many makes of cars the packing nut is hard to reach except with a special wrench, and the average gas station or garage will be unable to produce one. It is a good idea, also, to tighten up the hose clamps and, if the hose has deteriorated, as it may have during the winter, replace it with new sections.

Fifth, have your battery tested and the charging rate of your generator regulated for long-distance summer driving. If the battery is fully charged before you start, and you confine your driving to the daylight hours, it will be well to burn your lights part of each day on the road, so that your battery will not become overheated and damaged through over-charging. Even though automatic cut-outs on modern cars are supposed to prevent over-charging of batteries, it is a good plan to take no chances.

Sixth, unless your car is new, put new



It is a great help to have a flashlight with you

bulbs in the lamps. In any case, carry spare bulbs with you. Police in most states are rightly hard on drivers of improperly lighted cars. A new set of bulbs will cost less than a fine. A couple of spare fuses, too, should be in your tool-box. Fuses in cars have a way of burning out, just as they do at home, at the most inopportune times, leaving your car in total darkness, or minus the use of the horn, or both. Take fuses with you, and find out, when you buy them, exactly where they fit in the lighting system of your car, so that if you need to install one you will know how to do it.

Touring today does not hold the menace of tire trouble as touring used to do, but I have noticed that when tires do go flat, they go just as flat as they ever did. To reduce the possibility of serious tire ailments as much as may be before you set forth, have a competent man examine your casings, removing all small bits of stone, glass and metal from the treads and cementing or vulcanizing cuts and abrasions that may let in water and grit. Tires are so tough these days that they can carry foreign matter imbedded in them for some time without being punctured clear through. Sooner or later, however, the foreign matter will get the decision, unless its presence is detected and it is removed.

BE SURE to take a reliable tire gauge with you, and be sure, likewise, to take a good jack. It has been my experience that the jacks furnished as regular equipment on many cars are too flimsy. When you need a jack, you need it badly. If the one you have is none too strong, replace it with a good sturdy model that has a long handle, so that you can slide it into place without crawling under the car and ruining your clothes. If you are going to drive in sparsely settled country, where garages may be few and far between, include a vulcanizer in your kit, so that you can patch your own inner tubes if the worst comes to the worst.

Another important item which should be remembered in the checking up process is the alignment of the front wheels. Driving in towns, with frequent parking at curbs, tends to force the wheels out of alignment. This is one of the most serious causes of premature tire wear. And not only do misaligned wheels chew up tires, but they make a car hard to steer and hard to keep on the road without constant effort.

If your car has hydraulic brakes, place a quart can of the maker's brake fluid under your front seat; and if the chassis is equipped with central reservoir lubrication, take with you a quart of special lubricator oil. Do not use substitutes.

And finally, if you can possibly find room, carry a gallon can of the right kind of oil for your motor, for use in emergencies. This advice is addressed particularly to owners of certain makes of cars, which in hot weather require very heavy oil. I have found that while it is possible to buy medium and fairly heavy oils of good quality almost everywhere, it is difficult to secure the really heavy oils. Long-distance driving is a severe test of oil, especially in summer, and in motors requiring lubricants of the thickness of airplane oil, the lighter varieties, no matter how high in quality, simply will not do. There is a convenient auxiliary tank on the market, designed to clamp onto the running board and divided into three sections,

one for oil, one for gas and one for water. Your local garageman or accessory store can easily secure one for you if he does not carry one in stock. Should you buy one, I would suggest that you fill all three compartments with oil, since that is more difficult to obtain than gas or water.

I think I have covered in the foregoing the essential points relating to conditioning your car before you start out. The one big item not mentioned is brakes. It should go without saying that to attempt a tour not knowing for a certainty that your brakes are in perfect condition is sheer folly.

You may think that some of these suggestions are small and fussy, and be inclined to ignore the lesser details. Every experienced motorist knows, however, to his sorrow, as a rule, that it is the little things that usually cause the greatest annoyances. Here is one instance where the old adage about looking for trouble does not apply. Before starting on a motor trip, my advice to you is to look for trouble in every possible place. If you do, you will have less of it later, when you're on the road.

Of course, it is one thing to lay out a route and a time schedule and another thing to stick to them, without deviation at any point. There are three major ways of losing time and distance on a tour. The first is to meet with detours, the second is to run into unexpectedly heavy traffic, and the third is to miss your road by experimenting with short cuts.

Most of the new trunk highways for through traffic now being constructed are planned to skirt cities and big towns. In many places the through routes lead you along well-marked back streets, so that you avoid the main thoroughfares. In others, however, to keep on your route, it is still necessary to go into the center of town. In such cases, there is always a temptation to hunt for a quicker, less congested way. But the usual result of exploring is to lose oneself in a maze of complicated cross streets. Not long ago, I thought I would save time by trying to avoid driving through Philadelphia, so I abandoned the well-traveled route for what promised to be a short cut. But after meandering in and out of narrow alleys in the slum district, asking directions at every other corner from persons—cops included—whose opinions all differed, I found when I finally did get clear of the city that my short cut had cost me an hour. Beware of short cuts, especially at night.

Incidentally, when driving in the dark, on unfamiliar roads, do not ignore signposts at forks and highway intersections, trusting that your own sense of direction will carry you through. Roads have a perverse way of turning to the left when you think they ought to turn to the right, and vice versa. In this respect, maps are apt to be mis-

leading. It is a great help to have a flashlight with you, so that you can read signs without having to get out of the car. The only time when you have no other alternative than to rely on a hunch is upon reaching an unmarked fork, both branches of which seem equally wide, equally well-paved, and equally traveled. In this event the safest plan is to note which way the telegraph poles go and follow them. If there are no poles, you will have to rely on your hunch—which will probably turn out to be wrong. If your wife's hunch is contrary to yours, go the way she suggests. There are several reasons behind this bit of advice. Another reason is that she may be right.

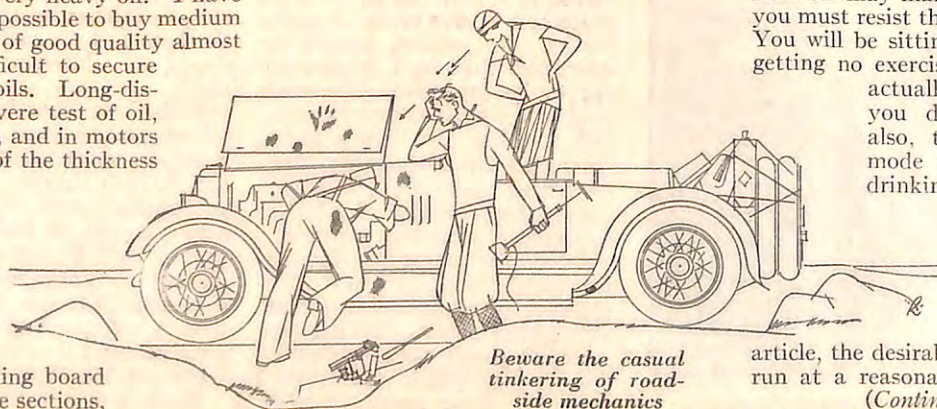
One of the simplest and most efficacious aids to keeping on schedule is the early morning start. The earlier you can get under way, the better the time you will be able to make. If you are spending your nights at tourist camps and making your own breakfasts, you should be able to set out in the neighborhood of six, or six-thirty, or even before. When stopping at hotels, it is not so easy, because few of them serve breakfast earlier than seven. Even so, however, if you rise in time to pack your overnight things, pay your bill, get your car and have it ready before breakfast, it is possible for you to begin your day's run by half-past seven.

Whenever you can, have gas, oil, water, and so on attended to the night before. By doing this you will avoid delays in the morning. Also, if the garage is a small one, in which cars are going to be packed by means of rolling jacks, make it clear that you want yours put in among the last and that you expect to find it standing outside at half-past five in the morning. It is not sufficient to say that you will want it early. Specify the hour.

THE matter of meals and meal-times is very important. A good deal of the beneficial effect of your trip will be lost—and you may give yourself a splendid case of indigestion—if you are negligent in this respect. Begin the day with a substantial breakfast, eat a light luncheon, and make every effort to get your dinner at the accustomed hour. In case you are not sure that you will be able to secure an adequate lunch on the road at midday, have the hotel or tourist inn make you sandwiches or something of the sort to take with you, together with a vacuum bottle of whatever beverage you prefer. Avoid driving all day without eating anything. It is often difficult and sometimes impossible to reach an eating place at your usual dinner or supper hour. For this reason it is wise always to have on hand a box of crackers, a few bars of chocolate, or some fruit, so that you can stave off that all-gone feeling for a couple of hours in cases of emergency.

It is well to bear in mind that though the fresh air may make you ravenously hungry, you must resist the impulse to stuff yourself. You will be sitting still practically all day, getting no exercise, and you will therefore actually require less food than you do at home. Remember, also, that the change in your mode of living, the change of drinking water and of diet may affect your digestive machinery, and take the necessary precautions.

I have already suggested, earlier in the article, the desirability of setting your day's run at a reasonable distance, so that you
(Continued on page 42)



Beware the casual tinkering of roadside mechanics



Glenn Hunter and Lillian Taiz

FLORENCE YANDAMM

"SPRING IS HERE" celebrates the debut of one of our most engaging juveniles in musical comedy. Mr. Hunter can't sing and his one attempt at dancing is gawky, to say the least, but he can act, and his slightly distraught charm and happy grin give a quality of freshness and substance to the proceedings. Sing-

ing and dancing he wisely leaves to others, in particular the delightful Miss Lillian Taiz pictured with him, and devotes himself to the characterization of Owen Davis's love-sick young hero who needs a deal of feminine instruction and bucking up before he learns how to make a really masterful proposal—E. R. B.



"Man's Estate" is a story of ambition and an adolescent love which suddenly matures when faced with separation. The Theatre Guild has cast generously a play which depends rather heavily upon its players. In addition to the two youngsters at the left—Margalo Gillmore and Earle Larimore—Dudley Digges is the salaried, complacent father of this mid-western family and Elizabeth Patterson is perfect as the convention-bound mother. Armina Marshall and Edward Pawley are excellent as the generous, straight-thinking married daughter and her husband

Captions by
Esther R. Bien

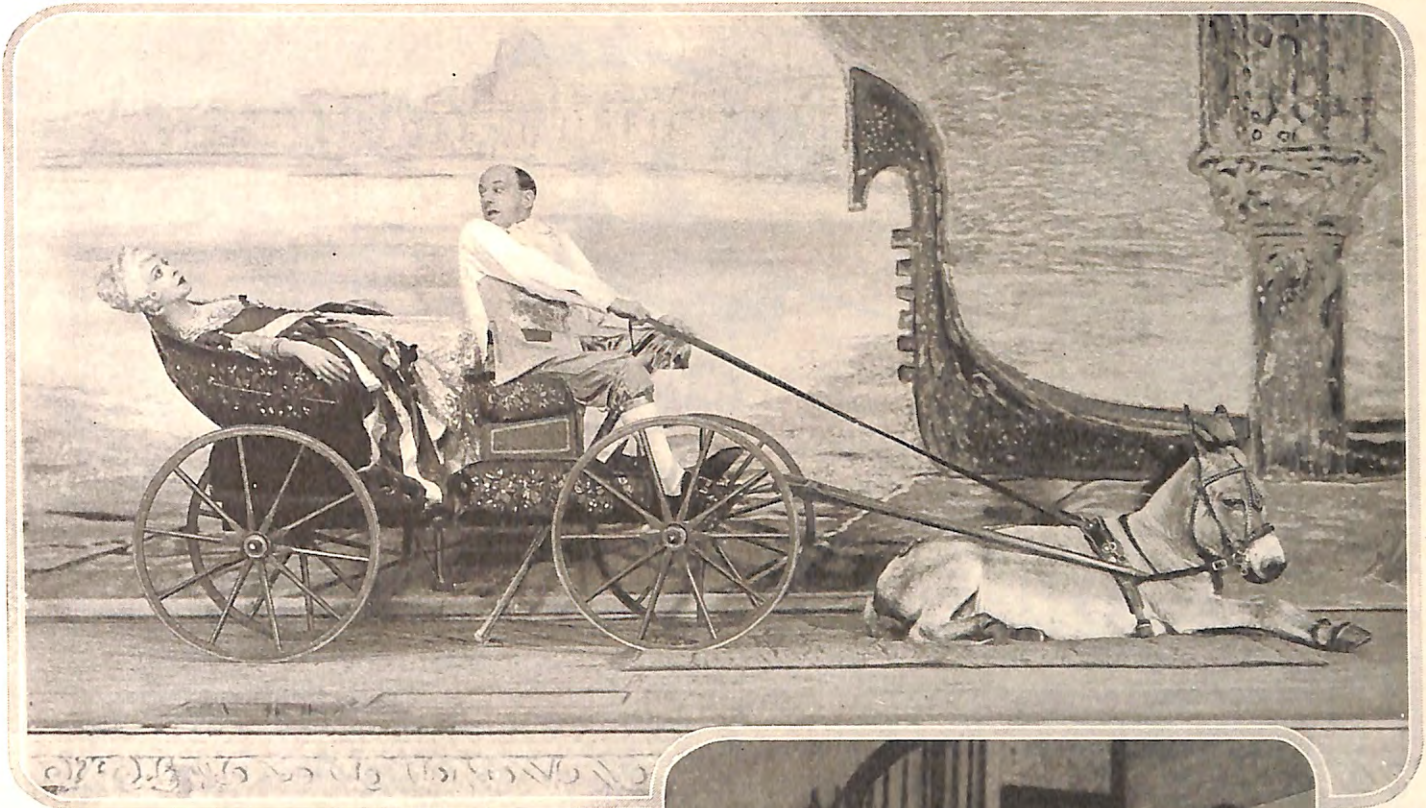


PHOTOS BY
VANDAMM

The picture below is not a masquerade tableau but three chorus ladies—Sara Bair, Pat Hammill and Katherine Hammill—from the "Black Crook," the play which set all New York talking in hushed whispers in 1866 about its dreadful impropriety. Revived today in Hoboken, it is funny and stilted and full of antiquated hokum, well worth a trip to New Jersey to see what an elaborate musical comedy looked like in the sixties



Both the men above are Bert Lytell, who plays the dual title rôle in "Brothers." Three physicians, who wish to experiment with the relationship of heredity and environment in character moulding, take twin boys from an orphanage and place one in a wealthy family and one in the slums. Robert Naughton, raised in luxury, becomes a brilliant lawyer but a drug addict and commits a murder in the cabaret where his brother Eddie plays the piano. Eddie is accused but acquitted thru his brother's defense, both still ignorant of their relationship. When Robert dies through an overdose of morphine, the experimenting physicians induce Eddie to take his place and he wins his way to fame



Here is a donkey that is obstinate at the right moment. Eight times a week it hauls Leon Errol and Fannie Brice (above) onto the middle of the stage and then lies down to laugh at their antics. These two are entrusted with a large part of the comedy that goes to the making of a super-gorgeous revue called "Fioretta." The setting is carnival time in Venice long ago, and a story wanders through it of a handsome cavalier (George Houston), who defies the naughty duke and wins a lovely bride (Dorothy Knapp). A bride who is really lovely and, moreover, can sing and dance delightfully



"Meet the Prince" is a very slight comedy from the pen of A. A. Milne. Mary Ellis and Basil Sydney (right), masquerading as a bogus prince and a fake widow, meet at a dinner party and do some pretty verbal sparring. When they find themselves alone you discover they were formerly married, and before the final curtain falls they have talked themselves into a reconciliation. Amusing in spots but very thin

PHOTOS BY
VANDAMM



Owen Davis's comedy, "Easy Come, Easy Go," has been turned into a lively and entertaining musical show entitled "Lady Fingers." Eddie Buzzell (left) who worked the transformation, wrote a fine part for himself and handles it to the complete satisfaction of his audiences. John Price Jones plays his partner in crime, and Marjorie White (left) is the pert nurse at Dr. Jasper's Health Farm. The score is tuneful and the dancing outstandingly good



An Affair of the Heart

By John Chapman Hilder

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

IF ABIGAIL noticed the furtive glances her husband shot at her all the way home from the funeral, she gave no sign. In the car which brought them from the village, she had sat staring straight in front of her. Now, hunched in the stern of the dory, she gazed at her hands, folded resignedly in her lap. She did not need to look at Lemuel to know what she would see in his face, or what would be going on in that devious mind of his. She knew that she would have to watch him even more closely from this day on than she had watched him before; and be more careful than ever that he should not realize he was being watched.

The man did his best not to look at her at all after they alighted from the car and got into the boat. But when you are rowing, the mere act of holding on your course necessitates your looking astern. Try as he might, Lemuel could not avoid glancing at her; nor could he entirely bar the shrewd, triumphant glitter from his eyes. He felt she had at last been delivered into his hands. A little care, on his part; a little pretense; a little leisurely planning under cover of that pretense—and he would gain his end. It would seem quite natural. Nobody would ever know the truth.

It was a good two miles from the mainland to the island on which they lived. Usually, unless the sea were rough, the distance seemed trifling. To-day, however, Lemuel thought it must be five miles rather than two. Though the sea was glassy, the oars felt weighted as if lobster pots were fastened to their blades. It was like swinging a pair of masts in the oarlocks. Ordinarily, he rowed mechanically, as does every doryman, with short, quick strokes, apparently effortless. But this time he was conscious of effort. A sudden fear seized him that he would not reach the island before dark. What difference that would have made he could not have explained. In a sort of frenzy he took longer strokes, putting his back into the pull. He wondered if the woman noticed how hard he was rowing.

If she did notice it, she gave no sign. Not once did she raise her eyes. She continued to stare at her hands, folded in her lap.

As they came to the tip of the island, a flock of gulls rose noisily from the rocks. At the point there, a few yards from the water's edge and set in a thick grove of spruce and pine, stood a small wooden shack—Lemuel's fish house. When he cleaned fish, he used to throw the refuse into the sea right in front of it. And the gulls, waiting on the adjacent

ledge, or circling overhead, would swoop down to the feast, screaming and mewling. They sounded more like animals or savage beings than birds. One old gull who frequented the ledge had a sharp, strange cry, resembling a raucous human laugh: "Haw, haw, haw!" A nasty, derisive laugh. It always made Lemuel shudder. He had tried more than once to shoot that particular gull, in spite of the law, but he had never been able to hit it.

Rounding the point, they came into the little sandy cove which served as a harbor. With a sigh of relief, Lemuel gave a last pull and shipped his oars. The dory's nose grated on the beach. He stepped out, grasped the gunwale and pulled the lightened boat further up. Then he addressed his wife—for the first time since leaving the village.

"Can you make it, Abbie?" he asked her. "Had I ought to carry you?" His tone was solicitous.

Abigail looked at him.

"Carry me?" she repeated, standing up in the boat. "Are you crazy?"

"Well—" he hesitated, "the doctor said—"

"Ah, them doctors!" said the woman scornfully, stepping over the center seat. "A lot they know!"

THE man offered his hand to help her while he steadied the boat with his knee. She ignored his hand and got out by herself.

"No call to worry about me," she said. "I ain't the dyin' kind." She let her eyes rest full on his face and smiled coldly. Lemuel looked away and busied himself with the painter of the boat. His wife watched him thoughtfully for a moment as he tied the rope to the line of the haul-off and began pulling the dory out to its deep-water mooring.

"I'll need some kindling," she said casually.

"All right."

The woman turned and slowly climbed the rocky path leading to the house. Twice on the ascent she stopped and looked around toward the mainland, shading her eyes against the glare of the setting sun. The exertion of the climb made her short of breath. It had made her short of breath before, but never so oppressively as now.

Not for the world would she have let Lemuel know it. She stood and stared toward the mainland, as if something in that direction interested her. Actually she was fighting for breath, seeing nothing. The doctor wasn't such a fool. She would have to be careful, as he had told her. She knew it must be true that her heart was beginning to fail. She had said nothing to Lemuel about it before, and she would certainly not admit it to him now, but she knew, from what the doctor had said, that that pain in her shoulder which had troubled her for months, and that other pain which she had thought to be indigestion—they were both caused by her heart. She understood now why she had felt so heavy, so lacking in energy. The doctor had said that he could scarcely hear her heart beating, even through his listening tube, whatever it was called.

The doctor had examined Abigail because, at the end of the funeral service that day, just when the coffin was being lowered into the grave, she had collapsed. Futile attempts by the other women present to bring her to showed it was not an ordinary fainting spell. Her cousin and his wife, who lived in the village, had bundled her into their car and rushed her, still unconscious, to the doctor's office. They had never liked Lemuel and, with the candor of their kind, had left him at the cemetery to follow in some other car. By the time he was brought to the village, Abigail had been revived and was listening to the physician.

"She must avoid exertion," the doctor had said, "and take things easily. With care and rest she will probably go along all right for years. But I warn you that if she works too hard, or suffers any sudden shock, she's liable to go off like that—" he snapped his fingers.

"I'll take good care of her, doctor," her husband had said, unctuously. "She won't have to lift a finger."

He had smiled at her then, and, as if to emphasize his sincerity, had reached out to pat her cheek, which was very pale. She had avoided his hand. She felt that the touch of his fingers, eternally smelling of fish and tarred rope, would make her swoon again.

As she stood on the hill overlooking the water, the scene in the doctor's office passed through her mind. She heard again the false note of anxiety in Lemuel's voice, saw the feigned affection in his face. Also she pictured the genuine alarm of her



cousin's wife, who had suggested that, until she felt better, she go to live with them. She had declined the invitation. To accept would have been an admission, to Lemuel, that she was really ailing. And it would not do to give him an inkling of how she actually felt, especially now that her uncle was dead and she would be coming into money. "I'm all right," she had said, to the appeals of her cousin. "I never could go funerals. When I get home I'll be fine." And she would be, too, she muttered. She'd make herself be all right.

She trudged on up the path, across the clearing through the woods, to the other side of the island, where the house stood, overlooking the open ocean.

BACK under her own roof-tree, the panic that had gripped her on regaining consciousness in the doctor's office seemed to slacken its hold. In this house she loved, and to which she so passionately clung, she felt a fresh strength flow into her. Divested of the tight, black dress that served alike for weddings and funerals, and clothed once more in her habitual blue gingham, she lost much of the pallid, haggard look she had worn all afternoon.

When Lemuel, laden with kindling, found her in the kitchen, he was astonished at the change in her. Determined to stay in character, despite rebuffs, he had come to the house prepared to insist that she rest and let

"Abbie," he whined, "don't send me away. I didn't mean it. I don't want you to sell. I'll never speak of it again. . . ."

him make the supper. But, when he saw her, his surprise momentarily robbed him of speech. Quickly dumping the sticks in the wood-box by the range, he turned away to hide his confusion. He took off his black broadcloth jacket and hung it on a peg near the door.

"Sure you can make out?" he said, then. "Hadn't you ought to lay down? The doctor said——"

"Forget the doctor," retorted his wife. "It was only a fainting spell."

"He didn't call it that."

"He don't know everything."

"Reckon you know more than he does, hey?"

"I know all I've a need to," said she, ironically.

She crossed the room to take a yellow bowl from the china shelf and in passing Lemuel her eyes rested briefly on his.

It made him uneasy the way she looked at him. It made him feel suddenly as if his head were transparent, so that she could look clear into his brain. The kitchen seemed unbearably hot and small. Muttering something about changing his clothes he went to his bedroom.

The sight of his face in the glass unnerved him.

"You got to keep hold of yourself," he thought. "She can't know. Stop being a fool." He reached into the clothes closet and brought out a bottle. His hand shook as he poured a half-tumbler full of the pale yellow liquid. He drank it down neat in two gulps and shuddered. Presently a warm tingling possessed his body. Fiery stuff, that applejack. It lost no time getting to work. Lemuel began to take off his clothes. His hands no longer shook. But as he got into his dungarees, his mind balked at the thought of facing Abigail across the table, of having to eat supper with those mocking eyes on him. He couldn't do it. To-morrow, maybe, but not to-day. He poured himself another stiff drink and swallowed it. Then he sat on the bed. His head began to spin. He had never become a drunkard because he couldn't carry liquor. It knocked him out.

When supper was ready, Abigail called him. Receiving no reply, she sat down and ate alone. She knew he was in the house, and guessed why he did not respond. It was a relief to be by herself. She felt terribly tired and knew she must show it. She was not hungry, but she ate a little. She wanted desperately to keep up her strength.

II

The barrier between them had been built up slowly. Originating in a fundamental

difference of tradition and outlook, it was not an obstruction that could have been removed by easy compliance on one side or the other. Like many another pair, Lemuel and Abigail should never have been married. But, as is usually the case, they did not realize that until it was too late. Not too late, perhaps, for sophisticated people living in a city, to whom divorce offers itself as a relatively simple, almost conventional path to freedom. Too late, however, for fisher-folk on the Maine Coast, who regarded divorce as a form of iniquity open only to the morally abandoned. To them, the only release was the grave. It did not occur to Lemuel or Abigail, when disillusion came, that there might be another way of escape. And, so they went on, and the barrier between them grew higher and stronger, solid as a stone wall.

As a matter of fact, the barrier was of stone. It was the house which had been Abigail's grandfather's, her father's, and then hers. In the beginning it had been the house that had drawn Lemuel to her. Later, it was the house that made a mockery of their lives.

He was a town boy, born and bred in the village, the son of a storekeeper. He grew up in the days of haggling, when fixed prices were unknown and the smartest man was the most accomplished cheat. It was the sanded sugar era. As a youth Lemuel used to sit in the back of the store listening to his father's endless bragging of this one and that one he had bested in a trade. It was scarcely his fault that he grew up with a mind that regarded honesty as the last resort of a simpleton.

THE two had known each other from childhood. As a little girl Abigail used to accompany her father, a widower, on his expeditions to the village. And while their parents were dickering over the cost of provisions, she and young Lemuel would play store in imitation of them. She thought the boy was rather grand. It was seldom she had a chance to mingle with others of her age; and when she did, it was naturally with island children, whose lives were much the same as hers. Lem was quite different. He seemed smarter, more interesting than the island boys.

As they grew up, their friendship continued. It could scarcely be said, however, that they fell in love. Indeed, marriage had never entered their heads until Lem's father made a remark that suggested it.

"That Abbie's goin' to have a right valuable bit o' property when the old man dies," he observed one day, after the girl and her father had left the store. "Them islands is goin' to be worth a pile o' money. I hear how some summer folks from Boston that was visitin' over to Friendship offered her pa a matter of ten thousand dollars cash."

"Ten thousand cash!" exclaimed the son. "Didn't he take it?"

"No. Says he allows it's goin' to be worth more'n that in a few years, and he wants Abbie to have it."

"Ten thousand dollars cash!" thought young Lemuel. A fortune. He began, from that moment, to see Abbie in a new light. And he began to scheme. Married to Abbie, he would become joint owner of the property when she inherited it, because of his dower rights. It would be easy to persuade her to sell out. And once the money was paid over, he would control it. Ten thousand dollars in cash, possibly more, in his hands—to do with as he pleased. He would buy a big house in the middle of the village and wear fancy vests, talk largely

about his investments and live like a nabob. His fingers itched at the thought.

It did not surprise him that Abbie listened readily to his suit, and even seemed flattered by his proposal. He was somewhat staggered, however, by her assumption that he would come to live on the island, so that she could continue to keep house for her father. That was not part of his plan. He had expected to bring his bride back to town and go on working in the store. He argued that he had never done a day's fishing in his life, and was not cut out for that kind of thing. He was a business man. When he found that argument could not shake her determination upon this point, and that she made it a condition of their marriage, he was tempted at first to give up the quest. But the eventual prize loomed so large in his mind's eye and appealed so strongly to his cupidity, that he capitulated. Once married, he could maneuver things, he told himself. Besides, it would not be for long. Her father was ageing. When the old man died there would be no ties binding her to the island. It would be easier than ever then to persuade her to part with it.

And so they were married, and Lemuel exchanged the merchant's apron for the oil-skins and rubber boots of the fisherman. From the very beginning he hated the life; hated the early rising, hated the monotony of the daily visits to the lobster pots; he hated the cries of the sea-birds and the smell of bait and tackle; hated the trips to the fishing grounds, where the long ocean swells, heaving the boat, made him miserably sick. He feared the water and loathed both sight and sound of it. At night, when the tide was up and the surf broke crashing and hissing on the rocky shore, he lay and shivered, filled with terror at having to face it in the morning.

A dozen times, during the first year, he had to fight an almost uncontrollable impulse to run away. He did not quite dare. Once he even made a bundle of his store clothes and hid it, meaning to slip off at daybreak, ostensibly to make his round of the lobster pots, but actually rowing to the mainland. Yet when the hour came, he did not know where he could go. He could not return to his own village. Securing em-

REX BEACH'S stories of Alaska and other far places of the world have brought him many exciting experiences in gathering the materials for them. Some of these he has written for us in an article called "Adventures in Local Color," which will appear in early issue. Don't miss it.

ployment in a strange town without references would be difficult. And to strike out alone in a bigger place, where, perhaps, no questions would be asked, was far beyond his courage. He had never been in a city, not even Portland or Rockland.

Angered at his cowardice and by the consciousness of having walked into a trap of his own setting, he stayed on. Toward Abigail he felt increasingly embittered. He looked on her as his jailer. Yet, in his every-day contacts with her he tried to simulate affection. He realized that his sole hope of carrying out his original scheme lay in keeping his hold on her. And he believed that in this, at least, he had so far been successful.

How well this confidence was justified was hard to tell. Abigail's was not a demonstrative nature. Accustomed for years to a life of comparative loneliness, she was not communicative. Her father, who had never ceased to brood over the death of her mother, was not a kindly man, but a silent one. Abbie resembled him. She was fond of him and found a certain pleasure in taking care of him. But her great joy was in taking care of the old house. The house meant more to her, emotionally, than any person ever could.

IN THE first few months of her marriage she came out of herself a little. She didn't know exactly why she had accepted Lemuel. She had thought of marriage, of course, but always rather vaguely, as something that happened to other people. For herself, she did not greatly desire it. She had never been in love with any one. Nor was she in love with Lemuel when she married him. She had read, in novels of Bertha M. Clay vintage, about wives who had "learned to love" their husbands after a time. Probably she, too, would duly "learn to love" her husband, now that she had him. She would wake up some morning and discover that she loved him.

She submitted to him, but the expected change in her feeling failed to materialize. The magic morning did not come. He left her cold. Assuming this to be her own fault, she did her best to be congenial and talkative. But as the months went by, and he became more and more taciturn, she lapsed into her former habit of silence.

After her father died, leaving everything to Abigail, Lemuel waited what he considered a decent period, before broaching the subject uppermost in his mind. They had been married five years by then, and though he still detested the life of the sea, he was reasonably inured to its hardships and had become competent enough to earn a living by it. His own father had also died, and to his mortification, had left nothing, for the reason that there was nothing to leave. Like many storekeepers of his generation, he had never known the real condition of his business, but had merely guessed he was making money. Actually he was losing it; and when he was gone the assets were barely enough to pay his funeral expenses. Abigail wore black for her father, and not until she discarded it did Lemuel speak.

One evening he suggested that they sell the place—there had been many offers—and move to the village. He began to paint idyllic pictures of town life, to advance glibly the arguments he had marshaled in his mind. To his surprise she did not immediately stop him, but listened, with a rather far-off look in her eyes. He had expected opposition. Perhaps he had been mistaken; had made a mountain out of a molehill. He grew more confident. He spoke of the island as he really thought of it—as a prison. Then the storm broke.

He had expected opposition, but he had not been prepared for the blast that smote his ears, as all the pent-up passion of her burst its bonds. She loosed a hurricane of words she had been keeping back for years. With shrill precision she tore the shabby garments from his soul and exposed it to the pitiless shafts of her scorn. At the end she ordered him out of her house.

When she stopped he was quivering with humiliation. He felt naked and helpless. Her onslaught had crushed him—had swept away his hopes. For a moment his brain seemed paralyzed. What to do? He must stay on. He must spar for time. He



As she stepped from the fish-house toward the beach, a ghastly derisive laugh sounded behind her. She turned wildly, her face distorted

struggled to think. He must not be sent off. He must stay on until he could get rid of her. He would plan it out so no one would know. Meanwhile, what to do? A flash of cunning returned to him. Perhaps if he begged—if he abased himself—

He sank to his knees. "Abbie," he whined, "for God's sake don't send me away. I didn't mean it. I don't want you to sell. I'll never speak of it again. . . ."

The woman made no reply. The fire that had flared up in her so fiercely had suddenly died down. She felt strangely empty, as though part of her inner self had surged out with her anger and been lost forever. She heard him pleading, but as if she were a stranger listening, a third person who had no interest in what he was saying. Her silence frightened him.

"Abbie," he said, in a choked voice, "speak to me. Say you won't make me go. For God's sake, Abbie."

In the look she gave him was an infinity of indifference.

"Go—or stay—" she said dully, "it's nothing to me."

Slowly she went to their room, shut the door and turned the key. She felt very, very tired. Her legs seemed leaden, as

though she had been plodding for miles through deep sand. She threw herself limply across the old four-poster bed. A curious, sharp pain stabbed through her shoulder. She was too exhausted even to wonder about it.

At the click of the lock, Lemuel got to his feet and stumbled from the kitchen out into the open. He leaned against the door-frame and breathed in the cool, pine-scented air. It was not yet dark. From the cove down by the fish-house floated the faint cries of the gulls. One of them made a sound like a hoarse human laugh. "Haw, haw, haw," it croaked, "haw, haw, haw."

Lemuel shivered. After that night their relationship took on the aspects of an armed truce, a sort of war of attrition. Their routine of existence continued much as it had before the open break. They spoke only to say the necessary things. For the rest, they might have been living on separate planets.

Resolved that Lemuel should never come

would inherit only half the property—she had willed away the other half—but he could always sell his portion, and he meant to have it.

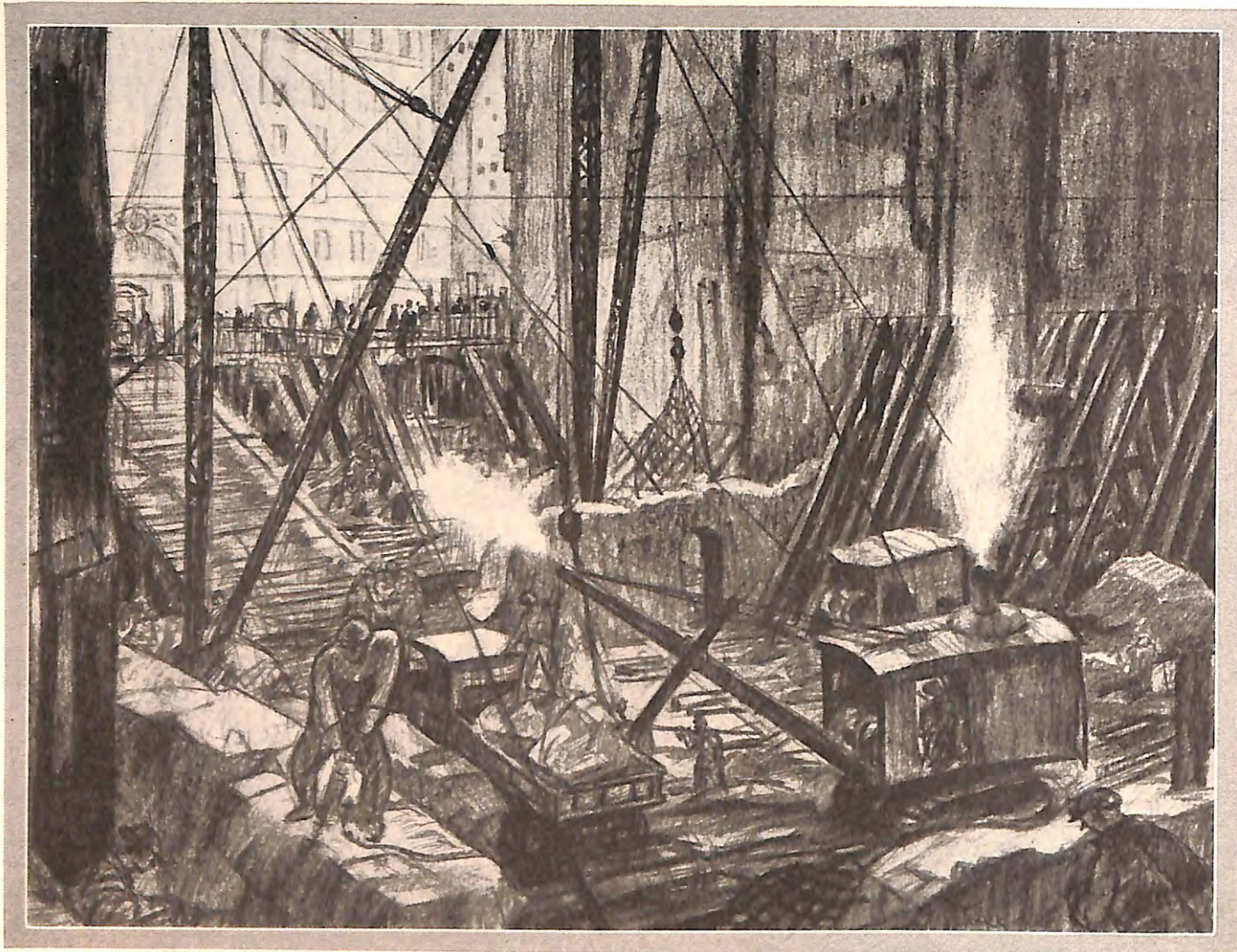
Yet, despite his scheming, he could not settle on a plan of action. He wished her dead, but he had no intention of standing trial as her murderer. Like an expert chess-player, he analyzed each move of every plan and in every plan he found a flaw. He had begun to give up hope until the day on which this story opens, when the doctor said that Abigail would have to be careful—that any sudden shock might be fatal.

III

The doctor had said that Abigail with care would probably go along all right for years. Grimly she resolved to stretch out those years to the utmost.

At the same time she became more than ever determined to conceal from Lemuel the

(Continued on page 65)



Pulling 'Em Down

By Boyden Sparkes

Drawings by Clark Fay

DURING forty-odd years the form of Richard Hunt, in stone, brooded on a pedestal on the roof of the William H. Vanderbilt mansion at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second street in New York City. Hunt was the architect who had designed, and then governed the synthesis of, that most splendid of New York houses. Carl Bitter, the sculptor, had carved the likeness of the great craftsman in the stooped posture in which he spent so many months jealously watching the artisans who had obeyed him there as djinns obeyed the powerful slave of Aladdin's lamp.

A French château had reared itself in the mind of Richard Hunt when the most august of the Vanderbilts commissioned him to build a palace suitable for housing his family. The Vanderbilts, in 1880, were dissatisfied with their social position. The Astors in that day treated them as upstarts. Mrs. Astor was the queen of an invented aristocracy, and her nod was a patent of nobility in that queer formal world which New York called Society. So, the most important of the Vanderbilts ordered a house; and Hunt, the architect, dreamed and studied and sketched.

The Vanderbilt château was built in 1883, and all those who attended the first function within its walls were impressed with the costly splendor that had been wrought out of a vision backed by a kingly fortune; a few appreciated that they had been admitted to a work of art. The workmen who had achieved a kind of magic with

the stone of the great reception hall had been Glasgow artisans. They came to the job wearing mutton-chop whiskers, silk hats, frock coats and striped trousers and were as aloof as bankers. These men could transform stone into flowers, they could shape in that same imperishable material the likeness of a humming-bird so fine that you would have looked twice to discover where its curved needle beak vanished. They could do these things, according to report, and the Vanderbilt guests attested that they had done them. Miracles in stone, their work was called; and these and myriads of other details were so satisfying that Mr. Vanderbilt, who had sometimes shuddered and sometimes sworn as he paid the bills, was proud to have on his roof a finial that was a likeness of the architect, Richard Hunt.

It was only about three years ago that other workmen lifted themselves through an opening to the roof of the Vanderbilt house and approached the stone figure that had reigned there for more than twoscore years. The man of whom this effigy was a reflection was dead; Vanderbilt was dead; and probably some of those Glasgow artisans were dead, too. These workmen were not attired in striped trousers and frock coats, nor did they wear clean smocks. Overalls, stained and strongly odorous corduroys,

bandana handkerchiefs and sweaters clothed them. They carried crowbars, ropes, beams and a block-and-tackle. Working swiftly they soon detached the statue of Hunt from its pedestal and lowered it to the street. A sentimentalist might have seen in this action a trace of mercy, because with the removal of the Hunt statue there quickly began a physical analysis of the mansion that matched its building as when a motion-picture is thrown upon a screen in reverse.

A flying bridge was built above the sidewalks; a wooden chute projected from what had been the bedroom window of Mrs. Vanderbilt; a procession of automobile trucks paused in turn beneath that chute and caught, each of them, from three to five cubic yards of rubbish that rumbled down its splintered planks. After a few weeks there was, where the Vanderbilt mansion had stood, a gaping hole in the ground as conspicuously awful in Fifth Avenue as when a smile betrays in the mouth of a girl an empty tooth socket.

The wrecking contractor was not, as you might think, a callous vandal.

"**I**T IS a crime," he said in protest as his men pushed their crowbars into the cement that bound one of the carved mantels to the arch of the fireplace, and thereby began the demolition of the lovely interior. This contractor tried to arrange for the sale of the units of the mansion to a rich woman who thought she would like to reorganize those units on her Long Island estate until

they had assumed once more the noble proportions of the thing that Richard Hunt had dreamed. So vast a scheme is not precisely like fashioning a structure with a child's box of toy building blocks. The undertaking had to be abandoned. A niche in the Metropolitan Museum of Art now shelters the stained effigy of Hunt; a duplex apartment on Park Avenue has paneled walls that give it the air of being a microcosm of Vanderbilt hospitality; another bit has gone into a house at Greenwich, Conn., and some pieces have found their way to Long Island. That wrecking contractor was a man named Jacob Volk.

HIS father was a Jewish immigrant. At the age of twelve, you would be told by Mr. Volk, he was in the lumber business, and when your eyes had widened, he would grin and finish his autobiography by saying: "I was selling matches." Jake Volk was captain of an industry that does its fighting with the aid of a regiment of about 1,700 men who are among the most adventurous dare-devils of the millions whose coming and going each day weaves the pattern of New York life. These men are the members of Local No. 95 of the House Wreckers Union. Each year they admit from fifteen to twenty new members to replace some who have been killed on the job. This death roll and a minor casualty list that numbers hundreds of names is an important factor in the costs of this work that is so important in the easing of the growing-pains of Manhattan Island.

These growing-pains are an aching need of office space and apartment dwellings. With tenants clamoring for space, values have soared; and not even a multimillionaire can afford to live in a mansion built on a site for which the ground rent is several hundred dollars an hour, twenty-four hours a day. Every day in New York additional houses are condemned to make way for the economically sound structures which are making of the sky line a thing of bewitching beauty. What appears to be extravagance is really shrewd economy.

A synagogue of Moorish architecture, a Vanderbilt mansion (half a dozen, in fact), Senator Clark's one-hundred-and-thirty-six-room house, and other Fifth Avenue palaces have been cleared away. Entire blocks of brownstone houses have been pulled down and carted off, and still the appetite for space in modern buildings is gnawing at the foundations of other structures. Even buildings that helped to make the word skyscraper a legitimate expression of the language of Americans have been leveled. The reason is that there is almost no vacant land in New York. Every square foot is dedicated to some income-producing purpose. Before a new building may be erected an old one must be torn down, and the work of tearing down has become an important business. It is a business that is rapidly changing. It is influenced by a catalogue of unseen forces; but it moves to-day in response to a demand that may be expressed in a single word: Speed.

Only a few years ago the wrecking contractor was, primarily, a junkman. If you wished to dispose of an old house in order to erect a new one you might invite a group

of these contractors to bid on the job. If yours was one of those brownstone houses that stand shoulder to shoulder in tiresome ranks that are numbered streets, one exterior as like those of its neighbors as so many beans, the bids of all would be somewhere in the vicinity of \$1,000. You would not pay the successful bidder a thousand; he would pay it to you in return for the right to carry away the old house. His profit would come from the salvage value of the material in the house; to-day that situation has been changed. Now these wrecking contractors when they bid a thousand dollars on a small house job do not mean that they will give you a thousand dollars; they mean that you must give them a thousand, and the materials of your house as well.

The business was pushed over that frontier several years ago by the increased cost of the labor of those adventurers previously referred to; and by the lowered value of certain kinds of building materials, notably brick. To follow out any one of these threads of information would require a book of facts. Yet, the brick market gives anyone an appreciation of the factors which must be figured by the wrecking contractor with his stubby pencil and the back of a soiled envelope. When bricks were \$10 a thousand, he could afford to pay you

for your old house. When the price dropped to \$10 a thousand a thing had occurred which compelled him to exact a price for getting the house out of your way.

One of the most impressive wrecking jobs performed in New York in recent times was the demolition of the Pictorial Review Building, at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street. It was only about ten years old and had been designed to serve a special purpose, to shelter a number of concerns engaged in the printing trades. It towered as high as neighboring buildings that were counted as eighteen-story structures; yet this one had only twelve stories. Each of its stories was as high as a story and a half of an ordinary building. It was extraordinarily strong because of the machinery which was housed within its walls. Each square foot of its floor space was built to carry a weight of 250 pounds. Its huge steel beams were part of a single fabric composed of brick, concrete and steel. It cost more than \$2,000,000, and would have stood for hundreds of years except for a malady that began to attack it. This malady was nothing more nor less than the inability of its owners to make the building pay a profit on its considerable overhead. So, after ten years it was demolished.

This was no job for one of those old-fashioned wrecking contractors such as were accustomed to set up a junk shop on the first floor of the houses they tore down, selling them bit by bit to any customers



who called in search of a second-hand toilet fixture, a load of bricks, some joists, or bundles of lath. This was work for an engineer with an appreciation of the economic importance of speed. The one who was selected completed his task in 100 calendar days.

His men worked day and night, and it was at night when the streets were free from traffic that the brick and rubbish were hauled away, uncleaned, and dumped in a low, marshy place in Queens County in a spot which is slowly rearing itself as a mountain of ashes and wreckage against that day when this fill will become the site of splendid apartment houses.

"BY RIDING that brick uncleaned," explained the wrecking contractor, "we saved many days in getting the building down. Heretofore on wrecking jobs the tendency has been for architect, or builder, or owner, to give the job to the low bidder. I bid high, but I offered speed and got the job.

"We pulled that building down by turning it inside out. Everything that could be managed so, was pulled inside. We started, of course, at the top. You build from the bottom but you wreck from the top. We had three big compressors going all the time, snatching air out of the atmosphere and putting it in hose pipe under pressure so as to drive the pneumatic tools of twenty-five or thirty men who operated drill and chipping machines.

"There was a crew of structural steel workers engaged with oxyacetylene torches cutting through the heavy girders. Heavy derrick booms swung that steel out over the street and down into waiting trucks as fast as they could get it out. A tractor was kept at all times on the top floor of the job. The man who drove it used it to nudge big chunks of brick and concrete across the floor to the edge of the elevator shaft.

"Day by day that stuff kept crashing down the elevator shaft to the fifth floor from which point it was guided into a wooden chute that carried it down to the waiting line of trucks. We got speed all right, but salvage? There wasn't any.

"Oh, a little, of course. There was \$30,000 for the steel, 3,400 tons of it that had cost about \$300,000, and a little more for the elevator machinery. Less than \$40,000 salvage out of something that had cost more than \$2,000,000; but it was good

business for the owners. The accretion of value in the land on which the building stood during the ten years of its life had enabled the former owners to sell it at a profit. It was the great value of the land that made them so eager for speed."

It is a peculiarity of the men who sponsor the gigantic buildings being reared in every American city to begin to keep books on them from the moment the vast structures first take shape in their heads. From that moment until the triumphant day when they begin to collect rentals every instant of time is counted by them as a loss; and so they hurry.

When the old Hotel Savoy was demolished in Fifth Avenue a few years ago, a Boston contractor underbid all of the other wreckers, but before he had progressed far with the work there came a Saturday night when he could not meet his pay roll. For every day of delay in getting the site cleared the builder faced a loss of \$2,000, so he kept the busted wrecker on the job, meeting the pay roll and insurance charges himself.

Insurance, incidentally, is one of the major costs of wrecking a building. Some contractors with a long record of safe operation, pay about 20 per cent. of their pay roll for insurance; and some, with a bad record, pay 40 per cent. This means that when such a man has a pay roll of \$2,000 to meet on a Saturday night he has also to pay to an insurance company \$800. Men are constantly being hurt on their industrial frontier. Bricks fall on their heads; they step on nails; walls fall on them; they stumble into elevator shafts. The greater the demand for speed in wrecking the more that are maimed and killed among the wreckers.

Nowadays nearly every wrecker who signs a contract in New York finds in that document a penalty and bonus clause. So, when Edward R. Walsh signed a contract to wreck the Lincoln Warehouse in Forty-second Street, diagonally across the street from Grand Central Terminal, he obligated himself to clear the site within ninety calendar days. For each day over that he would have been required to pay a penalty of \$500; for each day under it he was promised a bonus of \$500. Walsh's men finished their task in eighty-eight days and thereby earned for him a bonus of \$1,000.

"But," said the contractor who paid it, "don't get the idea that I begrudge you this grand; I'd have paid fifty grand cheerfully if I could have gotten to work 100 days ago."

The secret of getting them down rapidly is contained in the use of a lot of machinery—steam shovels, plenty of pulling jacks and compressed air to do the hammering. The thick, ten-story high fortress-like walls of the old Lincoln Warehouse, built to withstand mobs or burglars, were reduced to the level of the street in the course of eighty-eight days, because of a device known to mechanics as a plug

and feather. With pneumatic drilling machines a row of deep holes was pierced through the interior walls. Then a long slender wedge placed, like the meat in a sandwich, between two half-round bars of steel, was fitted into the drilled hole. One man with a sledge hammer to strike the wide, protruding end of that wedge was able to split a heavy wall as if he controlled an earthquake.

Rap! Heavy muscles bulge and quiver. The wedge has been driven an inch further into the hole. Rap! Again the muscles bulge and quiver. Pygmy blows they seem to anyone who looks with respect at the thickness of the wall that is thus attacked. Rap! Clang! Now the sledge is striking a thing that seems to fight back. This is no mere combination of steel and wedge and muscle. It is intelligence; mind over

matter; leverage. Miraculously a jagged line has been drawn upon the white-washed surface of the old wall. It is a crack, a deep one that is as clearly marked upon one surface as on the other. Another wedge is placed in a hole expertly selected. More blows are given and the crack widens, and grows in extent. Then the next line of holes is attacked with that fiendishly powerful plug and feather.

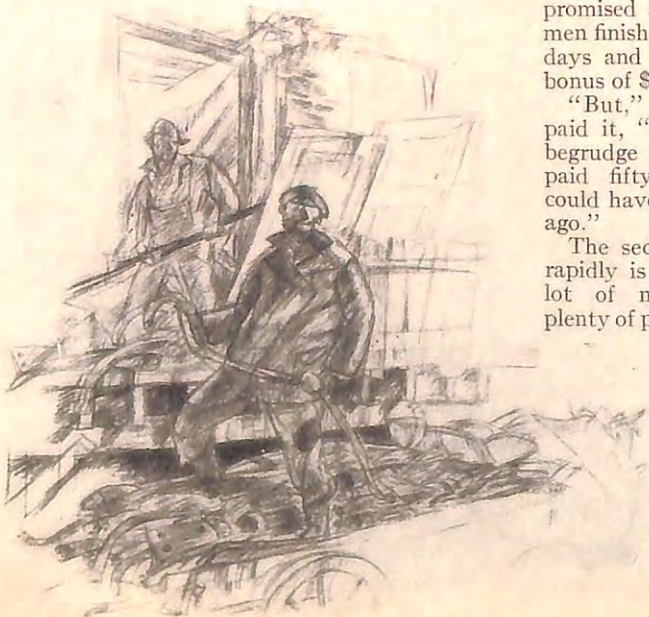
Now it is the turn of the pulling jack. This is nothing more complicated in principle than that device with which you raise your automobile when you have to change a tire. This jack is secured to a platform so that mad elephants could not dislodge it, and it is anchored in position with stout cables of steel made fast to a beam. Another cable leads from a drum built into the jack to the cracked section of wall. Two men work handles. These are five or six feet long. Leverage is working there, too. The gear ratio of the jack is one to fifty. The ratchet chatters less and less as the cables tauten and complain. But something is happening to the enfeebled section of wall. It is moving ever so slightly. The jack men keep working their levers. They are exerting about as much effort as would be necessary to start a cranky automobile by pushing. Suddenly a new force takes hold of the situation. The center of gravity in the wall has shifted, and with a crashing roar down it comes, a dozen tons of it making a cloud of dust that hides the workmen in its fog. A dozen tons? That pulling jack when its drum is turning a faint fraction of an inch at a time can pull, with the assistance of one man, five times a dozen tons. Sixty tons is what it can take any time the task is offered.

IT WAS in this manner that the Lincoln Warehouse was reduced to a mass of rubbish that measured on the books of the contractor as 6,000 truck loads.

The swiftest way to wreck any kind of a structure is to knock it down with dynamite, but in New York City contractors are forbidden to use dynamite above the street level. So, this powerful instrument is denied to a group of men who would, if they were allowed, use hundreds of tons of it every month in the year.

Two blocks away from the Lincoln Warehouse stood the Manhattan Warehouse, where now stands a fifty-six story office building. The Lincoln was ten stories high, and came down in less than three months. The Manhattan was only eight stories in

(Continued on page 54)



The Adventure of a Built-In Bookcase

Reading Takes a Fresh Start With the Spring

By Claire Wallace Flynn

THE carpenter arrived. He arrived in an extremely good-looking car, bringing with him enough lumber—or so it looked—to build a house.

The lumber was white and sweet-smelling . . . pine boards about nine inches wide, an inch thick, and varying in length from twenty-seven to seventy inches.

There was a bundle of little treads, and there were also several feet of moulding (the split-rope design), and when you connected these things, in your mind's eye, with certain pots of black enamel paint already stored away in the hall closet and a generous tin of something excitingly called Chinese Red—why, you realized that the carpenter was on no ordinary errand.

It was obvious to even the most casual observer that he was not there to mend a broken panel in a door or to prop up a sagging corner of the verandah. It was obvious, too, from the enthusiastic greetings with which his client hailed him as he drove up, that the affair on hand was of a truly adventurous nature.

And, indeed, it was.

The carpenter had arrived to build a bookcase; to build some simple pine-and-paint bookshelves; shelves that would ultimately come to be abiding-place of a rich share of the glory of the world.

Romance and adventure and travel and wisdom and laughter and beauty and peace . . . all these things, in a little collection of perhaps not more than twenty or thirty volumes, would take possession of the built-in bookcase, and, likely as not, put a whole new edge to a man's life!

We can hear you say at this point, and rather indignantly, "What do you mean by all this talk? We have a book, or two. What do you think we are?"

Well, if you must know, we think you're grand. But we also realize, from personal experience, that the books of many a family reside in a forbidding, mausoleum-like piece of furniture which often boasts of a glass door, and is sometimes known to be made safe with a lock and key.

Pity the poor books!

Living in such a place, they assume a superior, don't-touch-me-air. Nothing chummy about them, you know. You have to stop a minute before you can snatch one to take along on a little trip or up to your bedroom—and the minute often stills the impulse.

Positively, with all the peering, and un-locking, and fuss, you almost feel that you should send in your card first.

An unfriendly thing like that is not to be borne.

WHAT we all need is a built-in bookcase. It must be built in a handy spot. Beside the fireplace, or in that space between the bed and the window, or right near that nice old armchair in the corner of the rather neglected and shabby room across the hall, which hasn't any name at all.

It needs only a few shelves, but these must be easy to reach. It must be a little bookcase that would be both the heart's desire of Jim Jones of Main Street and of the Abbé Ernest Dimnet.

And that brings us right up to the point

of telling you about one of the most entrancing books of the year—"The Art of Thinking," by Abbé Ernest Dimnet (Simon & Schuster, New York).

Seventy-six thousand copies of this have been printed up to now, and the demand for more is a loud cry in the land. This inspiring volume need not have achieved "best sellerdom" to have been hailed as a light in the darkness, but it does prove that a lot of people recognized something fine when it came along.

Even the title didn't scare us away. In

IF THE whole family catches this bookcase fever, and the boy of the house wants to try his hand at making a cabinet in which to place his own precious library, we have the very thing he needs:—The diagrams and working directions for the building of a dandy set of bookshelves which will win the heart of all.

These specifications, by A. Neely Hall, are here offered through the courtesy of The National Association of Book Publishers.

Simply send to this Book Department a return envelope, stamped and addressed, and we will mail you, immediately, free of charge, the set of plans.

fact, it lures us on, for no matter what we do in life or with life, we have to think about it, and if any little book can make us think painlessly, easily and more successfully, why, that's the book for us.

Don't you think that's right?

OF COURSE the great question is, do we really think for ourselves, or do we, like *Dulcy*, think we think.

Our deliciously wise and human philosopher, Dimnet, takes up this subject in so fascinating a manner that that portion of us which is lodged between the eyebrows and the top of the old head becomes the most important thing in the world . . . the way we should train it, and enjoy it, and the way in which it should help us to a fuller and more satisfactory life.

This cultured and kindly book is for the average man who has an average chance in life of making a success, and who, in an endeavor to do that, meets with the usual obstacles. That about lets us all in.

It is no more possible to review "The Art of Thinking" than it would be to analyze the rushing words of a chance companion who had talked well on into the night, opening to a group of entranced listeners a new country of the spirit.

"Education," he says, "is nothing if it is not the methodical creation of the habit of thinking."

And, as we all know that education is largely a matter of good reading, and those pages by Abbé Dimnet devoted to "books" are, perhaps, the most stimulating of all.

We marked our own copy of "The Art of Thinking" in a frightfully reckless manner, so that the book presents a most chummy appearance. Bernard Shaw would have us shot at dawn if he were to see it, for he is completely out of sympathy with a foolish note-jotter; but we adore to read like that—

marking and checking and scribbling, and then going back and meeting certain passages as one meets old friends. To us, that is half the adventure of reading.

We marked many splendid paragraphs, each a leg-up to better thinking, and we intended to quote most of those here, but there is neither room nor time.

Well, that's one book for the new bookcase, and a sort of keystone book at that. Now, let us go slow getting the rest. The books that you "nose out" in a book-shop and discover for yourself and love by yourself are the right books for you.

Selection—discrimination—individuality—courage—These are the things which, used in the gathering of even a couple of dozen volumes, will lead to a library of distinction.

A Suggested List

JUST as a matter of suggestion, we have listed here thirty books which we personally love. This list is not offered as the thirty king-pin books of the world. Neither do we pretend that these, taken whole, will mark a man as a "literary cuss," nor yet do they even faintly constitute a representative group or a well-balanced reading ration.

All we really know is that we had a marvelous time reading all of them, and we think that you may get much happiness from them, too:

The Story of Philosophy, by Will Durant.

Letters of Ambassador Walter Hines Page.

Napoleon, by Emil Ludwig.

Little Journeys (in one volume), by Elbert Hubbard.

The Three Musketeers, by Alexander Dumas.

Autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt.

The Resurrection, by Leo Tolstoy.

Outlines of Man's Knowledge, by Clement Wood.

Tales of Mine Own People, by Rudyard Kipling.

Conrad in Quest of His Youth, by Leonard Merrick.

Leonardo, the Florentine, by Rachel Annand Taylor.

Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years, by Carl Sandburg.

Home Book of Verse, by Burton Stevenson (an anthology).

Vanity Fair, by William Makepeace Thackeray.

Lord Jim, by Joseph Conrad.

Samuel Pepys' Diary.

Alice in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll.

Outcasts of Poker Flat, by Bret Harte.

Italian Hours, by Henry James.

The Man Who Corrupted Hadleysburg, by Mark Twain.

The Fabulous Forties, by Meade Minnigerode.

Pickwick Papers, by Charles Dickens.

The Book of Operas, by H. E. Krehbiel.

Pygmalion (a play), by Bernard Shaw.

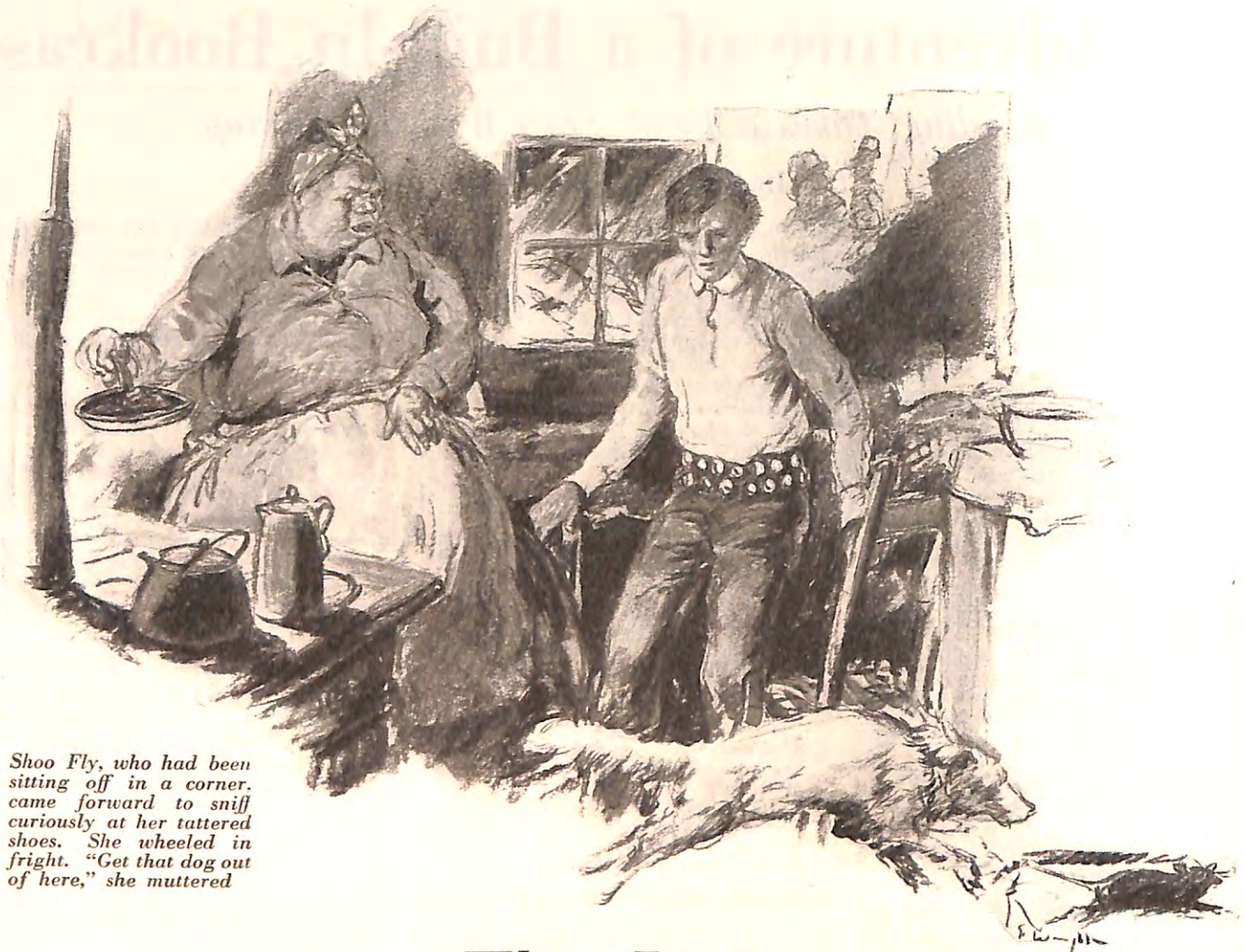
A Short History of the United States, by John Spencer Bassett.

Admirals of the Caribbean, by Francis Russell Hart.

Marco Millions (a play), by Eugene O'Neill.

The Plutocrat, by Booth Tarkington.

(Continued on page 64)



Shoo Fly, who had been sitting off in a corner, came forward to sniff curiously at her tattered shoes. She wheeled in fright. "Get that dog out of here," she muttered

The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend*

Part II

By Ben Lucien Burman

Illustrated by George Wright

ALL that night he lay there. The sun began faintly to touch the distant willows. He arose and, washing his face in the cool water, set out for Shanty Bend.

Around the edge of the town he limped, to avoid the inhabitants already appearing in the streets, over the dump behind the button factory, then trudged down the cinder path stretching bleakly along the water.

He had seen the rotting buildings countless times before, and had often gazed with curiosity at their bizarre occupants; now he looked again, and sucked at the burn on his wrist until it bled. Along the curve of the bay in a muddy, moldering crescent they lay, like derelicts the river had wearied of carrying and had cast disdainfully onto the shore. Here was one covered with great sections of brilliant-hued corrugated paper, peeled and faded by the weather until it resembled some uncouth animal trying to shed its diseased skin. Here was another clearly manifesting the abandoned automobiles which had given it birth, its sides the battered running boards and hoods, and two different-sized wheels its windows. Next it was the greenish hulk of an abandoned street-car, with part of a broken trolley pole still showing above the domed roof. In front of him was a shanty made of rusty sheets of tin daubed with crudely painted

signs demanding "Where Will You Spend Eternity?" or in smaller letters, "Hell Flames Hotter Every Day. Kneel, Brother, Kneel and Pray."

He looked in vain, however, for the shanty with the great chicken coop at the stern which he knew had been Chicken Sam's home; and his heart sank as it struck him that the wounded shanty man, like so many others of his kind after trouble with the more aristocratic inhabitants of the valley, had perhaps taken in his mooring lines during the night and drifted down the river, there to wait until his wounds had healed and the offense which had brought them on forgotten. Up the tree he climbed forlornly, to wait and watch for some sign of the other's presence. But though he remained there three hours, he saw or heard nothing. His limbs began to cramp, hunger began to assail him. Seeing a robin picking at some plums on a branch of the tree below him, he crawled down a few feet, reached out, and filling his pockets with the yellow fruit, began to eat.

A gloomy figure clad in a black hat and a funereal black coat, whom he recognized as Preaching Daniel, came out before the fiery-lettered shanty and began painting a new, doleful legend, while with each movement the long tails of his coat dipped in and out the can. A moment later, from the structure

boarded with the peeling paper issued a figure he knew by its grotesque bulkiness to be Meat and Bread Andy, who in all weathers wore three suits of clothes, one on top the other, and stuffed out the spaces between with bits of meat and bread he begged in the town.

On the porch of a shanty whose pillars were made of tomato cans set one on top of the other and whose roof was tiled with the license plates of a myriad automobiles, a barefoot girl issued, and sitting down beside a great heap of mussels, began opening them with a long knife. It was Towhead Etty. The boy bit his lip in humiliation as he saw that a rag was tied about her head and one of her feet, as though she still suffered from the effects of the wasps. For half an hour he watched her at the oily labor. The striking of the clock in the far-off steeple of the Baptist Church roused him. "I'll ask her if he's gone," he muttered.

Descending from the tree, he limped over to the dwelling, and still munching a plum, halted before the door and knocked hesitantly on the tin. There was a patter of bare feet inside, then the door opened, and the girl appeared in the aperture, wiping her hands on a piece of coffee-sack. Her sad, gentle face, now doubly like that of a nun with the bandage over her forehead, blanched as she recognized the visitor; the necklace of safety-pins dangling on her breast rose and fell agitatedly with her frightened breathing. She took a quick step backward

as though to retreat into the protection of the shadowy cabin, as she did so almost treading upon a fat, spotted toad which had hopped pompously to the doorway beside her.

"What you wanting?" she asked dully.

Bitterly the boy watched her face move painfully beneath the bandage; gloomily he shifted the bundle in his hand and began pulling at a twig caught in the top. "I'm looking for Chicken Sam."

"Chicken Sam ain't here no more."

"Ain't he coming back?"

"I don't know. . . . What you wanting with him?"

The plum the boy was eating clung stickily to his fingers. He tossed it into the river. "I was going to ask him to let me live on his shanty. . . . I've come back to my own people."

THE throbbing of the necklace on the girl's breast ceased. Her brown eyes rounded in wonderment. "You come . . . to live on a shanty boat?"

"I found out what was done to me. . . . You know where I can go?"

She gazed at him thoughtfully and fingered one of the pieces of stocking which formed the patches of her dress. Then her lips curled in a smile which touched her face with the pale warmth of the faded, artificial roses in the wreath hanging at the window. "I'm glad you come. . . . I was scared at first."

He turned away guiltily, hesitated, and drew a handful of the crushed fruit from his pocket. "Maybe . . . you want some plums?"

"Um-hum. . . . I'll get Aunt Vergie."

She walked down the shore. Entering a dwelling where a gigantic red wagon-umbrella showed before the door, she emerged in a moment with an old woman, and came hurrying back to the boy.

He had seen the newcomer before, but not as often as most of the others of the shanty colony, and as she approached studied her curiously. She was a woman who had once been very tall, but now was so withered and bent with age that she seemed almost a dwarf. Her cheeks were a dusty-shadowed yellow, lined with a network of tiny wrinkles; two braids of snowy hair drooped out from the dilapidated sunbonnet she was wearing onto her stooped back. Her dress was a torn, once gaudy piece of cloth which had apparently been part of a bed comforter; with each step she took along the pebbly ground a piece of broomstick which took the place of her left leg flashed out beneath the fraying hem. Yet in spite of her fantastic appearance and the poverty evident in every line of her tattered garments and toil-worn hands, there were no traces of melancholy in her face. The clicking of the broomstick as she hobbled along with a heavy cane was brisk, animated. Her gray eyes peeping out from the depths of two whorls of withered skin were bright with good humor. The lines cut deep about her mouth were constantly shifting in animation as she chatted with the girl beside her.

She reached the boy, and stood watching him hesitantly as one watches a superior being, then as

he put out his hand, shook it eagerly and kissed him on the cheek.

"You're a good boy, son," she said.

She moved off again and surveyed him delightedly. "Lord alive! Sure does me good to see you again. I ain't seen you right since the day you was a baby and the sheriff came and took you away. . . . Towhead says you're looking for a place to stay."

"Yes m'm."

"Well, guess that ain't going to be very hard to find. You can stay right here. Fact is if you had gone over to Chicken Sam's, the way Towhead was telling me, I'd have come over to get you. My old mam' was your mammy's sister. Me and Towhead'll be mighty glad to have you. Come inside and get a snack to eat. You're looking mighty tired."

She took his arm to lead him forward, and noticing the steel braces below his knee, reached down and examined them curiously. "Guess you and me'd be mighty good friends even if we wasn't kinfolk, both being kind of troubled in the legs. This here one of mine that's gone has been getting mighty bad pains in it lately. That's what I was up seeing Nigger Sue about. The doctor down in Pine City that cut it off done buried it all twisted up; that's what's causing the trouble. If I knowed where it was laying I could dig it up and straighten it. Doggone that doctor. I told him to be mighty particular about the way he buried it. But I could see all the time he wasn't paying no attention. I been looking all over for him. But people says he ain't in Pine City no more."

She led the way inside, and motioning the guest to a seat made of a vinegar barrel, to which the top of a canvas chair had been nailed as a back, took out some potatoes roasting in a decrepit stove and heaped them into a rusty tin plate.

The boy put down the bundle on the floor and gloomily let his gaze drift round the desolate interior. The building was scarcely more than a shell of packing-box boards pierced with a single smoky window, and studded with numerous circles of light marking vanished knots in the crudely joined wood. The boards themselves, however, were rarely visible, for, to keep out the river winds, the walls were everywhere covered with pictures cut from catalogs or newspapers and great biblical broadsides, large and glamorous as circus posters, all pasted indiscriminately atop the others, so that in one corner a stern-bearded Moses with the law tablets upraised before him seemed delivering them into the hands of a champion prize-

fighter clad only in a breech clout, while nearby a scarlet-helmeted Joshua, with arm outstretched to stop the sun, now appeared to be calling attention to the astounding hair of a great-eyed damsel who used a certain infallible restorer which was on sale at Capps' Tonsorol Parlors.

Elevated a little from the floor were two beds, one made of automobile cushions nailed together and covered with a few folded sugar sacks, the other formed by a piece of ragged carpet stretched saggily between four sawed-off fence posts. Above them were two companion pictures in gilded frames, one "The Burning of Rome," the other "The Assassination of Julius Caesar." On the wall opposite hung five shiny nameplates taken from the coffins of five long dead members of the Etty family, strung together with pieces of faded ribbon and topped by a shabby cluster of immortelles. In a corner was a rusty phonograph of the sort consisting chiefly of a horn and a giant spring. Above it was a battered cuckoo clock.

He ceased his inspection as the old woman set the potatoes and a chunk of greasy cornbread on the table and took a seat on a broken piano stool beside him. There she sat, chatting gaily while he forced himself to eat, then as he pushed the empty plate from him, took out a battered pocketbook and opening the clasp, exposed a score of cigar stubs of various sizes. She held it forward invitingly. "Want to smoke, son?"

He shook his head.

THE old woman poked about the collection with her shriveled finger. "Lot of them, ain't there? But it's mighty hard to find the one you want. Looks to me cigars ain't what they used to be. I spent pretty near a whole afternoon picking these up in front of the Court House down in Pine City 'cause I figured it was getting near Election time and that's where the best ones would be. But they're all just trash. Ain't never got any like them three I picked up a couple of years ago when that Congressman come up to Hanging Dog to dedicate the new school building. They ain't hardly half-smoked and got the prettiest gold bands on them you ever seen. But I ain't smoking them every day. I'm saving them in this here little pocket for something that's special. . . . You sure you don't want to smoke, son?"

The boy shook his head again.

The old woman took out a cheap boneholder from an outside fold of the pocketbook and surveyed it curiously. "Guess I'll try this here thing. Fellow that looked like a school teacher or something seen me picking up the cigars and come over and give

it to me. Said if I put the ends right in my mouth I'd get the miseries or something. Seems like there's people that's just looking for trouble. Always thinking up something new."

She set the stub into the holder and nodded toward a door at the back of the shanty where behind the sill showed a mound of dry mussel shells. "That'll be your room, son," she said amiably. "Ain't much, but it's all we got. After you get rested a little more you and Towhead better go up to the Big Store and get yourself a bed."





He put down his fork and looked at her in bewilderment. "I don't know about no Big Store. Besides I ain't got no money."

The old woman chuckled. "You ain't never heard of the Big Store?"

"No m'm. Heard of the Mammoth Store down at Pine City, of course. But not no Big Store near here."

"What they teach you on them steamboats? Thought everybody knowed about that. The Big Store's the dump. Get mighty fine things there sometimes, too. That's where pretty near everything in the shanty excepting them funeral plates come from."

She struck a match and was bringing it to the end of the cigar when her hand stopped short in mid-air. "Lordy, I'm a fool," she flashed. "If a boy's coming home to his own people ain't something special, I ain't never going to see a time that is." Opening the innermost compartment of the pocketbook, she took out one of the three showily-banded stubs it contained, and substituting this for the other in the holder, brought it to her mouth.

Steadily she smoked until the expiring end was burning the bone, then breathed a sigh of deep content, and walking to the boy, patted his drooping shoulder. "You're still looking mighty blue, son. Guess it's kind of hard coming to live with us poor folks after you been living on the steamboat having just everything a body could wish for. When

The passing of the jug from hand to hand grew faster. The shantymen grew gayer. Little Greasy arose and began to do a hilariously applauded clog dance

I think of all them big niggers you had to wait on you, and the vittles them cooks on the *Morning Glory* throws away, I don't know whether I'd have come or not if it had been me. But kinfolks is kinfolks, ain't they? You'll get used to our ways and then you'll be happier than you was before."

She took up her stick and started toward the door. "I got to be going now. That foreman up at the button factory's been owing me fifteen cents for pretty near a month now, and just been a putting me off and putting me off. Meat and Bread Andy says he seen the postman give him a letter wrote with a typewriter this morning so it sure looks like he's getting money." She hobbled briskly out the door.

The boy arose from the table, helped the girl wash the cracked dishes, then with her set off in the direction of the button factory. His face paled as he limped past the dreary building and saw the endless mounds of ashes and rotting paper stretching out over the gray waste that formed the dump beyond. But he forced himself to stumble on. In heap after heap they searched, finding broken stoves, shattered lawnmowers, wash-tubs pierced with great rusty holes, but nothing to serve as a cot. He came upon a

wrecked wardrobe whose long boards he thought for a moment might be useful, and was examining them closer when a whistle sounded up the river. Patches of somber white spread quickly over his cheeks, his lips became bloodless, every impulse surging within him urged him to hide. But he stood immovable.

The girl reached down to pull out a striped and sooty piece of cardboard with four red circles flashing in the corners. She examined it curiously and held it out for his inspection. "It's mighty pretty, ain't it?" she asked.

He did not answer for a moment, watching as the boat made fast before the button factory. "It's a game they call parchesi. . . . I'll teach it to you if you want me to. It'll make time go by when we're sitting in the shanty at night."

His eyes drifted off to the rousters scrambling to shore.

Towhead followed his glance and gazed at him wonderingly. "Seems like it'd be a mighty nice game with all these things that look like stepladders on it. Just ain't had no luck learning games, somehow. A fellow from Perryville that was selling moonshine for some of the shanty people told me once he'd teach me a game was called checkers if I'd get twenty-four buttons. I got the buttons. But they caught him selling the whisky and sent him to jail."

States bent over the wardrobe again, saw that at one end the boards were almost



Bread Andy's coming over in a little while, and he just lays his hands on everything he sees. Some of the other folks is coming over, too. Going to kind of have a party to celebrate States's coming back. Doggone it, I wish I could have got them fifteen cents this afternoon. I'd have bought some of that new kind of candy down at the store to give to them. Prettiest candy you ever seen. Looks just like meat. Sausages, hams, and pork chops, and everything. Bet there's plenty of butchers in Pine City couldn't tell the difference." She leaned over to drop a crumb of potato to the toad who had hopped across the room and with a spotted foot was insistently tapping her shoe.

States watched it curiously. "What's its name?" he demanded of Towhead.

The girl hesitated. "Ain't got no name as I know of. Just kind of call him Toadie."

"Ought to have a name." The boy fed it a bit of rabbit. "When he pats your foot that way he looks just like Moss Jacks when he's fixing shoes up at his place. Moss is fat, and goes round kind of swelled up about himself all the time just the way your toad does. Why don't you call him Professor Jacks, the way the people call Moss when they want to get him mad?"

TOWHEAD'S eyes became apprehensive. "It's a mighty pretty name. But Mr. Jacks would get mighty mad if he found out we was calling him that, wouldn't he?"

"Wouldn't do him no good if he did."

"Now don't you go to arguing with him, Towhead," Aunt Vergie declared vigorously. "You know you couldn't get no prettier name than that. You do what States tells you to do. He's got a lot of learning, he has. You listen to him all the time and then you can get smart the same way he is."

"Yes m'm."

States stooped to scratch the toad's scaly back. The movement caused one of the button photographs on his shirt to fall to the floor. He picked it up and carefully restored it to the garment.

The girl and the old woman looked on admiringly.

"You're certainly mighty well fixed up with buttons, ain't you, son?" Aunt Vergie said. "Them mother-of-pearl ones on your pants are fine enough for anybody. But they ain't nothing to them on the shirt."

The boy warmed under the praise. "Kind of feel that way myself. Seems like candidates' buttons are mighty hard to get now. Ain't giving them away to nobody but voters, they says. All the three people that gave me these said they was only doing it 'cause me and them was personal friends. Zep Wethers was saying the other day up at the barber shop it's because the turtles they get the celluloid from are dying out. But I don't know." He gazed at the faded dress of the girl a moment and twisted the button thoughtfully in his fingers. "Maybe you'd like to have one of them. I got three. And two's all a fellow needs."

Her wan face became radiant. "I'd mighty like to have it. But you can't spare it, can you?"

She bent over and eagerly touched the velvety surfaces with her finger. "I declare

(Continued on page 42)

CHAPTER V

rotted through, and began his search anew. He turned suddenly as from a field behind the dump a score of fat, muddy bodies came hurtling out and with a tumultuous grunting and snorting, lumberingly rushed past. Three began rooting in the pile of corn husks near him, splashing his clothes with the mire.

"It's Lowry's pigs," Towhead said. "We got to go before the hired man chases us. Mr. Lowry's paying to keep the pigs here, and he gets mad if we stays."

They began slowly retracing their steps down the path. Towhead halted to examine a dilapidated screen door whose top poked out of a pile of broken boxes. The examination seemed to satisfy her. She turned to States and gently touched his arm. "This here door'll do fine for a bed, won't it? We can put it on them two saw-horses we got and cover it over with straw. The chicken-wire on it's brand new and makes it mighty strong."

Again the boy stood silent, watching the vessel swing from the land and puff gaily up the river toward Hanging Dog.

Towhead waited patiently, then once more softly touched his arm. "I'm asking you something. Don't you think this here'll do fine for a bed?"

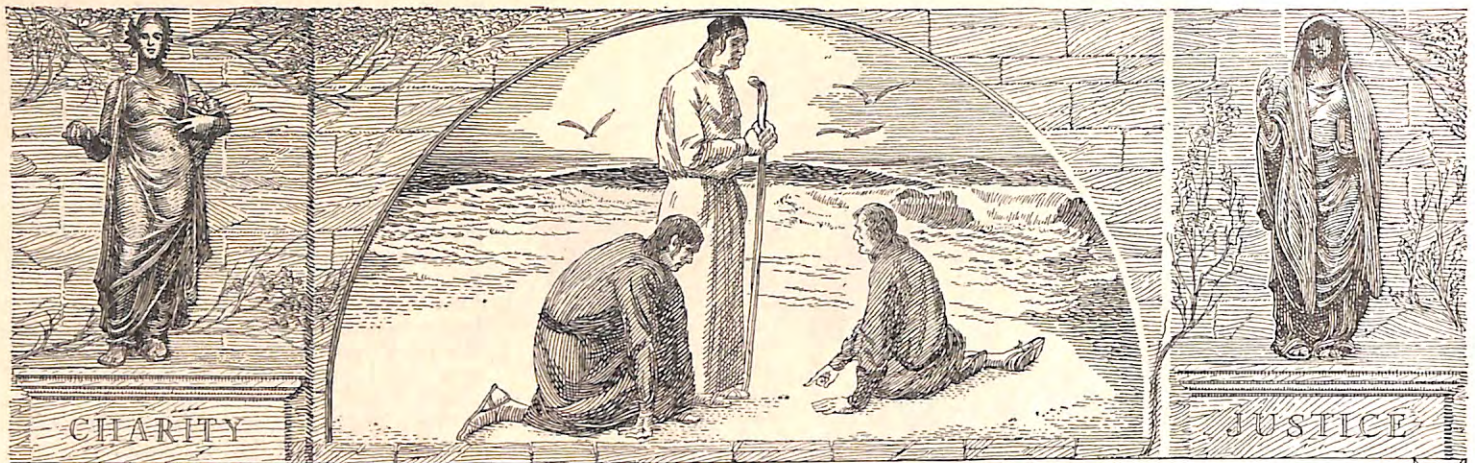
A pig separated itself from the others and began thrusting its wet nose into the grass at the boy's heel. He moved and looked down at the moldering door. "Yesm'm. It'll do fine," he said.

HE CARRIED the door to the shanty. Spending several hours reinforcing its shabby sides he set it in his room, then took down a rusty rifle hanging on the wall, and went out to hunt. With the vigorous exercise his spirits lifted. When, as night fell, he sat down at the supper table where the rabbit he had shot lay steaming in a chipped platter, his freckled skin was ruddier and he ate his share of the food with appetite.

"I'm sure mighty glad you come, son."

Aunt Vergie said a little later as she looked at the clean picked bones in her plate, and licked her lips reminiscently. "Been needing a man in this shanty to get us things like this here rabbit. Shanty ain't nothing without a man." She gazed thoughtfully at a portion of the meat she had put at the side of the dish to be saved until the next day. "Guess I'd better get this here piece hid," she said as she arose and placed it carefully out of sight in the stove. "Meat and





EDITORIAL

LAPSATION COMMITTEES

THE importance of the subject must be recognized as an ample excuse for again calling attention to the need for activity on the part of the Lapsation Committees in the subordinate Lodges, and for urging the appointment of such a Committee in each Lodge which has not yet created such an agency. The effectiveness of the work of such Committees, where they have shown a real interest in their task, has been demonstrated over and over again.

One personal visit to a wavering member, on the verge of being dropped from the rolls, or who is contemplating a dimit, is worth a dozen circular letters or other written appeals. And it is this particular character of committee service that is most effective. It is the direct method, always the best, of dealing with an ever present problem.

The best men in the Lodge should be assigned to this Committee; and they should welcome the opportunity to perform this special service, for it is one peculiarly helpful way in which their character and standing can become truly active assets of the Lodge, instead of mere static potentialities.

A member saved is worth more than a new member gained, because it dissuades an unfortunate example that is all too readily followed by others. And every Lodge has need of this particular character of salvage.

It is inevitable that those members who have been unwisely permitted to become inactive will drift further and further from the contacts that are among the strongest ties binding them to the Order. The Committee should devise methods for reviving that activity and restimulating their interest. In every Lodge there are those who have been dropped from the rolls, but who are available for reinstatement, if they be made to feel that they are really wanted, and that they can be useful. The Committee will find a fruitful field among these.

The Lapsation Committee is, perhaps, the most important of all those appointed by the Exalted Ruler. If its members can be brought to realize this fact and to undertake a systematic survey

of conditions, and to perform the personal service which their acceptance of appointment involves, the preventable loss of membership will cease to be a matter of concern.

It is suggested that the new Exalted Rulers, in cooperation with their respective Committees, should strive for a new sort of record this year. Let their goal be: Not a single preventable loss sustained.

FOIBLES OF THE GREAT

SOMETIMES in considering the lives of those who have achieved fame, we are prone to dwell too much upon some well-known weakness, or trait of character, that, of itself, invites contempt. We often exaggerate unduly the foibles of the great, and account them, perhaps, as essentials. At least we are given to excusing our own faults of like kind by pointing to notable examples.

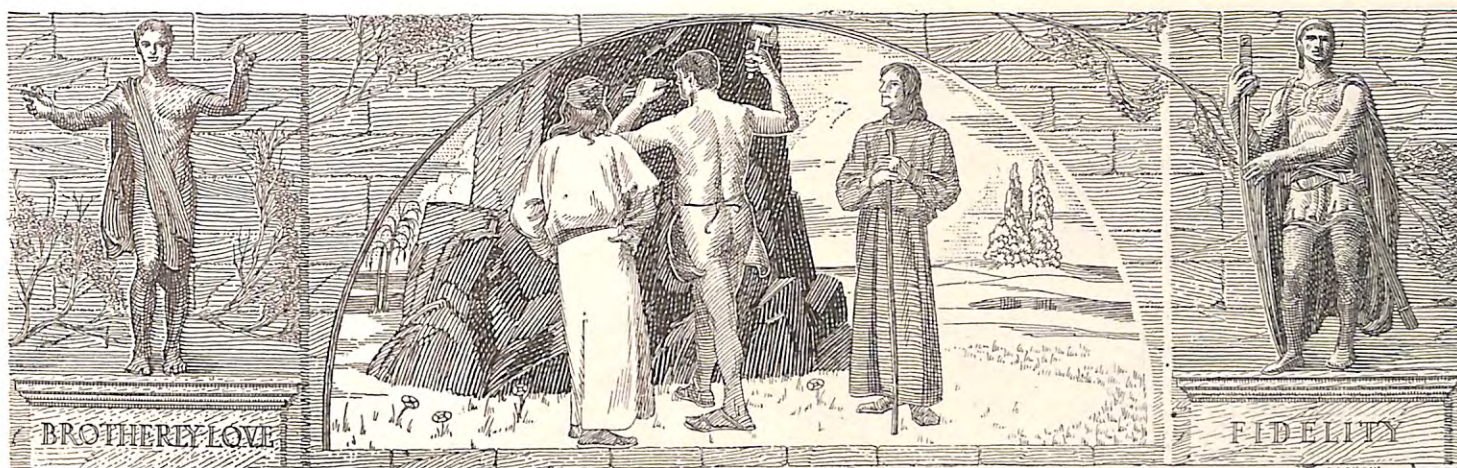
This is an unfortunate attitude. If we learn that Alexander died in his early manhood as the result of a drunken debauch, we should realize that it was not his indulgence that made him the conqueror of the world. If we read that Napoleon was far from being a model husband and was somewhat flagrant in his disregard of the proprieties, we should recognize the truth that it was not his incontinence that made him master of Europe.

And in viewing the lives of lesser men, yet those who have achieved distinction among their fellows, if we find there more or less serious delinquencies, we must know that these are not the basis upon which they have builded success.

It is doubtless somewhat comforting to realize that even the greatest have been mere men and have displayed proof of that fact in regrettable ways. It teaches us, it is true, that weaknesses are not necessarily insurmountable handicaps to real achievement. But we should not be misled into a distortion of relative values.

In our deepest hearts we know that the qualities of greatness that are to be emulated are its virtues, not its vices; its elements of strength, not its weaknesses.

It has been noted by many critics that the



trend of modern biography is toward an accentuation of the petty and the less creditable incidents of the subject's life. This may be truth; but it is of dubious helpfulness.

It were better that we be led to a contemplation of only what is noble and fine and generous and courageous. We have constant need of such inspiration. We have enough faults of our own without such encouragement of others as naturally flows from the citation of illustrious examples.

Let us give more thought to the virtues of the great and less to their foibles.

SIGNIFICANT EVENTS

THE esteem and regard in which the Order of Elks is held by the whole people of our country is well known to those who are familiar with the organization in its national aspect. But it is always gratifying when that appreciation is publicly attested. And among the most notable events of this character in the Order's history were those which occurred during the Grand Exalted Ruler's recent visit to a number of the Southern States. The occasions were all the more significant because the numerical strength of the Order in the states in question is much less than it is in many other sections of the country.

Within a period of one week, the Legislatures of three states, Texas, Oklahoma, and Tennessee, each invited our Chief Executive to address them, respectively, in joint sessions to be assembled for the purpose. It is doubtful if any other fraternity has ever been so signally honored.

It is conceivable, of course, that such evidences of public regard might have been displayed, if the Order had no other history than its fine record in the field of charitable and benevolent endeavor. But it is believed that this particular recognition was accorded, very largely because it has demonstrated its value to our Country, as an active and efficient agency for the building of stalwart American citizenship, and for the promotion of loyal patriotism in the hearts of our whole people.

Happily, as was to have been expected from him, Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, by his splendid addresses, justified the invitations extended. And his masterly presentation of the Order, its

history, its current activities, and its aims and aspirations for the future, aroused a keener interest in, and inspired a higher admiration for, the Order, in the minds and hearts of all who heard him.

Truly these were significant events, the contemplation of which will bring a thrill of pride to every member of the Order. It should also stir their hearts to an earnest purpose to keep the Order, and all its units, worthy of the admiration and confidence which those events so splendidly and so convincingly display.

NEW OFFICERS AND THE RITUAL

WHEN this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE comes to hand, the new officers of the subordinate Lodges will have been installed and should be settled into harness for the long pull together during the coming year. And the time will have about expired within which they are required to memorize the ritual. No officer, after this date, should be using the book.

To many it may appear that too much space is given to ritual exemplification. To those, however, who recognize the importance of this matter, the frequent returns to the subject will be fully appreciated.

The Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee of the Grand Lodge, in addressing the last District Deputy Conference, said that "the standard of our ritualistic exemplification is probably poorer today than it was five years ago." This statement was based upon years of experience in relation to this feature of our Lodge activities. And realizing its significance he properly referred to the condition as "a lamentable fact."

There is but one way to remedy this. That is for the present corps of officers in each Lodge to set so fine an example of ritual observance, that those who follow will be inspired to emulation and the lay members will be moved to insist upon the maintenance of the high standard they establish.

It is not necessary to invoke any fine spun theory of exaggerated loyalty in support of this suggestion. It is the very plainest statement of an honest official obligation. Its force will be recognized by every single officer who is worthy to remain in his station.



Grand Exalted Ruler at Birthday Party of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge

MORE than 500 Elks, including Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who dedicated the present Home of the Lodge, and many distinguished visitors and invited guests attended the thirty-fifth anniversary celebration of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276. A banquet, dance and a program of entertainment, held in the spacious Home, were features of the most elaborate birthday party the Lodge has ever held. Hon. Harry Bacharach, three times Grand Esquire, and serving again as Exalted Ruler of No. 276, was toastmaster at the dinner. Mr. Hulbert was the principal speaker and delivered a splendid and inspiring address, which was enthusiastically received by his large audience. Others who spoke, discussing the affairs of the Order and conveying congratulations and good wishes to their hosts, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning; Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney; William R. Conklin, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; United States Senator Walter E. Edge; State Senator Emerson L. Richards; Past Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Perskie, City Solicitor; and Mrs. James W. Peterson, President of the Ladies' Auxiliary of No. 276. At the close of Mr. Conklin's speech, he presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler a check for \$1,000, the contribution of the New Jersey State Elks Association to the Elks National Foundation. A princely birthday gift, in the form of a \$1,200 Building Bond, was presented to the Lodge, on behalf of the Ladies' Auxiliary, by Mrs. Peterson.

The dancing, which followed the dinner, and the entertainment provided by talented members of the Lodge's Minstrel and Frolic troupe, were greatly enjoyed by the large gathering.

The following morning the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Fanning, David C. Reed, Chairman, and Elias Rosenbaum, Secretary, of the Board of Trustees of the Betty Bacharach Home, accompanied by Mrs. Hulbert and Miss Jean Hulbert, Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Fanning, made a visit of inspection to the Home at Longport. This splendid charity, presented by members of the Bacharach family and administered by Atlantic City Lodge in the interests of crippled children, was dedicated by Mr. Fanning in 1924, since when it has become one of the best known institutions of its kind in the country.

East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge Honors Past Exalted Ruler Faulkner

When East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664, celebrated Past Exalted Rulers' Night, the program of the meeting was arranged to do special honor to John J. Faulkner, first Exalted Ruler of No. 664. Nearly all the living past heads of the Lodge were present, as was a splendid turn-out of members.

While Mr. Faulkner was out of the Lodge room, awaiting his escort to the seat of honor, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell proposed him for honorary life membership,

voting on his proposal to take place at the subsequent meeting. When the vote came to be taken it was found that Mr. Faulkner's election to life membership in his Lodge was unanimous, whereupon he was brought before the crowded Lodge room and notified of the action of his fellow members. Mr. Faulkner's record in the Order is a notable one. He was installed as Exalted Ruler at the time of his Lodge's institution, and was re-elected for the following year. He served three terms as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; one as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and for the five years, between 1912 and 1917, was a member of the Board of Grand Trustees. He was also one of the organizers, and the first Secretary, of the Illinois State Elks Association, of which he became President four years later.

Winthrop, Mass., Lodge Holds Past Exalted Rulers' Night

The recent regular meeting of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge, No. 1078, which was dedicated to its Past Exalted Rulers, had nearly 400 Elks in attendance, many of whom were visiting past and active subordinate Lodge officers from Boston, Brookline, Concord, Cambridge, Norwood and Newton. The old-time heads of No. 1078, conducted the business of the meeting in their characteristically efficient fashion. An enjoyable program of music was furnished by the Lodge orchestra, and the Glee Club of Boston Lodge, No. 10, comprising some sixty-five voices, rendered a group of songs. After the meeting all adjourned to the grill room for a fine supper.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Elks Visit Bronx, N. Y., Lodge

The visit of the officers, drill team and a delegation of members of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, to Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, brought out an attendance of local members which filled the large Lodge room of the Home to capacity. Prior to the meeting the visitors were tendered a dinner and social session by their hosts after which the meeting was called to order and the Queens Borough delegation was formally introduced by Past Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly, and welcomed on behalf of the Bronx members by Exalted Ruler William P. Dunne. The initiation ceremonies, impressively conducted by the visiting officers and drill team, were a feature of the occasion.

District Deputy Eaton Visits Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge

The initiation of a class of twenty-five candidates, which followed a dinner given by Exalted Ruler Richard J. Quiter and the officers of Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge, No. 1531, to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jack P. Eaton and his staff, was the feature of the meeting at which the District Deputy made his official visit. Elmhurst, the baby Lodge of the state, was instituted less than two years ago, and already boasts of a membership of more than 500. As this fine growth is due in a large

measure to the assistance and sound advice given the young Lodge by Mr. Eaton when he was Exalted Ruler of Des Plaines Lodge, No. 1526, his visit as District Deputy gave the members an opportunity to express their gratitude, and they made a gala event of the evening. Mr. Eaton's address was an inspiring one, while the speeches of the home and visiting officers were most interesting. After the meeting a buffet supper was served in the gymnasium to more than 200 Elks who had attended the session.

Seven Wisconsin Elk Lodges to Present Athletic Award

Individual athletic ability and qualities of good sportsmanship and leadership in the members of the Wisconsin Valley Conference teams will be recognized in the future by a "most valuable player" award, as the result of a cooperative plan adopted by the Elk Lodges of Wisconsin Rapids, Merrill, Stevens Point, Wausau, Marshfield, Rhinelander, and Antigo. Exalted Ruler E. C. Brenner of Wisconsin Rapids Lodge, No. 693, conveyed the plan to the other Lodges in the conference cities, and it was unanimously adopted. It is understood that the selection of the recipient of the annual award will be made by the coaches of the schools and a group of officials and sports-writers named by the valley conference members.

Beaver Dam, Wis., Lodge Welcomes District Deputy Baker

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Baker recently paid his official visit at a singularly well-attended meeting of Beaver Dam, Wis., Lodge, No. 1540. The District Deputy found the baby Lodge of the State in excellent condition and predicted a substantial increase in its membership for the coming year. Mr. Baker was also impressed by the work of the officers during the initiation of a class. After the meeting a fine supper was served to the members and guests at The Wedge.

Oakland, Calif., Elks Visit San Francisco Lodge

Nearly 300 members of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, made the trip across the bay on their annual fraternal visit to San Francisco Lodge, No. 3. The Lodge-room was well filled with the visitors and their hosts, and the Oakland officers initiated a class of candidates in an exceptional fashion. A fine luncheon was served after the business meeting.

Recent Activities of Casper, Wyo., Lodge

Casper, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1353, has installed on the fourth floor of its Home a machine shop for the troop of boy scouts which it sponsors. The shop was purchased for them by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Lodge, and has proved to be an unprecedented success with the youngsters.

A substantial sum was realized from the Lodge's annual minstrel show, and plans are now being prepared to make the one of next year even bigger and better.

Hon. Leon O. Bailey, Past Exalted Ruler of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge

Hon. Leon O. Bailey, long a member, and a Past Exalted Ruler, of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, and for the last fourteen years affiliated with Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, died at his home in Bronxville, N. Y., on March 29, at the age of seventy-two.

Mr. Bailey removed from Indianapolis to New York in 1902, and was for many years a prominent member of the bar there, specializing in corporation law in partnership with the late U. S. Senator Charles H. Towne. He was born in Wellsboro, Pa., and was educated at Cornell University and the Indiana Law School, from which he graduated in 1881, starting immediately to practice in Indianapolis. During his residence in the Indiana capital Mr. Bailey was active in public affairs and in politics. He served as State Senator, as Assistant Attorney General of the State of Indiana, as Assistant United States District Attorney; was appointed United States District Attorney by President Cleveland, and served the city of Indianapolis as its City Attorney. During his residence in Indiana he was several times a delegate to national conventions of the Democratic party.

Mr. Bailey was an enthusiastic and active Elk, and a devoted member of the two Lodges to which he had belonged. Following his term as Exalted Ruler of Indianapolis Lodge, he served for a year, 1892-93, on the Grand Lodge Committee on Laws and Appeals, and was always an interested and stalwart champion of the Order and its ideals. To his family, to his Lodge, and to his many close friends THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its deepest sympathy and condolence.

Mr. Bailey is survived by his widow, Gertrude May Stein Bailey, famous, before her marriage, as an oratorio singer; by two daughters, Mrs. Charles Walter Dumont, of Bronxville, and Mrs. Edward S. Clark, Jr., of Bay City, Mich., and by a son, Elliott Gordon Bailey, of Yonkers, N. Y. Funeral services were held in Christ Church, Bronxville, and burial was in Kensico Cemetery.

Hampton, Va., Lodge Celebrates Thirty-second Anniversary

Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, celebrated its thirty-second anniversary with a program of entertainment and a buffet supper in the gymnasium of the Home, with a capacity crowd of visiting Elks and members and their guests present for the enjoyable occasion. Preceding the entertainment the Lodge met in formal session and transacted its routine business.

Exalted Ruler Percy Carmel acted as master of ceremonies, introducing Richard Connor, the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, who was accorded a warm ovation. The program then got under way and was featured by a number of



NORWOOD PHOTO STUDIO

These officers of Norwood, Mass., Lodge, No. 1124, are shown with the James R. Nicholson Ritualistic Trophy which they won in the recent State-wide competition

singing, dancing and musical specialties followed by a lavish buffet supper, and a card of boxing bouts.

At the meeting held earlier plans were perfected for a good-sized delegation to attend the reception given the following night to Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert by Norfolk Lodge, which is reported elsewhere in this issue.

District Deputy Smith Visits Blackwell, Okla., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry A. P. Smith recently made an official visit to Blackwell, Okla., Lodge, No. 1347. Mr. Smith was tendered a dinner by the officers of the local Lodge in the Larkin Hotel, shortly after his arrival, and among the visiting Elks present was Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden.

Following the business session in the Home, Mr. Smith complimented the Lodge on its flourishing condition and expressed his approval of its many activities. Mr. Hayden also made a brief speech. Several of the officers of Ponca City Lodge, No. 1522, headed by Exalted Ruler D. M. Morgan, present at the meeting, extended an invitation to the Blackwell members to visit with their Lodge when District Deputy Smith

pays it his official visit. Later in the evening a number of boxing bouts were staged by the members of the Blackwell Boys' Club, and then refreshments were served.

New Home of Lewistown, Pa., Lodge is Dedicated

The handsome, new \$100,000 Home of Lewistown, Pa., Lodge, No. 663, was dedicated with impressive ceremonies in March, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler, and former Governor of Pennsylvania, John K. Tener, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and President Howard Davis, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, present and taking active part. The celebration of the opening of the new Home started in the afternoon with a program of music and the ceremonies of dedication were held that evening, in charge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. C. Miller. At the services the conduct of the special ritual for such occasions was exemplified by the Lewistown officers headed by Exalted Ruler Dorsey E. Wian, and then District Deputy Miller introduced the speakers of the evening.

Mr. Tener's vivid address treated of the accomplishments of the Order, and made a profound impression on the gathering. He pointed out the public welfare work and the extent and strength of the fraternity and paid a glowing tribute to the beauty and utility of the new Home, and to the work of the men who made it possible. Mr. Masters spoke on the appointments of the new building and highly praised Past Exalted Ruler W. O. Thrush for his untiring efforts on behalf of the Order. Mr. Davis also complimented the Lodge on its new quarters, and other brief addresses were made by District Deputies Miller and Claude C. Merrill. Following the adjournment of the exercises those present repaired to the dining-room and buffet, where lunch was served and a program of music was enjoyed.

Bay City, Mich., Lodge is Host to Jackson Elks

With some 300 members of Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113 taking part, Bay City, Mich., Lodge, No. 88, recently observed Jackson Night with close to 800 Elks present in the Home. The event proved to be one of the most notable fraternal events ever staged by the local Lodge. The Jackson delegation and their ladies, accompanied by the crack Zouave drill team and the Red Ritual team of sixty in full uniform, was met at the station by a committee of Bay City Elks and their ladies and a band, and escorted to the Lodge Home. Following a



This solid and dignified building is the Home occupied by Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 198



Franklin, Pa., Lodge, which just celebrated its 40th anniversary, owns this pleasant Home

complimentary dinner to the visitors the Jackson officers initiated a class of fifty candidates for their hosts.

During the visit the Jackson ladies were guests of a number of Bay City ladies at a dinner at the Grotto Club and at a theatre party. Later they returned to the Elks Home for a lunch which was served to the visitors at the end of the regular session. The party started homeward shortly after midnight, having spent a most enjoyable evening.

Past Exalted Rulers' Night in Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge

The celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' Night by Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, provided the most interesting and enjoyable meeting of the Lodge year. The large attendance of members was swelled by the presence of many visitors from near-by towns, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Ardner, and several members of the famous degree team of Bluffton Lodge, No. 796, which he heads. A large class was initiated by the Past Exalted Rulers, assisted by the Bluffton visitors, and these ceremonies were followed by a number of highly interesting addresses by past heads of the Lodge, and by an unusual program of entertainment.

San Pedro, Calif., Lodge Opens New Club Rooms

The largest crowd of the Lodge year attended the festivities which marked the opening of the new club rooms of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966. The Home, especially decorated for the occasion, was crowded to capacity with members and their friends celebrating the completion of the additional facilities.

District Deputy Lonergan Visits Portland, Ore., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan was accorded a warm welcome by a record crowd of Elks when he made his official visit to his home Lodge, Portland, Ore., No. 142. Mr. Lonergan gave an address which lasted over an hour and at its conclusion received a tremendous ovation. A fine program of entertainment and an old-time lunch rounded out an enjoyable session.

An Opportunity to Help Disabled Veterans of the World War

It is again the privilege of THE ELKS MAGAZINE to assist in a fine and important work by reminding its readers that the sale of "Buddy Poppies," conducted each year during the week of Memorial Day by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, affords an opportunity to every individual to help where help is both needed and deserved. The poppies offered for sale are all made by needy and disabled ex-service men—a copy-

righted label guarantees this fact—and the proceeds go to relieve distress among these veterans and their families. Each year a part of the funds received is set aside for the Veterans of Foreign Wars National Home for widows and orphans of men who served under their country's colors. This Home operates on a family unit basis, keeping mother and children together in individual households. The facilities have been greatly increased during the past year, but the need of additional money for its proper maintenance and enlargement is constant.

The annual poppy sale has the endorsement of national, fraternal, and religious leaders, professional and trade associations, and many other prominent individuals and organizations.

Newark, Ohio, Lodge Dedicates New Addition to Home

The fine addition to the Home of Newark, Ohio, Lodge, No. 391, which virtually makes a completely new building of the old quarters, was dedicated on the Lodge's thirty-first anniversary, in March, with appropriate ceremonies in the presence of some 400 local and visiting Elks. The Home was brilliantly lighted and beautifully decorated for the occasion with potted plants, cut flowers, American flags and the purple and white of the Order. The guests

were escorted on a tour of inspection of the various rooms and finally were led to the spacious new Lodge and social room with its bright-tinted walls and attractive mission furniture upholstered in green leather. Heavy runners laid over the hardwood floor led to the altar at the west end of the room; while at the east end, above the main floor, is the mezzanine where the Lodge band gave a program after the ceremonies.

Shortly after seven o'clock the officers of No. 391 entered and marched to their various stations and, with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Melrose Harbaugh and Captain Frank G. Warden, the first Exalted Ruler of Newark Lodge, present in places of honor, proceeded with the special ritual of dedication and initiated a class of candidates. At the conclusion of the initiatory work, the members and guests repaired to the grill room for dinner, where speeches were made and a general good time was had. District Deputy Harbaugh addressed the gathering on the growth of the local Lodge since its inception in March of 1898, and was followed by Secretary James R. Cooper and Past Exalted Ruler Warden, who recalled the conditions of rain and flood prevailing at the time of the Lodge's institution which caused many visiting Elks to remain over for several days. Group singing and a band concert were other features of a memorable occasion.

Reading, Pa., Lodge's Crippled Children's Clinics

Nine children, six girls and three boys, suffering from deformities of various sorts, some caused by infantile paralysis, were operated on at the Homeopathic Hospital, Reading, Pa., in a recent one of a series of clinics which are being financed by Reading Lodge, No. 115.

Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge Closes Successful Year

Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge, No. 269, has just enjoyed the most successful year in its history. Its community activities included the granting of three scholarships, two of them to Bluefield College and the other to Berea College, Kentucky, and the expenditure of \$1,400 in miscellaneous charity among the needy of its jurisdiction.

Its club affairs and fraternal occasions, due largely to the keen and friendly rivalry between the various committees, have been exceptionally fine. Large attendance at meetings, especially on such designated occasions as the memorial services, Old Timers' Night, Flag Day exercises,

The Home of Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230



and so on, has been noted throughout the year. The charity ball, held some weeks ago, with simultaneous dancing in the Lodge Home, the Masonic Temple and the West Virginia Hotel, netted the record sum of \$1,750.00. One hundred and twenty members were initiated during the twelve months ending on April 1, representing a net gain to the Lodge during the year of 111.

Appointments Announced by The Grand Exalted Ruler

Under date of March 21, Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert appointed W. G. Johnston, Past Exalted Ruler of Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281, to serve as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Guam for the Grand Lodge year of 1928-1929.

Another important appointment by the Grand Exalted Ruler was that of Past Exalted Ruler H. B. Maynard, of Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge, No. 290, to the Chairmanship of the Grand Lodge Committee on Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James U. Sammis, in place of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, who resigned.

Frackville, Pa., Lodge Honors Distinguished Member

Officers and members of Frackville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1533, united in honoring at a recent meeting Dr. David Taggart, one of the most distinguished Elks of the city, on the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the medical profession. Dr. William J. Dougherty, of No. 1533, and Dr. L. F. Donoghue, of Shenandoah Lodge No. 945, spoke in glowing terms of their colleague's long, able and devoted service to his community. Musical selections, both vocal and instrumental, enlivened the occasion, and Esteemed Leading Knight Robert Phillips presented the guest of honor with a suitably inscribed memento of the occasion. A banquet followed the meeting.

District Deputy Denton Visits His Home Lodge, Gloversville, N. Y.

The home-coming visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George W. Denton to Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge, No. 226, was one of the largest and most brilliant occasions ever held in the hospitable Home. More than 400 Elks, of whom at least 150 were visitors from other Lodges in the district, gave Mr. Denton an enthusiastic and heart-warming reception.

When the meeting was called to order many well-known members were seated in places of

This fast basketball team representing Louisiana, Mo., Lodge, No. 791, and composed of former high-school students, enjoyed a winning season



honor, among them being D. Curtis Gano, President of the New York State Elks Association, and Vice-President Leo W. Roohan; State Association Trustee J. Edward Gallico; Past Grand Trustee William E. Drislane; Peter Buchheim, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and Past District Deputies Theodore Kalbfleisch and John Johns. All but one of the living Past Exalted Rulers of No. 226 were on hand, and given positions of honor in the Lodge room. Mr. Denton's formal introduction to the large audience was the signal for enthusiastic applause which lasted for fully five minutes. The guest of the evening then made his address, and was followed by a number of the distinguished visitors. Following adjournment of the meeting

a social session and buffet supper were enjoyed by hosts and guests.

Previous to the Lodge meeting, Mr. Buchheim had presided over a business meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of the district. This was followed by a banquet at the Hotel Kingsborough, attended by some sixty Past Exalted Rulers, and as many officers of the seventeen Lodges of the jurisdiction.

"Old Timers' Night" a Gala Event In Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge

The celebration of "Old Timers' Night" by Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, proved to be one of the most brilliant and enjoyable functions in the thirty years of the Lodge's existence. More than 400 members and visiting Elks took part in the festivities, which included a banquet and entertainment, and a meeting at which a class of fifty-nine candidates was initiated.

The various events of the program, starting with a band-escorted parade of the candidates, took place at the Hotel Westward, Ho. Guests of honor at the dinner included several charter members and old time officers and a number of men distinguished in the life of the State. Among them were Senior Past Exalted Ruler S. J. Michelson; Governor John C. Phillips; Mayor F. J. Paddock, and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight A. M. McElwee, of Fort Worth, Tex., Lodge, No. 124. At the conclusion of the banquet and the entertainment features which had been interspersed, Exalted Ruler Bernard Gilpin introduced the speakers of the evening, after whose talks the dining-room was cleared and the Lodge convened. During the initiation of the large class, the guests who were not members of the Order were entertained in another apartment, later returning to the dining-room for the final acts of the program.

Cortland, N. Y., Lodge Holds Twenty-eighth Annual Banquet

Some 200 members and guests bowed their heads in silent tribute to the memory of the late John C. Barry, Past Exalted Ruler of Cortland, N. Y., Lodge, No. 748 before entering into the festivities of the Lodge's twenty-eighth annual banquet. The dinner had been postponed this year from its customary place as a part of Past Exalted Rulers' Night owing to the



The newly acquired Home of a new Lodge, Watkins Glen, N. Y., No. 1546

DAYNE STUDIO

death of Mr. Barry in February, as reported in a recent issue of the magazine.

State officers, past and present subordinate Lodge officers and visiting Elks joined with the Cortland membership at the banquet board, and followed with interest and pleasure the program of speechmaking and entertainment which followed. Chief on the list of speakers who spoke on the work of the Order and paid tribute to Mr. Barry were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur G. Holland; D. Curtis Gano, President, and Fred Mallory, Vice-President, of the New York State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler L. R. Dowd of Cortland Lodge; Exalted Ruler Charles Lanigan of Rome Lodge, No. 1268, and City Judge Ray Hackett, of Binghamton Lodge, No. 852. Past Exalted Ruler Richard E. O'Brien delivered the 11 o'clock toast, and J. C. Latanzi of Ithaca Lodge, No. 636, delivered the closing remarks. The entertainment program was featured by the Rome Lodge quartette and a musical revue.

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge Minstrel Show a Success

After more than two months of hard rehearsing the annual minstrel show of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, was presented at the Stapleton Club Rooms before a packed audience and won an immediate success. The entire cast of some 300 Elks performed in a manner comparable with any professional troupe, and from the rising of the curtain until its final fall the enthusiastic applause of the audience testified to its proficiency.

Rahway, N. J., Lodge Holds Large Crippled Children's Clinic

The largest crippled children's clinic yet held by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, took place late in March in the Rahway Hospital with Dr. Fred H. Albee, distinguished member of the Lodge, in charge. During the two hours of the clinic twenty-seven children were examined. Among them for re-examination were four old cases in which operations had been performed under the auspices of the Lodge, and which are now practically in full normal physical condition.

Cristobal, Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1542, Is Instituted

With a charter list of ninety-nine members Cristobal, Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1542, was instituted on March 12, by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Glaw. The ceremony of initiation was conducted by Exalted Ruler Thomas Leathley and the officers of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, and the installation of the officers-elect was performed by Richard M. Davies, first Exalted Ruler of No. 1414, three times District Deputy for the Zone, and now a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. A. W. Goulet, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1414, and twice District

Deputy, is the Exalted Ruler of the new Lodge.

Following the formal ceremonies, the new Lodge, the first of a number to be instituted during the administration of Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, tendered a dinner to the officers and members of Canal Zone Lodge, who had journeyed across the Isthmus to the Atlantic side by special train. Some 200, including the full complement of Past Exalted Rulers, attended.

No. 1414, the original Canal Zone Lodge, lost 102 members by dimit to the new Lodge, but expects to make this up in a short time, while the total additions to the Order as a result of having two Lodges on the Isthmus is expected to reach several hundred within the year.

Coast Counties Elks Association Meets in Salinas, Calif.

A meeting of the Coast Counties (California) Elks Association, recently met in Salinas at the Jeffries Hotel for a luncheon and the election of new officers for the coming year. The officers selected to serve for the new term are S. J. Mercer, President; C. E. Saunders, Vice-President; and A. V. Schubert, Secretary, all of San Jose, Calif., Lodge, No. 522. San Jose was selected for the place of the next meeting which is scheduled to be held on June 8. At this time there will be a luncheon, initiation and program of entertainment.

Davenport, Ia., Lodge Holds Fine Initiation

The ranks of Davenport, Iowa, Lodge, No. 208, were recently increased by the initiation of eighteen candidates, at one of the most successful and impressive meetings and class initiations of the past year. Among the many guests of honor present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Sam W. Hirschl, Iowa, Southeast; Joseph F. Cahill, Iowa, Northeast; Ray Weingartner, Illinois, Northwest, and Past District Deputy Clyde Jones, of Ottumwa. The evening's program opened with a dinner at 6 o'clock for the class and the membership, at which over 300 sat down to an excellent meal. The gathering then proceeded to the Lodge room for the initiatory work, which was efficiently exemplified by the officers under the direction of Exalted Ruler Arthur D. Peirce.

Leighton Elks Are Feted By East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge

East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 319, recently acted as host to the members of Leighton Lodge, No. 1284, at a gala meeting in the Home. The event was by way of being a return visit for one paid by East Stroudsburg Lodge some time ago. The visitors to the number of forty, headed by Exalted Ruler Wilbur G. Warner, were given a hearty greeting by their hosts. Exalted Ruler Floyd M. Titus made the speech of welcome. After the meeting and a number of interesting talks, several boxing bouts and wrestling matches followed. At their conclusion

an excellent luncheon was served, with the addition of more entertainment provided by the Leighton Lodge Glee Club and by other talented members. Both Lodges are looking forward to more of these fraternal visits in the future.

District Deputy Brandt Visits San Rafael, Calif., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur H. Brandt paid his official visit to San Rafael, Calif., Lodge, No. 1108, sometime ago and delivered a striking address on matters of great interest to the membership. The initiation of a class of seven candidates by the officers of No. 1108 created a fine impression. Accompanying the District Deputy on his visit were Exalted Ruler Frank DePue, Jr., the glee club and a delegation of members from Berkeley Lodge, No. 1002.

Allentown, Pa., Lodge to Conduct Sixth Surgical Clinic

As this was written a dozen or more crippled children were scheduled to be operated on by Dr. J. T. Rugh, well-known orthopedic surgeon of Philadelphia, at the fifth surgical clinic conducted under the auspices of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130. The Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Lodge reports that all known curable cases in the vicinity will be treated at that time, the previous Elk clinics having taken care of upwards of 100 unfortunate youngsters, most of them victims of infantile paralysis.

Land Tract is Willed to Bellingham, Wash., Lodge

Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, has recently been advised that John F. Wood, one of its life members who died early in December, willed the Lodge about twenty acres of platted land on the Hannegan Road, near the city limits. The will specifies that if the Elks accept the gift the land must be used as a site for a new Lodge Home or as a park or a burial ground for members of the Order and their families. The Lodge is given six months from the date of notice of the gift to determine whether it will accept the acreage.

Richmond, Calif., Elks Visit Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge

The officers of Richmond, Calif., Lodge, No. 1251, accompanied by a group of members, paid a fraternal visit to Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge, No. 1474, some time ago and initiated a class of candidates for their hosts. An enjoyable entertainment was furnished for the visitors after the regular meeting.

The sixth annual charity ball of Pittsburg Lodge, held in the Masonic Temple in Concord, was the most successful event of this kind ever given by the Lodge. Over 400 couples, composed of members and visiting Elks and their



10219 H. DREYER, N. Y. C.

The dedication of this beautiful \$100,000 Home of Lewistown, Pa., Lodge, No. 663, is reported on page 33

ladies from Vallejo, Richmond, Oakland, and Berkeley, danced in the beautifully decorated hall until a late hour.

Hon. Harry Bacharach Again Heads Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge

Hon. Harry Bacharach, three times Grand Esquire; donor of the Betty Bacharach Home for afflicted children; known throughout the Order for his indefatigable work on behalf of its ideals; former Mayor of Atlantic City, N. J., and holder of many prominent positions of public trust in his State, was again elected Exalted Ruler of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, at the recent elections. It was a number of years ago that he first served in this capacity, but in spite of multifarious duties he consented to lead the Lodge last year, and to be drafted for the office again for the coming twelve months. Glowing tributes were paid to Mr. Bacharach at the installation ceremonies by his associates in No. 276, and the press of the city carried editorials congratulating the Lodge upon the availability for its welfare of this able and generous citizen.

Member of Newark, N. J., Lodge U. S. Amateur Billiard Champion

Si Yellin, of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, champion of the Elks Metropolitan Billiard League, won the amateur pocket billiards championship of the United States some weeks ago. Play was on the tables of New York, N. Y.,

Lodge, No. 1, and veteran followers of the sport say that Mr. Yellin's work with the cue was some of the most sensational ever seen in the history of the tournament. In the final match, with a score of 94 to his opponent's 123, who needed only two more to win, Mr. Yellin scored 10 more before missing. His opponent then played a safety and there seemed little chance of the Newarker scoring. But, displaying the qualifications of a true champion, Mr. Yellin made what seemed to be an impossible shot and a run of twenty-one balls, winning, 125-123.

The Elks Metropolitan Billiard League, comprised of New York, Brooklyn, Newark and Jersey City Lodges, featured weekly matches in three-cushion and pocket billiards during the winter. Cliff Basch of New York, was the winner of the three-cushion tourney with Mr. Yellin capturing the honors in the pocket game.

Recent Activities of Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge

The annual charity minstrel and revue given on three days at the Camden Theater by Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge No. 108, was, as always, a great success from both the entertainment and the financial points of view, drawing large and enthusiastic audiences and netting \$2,500 for the welfare fund. An old-time minstrel troupe street-parade preceded the series of performances in the theatre.

The visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas C. Ashton to his home Lodge was

the occasion of the initiation of a class of thirty-eight candidates. The class was named in Mr. Ashton's honor, and the ceremonies were performed by the uniformed degree team, which he organized some time ago.

Organist Benedict of Galesburg, Ill., Lodge has Fine Record

Joseph Benedict, eighty-two-year-old musician who was initiated twenty-three years ago into Galesburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 894, and who received his appointment as Lodge organist on that night, has served in that capacity ever since, having missed only seven meetings in all those years. Mr. Benedict, an Austrian by birth, came to this country at the age of thirty. He is a musician of note and in his younger days was nationally known in concert and grand opera. During the latter years he has been engaged as a teacher of music in the city of Galesburg, and is still, notwithstanding his eighty-two years, actively following his profession. The members of No. 894 have the highest praise for his devotion and loyalty to the principles of the Order.

Crippled Children's Committee Report of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge

The report of the crippled children's committee of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, for the term ending April 1, shows a fine record of work done. Since the organization of the

(Continued on page 66)

1929 Grand Lodge Convention At Los Angeles

Bulletin No. Four

WIVES of visiting Elks attending the Sixty fifth Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles have a rare treat in store for them—the First Elks International Fashion Pageant! The Ambassador Hotel provides a glorious environment; the Retail Dry Goods Merchants Association will furnish the models and the costumes, imported and of domestic fabrics. In addition, the Entertainment Committee will present the season's patterns in beach and bathing attire, at the Ambassador out-door plunge, and golf attire on the miniature links on the hotel grounds. A great lawn fête and tea follow to make Tuesday, July 9, a happy recollection.

California is rich in cultural spots. Missions intrigue those of every faith. In the former center of the city, facing the Plaza, as of Old Spain, is the old adobe structure where worship is held to this day. It stood there when Fremont and Kearney were building forts on the hills just behind it. History lists these names as immortal; the builders of the church have joined them only in the flesh. The spirit is revived each day.

The Botanic Gardens, in Mandeville Canyon, present a gamut of flora, culled from every clime. The Brea Pits, which gave forth the remains of the sabre-toothed tiger are near by. At the Mission San Diego d'Alcala, the first palm and olive trees were planted, the first irrigation system constructed and there, in 1846, Gen. John C. Fremont first raised the American flag on California soil. These are hallowed spots.

The Museum of Natural History in Exposition Park reveals those notable antiquarians—the silurian and the dinosaur, and a rich collection, beside. The Southwest Museum, atop its hill at Highland Park, is almost entirely a museum of the American Indian. A Hopi trail leads up this hill, in curious contrast with modern elevator service from its base, where there is located Casa Adobe, a Spanish hacienda, its interior laden with authenticated antiques.

Aspirants to astral things will visit nearby Mt. Wilson, there to see the observatory established in 1904 by the Carnegie Institute. Open to view are the Snow Horizontal Telescope and the 60- and 150-foot tower telescopes for solar observations, the 60-inch aperture

telescope and the largest telescope in the world—one with its aperture of 100 inches, its glass mirror weighing 4½ tons!

The Henry E. Huntington Library at San Marino, adjacent to Los Angeles, offers to the bookish, treasures of letters and art that make this famed establishment second only to the British Museum. Admission to its portals is by card only, and must be requested thirty days in advance.

Then, as shadows fall, and fatigue makes your footsteps lag, come home to the monument reared by No. 99 to exemplify the precepts of Elkdóm. The Temple is a gigantic, gleaming beacon extending to all surcease from travail and sorrow. At five, each day, in the cathedral-like lodge room, our resident organist plays the sort of music which soothes human-kind. We call these hours vespers. While they are in progress you will find the temple a place to rest body and mind. Use it. It is your Home.

Sportsmen of the Order will range afield—to the hills, the mountains, and the beaches. They will have much to attract their attention.

For example, there is the Fifth Elks National Trap Shooting Tournament which will be held at the Los Angeles Gun Club July 7 to 13.

Three thousand five hundred dollars in cash and trophies will be given in awards, in addition to THE ELKS MAGAZINE trophy for the Club five-man Lodge team championship.

The following schedule for the week has been arranged:

Sunday, July 7, and Monday, July 8, will be open to Elks and non-Elks.

Tuesday, July 9, and Wednesday, July 10, will be confined to Elks and their ladies.

On Sunday and Monday \$1,000 in cash and many beautiful trophies will be contributed by the Club, with the following schedule for both days: 100 16-yard targets; 50 17- to 23-yard handicap; 25 pair doubles.

On Tuesday, \$500 will be added: 100 16-yard targets, which includes Elks championship. Elks Ladies' championship. Elks Lodges (five-men team). Qualification Elks State Shoot; above 100 targets shot in four 25-bird events.

Entrance \$2.00 each event, plus \$1.25 for each shooter. Money divided four equal monies. Class system—25-25-25-25.

Tuesday afternoon: Elks Lodge team championship, five men—100 targets per man.

Above event shot on 100 targets, entrance, \$2.00 each shooter. \$300 added, plus \$1.25 per shooter each event. Money division, 40-30-20-10. A beautiful trophy will be given each member of the winning team.

The ELKS MAGAZINE perpetual trophy will be awarded the Lodge winning this event. It is now held by the Tallahassee Lodge of Florida.

Wednesday, July 10 \$500.00 added: 100 16-yard targets. Elks State team championship.

The above 100 targets shot in four 25-bird events. Entrance, \$2.00 each event. \$50.00 added to each event, plus \$1.25 per shooter.

Money divided four equal monies, class system, 25-25-25-25.

A beautiful trophy will be given each member of the winning team.

Elks National Handicap

100 targets, 16 to 23 yards. Entrance, \$2.00 each event. \$75 added to each event, plus \$1.25 each shooter. Money divided 40-30-20-10. A beautiful trophy will be given the winner of this event for his personal property.

Elks Double Championship

25 pair (50 targets). Entrance \$1.50. A beautiful trophy to the winner.

All Elks Events

A trophy for high average 300 16-yard targets. A trophy for high average on all program targets Tuesday and Wednesday.

A trophy for long run on all 16 yard targets. Any shooter may contest for targets only at three cents each, and is eligible to win any trophy.

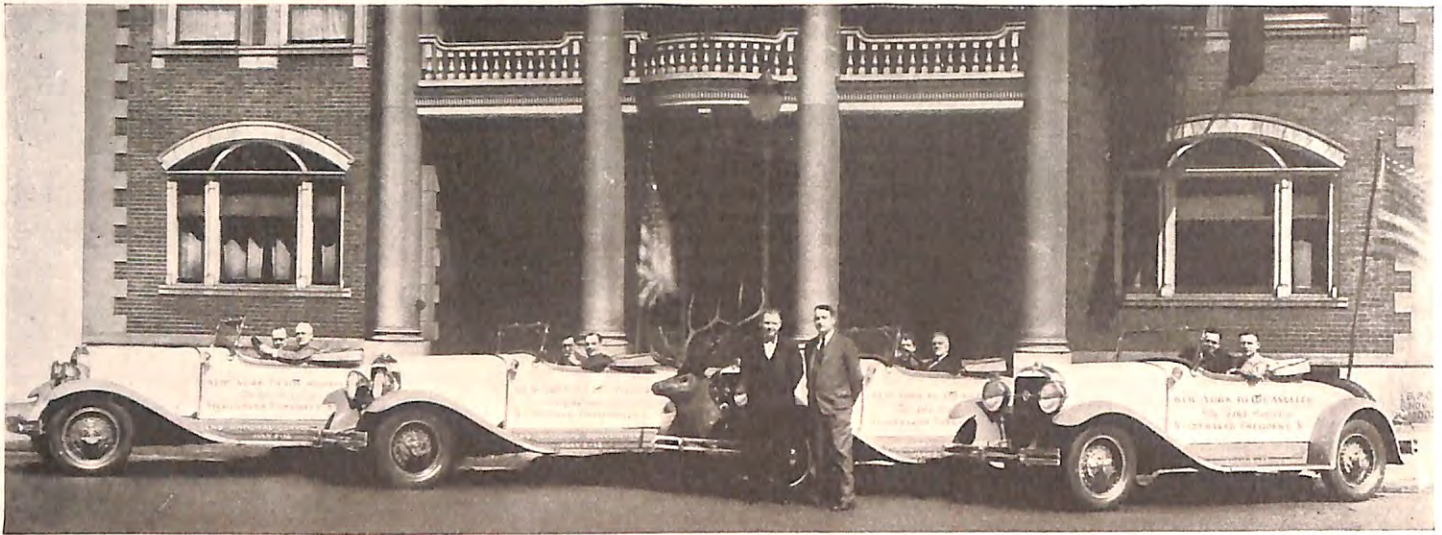
Further announcements will be made in the program of additional trophies.

Yardage trophies will be given for high score from each yardage.

Los Angeles Lodge No. 99 extends a hearty welcome to the national trapshooting contest to be held in that city the week of July 7 to 13.

All targets for the four days will be registered with the Amateur Trapshooting Association.

A. T. A. card \$1.00. A. T. A. fee, 50c.



Standing in front of cars, right, Thomas L. Hogan, Exalted Ruler, South Bend Lodge, No. 235; left, Harry Richwine, Esteemed Leading Knight. In cars, left to right, Otto A. Scherman, Studebaker-Erskine dealer, South Bend; George Firmin, Secretary Chamber of Commerce, South Bend; Herman Cohen, merchant of South Bend; Al Maurice, Secretary of South Bend Lodge; H. P. McCartney, Assistant Secretary, South Bend Lodge; John F. DeHaven, Past Exalted Ruler, South Bend Lodge and delegate to Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles; Maurice Vennett, member South Bend Lodge; Howard P. Boswell, Past Exalted Ruler, South Bend Lodge. Photograph taken in Front of Elks Temple, South Bend, Ind.

The Purple and White Fleet

LESS than a century ago—a short space of time as the growth of empires is reckoned—a crawling caravan of covered wagons creaked and groaned over the plains of the "Great American Wilderness" headed into the setting sun. On the sides of the wagon boxes was scrawled the legend "California or Bust."

Forerunners of a new civilization, they were; lured by the magic cry of gold. After them followed other similar wagon trains bearing stout-hearted adventurers from all sections of Eastern America—stern-visaged New Englanders, rolling-gaited seamen from Atlantic wharves, stately Southern gentlemen from the plantations of Virginia. Rich men, poor men, beggar men and thieves; all lured across the trackless wilderness toward fortune.

The trip was months long. West of the Mississippi, towns were scarcely more than mere forts, meagerly garrisoned. Water holes were few and far between. The road, a mere trail, dimly marked by wagon ruts and the remains of the "unfit"—wagons that could not stand the strain, stock that died from exhaustion or from the frequent raids of Indians. Yet those behind pressed forward, undaunted by privations and dangers, spurred on by their dreams of wealth.

On May 10, another caravan starts West from New York City with California as its goal—the Purple and White fleet of THE ELKS MAGAZINE of four Studebaker President Eight roadsters, carrying members of the staff of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The object of this quest, however, is not wealth, but the dissemination of good will and fraternal greetings. They are the couriers of the Grand Lodge Reunion which will open in Los Angeles on July 8. They will follow four different routes across the country—North, North-Central, South-Central and South—

ON MAY 10, four Studebaker President Eight roadsters, appropriately decorated in the Elks colors of purple and white, will start westward from New York on a good-will tour over four trans-continental routes. These cars, bearing members of the staff of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, will be driven to the Grand Lodge Convention which opens in Los Angeles July 8. The four routes are so laid as to cover the principal cities of the country and THE ELKS MAGAZINE representatives will make frequent stops to extend fraternal greetings, compare notes of activities, plans and programs, and stimulate interest in making the 1929 Grand Lodge Convention the greatest in Elks history. Schedules are being so arranged that the four couriers will complete their tours and arrive in Los Angeles on the opening day of the Convention.

and will meet again in Los Angeles on the opening day of the convention.

Ceremonies worthy of the occasion will mark the departure of the Purple and White fleet from New York City. The four cars will be started on their way by Mayor James J. Walker and will bear a letter of greeting from Mayor Walker to Grand Exalted Ruler Honorable Murray Hulbert.

The route of each car lies over historic ground—routes which have played a major part in the opening of the great West. Route No. 1 follows largely the same course as that which was covered by the famous Lewis and Clark expedition. Route No. 2 covers much of the ground through

which the empire builders, Hill and Harriman, pushed the early railroads into the West.

The third route is charted through the actual country hallowed by the memory of the pioneers of '49, while the fourth route strikes, at intervals, the well defined trails which once were marked by the proud step of the Spanish Conquistadores and the plodding Padres on their way to the California of old.

Significant of the advance of American progress are the changes wrought between those early expeditions and this on which the Purple and White fleet is about to embark. Where once there were uncharted plain and desert, improved roadways now link together the myriad cities which have sprung up out of the wilderness. The journey which once required several months of constant struggle and privation could be made in these cars in a few days. As it is, two months have been allotted to each car; two months of which only a fraction will be devoted to travel. Most of the time will be spent in visiting Lodges along the route, comparing notes on fraternal activities, plans and programs and developing interest in the convention.

Of even greater significance is the scope and power of fraternal ties evidenced in the number and variety of representative American cities where the various cars of the caravan will find Elks. Hundreds of cities in scores of States, many of them separated by thousands of miles of distance, differences in climate, dialect and means of livelihood are welded together into a single unit. And, who will deny that fraternal activity of this character has played a major part in cementing the bonds of harmony between these widely diversified communities and turning them away from selfish individualism to a common goal?

News of the State Associations

North Carolina

THE formation of a temporary State Elks Association was effected on March 23, in the Home of Greensboro Lodge, N. C., No. 602, at a conference of representatives of ten Lodges of the State, held just prior to Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert's visit with the local Elks. Officers elected to serve on the State body are: President, Past Exalted Ruler Norman A. Boren, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, of Greensboro Lodge; First Vice-President, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry T. Patterson, of New Berne

Lodge, No. 764; Second Vice-President, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Morton, of Charlotte Lodge, No. 392, and Secretary-Treasurer, Exalted Ruler J. Max Rawlins, of Greensboro Lodge.

Some years ago there was a state Elks organization in North Carolina, but it was disbanded in 1921. However, those present at the conference confidently expect the new State body to prove a powerful factor in the further development of the principles and activities of the Order. The temporary organization will draft a constitution and by-laws to be presented and adopted at a meet-

ing of representatives of all the State's Lodges at a point yet to be fixed. It is hoped that at that time the Association will be made permanent.

New York

DURING the month of March, President D. Curtis Gano of the State Elks Association, visited Newark, Saratoga, Glens Falls, North Tonawanda, Seneca Falls, Cortland, Geneva, Gloversville, Lancaster, Oneida, Buffalo, Rochester and New York Lodges, and was also present and represented the Association at the institution

(Continued on page 80)

Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

Mr. Hulbert Calls on Lodges in Near and Far South

AFTER officiating at the dedication of the new Home of Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge, as reported in the April issue of the Magazine, Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert met with the Trustees of the Elks National Foundation in Chicago on March 5, and was guest in the evening at a meeting of Chicago Lodge, at which a class of fifty-eight candidates was initiated in his honor, and at a testimonial dinner held afterward in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel. Exalted Ruler Sidney Lyon presided as toastmaster at the banquet and among the guests seated at the speakers' table were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley, Charles H. Grakelow, John G. Price, Charles E. Pickett and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jack P. Eaton, President William Frasor of the Illinois State Elks Association and State Senator John Bailey. Mr. Hulbert delivered a stirring address on the work of the Order to the large gathering. After a quick trip East Mr. Hulbert, accompanied by S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, next visited with Trenton, N. J., Lodge on March 7. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his companion were met at the station by a group of local Elks, headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Albert E. Dearden, and were escorted on a motor tour of the surrounding country, visiting Washington's Crossing and other points of historical interest, returning for a dinner at the Windsor Hotel held prior to the Lodge meeting. The Home was filled to capacity for the occasion by representatives from every Lodge in the district when the Grand Exalted Ruler rose and delivered a speech on the work of the New Jersey State Elks Association and its enviable record in behalf of crippled children. Among the many past and active Elk officials present were Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney; President William Conklin and Joseph G. Buch, chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the State Association; Past State Presidents Thomas F. Macksey, John H. Cose, Frederick A. Pope, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and Henry A. Guenther. Following the speechmaking an enjoyable social session was held and after partaking of a buffet lunch Mr. Hulbert and Mr. Connolly motored back to New York.

On the evening of March 12 the Grand Exalted Ruler visited with Newark, N. J., Lodge where a fine representative gathering of Elks from the jurisdiction was in attendance to greet him. After the business of the meeting was dispatched Exalted Ruler Mervin Wiener made a formal address of welcome to the distinguished guest, and other short speeches were made by Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, who was presented with a beautiful bouquet in commemoration of his fifty-seventh birthday, by Past State Association President Henry A. Guenther; State Association President William Conklin, and Frederick A. Pope, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a masterly address on the work of the Order and then all present adjourned to the dining-room for a buffet lunch and program of entertainment.

On March 14 the Grand Exalted Ruler accompanied by Mrs. Hulbert and Miss Jean Hulbert arrived in Atlantic City for the thirty-fifth birthday anniversary of Atlantic City Lodge, which was attended by more than 500 Elks and State officials, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney; William Conklin, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; United States Senator Walter E. Edge and State Senator Emerson L. Richards. The Grand Exalted Ruler made the principal address of the occasion, and on the following day in company with Mrs. Hulbert, Miss Jean Hulbert, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Fanning, made a tour of the Betty Bacharach Home at Longport which is administered by Atlantic City Lodge. A full account of this visitation is printed in Under the Spreading Antlers.

The next visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler, to Paterson, N. J., Lodge on March 19, was the occasion for a gala event in which visiting Elks to the number of 400 joined with the local members in their testimonial dinner to Mr. Hulbert held in the Alexander Hamilton Hotel. Seated at the speakers' table, with Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edmund G. Stalter presiding as toastmaster, were many prominent Elk and State officials including Governor Morgan F. Larson, of Perth Amboy Lodge; Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney; Past Grand Trustee Alfred T. Holley; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis Mory; President William Conklin, Vice-President Leo Slater, and Past President Henry A. Guenther of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler Leo Eirich; State Comptroller John McCutcheon, and Mayor John V. Hinchliffe. The dinner was one of the most enthusiastic events in the history of Paterson Lodge. As the Grand Exalted Ruler and those who sat at the speakers' table proceeded in single file into the ballroom, the entire assemblage rose and, accompanied by the orchestra, sang a welcoming song. Mr. Hulbert congratulated the local Lodge on its progressiveness and recalled the dedication of the Home in Ellison Street, when he was present as Esquire of New York Lodge. He then outlined the growth of the Order and its future charitable work. A handsome Oriental rug was presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler by Toastmaster Edmund G. Stalter, on behalf of the members, as were two beautiful Paterson-made pieces of silk for his wife and daughter, by Frank Beltramo. It was pointed out that the wives of many of the country's Presidents have been clothed in silk manufactured in Paterson and that the Elks wanted the wife and daughter of their Grand Exalted Ruler to have the same distinction. Later that evening Mr. Hulbert returned to New York.

On the evening of March 20 the Grand Exalted Ruler, en route with Mrs. Hulbert and Miss Jean Hulbert for Lodges in the South and on the gulf coast, was guest of honor at a dinner-dance given by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge in the crystal ballroom of its Home. Over 400 members and their ladies were present and among the speakers of the evening introduced by toastmaster Exalted Ruler George Wobensmith, were Mayor Harry Mackey, a member of the local Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, and Louis N. Goldsmith, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. Mr. Hulbert made the principal address and received a fine ovation.

THE party was met at the station in Washington, D. C., next day by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, Exalted Ruler Nathan Weill and a number of the officers of Washington Lodge. After touring the city Mr. Hulbert was received by President Hoover at the White House. Mr. Hulbert, Mrs. Hulbert and Miss Jean were the principal guests of honor that evening at a complimentary dinner given by the local Lodge in the Willard Hotel. Other honor guests were Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, Past Exalted Ruler of Elwood, Ind., Lodge; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland and Mrs. Holland; Robert S. Barrett, member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, and Mrs. Barrett; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence E. Ensor and Mrs. Ensor; President William H. Bovey of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, and Mrs. Bovey; Exalted Ruler Brewer Stouffer, of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, and Mrs. Stouffer; Exalted Ruler J. P. Connor of Towson, Md., Lodge, and Mrs. Connor; Exalted Ruler Edward A. Hesselbrock of Annapolis, Md., Lodge, and Mrs. Hesselbrock; Exalted Ruler Howard McCall of Wilmington, Del., Lodge; Congressman Frederick N. Zihlman and Mrs. Zihlman; State Commissioner Proctor L. Dougherty and Mrs. Dougherty; United States Attorney Leo A. Rover and Mrs. Rover, and

Past Exalted Ruler Judge Robert Mattingly. Exalted Ruler Nathan Weill acted as master of ceremonies and Frank J. Hogan served as toastmaster. The program of the evening was composed of musical numbers, group singing and was marked by the addresses of Mr. Hulbert, who urged obedience to the laws of the country, and Mr. Davis, who told of the charitable work of the Order. The event was brought to an end with an impressive rendering of the eleven o'clock toast by Past Exalted Ruler Judge Mattingly and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." The Grand Exalted Ruler praised the committee who had arranged the evening's program.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's party with the addition of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John W. Carter, Jr., and W. B. F. Cole, and H. E. Dyer, Secretary of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, was met at the Union Station in Norfolk, Va., the next morning by Past District Deputy Cecil M. Robertson, Acting President of the Virginia State Elks Association, and City Manager and Mrs. I. Walke Truxton. A luncheon was given for the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Monticello Hotel and afterward he was taken for a boat trip and inspection of the port which he praised highly for its excellent facilities. The dinner held that evening in the Home of Norfolk Lodge was largely attended by delegations of Elks from Portsmouth, Newport News, Hampton and other Lodges of the district. Mr. Robertson opened the dinner meeting and Assistant District Attorney John S. Rixey welcomed Mr. Hulbert on behalf of the city. District Deputy Cole next introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper who took the chair as master of ceremonies for the remainder of the evening. Mr. Hulbert's speech was an outline history of the Order and its growth in which he praised the local Lodge for its excellent record. Others who made brief speeches were Rear Admiral Guy H. Burrage, Commandant of the Fifth Naval District, Representative Menalcus Lankford and Past Exalted Ruler William Henry Venable of Norfolk Lodge. Several vocal solos and orchestral numbers rounded out a notable occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert and Miss Jean arrived in Greensboro, N. C., from Richmond on the afternoon of March 23 and were met by a reception committee of local members who escorted them to their quarters in the O. Henry Hotel. Elks to the number of 250, many of whom were representatives of ten Lodges of North Carolina, who had met in conference earlier in the day in the Home of Greensboro Lodge for the purpose of forming a temporary State Association, were in attendance at the meeting held in the Home that evening when Mr. Hulbert, introduced by Past Exalted Ruler Norman A. Boren, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, delivered an inspiring speech on the work of the Order and received a noteworthy ovation. The meeting was further marked by the initiation of a class of candidates and an interesting program of entertainment. Among those present in official capacity were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Harry T. Patterson and John J. Morton, and Exalted Ruler J. Max Rawlins of Greensboro Lodge. During the visit, Mrs. Hulbert and Miss Jean were taken in charge by a special committee of local ladies, headed by Mrs. Julian Price, who had arranged for their entertainment. An account of the meeting held before the Grand Exalted Ruler's arrival will be found under News of the State Associations.

ARRIVING in Greenville, S. C., early on the morning of March 24 the Grand Exalted Ruler's party was joined by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. M. Wharton, and later in the day by Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum Walter P. Andrews and Mrs. Andrews. A beef steak supper and meeting, attended by some 200 visiting and local members, at which Mr. Hulbert and Mr. Andrews spoke at length on the

(Continued on page 78)



Chester

MILD *enough for anybody.*



What a cigarette meant there

The actors play their part— and history moves thrillingly across the silver screen. But on the movie lot, how tense the days of strain! And how gratefully welcomed those hard-won moments that mean rest, relaxation . . . and a cigarette!

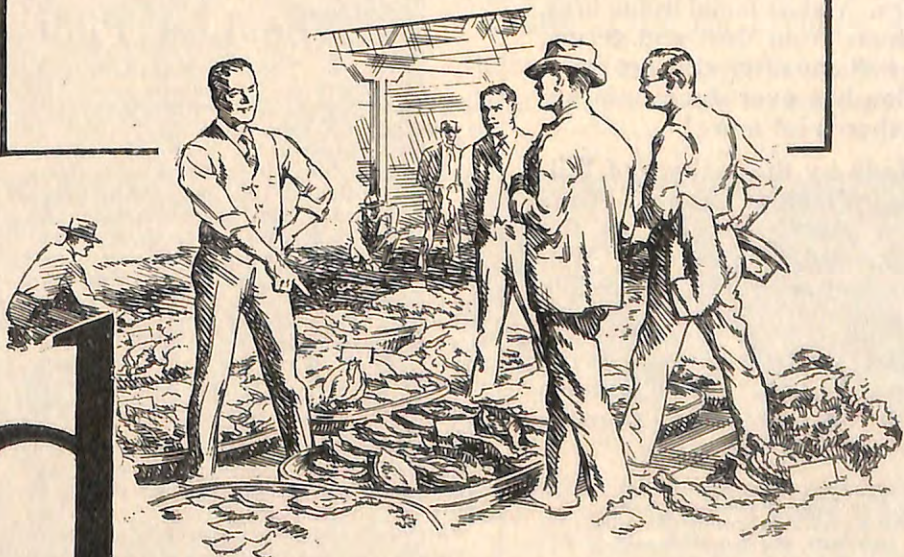
What a cigarette means here

They play their part, too— these buyers of Chesterfield tobacco.

Thousands of pounds auctioned each day; distinct types of leaf—twenty grades of "bright" tobacco alone; important distinctions of curing; differences in texture, color, size, in the natural sugar which means natural sweetness—and Chesterfield quality to be maintained.

Our buyers do their part. In New York or Manila, Paris or Alaska, our billions of Chesterfields taste the same. The same wholesome fragrance, the same natural mildness, the same satisfying "body," because our buyers know exactly what they want—and whatever it may cost, they *get* it!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Typical scene in tobacco auction warehouse, where the farmer's work ends and the manufacturer's begins.

field

.. and yet **THEY SATISFY**



When you think of shaving
think of

Aqua Velva for After-Shaving!

Soon the summer will be here. Let Aqua Velva start it with you. For the stimulating thrill that Aqua Velva gives, as though a sleepy skin had asked for it, brings real pleasure of a summer morning.

Profit, too, in that it cares for tiny nicks, cuts, abrasions—unseen, mostly. Tones up. Invigorates. Makes facial tissue firm. Protects from dust and germs. Does all any after-shaving preparation has ever done before—and then a lot more!

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream, Aqua Velva keeps the skin as the super mild, super moist Williams lather leaves it, flexible and *Fit*.

Start your summer with Aqua Velva. Soon enough you'll discover how remarkably worth while it is.

5-oz. bottle, 50 cents at all dealers,
Or a Free Trial Size by addressing:
Dept. E-29, The J. B. Williams Co.,
Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

Touring Without Tears

(Continued from page 14)

will stop before you become over-tired. Another advantage of adopting this plan is that it will give you an opportunity to dine at leisure, and time, after dinner, for a short walk. Sitting in a car for hours at a stretch, even though you may not be driving, yourself, and even though your car is the most comfortable in the world, makes you tense. Go for a stroll after dinner to relax your nerves as well as your muscles; and for the sake of your digestion. Then take a bath and turn in, and you should have a restful night's sleep. This is a much sounder scheme than going to bed immediately after eating.

And now for a few hints on the care of the car while you are on the road. If your tour is to be an extended one, running through several states, you may find it impossible to buy the brand of gasoline you use at home. As long as you can, however, stick to that brand; it is the one your carburetor is adjusted for. When you come to strange country and begin to see different gasoline signs, always buy a nationally advertised brand. Shun anonymous gas pumps as you would a road strewn with nails. Shun, also, so-called bargains in fuel. You will undoubtedly meet, here and there, gas stations offering "sales" of five gallons for what seems like a ridiculously low price. Avoid all such bait. Cheap, unidentified gasoline is usually dear at any price.

Nowadays, when all cars have reliable gas gauges, there is no excuse for running out of fuel. It is a good idea, however, always to buy gas before you actually need it. This is specially true if you are going to be driving at night, through unfamiliar territory and in rural sections. Most small town and country filling stations seem to close up at about nine o'clock. If you expect to be on the road later than that, have your tank filled while gas is still to be had. You can never be sure, unless you know exactly what conditions lie ahead, that an unexpected detour, or a missed turning, may not increase your mileage beyond anticipations.

Check up frequently on your oil consumption. You will probably find that your car will use more oil than you thought it would. You will probably find, too, that the oil becomes thin and discolored much more quickly than it did when you were driving around town at home. That is because on a long run it is subjected to higher and more constant temperatures. Very likely you have a fixed idea—gathered from your dealer—that the oil in your car need be changed only at stated intervals. Discard that

idea when you are touring. Inspect the oil daily, and whenever it seems thin and blackened, have it drained out, regardless of the distance it has been in use. Oil is cheaper than bearings, pistons, and cylinder walls.

Check up on the water in the radiator. If your car seems to be using a great deal more water than usual, find out why. Have small leaks fixed before they develop into big ones.

Incidentally, in case you have not formed the habit of keeping an eye on the instrument board, while you are driving, begin to do so now. Those little dials can tell you a great deal about the condition of your motor. Watch particularly the oil-pressure gauge and the heat indicator. Any unusual behavior on the part of either of these two is a signal to stop and investigate. Your engine should run, in summer, at a temperature somewhere between 160° and 180°, at touring speeds. If the thermometer shows a temperature higher than 180, stop, see if you have plenty of water and plenty of oil. If you have, then check your fan belt. If this is tight and does not slip, there is something wrong elsewhere. And, unless you are expert enough to diagnose and remedy the trouble yourself, summon help, or drive, *very slowly*, to the nearest garage.

Every morning, before starting out, check the air pressure in your tires. And, while you are doing this, remember the spare. Many people never think to put air into the extra tire, especially if it is new and has never touched the road. They assume that because it had air in it when they first got the car, it will still be inflated. That does not necessarily follow.

Another point: don't be niggardly with the grease. Keep the steering gear and spring shackles well lubricated. And don't forget the poor little battery. Long runs in summer will tend to heat it up and cause the water in it to evaporate much more quickly than it ever has before. Have it tested when you have your oil changed, so that it won't dry up and suddenly fail to function.

There is just one other thing. For the sake of your eyes and your peace of mind, drive with a clean windshield. Keep a soft cloth, or piece of chamois, where you can easily get at it, and wipe the windshield clean every time you stop. It will take you only a minute. You will find that the strain of watching the road for hours on end, especially when driving into the sun, or at night, will be immeasurably lessened if you do not have to peer through a film of dirt.

The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 29)

I don't know, they're all so pretty. Guess maybe you'd better pick one out for me."

"I don't know which to give you neither." He took them from his shirt and spread them out in his palm. "This one of Abe Capps running for County Clerk is nice with them three red stars on the bottom, and that one of Newt Pillow's brother running for Treasurer is sure mighty fine with that blue ribbon hanging down and the gold writing saying he's pretty near fifty and ain't had a public office yet. Looks like he's right there talking to you. Still that there one of Judge Tabb running for School Superintendent is made like a flag, ain't it, all red, white and blue, and I guess you can't ever do no better than take a flag."

"Guess you can't." Her voice was wistful. "But maybe I'd rather have the one with the ribbons on it if I can. I just don't seem to be able to get no ribbons."

"Ribbons is better for a girl, ain't they?" Delightfully she took it from him and pinned it to her dress.

There was a step outside and two shantymen entered, one a perspiring little individual wearing an oily fragment of a straw hat, a grimy pair of trousers, and a shirt made of a piece of oil-cloth flaking off in dull, yellow scales, whom the boy knew by the name of Little Greasy; the other a shaggy giant called Buffalo, with a great mane of hair hanging down raggedly over his immense shoulders, and a hook which took the place of a missing hand. They greeted the boy

cordially, and sat down on one of the dilapidated beds.

One by one the other shanty boaters drifted into the little cabin; Preaching Daniel, constantly jerking up his splattered coat-tails as they caught on the nails of the floor; Meat and Bread Andy, who a moment after his entrance was furtively collecting the bones from the plates and tucking them into the inner recesses of his bulging suits; gaunt women, clad in angular aprons, smoking clay pipes or poking long sticks touched with snuff up their bony noses; children gnawing at pieces of bread or with sticky faces buried in a crescent of watermelon; lazy-bearded men followed by wibegone dogs whose legs were constantly whirring like fan blades to scratch their flea-bitten sides. Each as they arrived came forward to shake the boy's hand, then retreated to squat down on boxes or the ragged strips of carpet on the floor.

Another figure stepped into the doorway, a skinny, towering man with bony, bare arms covered by fine, snowy hairs which gave him something of the appearance of a gigantic, white spider. His head was close cropped as though it had recently felt the clippers of a prison barber; a thin, red scar circling his naked ankle suggested a ball and chain.

The newcomer, who States instantly recognized as White Johnny, most prominent and most criminal member of the colony, shuffled into the room, filling it with the acrid odor of

(Continued on page 44)

Never the same job twice

YES, it's the same man shaving on ten different mornings; ten different conditions of water, temperature, and nerves; ten different methods of lathering and stroking.

*But his Gillette Blade
meets all these chang-
ing conditions with
the same even temper*

So much dependable shaving comfort has been honed and stropped into this blade that eight out of ten American men have learned to expect—and get—a comfortable shave even under the worst possible conditions.

To meet that expectation Gillette has developed and perfected some \$12,000,000 worth of new machines during the past ten years. They condition the Gillette Blade far more delicately and precisely than even the most skilful artisan could sharpen a shaving edge.

Conditions vary. But the Gillette Blade is the one *constant* factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.



THE NEW FIFTY-Box. Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of five) in a colorful, useful gift chest. Five dollars at your dealer's.

★ **Gillette** ★





IF you want to give your favorite pipes a fair trial, start them all at scratch with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. It's milder than most, it's rich and mellow, and its fragrance is kept fresh by the heavy gold foil that lines the tin. Let Sir Walter show you how good *your* pipe can be.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)

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. 212, 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 42)

corn mash with which his clothes were reeking. Exchanging a word with Buffalo, who was standing near the entrance, he gave the shaggy man the earthen jug he was carrying, and advancing to the boy, surveyed him quizzically. Then his sullen eyes brightened with friendliness. He took a step nearer and thrust out his hand.

"You're all right, son," he grunted. "Chicken Sam said you was before he went away, and looks like he knowed what he was talking about."

States' face grew grave at the memory. "I . . . oughtn't to have shot him."

"Now don't you go to worrying about that. Nobody's holding that against you. You ain't to blame for what you didn't know. You done a lot for him and us shanty people ain't going to forget it. I got a bad name but I ain't as bad as I look when I ain't drunk and people treat me right. If there's anything you want around here you tell me and I'll get it for you." He took a bottle of vanilla from his pocket and poured a few drops onto his coat. "Get mighty sick of the smell of this corn mash sometimes. When you put this here on once in a while it ain't so bad." His eyes grew sullen. "How'd Captain Lilly do when you went away? Act up pretty bad? Try to kill you, maybe?"

"I guess . . . he was sorry."

"**WISH** he had tried to kill you. Then I'd have had a good excuse for killing him. You ain't the only one that he's done something to. I got plenty to get even with him about. Getting me caught in that raid three years ago and making me lay rotting in jail all them months. Doc Claymore liked staying in jail, but I ain't that kind. I'll pay him back, though, one of these days, you'll see. Don't you forget now. Anything you want around here you come and ask me."

He sat down on a box near by, took a drink from the jug which Little Greasy hastily passed to him, and turned to Aunt Vergie who was at the sink washing dishes. "How about getting us warmed up a little, Vergie? Play us a record on your phonograph." He nudged the boy with his skinny finger and winked broadly. "This here's going to be funny," he whispered.

The old woman wiped her greasy hands on a cloth and moved to the rusty machine in the corner. States watched her and turned to Towhead in bewilderment. "You told me just before supper when I was looking that there wasn't any records. You must have been fooling me or something. How can she play it if there ain't none?"

Towhead's fingers strayed gently over the blue ribbon now shining radiantly at her breast. "There ain't no records exactly. She just starts the machine going and all the time it's running sings something. She says figuring she knows a couple of hundred songs, that way she's got more records than anybody in Beaver Slough."

Aunt Vergie took a key and wound the spring vigorously. "What'll I play you, folks?"

The buzz of conversation ceased a moment as the guests reflected.

"How about 'I Don't Like a Steamboat Man,'" rumbled Buffalo. "Best shanty song there is that I know of."

The old woman glanced at States and shook her head. "I don't want to play that one. It'd make States feel bad, maybe."

"Course it ain't going to make him feel bad," White Johnny flashed. "He's a shanty man now. He ain't a steamboater no more."

Aunt Vergie pressed a catch at the top of the battered tin case. A wheel somewhere inside it clicked harshly; the scratched turn-table began a creaking spinning. With her hand on the table where the instrument lay, Aunt Vergie faced the company, and tilting back her withered head until her eyes rested on the ceiling, began to sing. Piercingly, in a high, nasal voice, she chanted the verses, and bracing her wooden leg against the wall, wailed the chorus which formed their climax.

"O I don't like a steamboat man.
O I don't like a steamboat man.
He'll swamp you, he'll torment you,
He'll drown you if he can,
O I don't like a steamboat man."

Her voice grew slower and slower as the speed of the metal disk began to slacken; broke off sharply as the wheels beneath grated and the machine clicked to a stop.

States did not join in the applause which followed. A dilapidated dog, driven from its refuge at the other end of the room crawled hesitantly beside his chair, and finding itself unmolested, stretched its head gratefully over his feet. He reached down and patted it.

White Johnny, looking round a few moments later as the old woman ceased her performance, saw the boy's hand still caressing the forlorn animal and smiled sympathetically. "You're kind of lonesome, ain't you, son?"

"Guess I am, a little."

"Ain't much here, is there? But you'll get used to it. Maybe a dog'd help you. . . . You like to have a dog?"

"I'd mighty like to have a dog."

White Johnny turned to Towhead. "You ain't got no dog, have you, Towhead?"

The girl shook her head regretfully. "Ain't got no dog at all. Ain't had none since that kind of shepherd dog I had got something the matter with his throat and died. Aunt Vergie got a fellow that had never seen his father to breathe down his mouth the way Nigger Sue said, but it didn't do no good. Guess he was a lying to get the money she gave him, or else he had seen his father without knowing."

White Johnny meditated an instant, then motioned to Buffalo, who between drinks was sharpening the hook which served as his hand.

They went outside.

A fat, bouncing, little woman with a flour-smear dress bustled in carrying a dish in which lay half a dozen rainbow-hued cakes, and presented them to the boy. "They're cocoanut and marshmallow mixed," she explained cordially. "My old man sent them to you. He's been ailing with his stomach, and a charity woman that was down this afternoon give me some money to get him some medicine. But I knowed he'd rather spend it getting these cakes. We both just ate all we could, they tasted so nice, and he said he wanted you to have some sure. He would have come himself but his stomach's kind of giving him the miseries again."

THE boy thanked her and taking one of the pulpy confections, offered the dish to Towhead. As he did so a certain familiarity with the design of the gaudy-flowered border struck him; in an instant he realized that it was part of a set stolen from the wharf-boat of the *Morning Glory* half a year before. He chewed his lips and said nothing.

A cadaverous woman with snaky, black hair and a single, yellow tooth showing in her shrunken mouth arose from an inverted nail-keg at the window. "What about having a Holiness meeting, Vergie?" she called shrilly.

"I sure ain't got no objection," the questioned one responded. "What you say, Daniel. You want to start it?"

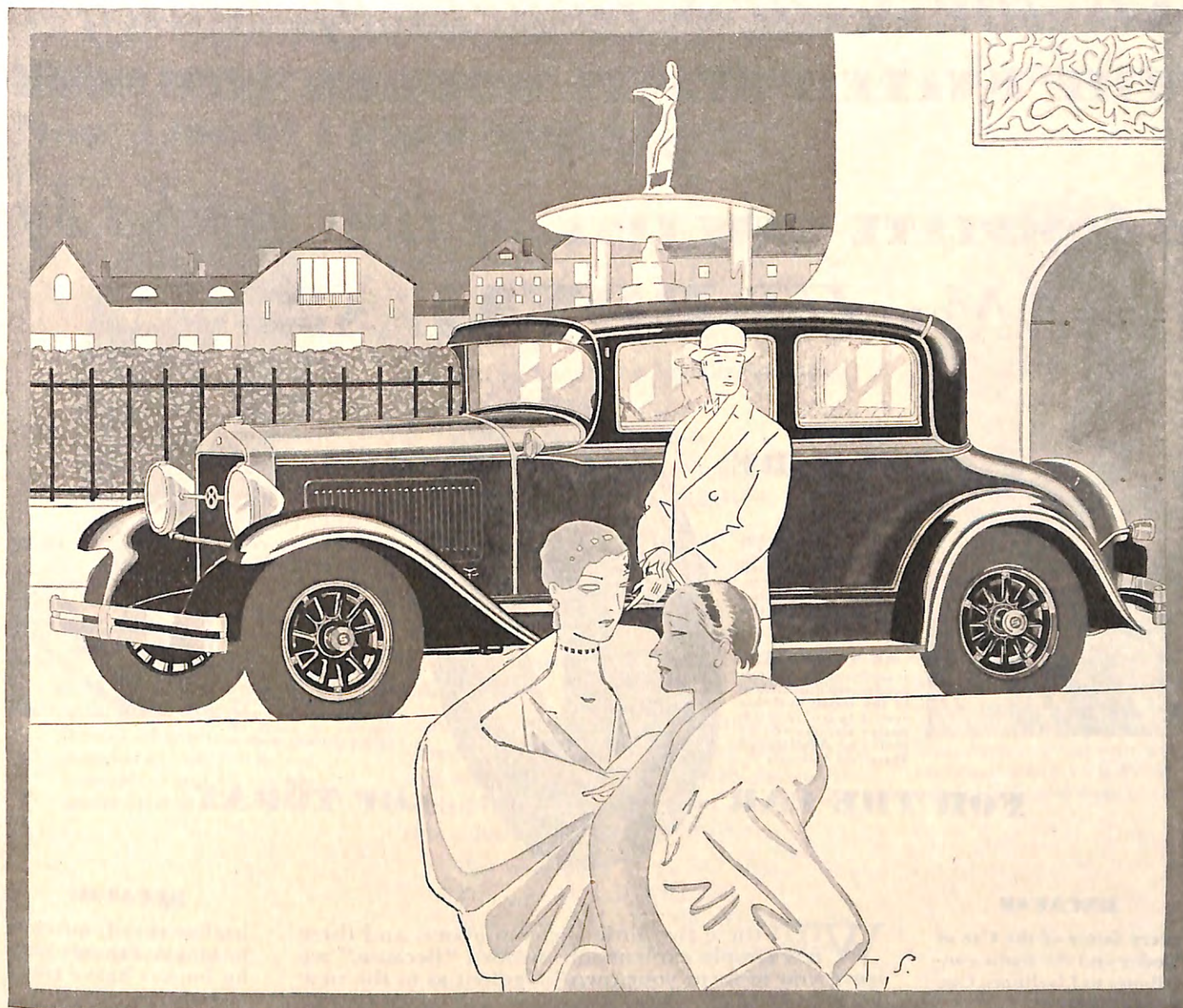
The black-coated man nodded funereally, and arising cleared a space in the center of the room. Here he set three boxes side by side and inviting Meat and Bread Andy and the yellow-toothed woman to seat themselves, took the place between. Soon the other visitors had gathered in a circle about them. Waiting until they became quiet, Preaching Daniel took a shabby volume from his pocket and hoarsely commenced to sing a hymn. The yellow-toothed woman joined in droningly. Meat and Bread Andy buttoned up his outermost coat from which a great chunk of bread was slipping and tonelessly bawling the melody, began vigorously slapping out the time on his knees. In a moment the room was reverberating with a shrill, discordant chorus.

Hymn followed hymn without cessation. Then the somber-visaged leader closed his book and one by one surveying the bizarre faces about him, gloomily demanded, "Who's going to speak the word?" There was no answer.

"Who's going to speak the word?" The voice was harsh now, commanding.

Again there was no answer. The worshippers turned away from the fierce, accusing stare of the questioner and shifted uneasily. The atmosphere

(Continued on page 48)



*The Commander Victoria for Four—with six-cylinder motor, \$1375; with straight-eight motor, \$1525.
Prices at the factory—bumpers and spare tire extra.*

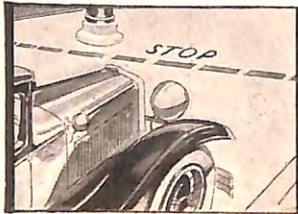
THE spirit of swift and tireless motion was never so gracefully expressed as in today's Champion Studebakers. Never before had coachcraft the inspiration of such motor car performance, for Studebaker holds *every* official stock car record for endurance and speed. Sinewy endurance—silken smoothness of power-flow—velvet travel-ease—all are strikingly apparent in the poised and eager beauty of these smart, modern motor cars. They are true Champions—these great Studebaker Eights and Sixes—and their looks reveal it. Their behaviour proves it. And Studebaker One-Profit prices, today more than ever before, set the thoroughbred qualities of the new Studebakers into still stronger relief.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

To the Car Owners of today :
THE UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
presents
 a **COMPLETE NEW LINE** of tires headed by
the New U.S. ROYAL (**EXTRA HEAVY**)

THE TIRE



BECAUSE
 the Four-Wheel Brakes of the Car of Today make the short, sharp stop a possibility, thereby imposing additional heavy stresses on the tires—

THE NEW ROYAL is designed to grip the road across the full face of the tread; and this tread is built with many thousands of miles of Additional Non-Skid Mileage.

FOR THE CAR



OF TODAY

BECAUSE
 The Car of Today embodies new refinements in all Steering Principles—

THE NEW ROYAL

is designed with narrower tread and full tread contact with the road, giving Maximum Ease of Steering and Parking, together with Stamina to stand up under steering stresses.



OF TODAY

BECAUSE

every factor of the Car of Today and the traffic contributes to Liveliness, Get-away, Pickup—

THE NEW ROYAL

is constructed with an outstanding Combination of Tread Design, Liveliness, Traction and Stamina to deliver service under these conditions.

BECAUSE

the Car of Today, with its high-powered engine, high-compression gas, speed and braking, imposes heavy stresses on the tires—

THE NEW ROYAL

is broad at the base, properly contoured, properly buttressed at the sides, adequate in tread area. The tire you can trust.

WITH these two little sketches above, and these few simple explanations headed "Because," we leave you to form your own judgment as to the new U. S. ROYAL.

Let us say this, however:—

The New ROYAL (extra heavy) is a truly modern achievement in tire engineering and tire manufacturing—as modern in its own field as the most modern production of the car makers.

In point of Safety, Speed, Braking, Steering, Durability, Economy, Riding Comfort and Style, it delivers to you the performance that you *must have* to get the best out of your car.

With its 6-ply structure of the famous Web Cord, it forms the perfect riding foundation alike for the heavier and lighter types of car, and is equally at home on the paved highways and on the backroads.

Finally, and as you might expect, the New Royal is the creation of the United States Rubber Company—with its brilliant history of Leadership in Rubber. Its staff of Rubber Technicians. Its vast Far Eastern plantations (14,000,000 rubber trees), producing more rubber than all other American companies put together. Its great factories. And its principle of being *right* in all matters pertaining to Rubber, its Manufacture and its Uses.

You will probably decide that the New ROYAL is a great tire. *It is.* Try it.

BECAUSE

higher speed, quicker braking and snappy pick-up impose heavy tread wear—

THE NEW ROYAL

is built with deeper tread grooves and larger tread blocks, adding thousands of miles of Non-Skid life. Beside this is the thick rubber base below the tread blocks—an additional service factor.

BECAUSE

any tendency of a tire to "drag" on the road detracts from the fleetness of the Car of Today—

THE NEW ROYAL

is designed to give the combined Easy Running Quality of the ribbed tread, plus Traction and Safety.



UNITED

STATES

Every man, every car, every driving condition, every purse, is served by this Complete New Line of United States Tires



THE NEW 4-PLY U. S. ROYAL

In all respects similar to the Royal (extra heavy) but built with 4-ply of Web Cord, instead of 6 plies. A most superior tire on the lighter types of car and for the less severe driving conditions.

Now, the same set of principles that developed the New ROYAL as the maximum in Tires for the heaviest demands of the Cars of Today—also recognizes the fact that not every car needs, or is in position to benefit by the maximum in Tires—For instance:

- There is the lighter car—
- and the large car which seldom if ever gets off the city pavements—
- and the station wagon, or old car used merely for hacking around, a few miles at the time—

—and maybe the son or daughter prizes some “collegiate” specimen with a lively engine, but small pretensions otherwise!

Anyway, there are thousands of cars whose need is for something less than the maximum. These too are provided with New Tires—strictly of Today—in this complete United States line—

The new 4-ply U. S. ROYAL
 The new U. S. PEERLESS
 The new TRAXION (Delivery to United States Tire Dealers, about May 15th)



THE NEW U. S. PEERLESS

A new tire of outstanding quality for cars and driving conditions where the requirement is less than the maximum. A worthy understudy to the new U. S. Royal (extra heavy and 4-ply).



THE NEW TRAXION

Recognizing that, at any price one pays for a tire, he should receive sound engineering and manufacture, this New Traxion is produced. Nowhere else can so much tire be had for the price—and the man who accepts less is not getting the worth of his money. (At your service about May 15th.)

TWO OTHER FAMOUS "U. S." PRODUCTS

KEDS "ROYAL TREAD"

A moulded sole Keds for both indoor and outdoor use. The sturdy outsole is tough enough to stand unusually hard wear. The Royal Tread also possesses anti-slipping qualities. Lace-to-toe style.



"U. S." ROYAL GOLF BALLS

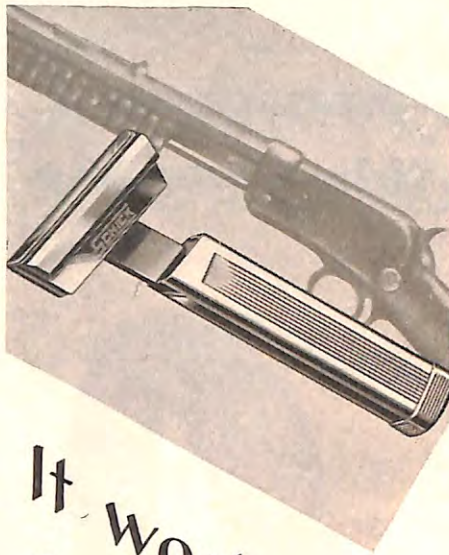
Every "U. S." Royal is guaranteed during the life of the ball—it will be replaced at any time by your golf professional or dealer—1. If the cover cuts through; 2. If the paint flakes or chips off; 3. If the ball goes out-of-round; 4. If the ball fails to putt true.

RUBBER COMPANY



The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 44)



It works like
a pump-gun

There are
20 blades
in Schick's handle

Pull and push the plunger.
The used Schick blade is shot
out and a new, superkeen one of
Schick Steel replaces it.

Twenty blades in Schick's handle
—twenty times you change
blades. Four to ten perfect shaves
with each blade and no stop-
ping. Blades cost but 75c a clip.
No fuss or bother with a Schick
—nothing to take apart—no
drying—and the smoothest,
coolest shave you have ever
known.

Schicks cost from \$5 to \$50 (20
blades included) at almost any
good store where men trade. Ask
your dealer to show you Schick
—take one home and try it.
You'll never go back to old-
fashioned shaving methods.

Magazine Repeating
Razor Company,
285 Madison
Ave., New
York.

Schick
Repeating
Razor
Extra blades

75c per clip of 20

grew tense, electric. A frightened child stumbled whimpering across the room to its mother. A screech-owl outside the window cried eerily.

Suddenly, as though the box on which he sat had been suddenly touched with fire, Meat and Bread Andy leaped high into the air. "I'm getting it, Lord!" he shouted hysterically. "Glory to the Lord! I'm getting it!"

"Glory!" Echoed the worshippers bursting from their trance in frenzied exultation. "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Bless the Lord!"

The seized one leaped again and jerking his arms and legs up and down like a toy monkey with movements controlled by a string, began dancing in great delirious circles. "Bless the Lord for making me see the light!" he shouted. "I used to be a bad man! I used to shoot and steal! But I'm a good man now, Lord! I'm Holiness Folks! Bless the Lord for Holiness Folks! I used to belong to one of them high-faluting churches! One of them rich churches where they has preachers, Lord, and cushions made of velvet in the seats! And what do they do with them seats, Lord, when they ought to be worshipping you? All they do is sit on them! All they do is sit on them! Holiness Folks don't want that kind of church. Holiness Folks ain't going to be satisfied with that kind of religion. Holiness Folks wants a sign you're with 'em. Holiness Folks wants you to make 'em dance and roll and laugh and shake so they'll know you're with 'em. So they'll know you love 'em. Oh, I could lie on my back all the day and kick my heels right up to the angels in the sky just to show the way I love my Lord!"

He whirled wildly into the air again. The piece of bread in his coat flew out and dropped dully to the floor. The dog lying at States's feet bounded up and began devouring it greedily. Another dog, then another, bolted out from under one of the beds and flinging themselves upon the first, sought to wrest the prize away. Furious snarls and yelps of agony drowned the changing of the worshippers. Sprays of crumbs flew over the writhing, flea-bitten bodies.

With a cry of alarm, Andy snatched the riddled morsel from their teeth, and restoring it to one of his coats, resumed his frantic dance.

THERE was a second cry, shriller, piercing, and the yellow-toothed woman bounded from her seat and flung herself upon the floor. Passionately she beat her head against the rough-hewn boards, then rose to her knees and displaying a foam-flecked, hypnotic face to the watchers crowded around her, began a feverish, incoherent babbling, like the sounds made by a child before it has learned to speak.

"Glory be to the Lord for Sister Jessie!" the preacher shouted. "She's giving us the Lord's message! She's talking in tongues!"

The flour-smearing woman and a wan-eyed child behind her stepped out into the cleared area and joined Meat and Bread Andy in his mad gyrations. Others caught the furious contagion. The shabby furniture began to caper as the floor quivered under the heavy pounding of their feet. The two framed pictures swung dizzily. Great cracks appeared in the paper on the walls.

With a grunt of exhaustion Meat and Bread Andy slumped back onto his box and began wiping his streaming face with a rag. The frenzy of the others quickly subsided. Adjusting their disarranged clothing, they returned to their places.

A step sounded outside the door again and White Johnny reappeared, carrying a sugar sack heavy with the weight of something struggling within. He set his burden down before the boy and grinned triumphantly. "It's a dog," he said. "I kind of think you'll like him."

States, still bewildered by the riotous scene he had just witnessed, loosened the string with which the sack was tied and pulled open the top. A dog came scrambling out, leaped onto his lap, and frantically wagging its tail, began covering his face with joyous licks of its tongue. It was Shoo Fly.

States gasped. White Johnny, who had reddened with liquor in his absence, grew impatient as after a moment's waiting he saw that the boy made no move to thank him. "I'll be doggoned, son," he grunted. "Ain't you glad to see your dog?"

"Yes . . . I'm glad to see him."

"What's the matter with you then? What you looking that way for?"

"I . . . just wish you hadn't brought him, that's all."

The shanty man's face grew stern. "I declare, I'm going to get mad at you, son. . . . But I guess you're just a boy, ain't you, and you can't help it if you've still got some of them steamboat notions about you. I ain't going to start no argument with a boy."

"How'd you get him?" put in Little Greasy eagerly.

"Wasn't no trouble at all. The boat was just laying at the Hanging Dog landing getting ready to come back, and I just got out on the barge and meowed like a cat till the dog came out to chase me. After I took him, I dropped one of them pay slips I found up at that construction camp there on the bank so Captain Lilly 'll sure think it's one of their niggers."

A GREAT June bug buzzed through the door and the dog scrambled down to point it excitedly. White Johnny roared out his approval, and catching two flies sleeping along the wall, tossed them into the air. Two sticky children began to imitate him. Soon a half dozen flies were buzzing sleepily near the smoky lamp. The dog, confused, sat down on its haunches and gazed at its young master for guidance. White Johnny tossed it one of the cakes from the dish, thrust viciously with his foot at the hungry nose darting out from beneath the bed to seize it, and took a long drink from the earthen jug.

The passing of the jug from hand to hand grew faster. Soon its contents were exhausted. White Johnny, who was beginning to be drunk, shuffled off to his cabin, and returned with a new supply. This too, was quickly emptied. The shantymen grew gayer. Little Greasy arose and began to do a clog dance. White Johnny, now thoroughly drunk, applauded hilariously, with a hoot of glee tossed another fly to the dog, and offered it a plug of tobacco.

Up the river sounded the deep vibrant whistle of the *Morning Glory*. States moved to the window and glancing out saw the vessel steaming over the shimmering water, the two green and red lamps at its bow blinking beneath the fire-tipped stacks like the eyes of some dragon searching for its prey in the black willows. The lights came nearer, now were alongside the shanty; the dilapidated structure began to rock crazily as the waves from its foaming paddle struck the flimsy hull. The yellow-toothed woman was thrown against the wall and began to rub a bruised arm; the dish where three marshmallow cakes still lay resplendently scudded from the table and slid onto the floor. The two dogs beneath the bed shot out and snatched the scattering confections from beneath the hands of a trio of scrambling children.

White Johnny, who was again holding a jug, delivering a drunken harangue to Buffalo, fell sprawling. The jug, still in his fingers, shattered in two great sections against the floor; in a rage, he gained his feet, and flung a great fragment at the window where the blinking lights were gliding swiftly past. The two cob-webbed panes crashed explosively. Glass and part of the frame shot out into the river. Darting toward it, his face contorted with drunken malevolence, he thrust his head out the hole he had created, and shook his fist wildly at the disappearing ship. "That's right!" he screamed. "Go fast as you can! Smash her! Swamp her! Drown everybody on her! The way the song says! You don't care what you do! The law won't do nothing to you! We're just river rats! We're just white trash! Lower than niggers! You ain't rocking her enough! Rock her more! More! Rock her till she turns over! Rock till everybody on her is lying on the bottom of the river!"

The steamer vanished down the stream. The rolling of the shanty gradually ceased. White Johnny drew in his head and cursing vehemently sat down and began picking out slivers of glass from the top of his shirt.

"He does all that rocking just on purpose to spite us," Little Greasy muttered. "Wouldn't

(Continued on page 50)

"To feel fit is the first move towards being fit" . . . says FRANK L. RAIN

" . . . and no man," continues Mr. Rain, "who doesn't sleep restfully can feel as fit as one who does."

IF you ever get up in the morning feeling almost as tired as when you went to bed . . . if halfway through the day you feel loggy and tired . . . if annoying little headaches have a habit of cropping up from time to time . . . the chances are that you are not getting the full benefit from your sleeping hours.

You know there's as much difference in the quality of sleep as there is in the quality of a suit of clothes. Sleep, to be really restful must be profound, undisturbed. Such sleep can only be had when bedding scientifically designed to induce utmost muscular relaxation is used. For years Simmons, the world's largest makers of beds, springs, and mattresses, have studied sleep. Eminent physicians, hospitals, colleges and scientists have cooperated.

As Mr. Rain says further, "In my experience no sleeping equipment gives the restful sleep of the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring."

Well, they're built to do just that . . . built, in fact, as no other bedding is built and along lines that science shows to be correct . . . as attested in hundreds of thousands of homes.

Let your dealer show you why.

Ask him to explain the inner construction of the Beautyrest Mattress . . . have him show you the

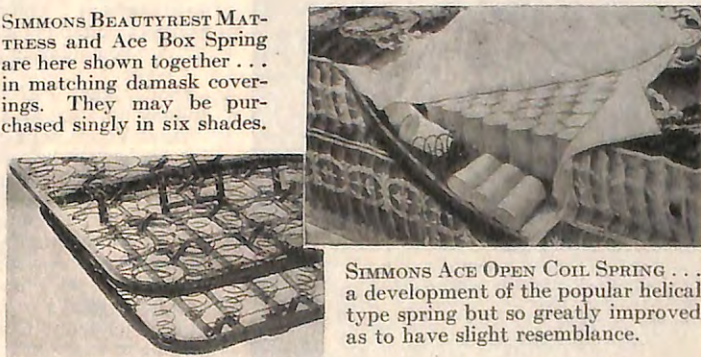


FRANK L. RAIN
Past Grand Exalted Ruler

supporting coils, each in its individual pocket. Note how these coils extend clear to the very edge of the Beautyrest—assuring both comfort and appearance. Next, look at the soft, luxurious upholstery between the layer of inner coils and the outer covering. Could anything give greater promise of sleep? . . . and lastly look at the gorgeous damask coverings . . . durable! beautiful! in six pastel colors to harmonize with other decorations.

In furniture and department stores the 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 and San Francisco.

SIMMONS BEAUTYREST MATTRESS and Ace Box Spring are here shown together . . . in matching damask coverings. They may be purchased singly in six shades.



SIMMONS ACE OPEN COIL SPRING . . . a development of the popular helical type spring but so greatly improved as to have slight resemblance.

BEDS • SPRINGS
MATTRESSES **SIMMONS** [BUILT FOR SLEEP]

The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 48)

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

Rocky Ford

5¢



IMPORTED Sumatra wrapper... finest domestic long filler. Match ROCKY FORD against any ten cent brand. "When it's got the stuff... a nickel's enough."

If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York, for trial package of 5 cigars.

To DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.

© P. LORILLARD CO., EST. 1760

hurt him nothing to slow down. One of these days he's going to wreck himself going that way."

"By God, we ought to do it without waiting for it to happen," White Johnny grunted. "Ain't he done enough to us shanty people? Getting ready to do more, too. When I was up to get the dog I seen him and Judge Ash talking mighty thick. Figuring up another raid. To put more shanty people in jail. If we wrecked his boat for him, maybe he'd leave us alone."

"There ain't nothing I'd like to see better," put in Little Greasy. "But the trouble about doing that is you get caught. And they wouldn't treat you the same way for busting up a boat that they would for just stealing."

"You don't have to get caught," White Johnny reflected drunkenly a moment. "What about all them barrels of gasoline they brought up from Pine City to-day that I seen laying down at the wharf. You ain't going to get caught if you just drop a match down one of them, are you? There's plenty of fires that happen that way and people says they're just accidents. Doggone it, I'll do it, if a couple of fellows'll go with me to keep watch so we're sure nobody's looking."

"I'll go," Buffalo rumbled. "How about you, Greasy?"

"Well, if there's something going on, I guess I ought to be in it, too."

They collected a few pieces of rags from a box in the corner, and started toward the doorway.

States, who had been watching, arose and hurrying to the doorway, blocked their path. "You ain't going," he said tensely.

White Johnny looked at him in drunken astonishment. "What you saying, boy?"

"I said you ain't going."

"What's going to stop us?"

"I am."

White Johnny seized the boy's arm with a fierceness that sent the skinny fingers far into his flesh, then hooted in maudlin glee.

The boy's set countenance did not change. "You can laugh if you want to. But I'm going to stop you. Oh, I know I ain't big enough to do it with a gun or nothing. But if you don't stop, I'm just going to get the sheriff, that's all."

White Johnny's face quivered passionately an instant, then stiffened grimly as he brought himself under control. "I tried to be friends with you when you came here, boy. But it looks like you're trying to get me against you. And I ain't a good one to have that way. I forgot about the way you acted when I brought you the dog. Because you're a boy and I wanted to be easy with you. But about this here, I ain't going to forget. Now you get away from that doorway before I have to hurt you."

"White Johnny's right, son," Buffalo said amiably. "Look's to me like you're doing wrong. These here's your own people. You came to them. What they want to do you ought to want to do. You can't be a shantymen and Captain Lilly's boy both. You seen our ways of doing things to-night. And if you don't like them, my advice is to get."

"You are my own people, and I want to stay with you. But I ain't going to let you set fire to no steamboat. You're all crazy drunk, or you wouldn't be talking about it."

"Are you going to get out of the way?"

"Nope."

"All right, I'll knock you out," White Johnny upraised his fist menacingly.

Aunt Vergie hobbled forward and indignantly thrust herself before him. "Ain't you done enough for one night smashing up my window without picking on a boy that ain't harmed nobody?" she flashed. "Course he ought to stop you. Anybody that's got more sense than a blue-jay ought to stop you. What'll happen if you do it? They'll see you and then you'll get caught and hung, that's what you'll get. And the rest of us'll get arrested or chased out of the county, and have to go to living down in Nigger Skull Swamp again, the way we done when they ran us out before. Don't you lay a hand on that boy or I'll go get the sheriff myself."

White Johnny stared at her, but did not continue his attack.

"Guess she's right," Buffalo declared. "Can't start a fire without a light, and the minute you have a light there's sure to be somebody sees it.

Or the gasoline'll explode before you figure, and you'll get burned bad."

"Guess we sure are drunk," put in Little Greasy. "Like Vergie says, if you did get caught doing a thing like that, there's no telling what could happen to you. You wouldn't get tried before Judge Ash, neither. They'd take you down to Pine City. And they says that Judge down there is getting terrible. A man was telling me the other day that he sent a couple of fellows to jail just for killing a nigger."

White Johnny glowered an instant longer, then somberly tossed the rag he was holding into the corner. "All right, all right," he grunted.

The boy moved off from the doorway, White Johnny slumped onto the bed and stared at him moodily. A few moments later he arose. "Ain't going to stay in the same room with a pack of cowards," he grunted, and with the jug in his hand stumbled off to his cabin.

The others quickly followed his example. The two wobegone dogs, the last of the visitors to go, crawled out from beneath the bed and casting wistful glances at the single cake still on the table, slunk out the doorway.

Soon after States bade the girl and the old woman good-night, caressed the dog snuggled in a heap by the door which separated his room from that of the women, and climbing onto the screen door which formed his bed, fell asleep.

He awoke perhaps two hours later with a prickly sensation all over his body, as though he had fallen into a fiery patch of nettles and a noise in his ears like a dull drumbeat sounding steadily somewhere beneath him. Lighting his candle, he looked down and saw one of the dog's paws striking quickly against the floor as it returned from a furious scratching of its body; glancing at himself he saw that his skin was covered with fleas. He brushed off as many as he could with his hand, picked up his clothes, and followed by the dog, slipped quietly outside. Plunging into the river, he remained until he was certain the insects had vanished, then emerged, and drying first himself, then the dog with a towel he had brought from the steamboat, stretched out under a tree.

There he lay looking off at a shanty crowned with a broken water-pitcher as a chimney pot where a long, spidery silhouette in the window and riotous hoots echoing out over the river proclaimed that White Johnny was still at his potatoes.

A tiny spider dropped from a tree onto the boys' wrist. Picking it up, by the light of a match he set it at the base of the life-line in his palm and watched its hurried course across the calloused skin. He shook his head gravely. "It went straight to the left, Shoo Fly," he muttered. "Looks like things is going to be bad."

CHAPTER VI

HE AWOKE at dawn, and creeping quietly back into his room so that the old woman and the girl would not know he had left it, waited until he heard them stirring, then stepped outside and washed himself in the stream.

He greeted Towhead and Aunt Vergie cheerfully, and continued his pose of gaiety throughout the day as he helped the girl at her labors with the mussels. But his blitheness suddenly collapsed as he heard the *Morning Glory* come to its customary halt at the button factory. His face set with resolution. Picking up Shoo Fly, who was busily rummaging in a pile of rope, he walked to the door.

Towhead glanced at him in alarm. "You ain't going back to the boat, are you?" she demanded, trembling.

He shook his head. "I'm going to give the dog a chance to go back. I ain't going to keep a dog if it don't want to stay."

He walked to the path leading off to the willows down the river over whose tops the smoke of the vessel was rising, and putting the dog on the ground, walked rapidly away. The animal gazed after him brightly, wagged its tail furiously a moment, then bounded down the path at his heels.

The boy halted again and turned to the smoking willows. "Get on back, Shoo Fly," he commanded stoically.

The dog gazed at him in bewilderment, then slowly went off through the trees.

Miserably the boy stumbled down the trail to Shanty town. He had advanced only a short distance, halting every few feet to turn and look forlornly behind him, when there was a quick crashing of the brush at his side; turning quickly, he saw the dog come bursting through the trees, bearing a tiny rabbit in its mouth. The boy's face became radiant. Releasing the furry creature while Shoo Fly watched reproachfully, he took the dog eagerly in his arms once more, and happily limped back to the shanty.

His cheerfulness diminished a little as White Johnny passed by, and seeing him on the porch, stopped to deliver a few labored sarcasms; became bitterness again as night came, and lying in the bed which he had now made habitable, he listened to the whistling of the far-off vessels steaming down the Mississippi, and arose to press his face against the window as he saw the lights of the *Morning Glory* glide down the river.

AFTER the first few days, he was no longer able to conceal his unhappiness from those about him. In a week his face was vividly manifesting his misery. His flashing eyes began to lose their radiance; his cheeks became wan and hollow; his broken tooth ached constantly.

The dog and a corner of the shanty he had fitted up as a pilot house formed his only solace. Here, when there was no one to observe, he would take a seat next a wall covered with laboriously drawn river charts, call Shoo Fly to him, and setting a gold-braided pilot's cap on its head and a stogie in its mouth take hold of a wagon wheel in whose rim he had set a score of clothespins as handles and steer down an imaginary river, now bawling an order through speaking tubes made of sunflower stalks topped with two of Aunt Vergie's funnels, now halting the vessel to start it again with a great clanging of the cow-bell over his head, now spitting tobacco expertly, luxuriously, into the two cuspidors set on either side. When he arose his cheeks were always flushed with pleasure. But the exhilaration was only momentary. Half an hour later gloominess had once more overcome him.

His dejection after a fortnight had become so constant that Aunt Vergie began to comment on it sharply. "I declare, I don't know what's going to become of you, son," she said, as she polished with a piece of moss the funeral plate hanging on the wall, and watched him push away untouched the strip of bacon on his plate. "You don't eat nothing and you don't sleep and your face is getting all twisted up like the monkey's that Italian fellow had that come here last year. Towhead and me's done all we can to make you comfortable, but it don't seem to help none. I don't know what to do to you, unless it's to get you married to some nice shanty girl. Towhead, maybe."

"I ain't wanting to get married."
 "You can't keep on having the miseries all the time. I'm mighty wanting you to stay, and Towhead is, too, but I declare if it wasn't wronging your pappy I'd tell you to go back to the steamboat. She moistened the moss at her lips. "Too bad your pappy ain't alive to talk to you. He'd have smoothed you out in just a couple of minutes. Smart fellow he was. Smartest I ever seen. Just had a powerful temper; that's what caused him all his troubles. This here's the plate come from his coffin. That one next it is your mammy's. Mighty pretty plate, ain't it? And always keeps so nice and shiny. It ain't like this one of your Aunt Arneedy that covers over with rust all the time so a body ain't got nothing to do but stand and clean it all day long. I always said that Arneedy was a bad one when she was living, and it looks to me the way this plate's behaving shows I was right. If she wasn't kinfolk, I'd sure throw it out."

She set the moss against the blurred metal and scoured it vigorously. "Yes sir, it's just too bad you can't have a talk with your pappy and ask him what you ought to do. Course there's a way of talking to him if he ain't mad against you or anything."

States looked at her in bewilderment. "You're talking mighty silly, ain't you, Aunt Vergie? How can I talk to him when he's dead? You mean praying to him, maybe?"

"Course I don't mean praying. That's talking to the Lord. I mean cooking him a Dumb

(Continued on page 52)

WALK · OVER SHOES



Thousands watched the speeding two-year-olds as they enminded down the home stretch. And among the spectators, thousands felt like two-year-olds because they wore Walk-Over Shoes.

Trim as the turf, sleek as good horseflesh, the "Belmont" is the kind of shoe that makes its trim way unerringly to the paddock before the start of the race. Many a wise step will be taken in these shoes during the coming racing season. The "Belmont" may be had either in black-and-white or tan-and-white. \$8.50.

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ENGER-KRESS COMPANY
West Bend, Wisconsin

ENGER-KRESS
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The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 51)

Supper. You've heard about that, haven't you?"

"I've heard Ham Hawk talking something about it, but I just figured it was nigger foolishness."

"It ain't no foolishness. I seen it work plenty of times. Plenty. Look at that Jerusha Etty that was my pappy's brother's girl. This here's her plate. Used to have a couple of little lilies painted on it, but it ain't got them no more. Her husband got shot moonshining down in Perryville, and he had left some money buried and naturally she wanted to get it. So she got Nigger Sue to cook her a Dumb Supper and he come back and told her it was in a old tea kettle hid under a elm down in Nigger Skull. And she took a pickaxe and dug and sure enough it was there. Then there was that hump back nigger that catches fish for Newt Pillow. Didn't his baby girl get sick about a year after its mammy died, and just lay tossing and tossing with the fever and none of the doctors couldn't do anything for it, and he cooked a Supper for his wife and she come, and told him the fever was coming from too much electricity in its body and to put a knife under the mattress where it was laying so it would draw the electricity away. He done it and it got well in a couple of days. I thought everybody had heard about that."

"I did hear about it. But I didn't know it was no Dumb Supper."

"Course you didn't. Niggers ain't going to tell you the way they does things, cause they know you'd laugh at them. And then how about these goings on now down in Pine City where this here woman from New Orleans gets a lot of people to hold hands in the dark around the table and then the spirits come and lift the table right off the floor and ring bells and talk to them, just through a plain ordinary funnel anybody can get for a nickel up at the hardware store. Miss Goldie was there, they says, and her mother come and talked to her, and Miss Goldie asked her if she was still having fainting spells, and she said she was but they was getting better. If people like Miss Goldie can do it, I guess you can."

"That ain't a Dumb Supper."

"I ain't saying it is, but it's the same thing. The more I think about it, it looks to me like talking to your pappy is just the thing you ought to do. When I get through eating I'll take you over to Sue's and see if she'll fix up the Supper for you."

States twirled the bacon on the end of his fork.

"Nigger Sue ain't nobody to make the dead come back. That woman down in Pine City is different. There's been writing in the paper about her. I seen it. Sue's just a crazy nigger. She ain't been out of that asylum in Perryville more than three years. All you have to do to know she's crazy is just to look at her carrying that wagon umbrella over her all the time no matter what kind of weather it is, or whether it's day or night."

"I ain't saying she ain't crazy. It's being crazy that gives her the power. I declare you're the subbornerst person I ever seen."

She continued to heap her arguments unrelenting upon him until at last through sheer weariness his resistance was broken, then took his arm, and with Towhead behind her swept him out the door.

They came to a halt before the shanty where the great wagon umbrella swayed gently at the bow, and knocked. There was a shuffle of slipped feet within, and a shrill voice called, "Who's there?"

"Just me, Sue. Vergie."

The slipped footsteps came closer and a fat negress appeared in the doorway. "Come in, folks. Come in," she said cordially, and invited them to take seats on sawed-off flour barrels.

States gazed at her curiously. There was little of the abnormal, little even of the unusual in either her appearance or her manner to suggest the supernatural reputation he knew she had acquired among the negroes of Beaver Slough. Around her kinky hair, sticky with unguent, was tied a brilliant red handkerchief; over her dress of the same gay hue was a faded yellow apron whose string cut deep into her spongy flesh and formed her waist. Only occasionally, and then but for an instant, her eyes suddenly

glazed in the fashion characteristic of those touched with insanity.

"How is your leg getting on, Vergie?" she asked, after a moment's genial conversation, as she reached out and touched the broom-stick taking the place of the missing limb.

"Ain't getting no better at all. Every night it does something, itching or kicking or squirming around till it gets my whole body all twisted up. Doggone, I'd like to get that doctor that buried it." She turned to States. "This here's my old man's sister's boy. Guess you know him already, don't you? He ain't shanty trash like us. It's him that's been living on the steamboat."

"Um-huh. What's he wanting? To get his leg cured too?"

"Nope. He's wanting you to fix a Dumb Supper for his pappy. Catfish Etty, you know him."

The negress shook her head. "Can't cook no Dumb Supper to-night, son. Spirits can't come when the moon's shining on them or the stars is out to see them. You've got to cook it when the sky's all covered over with clouds. When a big storm's blowing and the thunder's rocking. Then when the lightning's flashing they can come riding down."

Aunt Vergie set a cigar stub in the boneholder. "Bet it was then them witches come down that was bothering so bad last week. Just rode me all over this here county. Rode me way past Hanging Dog and pretty near up to Granny Run, and then come back and took me all the way up to Pine City before they let me go. Just rode me so hard there wasn't a bone in my body that wasn't aching when I waked up." She struck a match and began to smoke contentedly. "Next time there's a storm will you come over and cook it for him?"

"Course I will."

"Guess you need something kind of special for it, don't you?"

"Don't make no difference. Just so long as it's meat."

A GREAT brown rat thrust its head from beneath a dilapidated bureau, furtively examined the newcomers, then skurried upon the table beside which the negress was sitting and began nibbling at a piece of bread lying in a cracked plate. An instant later Shoo Fly, who had followed its master, but had remained outside to sniff at a fox hole, trotted gaily through the door, and seeing the brown head bobbing in the dish, leaped wildly toward it. The fragile table upset noisily. The rat darted beneath the bureau again and bared its long teeth, while the dog raced in pursuit and grimly taking up a post a few inches away, began menacing it with quick, wary snaps of its jaws.

With a frightened cry the negress darted to the bureau, and trembling, thrust herself in front of the attacker. "Get that dog out of here, boy," she flashed. "That there rat's done had the sign."

States caught up Shoo Fly and carried it outside. The fright in the negress's eyes vanished. A moment after, the visitors took their departure.

The next few days were cloudless. But about a week later, as States trundled a load of musse shells off to the button factory he noticed that the air was beginning to be sticky, oppressive, and when he returned to the shanty for supper, thunder was rumbling dully in the distance.

"Sue's coming over to-night," Aunt Vergie announced, as she added some salt to a soup bone boiling in a pot. "I seen her just a little while ago, and she said it looks to her like it's blowing up for a mighty good Dumb Supper. When we get through eating, me and Towhead'll go over to Buffalo's so you can have the shanty to yourself."

"I don't believe there's nothing to it," States asserted as he sat down at the table. "But I'll do it just to please you, 'cause I know you ain't going to let me get no rest till I do."

"Well, if I am nagging you, it's for your own good. You can't keep on being miserable the way you are all the time." She put the meat in a platter and set it on the table. "After your pappy comes, you ain't going to be worrying any more, you'll see. You just ask him what you ought to do. And he'll tell you right. Cause

he was a mighty smart man. Don't you get him mad, though. Or don't you go to arguing with him the way you argues with me. If he tells you you ought to go back to the steamboat, I'd get right up and go to-morrow. And if he says it'd be wronging him to go, I'd mighty quick get all such thoughts out of my head. 'Cause there's mighty terrible things comes on you if you don't do what a spirit tells you. I knowed a man was told by his dead mother to quit beating his wife, and he didn't do it, just kept on beating her the same. And just about a week later the sheriff came and found him laying dead in bed. And all over his body were whip marks that hadn't been put there by no human hand. . . . This here chunk of meat I left in the frying-pan is for you to do the cooking with.

THEY finished their meal by lamplight. The old woman cleared away the dishes and searching in the recesses of a broken chest, gingerly took out a frayed piece of rope. "This come from a murderer that was hanged down at Perryville," she explained, putting it into the boy's hand. "A fellow that was running away from jail give it to me once for getting him some vittles when I seen him hiding down in Nigger Skull. I've been kind of scared of it, but they says that as long as you got it in your clothes nothing can harm you. Course your pappy is your pappy, dead or alive. But he is a ghost, and you're a kind of contradicting boy, and I think I'd feel better if you had this here on you."

The boy slipped it into his pocket, and accompanying her to the doorway as she started with Towhead off toward the abandoned street car where Buffalo resided, glanced up at the two ebony plumes of cloud scudding toward the moon.

A soft wind began to crackle the leaves of the scorched willows. He moved to the shore, and tightened the two heavy ropes mooring the vessel to the sprawling oak beneath which it lay. About him in the trees he could hear the birds piping hushed, nervous warnings to their broods; from the brush arose the faint rustle of tiny animals hurrying to their shelters. Down the water he could see Preaching Daniel reinforcing his roof with a great piece of tin; beyond him Meat and Bread Andy was clumsily nailing strips of wood upon the great sagging slabs of cardboard which formed his shanty walls. He remained there watching the scudding sky until the fierce stinging of the storm-goaded flies became intolerable, then went inside and restlessly began to glance through the pages of a mail-order catalog he had obtained that day in the town.

The rumble of the thunder grew louder, the blurred lightning flashes became long, sullen streaks darting like golden snakes along the black horizon. The murmur of the wind became a low, mournful sighing. The boy put away the book, and reaching up to a shelf covered with fishing tackle, took down a can in which a score of minnows were swimming, and dropped tiny bits of meat into the water. A step sounded outside. He restored the can to its place on the shelf and looking out as a sudden gust slammed the door violently, saw Nigger Sue approaching, her huge umbrella tossing like a great balloon ripped loose from its moorings. She folded it hastily and put it down at the doorway. "Going to be a bad storm, child."

"Umm-huh."

She waddled across the room and puffing from the exertion, wiped her sweating face on her yellow apron. "Got everything ready for me?"

"Umm-huh."

"Where's the meat?"

"Over there. On the table."

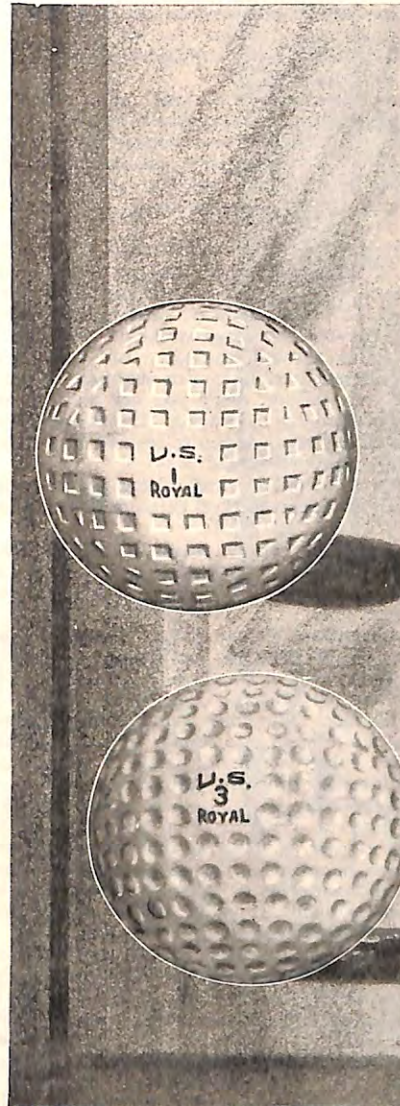
She looked at it closely, then moved to the stove, and shaking out the ashes until they were extinct, thrust fresh wood into the grating and made it ready for lighting anew. Next she took down a rusty frying pan from a nail, scoured it vigorously, and dropping the meat into it, sprinkled it with a yellow powder she took from a battered snuff box and began a low, mournful crooning. For several minutes she remained thus, while the sighing of the wind rose to a steady howl which set the license plates forming the roof of the shanty to rattling like dice flung down by angry giants. Shoo Fly, who had been sitting off in the corner, came forward to sniff curiously at her tattered shoe.

She wheeled in fright. "Get that dog out of here, chile," she muttered.

(Continued on page 54)

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In mesh or recess marking—75c. from your professional, or authorized dealer



The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 53)

The boy carried it into the room where he slept and closed the door.

The negress looked anxiously at her heel to see if she had been bitten. Examining the walls in the vicinity of the stove, she covered up with strips of newspaper any faces showing in the pictures with which the boards were covered, and chancing to turn toward the boy, saw the two candidates buttons on his shirt. She detached them quickly and laid them face down on a shelf.

Again she wiped her face on her apron, waddled off to the cuckoo clock ticking faintly above the phonograph and stopped the swaying pendulum. A moment later, she returned to the stove to resume her mournful crooning, and with a great puff at her fat cheeks, blew out the light.

"I'm going now," she muttered. "Light the fire and think about your pappy. And, when the thunder's a-rocking and the lightning's blazing, he'll come to you. Maybe he'll come riding, maybe he'll come walking, maybe he'll come flying through the air. But don't you make no noise while you're waiting for him. Don't you whisper, don't you cry out till you see his face shining before you. Death's standing close beside you when you're seeking his people. Cook that supper dumb."

She shuffled outside and raising the umbrella over her head, careened off through the growling trees.

The sky was now a mass of black-rolling draperies, sweeping toward a single yellow star still showing defiantly above the horizon. The star went out.

States moved to the stove. Hesitating an instant, he lit a match, and dropped it inside. The wood was wet and did not ignite. He struck another light and began to fan vigorously with his hat. The chips beneath the kindling glowed and burst into flame; soon the grease on the frying-pan handle was sizzling, and falling drop by drop onto the floor.

A light rain pattered upon the roof. The wind rose to a furious gale that rocked the shanty giddily, and set the trees above to lashing their huge limbs like mad monks who had doomed themselves to torment. States caught the pan as it slid out wildly, and bracing himself against the wall, held it over the fire.

The rain beat harder, became a flame-shot deluge which swept through the edges of the window, and poured in a myriad silent fountain down the crudely jointed walls. Great yellow drops began to splash rhythmically upon the boy's head. He moved aside and kicked a bucket forward to receive them.

A great swish of water poured from the streaming wall and splashed onto the flame. The fire dulled and sputtered feebly as though it would go out. He took his hat and fanned it until it was once more glowing.

The room filled with a sharp, acrid odor as the meat in the pan commenced to burn. The

boy's face, which at the beginning had been calm, impassive, grew tense, his eyes narrowed. There was a deafening clap of thunder; tongues of fire danced on the bough of a giddy swaying oak, then vanished. A moment later a faint sound like sandpaper rasping against wood began at some undefined point near him, accompanied by a low, dismal moaning. The boy blanched; sprang back in terror as the door, leading off into the other part of the cabin, shot open and a whining shadow hurled itself at his feet. For an instant he stood rigid, then mastering his fright, looked down and saw Shoo Fly drenched and shivering. Quickly he put it back into the room from which it had come.

The rain changed to a fierce hail which struck against the metal roof with the noise of a thousand clashing bayonets. The wind screamed up the battered stovepipe like a fiend in agony. The reeling world outside the shanty seemed consumed in mad dancing clouds of malevolent fire. A license plate whistled off the roof, and a stream of water began to splatter the dishes set to dry upon the sink. The clock in the corner began to tick noisily again, and the cuckoo called a startled hour. The screech owl which seemed to dwell in the eaves flapped its wings and hooted weirdly in answer.

The wind lulled and the lightning lessened its fury. But new malignant flashes, and new black scudding masses of clouds appeared on the horizon as though to indicate that the lull was only temporary. The hail changed to a beating rain once more. The boy stooped to adjust the brace on his leg, and took a new grip on the pan.

Suddenly his hand grew taut as somewhere outside the shanty came a steady crunching as of booted feet tramping over the pebbles of the path. Swiftly he turned from the fire and with straining ears listened. Nearer and nearer came the footsteps, steadily, relentlessly.

The owl gave a frightened cry and flapped off into the night. The dog in the other section of the cabin again began a dreary whining.

The footsteps sounded past the window. Through the smoky glass the boy caught sight of a ghostly head and shoulders shrouded in a great, black hood.

His limbs congealed with horror. His heart beat with a feverishness which sent fierce stabs of pain through his breast. The hairs on his hands became rigid wires.

The footsteps ceased. Three raps sounded on the tin outside.

He did not move. The knock sounded again, twice this time slow, patient. The boy dragged himself forward and reached the door.

Rigidly he put his hand on the knob, then resolutely flung it open. The hooded figure stood before him, motionless.

A flash of lightning revealed its streaming face. It was Captain Lilly.

(To be continued)



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Pulling 'Em Down

(Continued from page 24)

height and nine months elapsed before the last of about 8,500 loads of its bulk had been removed.

The difference in time suggests that there are factors in this business which make it highly speculative even when the complicated matter of figuring the value of salvaged materials is eliminated. There are a thousand Gordian knots in such a structure as that old warehouse, knots that were tied into its walls and floors by all but forgotten craftsmen. Here, in this building, 125 men had a task very much like that which would have faced them if they had been directed to wreck a section of the Great Wall of China. The warehouse was a wall-bearing structure. Its weight was not carried by a steel skeleton. The burden of each floor was carried by the walls themselves. Consequently, the wreckers discovered that, whereas the walls of brick had been three feet thick at the top, by the time they had cut down the building to one story they were pushing their crowbars into walls that were six feet in thickness, and, in places eight feet.

There were heavy arches such as might be encountered in the walls of some mediæval castle within the divisional walls of the warehouse. Laced into the structure were some 3,500 metal beams. There were huge steel vaults, each of which was a separate problem in destruction for expert safe men. Altogether there were 1,000 truck loads of scrap metal hauled away from that job; and 7,500 loads of brick and other material.

A truck farmer who enclosed his one-acre plot of ground with a hedge eight feet thick would be regarded by his neighbors as silly. A man who owns an acre of New York real estate and is similarly wasteful is in grave danger of losing his acre through the bankruptcy courts. Business men call the thing that he would confront overhead.

The fifty-six story building that now stands where the old Manhattan Warehouse stood tells the story as well as it may be told. With all of its weight resting on its steel skeleton this 680-foot tower of income-producing cubicles called

offices has nowhere, from top to bottom, a wall that is more than a few inches over a foot in thickness. Before it was constructed its promoters had carefully calculated its rental possibilities in terms of usable cubic feet. They are renting seven of every eight square feet that was buried in the monstrous walls of the old building. Instead of ten acres they have fifty-six acres, or thereabouts, of floor space.

All over New York, all over Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Boston prospectors are hunting out those out-moded wall-bearing buildings that are wasting income possibilities on super-costly sites. Nowhere, naturally, are the possibilities quite so great as in New York.

IN 1862 there was a Spanish gentleman in New York named Jose de Navarro. He was the consular representative of his country, but he was an able business man as well. He built in Fifty-ninth Street, overlooking Central Park, what was for that time a vast dwelling place for many families. New York called this place the Spanish flats. There was an entrance called the Madrid, another was the Valencia, one the Salamanca, the Cordova, the Lisbon and the Granada. These apartments became fashionable, but New York of the twentieth century has a different notion of what constitutes a fashionable apartment house. Now three fine new buildings with steel skeletons have been reared where the Spanish flats once stood. One of these is the new club-house of the New York Athletic Club. But these modern structures could not be erected until wreckers had pulled down the Spanish flats, and Don Jose de Navarro had built them as solidly as if he had intended them to withstand the assaults of a host of Spanish brigands. Here were walls six feet thick at the ground floor.

It is difficult for those of us who have grown accustomed to an age of steel to realize that all buildings that rose to the tremendous height of seven or eight stories in the eighties had to have such thick walls, but the wreckers dare not lose sight of it. Each truck load of material to be hauled away is going to cost them about \$7.50 before it is disposed of, and so they figure and measure carefully before they make their bids. The old Presbyterian hospital of seven stories had walls five feet thick at the base which tapered to two feet six inches at the top; and every brick was a liability because it is cheaper now to bring new brick into New York from Holland and Belgium than it is to clean old brick.

The swift rise of American export trade is a factor here. We are shipping overseas vastly more of manufactured goods than Europe is able to sell to us. The ships that carry it for us can not afford to return with empty holds, and therefore many of the rusty red hulks that dock in New York harbor are filled with Dutch and Belgian bricks carried as ballast.

Another factor is the wages of the adventurers who wreck buildings and who claim the right to clean any bricks that are salvaged from the structures they demolish. These men are listed as helpers on the pay rolls of the contractors who employ them. Once, just before the war, they were paid about \$2.00 a day; now they get \$1.15 an hour and barmen (crowbar men, so to speak) get \$1.25 an hour. This is why no wrecking contractor bothers any more to salvage brick from the thick walls they throw down. Still, salvage is an important element of their business, and the curious markets they discover and the fascinating things they uncover in old buildings, are elements that hold them in the business in spite of cross currents of price, of shifting markets, of difficult labor problems, of truly great hazards.

Some of the old wreckers have a slogan expressed by different combinations of sounds, according to the language they may speak, but the meaning of which is the same in all tongues. There is a customer, they say, for everything.

I have before me a thick packet of correspondence that was placed in my hands recently by Edward Walsh. Walsh wrecked the home of the late Senator Clark, who made a fabulous fortune in Montana copper mines and then came to New York to spend it. Each of these letters is an offer to buy some particular piece of the 136-room establishment on Fifth Avenue

(Continued on page 56)

For the Smoothest Ride over the Roughest Roads to Anywhere



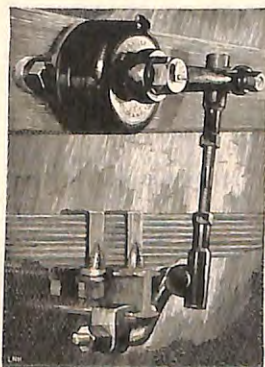
27 YEARS of PIONEERING

The Pioneers who blazed trails, harnessed streams, planned cities and linked them together with bands of steel rails, merely paved the way for scores of other pioneers, whose genius and fortitude have contributed a thousand devices for comfort, convenience and easier living.

Such a Pioneer was Maurice Houdaille.

Houdaille's 27 years of *Pioneering* had its effect in convincing the engineers of Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Cunningham, Stearns-Knight, Jordan, Ford, Nash Advanced Six, Chrysler Imperial, Studebaker President and Graham-Paige, to specify Houdailles as standard equipment on these cars. No manufacturer, having adopted Houdailles as standard equipment, has ever given them up.

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Hydraulic Double Acting SHOCK ABSORBERS

FOR SORE MUSCLES



GIVES PROMPT RELIEF

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Absorbine Jr.

THE activities of Spring develop many unexpected and unwelcome aching muscles. Keep Absorbine, Jr. handy—rub it in at the first indication of soreness. Relief will come at once. A few applications of Absorbine, Jr. will invigorate the lazy, winter-bound muscles, and round them into mid-season form. Keep a bottle in your locker for tired feet—or a vigorous rub down when you have been out in the rain—it's great for that. Absorbine, Jr. is not greasy. It does not stain the skin. It has many other uses. Read "Timely Suggestions."

AT ALL DRUGGISTS, \$1.25
Send for Free Trial Bottle

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
Springfield, Mass.



Pulling 'Em Down

(Continued from page 55)

into which some thirty of the Clark millions were poured.

It took four months for Walsh, machinery and a corps of men to wreck the Clark mansion; it required eleven years to build it and there is a tradition that the Western multi-millionaire employed more than a half dozen architects before the thing was finished. It dominated Fifth Avenue for years. There was a tower rising ten stories above the roof, a curious minaret from the parapet of which this eccentric man of wealth might have surveyed the greatest concentration of humanity in all the world—but for one thing: He dared not waste his ebbing life force climbing the dizzy spirals of the tower, and there were no Rapunzels up there.

Probably in all his life he did not mount to the tower top a dozen times.

In the rectangular mass of the great house, though, were the richest of furnishings, an art gallery, a small theater—and secret rooms. Walsh, the wrecker, uncovered those. The staircase of that strange dwelling was more magnificent than many that are regularly trod by kings. There were velvet-covered hand rails that supported the ascent of many distinguished persons. The rich man had many acquaintances, and it may be that sometimes he planned to entertain guests who were not acceptable to others in his house. At any rate there were narrow corridors in the building which were not connected with the principal passageways of the house. Corridors with walls so close that a woman passing through would have to hold her elbows close to keep from scraping her silken frock against them.

THE house's big salvage prize from the wrecker's standpoint was its heavy, solid bronze roof that had become a glorious green from a natural paint, generated by the chemistry of oxygen acting on copper. Walsh got \$65,000 for the roof. It was part of his reward for tearing down the house. But there were other prizes.

Some marble columns and a paneled room were sold to one of the big motion-picture concerns that operates a chain of theatres. The panels and columns are now built into one of the most richly appointed of the nation's motion-picture palaces.

A smelting and refining company in New Jersey bought the roof and was glad to get it from rival concerns. An interior decorator bought some of the marble, some of the paneled rooms and a few of the mantels.

"I would be interested in obtaining," wrote one of the country's business men, "the bird's-eye maple room on the third floor, bannister, white mantelpiece and paneling in the music room."

A representative of a Florida West Coast developer wrote to inquire the price of the fountain in the driveway rotunda. A rich man directed one of his secretaries to write and ask the price of the chandeliers. A Wall Street broker confessed that he was eager to buy the paneling of one of the rooms for the drawing room of his apartment. A lawyer telephoned, and then wrote, to ask for one of the mirrors which he knew to be in the corridor off the billiard room; or even one of the smaller mirrors from a bathroom. Another decorator made a bid for the floor, walls, and ceiling of the reception room. A small theatre concern bought the chairs of Senator Clark's private theatre. From Darien, Conn., came a request for permission to buy the wood paneling in the breakfast room. There were others, but the most important were the moving-picture purchasing agents. There is, it seems, nothing so luxurious that it is not envied by the proprietors of those institutions which only a few years ago we called nickel shows.

According to Mr. Walsh his best market for the sale of interior materials from fine mansions was for a long time the moving-picture companies. Formerly, though, they wanted these things for use in "sets" against which silent actors performed. That was in a time when each company had seventy or eighty stage carpenters at work at all times. Responding to the constant needs of the property men agents of the movies would offer the wreckers of New

York's fine houses \$500 just for the privilege of walking through and making a selection of something they could use in a "set."

Nowadays, when the movies have need of a richly furnished background for a story to be filmed they borrow a house, and none is so rich nor so exclusive that it is proof against the wiles of those who make these arrangements for them. So, when the moving-picture companies buy an object from the building wreckers to-day, that object, most likely is destined to embellish a theatre. Look twice at that marble staircase up which you climb to the balcony! It may once have been in the home of Judge Gary on Fifth Avenue.

On second thought, though, it could not be the Gary mansion. The wrecker who surveyed that sweep of white Carara marble that rose from the first to the fourth floor of Judge Gary's house, offered it as a gift to any one who would haul it away—and there were no takers. It was not wide enough for a theatre. In the end it was junked, bringing less in the market than the cost of taking it apart and moving it out of the house.

When it was profitable to clean bricks for sale in the second-hand market, buildings generally were demolished more slowly than is the case to-day. A gang of men armed with strap irons—flat bars wrenched from the step of a fire escape—would crouch in the thick dust of tumbling walls and chip away the mortar. At their present scale of wages each brick so cleaned would be a kind of gold brick, but the fact is that since the introduction of Portland cement into American mortar it is quite useless to try to clean them, for the cement weaves itself into the very fabric of the brick. The brick will break more easily than the cement with which it is bound. The result is that countless barge loads of old New York walls are carried every day far out to sea and dumped beyond the edge of the continental shelf into Davy Jones' locker.

One of the best and most dependable materials for salvage from old buildings is called scrap. Scrap is any kind of metal, iron, steel, brass, lead, zinc and copper. Here is a market that moves, for those who are required to watch it, in flights more dizzy than ever occurs in Wall Street. In very old buildings, where all pipes are of lead, even a small house may relinquish to the wrecker \$150 worth of lead. If the pipes are of galvanized iron \$50 is a big price.

Most of the wood that comes from old buildings is a liability. It must be carried away and burned. For wooden floor beams there is a constant market in New York. The contractors who build the subways have need of countless thousands of feet of this kind of lumber with which to line the walls of the trenches into which they transform any street as they proceed with that form of subway building which is called "cut and cover." The wrecker can get forty or fifty cents each for a three by ten and eight or nine cents apiece for a sound piece of two by four studding. This business, too, has its daring speculators and as the wheat market has its legends of Old Hutch, of Patten and Armour, so the second-hand building material market of New York remembers—for a half hour—its Levinskis, its Cirilovitskis, its Abarbanellos and its McGuires.

On the small wrecking jobs the contractor is troubled by a possibility of loss that does not bother so much that bigger contractor who sometimes tears down a skyscraper. The value of the lead pipe in an out-moded residence may represent the best part of the wrecker's profit. It is, therefore, a matter of concern to him that some one among his employees may succeed in smuggling off the premises a section of that pipe. He is particularly anxious to avoid having one of his laborers enter into a conspiracy with a truck driver. If such a pair are in what has been called "cahoots" a section of lead pipe may go rumbung down the chute with the rubbish and later be salvaged in secret by the truck driver for disposal at a junkman's basement or yard.

With such small swindles, though, the average wrecker, whether he be barman or helper, is not interested. They are always on the lookout, instead, for a considerable treasure, such a one

as may rescue them forever from the hazards and drudgery of their calling. At the headquarters of the house wreckers' union, a chamber just off the Bowery, which is normally a haze of tobacco smoke, there are legends of fortunate men who have vanished from the union rolls; men who have made a gold strike in the dust of a tottering old house.

There was one—a barman—who cannot be named here without violating a confidence. Ivan Ivanovitch is as good a name as any. Eight hours every day he worked in the midst of dangers as great as those which confront the pearl diver, the city fire fighter or the gold seeker in Alaska. If risking life and limb is the essence of adventure Ivan Ivanovitch was an adventurer. Sometimes his work took him six, eight or twelve stories up on the narrow ledge of a building wall. He was on a lower wall, though, according to the legend when his bar clanked against a metal box imbedded in the brick and mortar of the wall which he was throwing down. The story is given with gestures and much detail when it is recounted in the union headquarters. Here the bare facts will do. What Ivan had found was a wall safe of a kind that are built into many residences, except that this one had been placed high in a closet where its presence might have been unknown to the later occupants of the house.

THERE were gold pieces, stacks of them, in that forgotten safe and the workman who found them, promptly reported sick to the time-keeper, left the premises and never returned. The wrecking contractors laugh at that story, but invariably they try to match it.

Southard's Yard was for many years an establishment in Ninth Avenue on the site of the original Astor mansion. Formerly it occupied a full block and was stacked with great piles of material salvaged from houses wrecked by the owners. In recent times the Southard Company had squeezed its yard into less space and has specialized in the trade of second-hand mantelpieces. There is a great warehouse filled with every variety of marble ever quarried fashioned into mantelpieces—rose jasper, French dove grey, Carara, Belgian black, black and gold until the catalogue itself of those old things sounds like a poem. At Southard's, though, they profess to take little stock in the stories of suddenly enriched building wreckers: they have their own authenticated legends of treasure finding.

When the old home of General McAlpin was being razed in Fifty-third Street a foreman noticed, as the wheelbarrows crossed a certain spot in the lawn that the ground seemed to be strikingly resilient. A few strokes with a pick disclosed that the lawn was growing in soil no more than a foot in thickness. Beneath it was a planking which proved to be the roof of an old stable. Workmen uncovered all of the structure and then, with candles, a thrilling exploration was begun. That stable had been there in the yard since Colonial times. No doubt in the past its foundations had been at street level, but a change in the grade had made it less expensive to cover the stable with planks, and the planks with earth, than to fill in the entire yard.

In the ancient structure the workmen found a goose-neck sleigh, the like of which has not jangled bells in New York streets in more than a hundred years. There were sets of ornate, silver-mounted harness, withered and dry. There was a stand of muskets that had been last fired before the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Several New York historical societies that profited from that find would argue against the proposition that there is no buried treasure in New York.

In every old house there are three places which are always the goals of those who would be the first to search for forgotten treasure. One such place is the top shelf of the old-fashioned closets that could not be reached without the service of a ladder; the other is the wall safe, if any; and the third is the trap in the bathroom lavatory.

Right now in a good many American homes, as any plumber will tell you, there are precious stones caught in the litter that lies in that curve of pipe through which the water drains from lavatory bowls. The plumbing trap is one of the chief perquisites of the small house-wrecking contractor. He searches there for jewels and if he finds them he may legally say "finders keepers," and put them in his pocket. Even

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“They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak”

—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say—“We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn.” It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on me for a speech! No time to beg off—no chance to wriggle out of it!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table.

“Watch him make a fool of himself,” I overheard someone whisper. “He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice.”

“He'll die on his feet!” came another whisper.

“This is going to be funnier than ‘Abie's Irish Rose!’”

I knew they were laughing at me and expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I only grinned inside. I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

“But When I Commenced to Speak”—

Almost from the first word, the smiles of doubt and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous—amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers now—nothing but breathless attention from every one of those hundred listeners! My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unflinching—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes and held them spellbound! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a furious, deafening waving of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous,

excited, thrilling! Somebody pushed forward and grabbed my hand. Others followed—and everybody started talking all at once.

“Great work, Byron, old man! I didn't know you had it in you!”

“You sure swept them off their feet! You're a wonder!”

Was Once a “Human Clam”

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. “Gee, that was a great speech!” he said enthusiastically. “You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place tonight . . . And yet they used to call you ‘a human clam’—and the quietest man in the office!”

It was true, too. All my life I had been handicapped with a shy, timid and retiring nature. I was so self-conscious that it almost hurt. With only a limited education. I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by into positions of social and business prominence simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impressions. It was maddening!

A Lucky Accident

At last I began to despair of getting anywhere—when I accidentally ran across a little book entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*. And I want to say right here that that little book actually helped me change the course of my whole life.

Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement, popularity and success. I don't mean to say that there was any “magic” or

“mystery” about it, because I went at the thing systematically in the privacy of my own home, simply applying 20 minutes each day. And the results were certainly worth it!

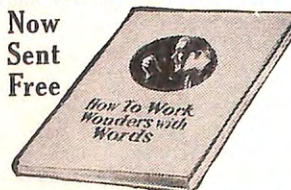
Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worth-while people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest possible degree! And furthermore, the sheer power of convincing speech has been the big secret of my success!

The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secrets of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right thing in the right way at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun! And the secret behind it all is so simple that it is astonishing!

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Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free a copy of *How to Work Wonders with Words*. This remarkable little book will show you how to develop the priceless “hidden knack” of effective speech that has brought success, social position, power and wealth to so many. It will open your eyes to

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- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to overcome stage-fright
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to be the master of any situation

Pulling 'Em Down

(Continued from page 57)

a tenement may conceal lost jewels. To-day the tumbledown place which is to be demolished may be encrusted with the dirt of tenement housekeepers, but a generation ago, likely, it was a household of fashion.

No. 22, 24 and 26 Rose Street is in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge's Manhattan foot, but long before the bridge was built those three houses were dwelling places of consequence. A flood of Irish immigrants moved in there forty years or so ago, engulfing the neighborhood with their brogue. The Irish moved on to better homes and were succeeded by a wave of Italian immigrants. These stayed until the old houses were condemned to give way to profitable structures. Then the wreckers came.

Under layers of cracked and filthy paint the eyes of one of the wrecking contractors distinguished something that was undeniably a treasure. It was a genuine Adam sunburst mantel. No wrecker with pinchbar removed that lovely thing from its surroundings of squalor. The man who did that was an English cabinet maker who treated it as tenderly as if it had been an ailing baby and himself a mother. To-day that old mantel which for years bore nothing more ornamental than the cuddly pipe of a hod-carrier now adorns the drawing room of a millionaire's establishment at Greenwich, Conn.

Never a house is torn down in New York but what yields something in the way of old coins, a few pennies, perhaps, that slipped between loosely fitting boards. By reason of their contracts everything in a house to be demolished becomes the property of the wrecking contractor, but if the barmen and their helpers have an unwritten law governing the finding of lost treasure

I do not think they should be blamed too severely.

Among those who tear down old wrecks of New York houses are many who are themselves a kind of human wreckage. The majority of those listed on the union rolls are Russians and many of these are Russian refugees. The next time you pass the rubbish chute of a housewrecker, glance up at the figure silhouetted against the sky. There, standing on a flimsy column of brick, all that is left of a crumbling façade, will be a heavily muscled adventurer in overalls. If you are lucky you may be looking at that particular housewrecker who was once a general in the army of the Czar.

If not the general, then it may be one or the other of the two aviators who once dropped bombs on the Eastern front. House Wreckers Local No. 95 in recent years has had listed on its rolls several former Russian naval officers, even more army officers, some school teachers and a civil engineer. There is excuse for wondering why these fugitives from the ruins of an old Empire are content to work in the rubbish piles of a Republic where they might have more money and easier work.

If you can find an interpreter any one of them will tell you the answer to that: They do not wish to be bothered with the chore of learning to speak English when, after all (so they will tell you) the time is sure to come when they will again wear gold braid and the medals of a Czar. Somehow, they do not seem to realize that the Russia which they knew is like the building wrecks in which they earn their living and is being cleared away to make room for a finer structure.

The Slow-Poke

(Continued from page 11)

curling, cold fog that would eddy across the trail and finally engulf the whole train in its great, gray ocean as it blotted out every vestige of the mountains and gorges on either hand.

It was the afternoon of the second day when, as one of these swooping fogs thinned slowly, that a rider, a *cholo*—half-Aymara and half-Spanish—spurred out of the mist. He was spurring a horse that limped slightly, and the lather and the rowel streaks against the animal's flanks gave proof of some emergency as well as the split lip of the *cholo* and his bloodied and sweated face.

"Sam," said Bill, "if we could understand what this guy would say, it would be something about 'you'd oughta see the other fellow!'"

Sam laughed. "Where'd he get it, Don Erasmo?"

"Oh, his boss beat him, maybe," said Don Erasmo.

The boss *arriero* spurred up to the little group at the head of the column. The *cholo* was fumbling in his belt under his red poncho, and he held forth a paper excitedly. Through his split lip he was gurgling excitedly in Aymara and Spanish.

"*Socorro—socorro!*"

"He says 'help—help!'" said Don Erasmo. He took the dirty scrap of paper.

Roughly it ran in hasty pencil: "To the first commander of troops: Help—help—the Indians are here—we are in the church—hurry," it was signed "Intendente of Illabaya." The intendente is the mayor or government head of an interior town—and no town is too small to have one.

Illabaya! The visit of Señorita Eufrosina! She was there—*Dios, Dios*, thank God he was here—a rescue! Don Erasmo felt himself grow hot and cold.

"Señor Beel," he clutched at the air, "it is of utmost importance. It is an *Indiad*—we must help!"

There was no doubt of that. Bill knew Illabaya, a little town perched on an almost level promontory of land that jutted out, like a steep-walled peninsula into a great gorge from the vast mountain that was lost in the clouds at their right—and some fifteen miles from Riobamba. One passed through its outskirts in order to get to Riobamba. Occasionally,

driven mad with their vicious rum or the memory of their grievances or over some specific irritation, the Aymaras of a district will rise in an outburst; sometimes hundreds, sometimes thousands, and, more rarely over huge districts. It is kill and loot; and then it dies down and a few are shot, and back they go to their humdrum submissiveness. But, once upon a time in an *Indiad*, they met the mounted troops that were sent against them, stood their charge and the rifle fire, and waded in and pulled the troopers off their horses and beat them to death with rocks.

"How many are there?" demanded Bill.

The boss *arriero* translated.

"He said '*uarandá!*'" reported the boss *arriero*, and he waved his arms as to a sum beyond counting. The *cholo* pulled a bottle from under his poncho and took a good pull despite his split lip.

"Drunk!" said Bill. "I'll bet there aren't fifty." That there was an Indian fight on, he knew from the note of the *intendente* but—! He looked over their own outfit. There was Sam and Dan, himself, Don Erasmo with his pink pearl-handled revolver, the boss *arriero*, and his ten half-breed mule-packers. All mounted, of course, and the boss *arriero* had a Winchester, as did four of his men.

"We must help—there are no troops nearer Pinchincha," said the boss *arriero* simply. He gave an order and the *cholo* changed horses with a *cholo* packer, as he set out again for Pinchincha and help from soldiers; the slight halt made the limp more pronounced, and a heavy, bruised swelling showed on its rump, where a stone from an Aymara sling had landed.

That was true. It was the code of the country. It is like the call for help at sea—and no man turns aside when these calls come. Besides, the Indians have no firearms, only their slings and stones—nice river stones, from the size of an egg to a small lemon, which they hurl from a coarse llama-hair sling, even as did David against the Philistines.

"It is five miles from here to Illabaya, about," said the boss *arriero*, and he sent a packer hurrying down the trail ahead, to raise a posse from Riobamba in case that had been overlooked.

Bill gave an order and a mule that was pack-

(Continued on page 60)



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You won't believe it until you have actually seen and worn a Lustray. Fill in the coupon below. Send it to us, with your check or money order. We will ship you your Lustrays immediately. Made by the makers of the famous Buck Skein, and backed by their guarantee. Send the coupon today.

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The Slow-Poke

(Continued from page 59)

ing the ammunition was unloaded. Saddlebags were loaded with extra ammunition; a case of machetes was broken open and each man given one. Don Erasmo was hopping around shrilling in Spanish and clucking in Aymara. He was a nuisance. "Just plain nutty," said Sam. It was serious business and the three gringos knew it—but then you couldn't, naturally, pass on without taking a crack at it—there were white people, women and children, too, penned up in a church and fighting.

"If anything happens to any of us," said Bill, "any one of the rest just hustle this stuff on in down the river—this mess has nothing to do with the Copacabana Company—and we're all liable to get fired for sticking our spoon in. We're mining engineers and hired as such—not the U. S. Army."

"Shut up," said Sam, turning on Don Erasmo who was clawing at Bill's sleeve excitedly.

"We will divide, señor—we will rush *los brutos*," he shrilled, "we will do as Napoleon did—I have read of his excellent battles. Give me, I beg, the right wing—I know Illabaya—we will catch them thus—and thus—and thus—" and he waved his machete even as he had seen the sword wave in the bronze hand of the bronze statue of Simon Bolivar in the plaza of Pinchincha. Bill dodged.

"Here, Don Erasmo," he said, "we separate nothing, *nunca*, get that, we stick together. You're going to stay right here with this pack-train and bring these mules into Riobamba. Two of the cholos stay with you and you're boss. You get this outfit of mules to Riobamba, *sabel!*"

Don Erasmo was stunned. "Señor—señor!" he wailed. "I must assist—I can shoot, give me a rifle, I beg—I beg you señor, I must!" He tore the little thirty-two caliber pink pearl-handled revolver from its waterproof, oiled holster and hurled it scornfully to the ground, and the little pink pieces of glass splinters sprinkled the trail as it struck a rock. That precious revolver of but two days since, so valiant, so wickedly efficient with its nickel and pink sheen! "Give me a rifle, señor—I know how to pull the trigger and to load it—I have sold them for years in Pinchincha," he said, pleadingly. "Señor *Beel*, I must assist—it is very urgent—I beg you!"

"Listen, Don Erasmo," said Bill, "we've got to be getting started. You're a game little guy all right—but there isn't any extra rifle. Pick up your pistol—you may need it, and you've got a machete. You follow us along with the mule-train—you're its boss, and when we go on up into the plaza and the church at Illabaya, you go right on through to Riobamba, understand. That's an order."

"Who'd a-thought," remarked Sam, "that a little guy like that, punching a quill down a column of figures for half a life would get up that much ginger!"

IF DON ERASMO had been able to understand English he would have echoed the thought. But he was stunned without even caring to analyze his own thoughts. Dumb with a stirring anguish that he had never felt before in all those placid years, he had not even a Spanish curse to bring to the surface. He hated no one, he hated nothing. He was numb with the one thought of his Señorita Eufrosina penned up in the little whitewashed church with a horde of dirty, drunken Aymaras surging about her refuge and hurling stones at her. And he! Powerless! *Por Dios*, powerless! He felt the muscles swell in his slender arms; he could feel himself tearing an Aymara lengthwise, and slowly—so that the Señorita Eufrosina could see the rescue; he wished he could have her father alive so that he too could witness it, and then would he say "Perezoso!"

Rapidly Bill and the little group of twelve were growing small in the distance as they appeared and reappeared around the bends of the winding trail. Don Erasmo was recalling that trail in detail. It would dip down in a winding little valley, very narrow, with a foaming brook with tumbling blue-green glacial water in it, past an old mud-walled mill that dated from the time of the conquistadores Spaniards

and their conquest, then up a narrow road and suddenly out into the narrow mud-walled street that led crookedly into the center and plaza of Illabaya, in which was the little, low, mud-walled park fronting on which the little white church of Illabaya stood. Fortunately, he thought, that Señor *Beel* could enter without being observed; he would surprise them—it would be over in a few minutes—a rush, a *viva*, a hurrah! hurrah! fleeing Indians! and then the heavy church doors would be slowly opened and the Señorita Eufrosina would step daintily out of its dusky background and—*he, he, He* would not be there!

As Bill and his party reached the little mud-walled mill, above the rush of water boiling over the rocks, they could hear an occasional distant shot from somewhere within the town. Not an Aymara had been encountered. There were none within that single, crooked, mud-walled lane lined with low mud-walled houses with faded pink and blue and yellow and white walls and gay red-tiled roofs that led into the plaza of Illabaya. At least none within the scanty outskirts. There was only an occasional shot from somewhere beyond. Here and there up a straggling lane of low, mud-walled houses that opened from this main approach to the plaza an Aymara Indian appeared, and then dusted out of sight. Crooked as the street was there was yet no sight of the plaza, but the low, growling murmur increased—it was a good-sized *Indiad*. "*Waranca*' was right," remarked Bill grimly. "We've bitten off a good, big chew, all right."

They passed a broken doorway with a spattered sack of rice pouring over the sill and an Aymara, drunk to utter stupefaction, sprawled in the débris. Farther on a little store had been looted and the dirt of the street was flecked with the gay mosaic of spilled groceries; a keg of pickles had been stove in, and tumbled bolts of calico, half-unwrapped, were mixed with broken kits of mackerel, and all over was the mess of codfish, parasols, shoes, while over there against the wall was a gaudy flounced silk skirt be-draggled in the briny mud. An overturned little clay stove for open-air cooking by the *cholos*—something like an old-fashioned plumber's furnace—was smouldering with acrid fumes of the native llama fuel and, mingling with all the smells of provisions there was the pungent aroma of the sugar-cane alcohol, canassa. That, too, had been looted, and somewhere inside the row of casks with wooden spigots, that had held it for orderly trade, were lying empty with their heads broken in. But, other than that single drunken Indian, there was not a soul in the street; nothing but that irregular, growling murmur, out of which there occasionally burst a group of shouts and then a shot, from the plaza beyond, that was still invisible from the rambling turns of this main street that led to it.

And then—suddenly—as they rounded a corner the street straightened out, and there, at its end, was the plaza where there circled and wove and swayed a mob of bright-ponchoed Indians, yelling. There were plenty of them. Through the opening of the street one could only get a section of the scene, and only a single corner of the church was within this vision, and that was but a corner of the solid front wall without a window, from which, possibly, signals might be exchanged. Back and forth across the street opening the rescue party could see the figures of an occasional Indian woman shuffling in a half trot with her coarse woolen shawl filled with river stones for the sling of her loving spouse. From somewhere there was a subdued piping—an Indian flute, or many of them, playing a queer, mournful music, not unlike some Chinese airs. A shell throbbing marked its irregular rhythm—the big drums and the little drums from hollowed trees slowly scraped out in some Aymara village. Now and again they could see some Indian whirling his sling, and a second later would come a faint clatter of a broken tile as a stone landed on the church roof. Then there would follow an outburst of hoarse yelling, and all Indians within range of the vision of the narrow street would start whirling their slings and hurling their stones in a clattering bombardment. A single shot from the church replied.

"*No hay muchas ballas*," said the *arriero*—not many cartridges.

An Indian woman with an apron full of stones spied the leaders of the little posse as the first horsemen rounded the corner of the street. With a shrill scream she hurled a stone with her hand down the street. The nearest Indians spun about, and faced the same way. From one of them came a stone that cracked and bounded from the walls of the houses as it knocked off chunks of the whitewashed mud plaster and rolled harmlessly almost to where Bill and Sam and Dan and the boss *arriero* watched the milling, shouting mob in the plaza. At the first glance Bill knew that the *cholo* messenger with the split lip was right—the Indians were *warana*, very many—this was no job that could be settled with a quick rush.

"Off the horses—quick!" he ordered, "into those two doorways on the left of the street. Look out for the stones, and keep them back. Rodriguez—hey, Rodriguez!" he looked about for the boss *arriero*. Rodriguez clattered into sight around a crooked turn from the intersecting street to the right.

"Two men up that street, señor, if any Aymaras may come that way. I have sent two up that other lane"—he indicated the equally crooked intersecting alley to the left—"they have their machetes and a pistol, each."

FOUNDED by the early, foraging Spaniards with an eye always for loot and defense, the site of Illabaya had been well chosen. Its flat top was admirable for a town; it jutted out into a huge gorge, and its three steep sides were easily defended; and its only entrance and exit led to that narrow crooked street by which the posse had come. It was easily defensible with a minimum of defenders, and it was likewise vulnerable to attack if any one held this entrance, but the Aymaras, in their haste—scarcely more than a mob—had neglected this. But the little party was so small they could be, with a vigorous rush, swamped. The danger was that the Aymaras might flank them from these side lanes—but, thought Bill, if they themselves only had a section, or a couple of squads, even, they could, through these crooked lanes, drive in on the flanks of the Indians.

Sam and Dan were lying flat, each half in a doorway. They were shooting irregularly, for there was little in the way of targets. Here and there the rapid flicker of a scarlet poncho through the foliage of the plaza; the half-hidden figure of a rising slinger as he appeared for a second and slung his stone, or the more frequent dart of a yelling figure across the opening of the street as the sling whirled and a stone came bouncing harmlessly down the street to die out, generally, often before it reached them. But in front of the low mud wall of the plaza two inert figures in red ponchos lay as they had fallen, and another was slowly crawling to get beyond the street opening.

The four mule-packers with Winchesters sprawled out in the dirt of the street firing at anything that moved. Rodriguez and Bill both dismounted, and the former, with his bridle rein over his left arm, joined in. It looked as though the Aymaras might be going.

Then came a vicious thud of stone on mud plaster, and a stone bounced viciously past Rodriguez.

"Los techos! los techos!" yelled Rodriguez. "They're on the roofs! Look out for the roofs!" yelled Bill.

He jumped for Rodriguez' horse and dropped his rifle. He scrambled feet first into the saddle and stood up so that he could grasp the rough, rawhide-lashed saplings that formed the frame on which the roof tiles were laid. The nearest tiles ripped loose, and that gave him a fair handhold so that he was able to drag himself over and onto the low sloping roof. Six feet away tiles flew up in chips as a stone landed and cracked down on Rodriguez as he passed up the rifle. More stones were coming; little figures in flapping ponchos stood out in brilliant silhouette against the white walls of the church that was, from the roof, clearly visible. One slumped as Bill fired; another dropped and crumpled over into the street, and he noted that Sam and Dan were out in the street. From a side alley beyond and between them and the plaza Aymaras were darting with their whirling slings in a steady stream. Beyond them he could see other figures darting from doorway to doorway and coming forward. Sometimes a figure would

(Continued on page 62)

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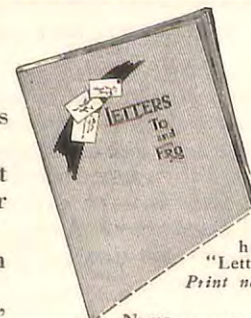
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The Slow Poke

(Continued from page 61)

jump out from a doorway and whirl its sling and then dart back.

"Back—get back in the doorways!" he called down. "I can take care of the roofs! Get 'em!"

Stones were bouncing down the street and kicking up spurts of dust as they struck; dust and powder smoke settled heavily in the soft afternoon air in the narrow street, and the running figures of the Aymaras did not show so clearly through the growing haze. Dull, dark, motionless patches through the haze showed that there were casualties; but it seemed to mean nothing. A horse squealed, and as Bill looked down out of the corner of his eye he saw Rodriguez' horse shivering on three legs with a fractured knee-cap—no escape on him. "That means somebody will be running on foot with his hand on a stirrup leather," he thought, "pretty soon, maybe."

From below Sam called up: "O. K. here—just a horse—no one hit."

But, even as he spoke, one of Rodriguez' men grunted harshly, and his rifle dropped in the dirt; his left arm dangled uselessly. Crazy with pain he pulled his belt gun and started running forward, firing as he went.

"A muertel! A muertel!" he screamed. Kill, Kill!

A STONE caught him full in the belly and he dropped without a sound while his knees quivered slowly up to his chin.

The Aymaras saw it, and with it larger groups burst across the intersecting lane beyond and with a heavier burst of stones. Rodriguez looked up at Bill on the roof from his doorway; he jerked his thumb backwards—it was time to get out; he drew his finger in a circle in the air and pointed down toward the attackers—we will be cut off, the gesture plainly said. Bill shook his head—if they could keep the Aymaras from charging, and they do not charge in a great rush, but with a slow irregular forward movement, like they were doing—by and by their morale would break, maybe. Maybe! He glanced at the watch on his wrist—in Illabaya about twenty minutes! Twenty minutes—a shriek from under the eaves of the roof on which he stood reported another casualty, and a man began to cry, sobbing and screaming like a woman. "Poor devil," thought Bill—he had seen men go that way before. Rodriguez was right; time to go. He stepped to the edge of the roof—

Off to the right, somewhere up that rambling crooked lane between the low-walled houses a shot—another—! He remembered the men that Rodriguez had posted there with their cheap nickel pistols. Well—surrounded—flanking us, eh! He knew the pistols were not much good, and he dropped to the street below. But, even before his foot touched the dirt of the street there came a rippling, irregular crash of rifle fire—these were no tin pistols! A rapid fire—flashing—irregular—bang, bang—ri-i-i-ip!

And, even as it was making this sweet music, there came from the left, somewhere in the windings of that crooked lane and a little to the rear, another burst of rifle fire and through it, like the silver music of salvation, a bugle—a bugle! Again a long-drawn burst of rifle fire on the right. From the rear, directly down the crooked lane that enters Illabaya another—and again the tara-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta of a bugle. Lucky the troops had come just in time—they caught those flankers. Lord, they had been surrounded! But—troops, troops! What was there to fear now! The Indians were fading—the stones were no longer bouncing down the streets or—they too were fading. Through the haze of smoke and dust one could see the flutter of fleeing ponchos.

Another burst of rifle fire joined in from the right—the clatter of hoofs—the jangle of equipment—a high-pitched order from an unseen officer, a mere boy probably "a muertel a muertel!"

"Come on!" yelled Bill as he started on a run down the street that had been less than a moment before filled with the thud and bounce of the vicious river stones, and firing as he ran.

"Adelante! Vamanos!" yelled Rodriguez shooting as he ran—in the air, anywhere, just to add to the impetus. The other arrieros joined in the charge. At the first intersection they could see a few Aymaras sullenly retiring. One

whirled his sling and sent a wicked stone ricocheting down the narrow street. A burst of bullets from the Copacabana outfit seethed by and he ducked and ran. On to the plaza—beat the cavalry—show them what gringos can do—be there first and welcome to our city, eh!

A few struggling Aymaras were still visible at the sides of the plaza, retreating sullenly down the little streets that opened into it. As the little group emerged, the plaza was all but deserted. A few Aymaras, drunk to helplessness, swayed uncertainly through the little park. A wounded Aymara crawled to his knees with his hat in his hands and whimpered. From the rear of the church there came a few shots, and even now, through the vista of a little lane that led to the edge of the small plateau of Illabaya could be seen the red flash of ponchos as the first fleeing Indians were already beginning to climb the farther sides of the gorge.

The plaza was deserted. But troops? Where were they? A fresh outburst of rifle fire up a crooked street from one side of the plaza indicated some slow advance, if any. The bugle again—

And then! A gray-muzzled mule poked its nose around the corner and entered the plaza. It was a pack mule. Its pack sloped sideways; its rawhide nets had been slashed and its main lashing slackened so that from its burden came a clank and clatter not unlike that of cavalry equipment. Another followed similarly disarranged and similarly clanking. A whip cracked from the narrow street behind it, and it skittishly jumped with the unseen sting. A bugle blew and, following the second mule there briskly appeared the form and figure of Don Erasmo, mounted on his horse with his cornet still at his lips and a whip in his other hand. Clashed in the music-clip of the cornet was a fat, smoking, black cigar. From the unbuckled flaps of his saddlebags there came a crisp flash of scarlet bright in the mellow afternoon sun.

He jammed the big rowels of his spurs into the ribs of his horse. He waved his cornet.

"Amigos! Amigos! Eufrosina! I am here!" he shouted.

Already one could hear the sounds in the church that indicated they were taking down the heavy beams of mabogany that bolted fast the high iron-studded doors.

"Where the hell are those mules? Where the hell are the soldados," roared Bill. He spurred alongside of Don Erasmo and up the low broad steps that led to the wide church porch. "What the—"

Don Erasmo drew himself to his full height in his stirrups.

"I am the soldiers, señors!" He pointed to the mules with the slashed rawhide nets and the lopsided cargoes that clanked. They were the mules that had been loaded with tools and hardware. "Cavalry—it sounds like, yes!" he said. He patted his saddlebags, and lifted the unbuckled flaps—firecrackers, torn from the wrappings and lying loosely in their braided groups. "One touch from this," he picked the fat black cigar from its music clip and puffed, as he pointed at the braided end of the fuses of a firecracker pack, "and—bang, bang—it was carbines, yet!" He paused for the triumph.

The church doors creaked on their ancient Spanish hinges and swung open to the ecclesiastical gloom beyond. A padre, rather pale, and with a Winchester clasped across his plump stomach stepped into the light, and raised his hand in clerical benediction and welcome. As Rodriguez and the arrieros knelt devoutly Don Erasmo flung himself from his saddle and darted inside the gloom.

Mules were straggling into the plaza from the two rambling side lanes that Don Erasmo had, with his two muleteers made his firecrackers attack. "Thank the Lord for these crooked streets, that the Aymaras couldn't see up," said Sam. "Who'd ever of thought it of the little guy!"

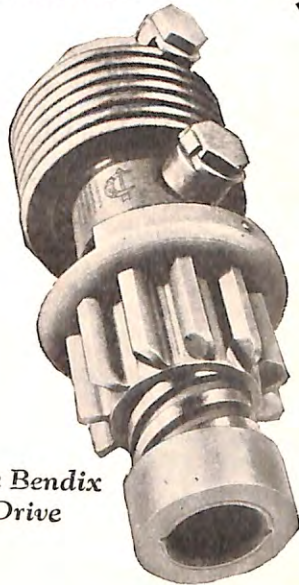
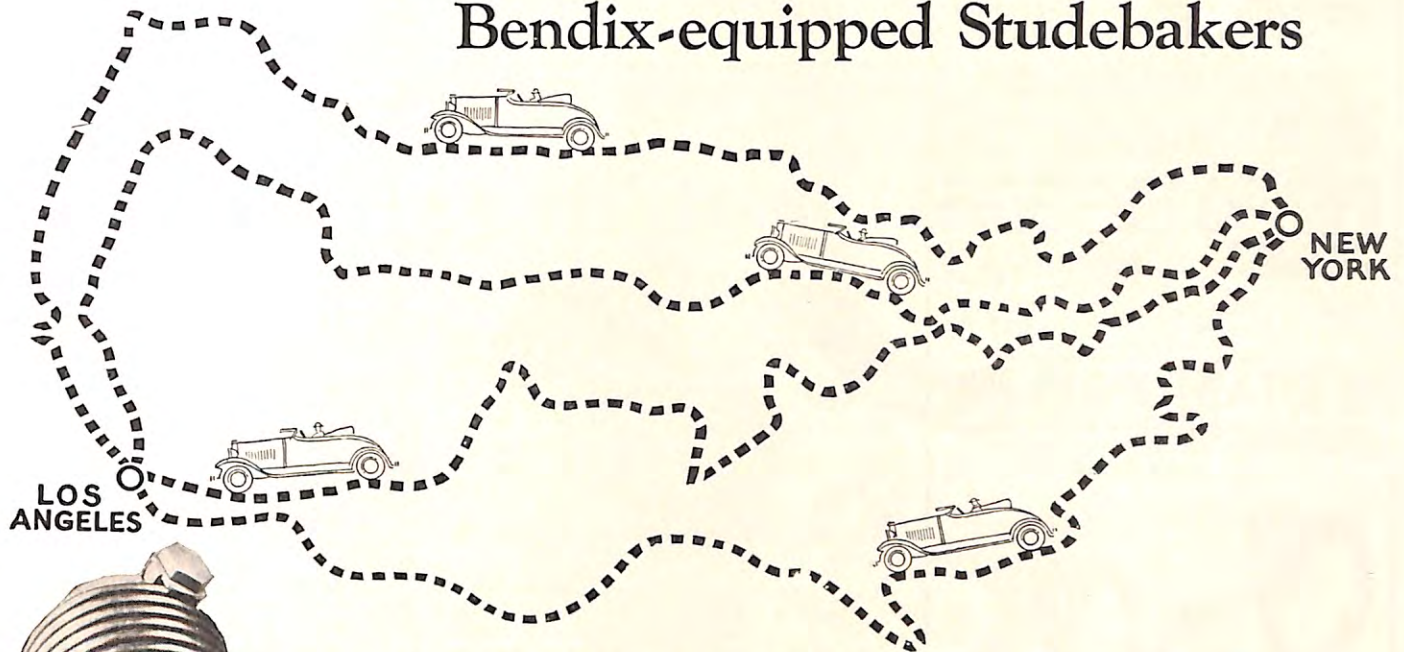
"Firecrackers!" said Bill solemnly, "and other good men waste money buying high-price cartridges!"

"Especially armies," said Dan. "Can't we patent it and cash in!"

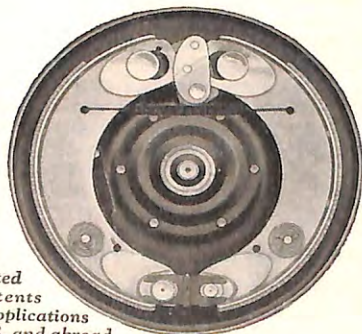
(Continued on page 64)

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The Slow-Poke

(Continued from page 62)

From out the church dimness and the still scared group of *cholos* and women and children that squeezed fearfully about the portal, an energetic pushing shoved a lane to the front. It was Don Erasmo with a lady on his arm, a plump lady, pallid with a heavy coating of hasty powder, and—to put it as gracefully as possible no longer in early girlhood—but with soft, doelike eyes that rested proudly on Don Erasmo. But what would you have—Don Erasmo was no spring chicken himself. Behind, and elbowing her way right on their heels a grim, gimlet-eyed female followed with her high, tortoise-shell comb quivering with a wrath that was by no means suppressed in aristocratic silence. She was talking at Don Erasmo—or at the whole world—and clutching at the sleeve of Don Erasmo, and her voice sounded, in its pure but irate Castilian like

something halfway between a watchman's rattle and an aroused cat defending its kittens.

"Señor *Smeth*," he went up straight to Bill and bowed with ceremonial deference "I have the honor to present my wife—no, no *mi novia*—*mi* engage."

The lady bowed mildly and looked fondly upon Don Erasmo. She turned an instant as to pacify the shrill clacking of the maddened aunty. Don Erasmo shoved brusquely in between and restored the lady's arm within his own.

"In my travels, dearest one," he murmured firmly, "I have learned much and am no longer a slow-poke—a *perczoso*. I have learned English too, from my good friends here—" he swept the gringos with a bow—"and we shall use it on our aunt."

He turned to that lady and bowed stiffly: "You can go to hell!" he said in slow English.

The Adventure of a Built-In Bookcase

(Continued from page 25)

Treasure Island, by Robert L. Stevenson.
The Life of Keats, by Amy Lowell.

As soon as we put these names down an army of others sprang to mind, shaming us for having neglected them. Imagine not having even mentioned one volume of Shakespeare! Never having hinted at Hawthorne, or H. G. Wells, or Arnold Bennett, or Mrs. Edith Wharton, or Willa Cather, or Hugh Walpole, or O. Henry, or hundreds of others of the great company!

And that built-in bookcase just yearning for them!

Now, we must speak—as briefly as we can—about some of the latest things that have come hot off the press. Current books of good quality give us splendid reflections of our own times and should form a big part of our reading. Aside from that, they are almost always very dashing and enthralling affairs, and we are only too glad to bury our noses in them.

The Cradle of the Deep

By Joan Lowell. (Simon & Schuster, New York.)

SEVENTEEN years aboard a windjammer is this girl's record. The fact that Miss Lowell, from the time she was an infant in arms, was brought up before and behind the mast, provides an ocean of explanation for her naturalness, her cussing, her spitting, her frankness, and, above all, for her ruddy way of telling a story. If you've read the papers at all you have not escaped Miss Lowell, born Lazzarevich, and married to Mr. Buchanan, playwright. Publicity has claimed her for its own. She is a best-seller, a prospective movie-talker, a social sea-lion. And more than that, she can wear a pair of sailor trousers, a flannel shirt and a pair of bare feet without looking as though headed for a fancy-dress party. An absolute guarantee for a fascinating night's reading.

The Bishop Murder Case

By S. S. Van Dine. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

PHILO VANCE, our favorite detective (amateur), once more does his stuff. A series of brutal murders takes place. Vance, stalking his clues down the rhyming paths of Mother Goose, finally gets his man. Absolutely thrilling and extraordinarily well written.

Accident

By Arnold Bennett. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York.)

ALUXURIOUS Riviera express. On it a conservative Englishman bent upon a holiday. Later, he discovers his daughter-in-law aboard, headed for a divorce from his son, who has gone into the wrong wing of Parliament. Still later, at Aix, there appears in the train the son himself, hot on the trail of his runaway spouse. Family affairs proceed for adjustment at about sixty miles an hour.

Then the accident.

A canny and delightful yarn, with more than a dash of psychology.

Wild Goose Chase

By Fannie Heaslip Lea. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

BEGUILING short stories by a very popular author. The gaiety and delicacy of Miss Lea's technique invariably overlays a serious purpose. Emotions are pricked with the very tip of a sparkling rapier; blood is seldom drawn, but courage and gallantry are frequently put to the test.

In case you'd care to know, our choice amongst these tales is for "Wild Goose Chase"—the short romance that gives the book its title—for "Galahad, Himself," which created a furor when it appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*—and for "Hokum and Roses."

Vivid, quick, delicious things that you had better not miss.

Dodsworth

By Sinclair Lewis. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

SAM DODSWORTH, in early middle age, lays down his job (automobiles) and takes up his life—abroad.

Abroad means something more or less intangible to Sam, but to his wife it stands for the whole thing in power and glory. The book resolves itself into an amazing study of temperament and marriage, providing Sinclair Lewis with every opportunity to display his famous gifts at portraiture.

Skillful, important, provocative.

This Side of Jordan

By Roark Bradford. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

MISSISSIPPI plantation negroes—happy and pitiful.

Young Jack coming back to his people from a Northern college with his educated sweetheart... Didge, child of the bayou and wise with a sort of witch-wisdom, winning Jack back to the elemental Africa that surges in them all.

Compelling picture of the real Southern negro.

Rome Haul

By Walter D. Edmunds. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

LIFE and love on the Erie Canal in the '50s. The re-creation of a lost era, told with a proper leisurely rhythm.

The Son of Dr. Tradusac

By Elizabeth Huntington. (Duffield & Co., New York.)

FROM smugness and hypocrisy, O Lord, deliver us!

Thus cries the young author of this story of to-day—the record of *Abner*, victim of an education that had in it no truth, no strength, no joy.

A flaming sort of book that should, by rights, have led to many more brilliant works. But a note of tragedy attaches itself to this volume. The author, immediately upon finishing this—her first novel—was killed last year in a motor accident.

The New Rubaiyat, and Epigrams in Hai-Kai

By Bob Lafferty. (The Culture Press, N. Y.)

PHILOSOPHY, shorn of all preamble and circumlocution. . . . Little bulls' eyes of wisdom and humor, hit unflinchingly with a few crisp words, by Robert C. Lafferty, business man, newspaper man and essayist.

In one case the modern and delightful quatrains are based on the old form used by Omar. In the other, sparkling "mots," in the Oriental manner, touch off our valors and weaknesses with disarming simplicity.

These two news volumes will add greatly to Bob Lafferty's growing output of popular books.

An Affair of the Heart

(Continued from page 21)

fact that she accepted the doctor's verdict. He should not have the satisfaction of gloating over her weakness. By resting when he was not about and working as usual when he was, she believed she could lead him into thinking the doctor had made a mistake.

If she found this impossible; if it developed that to go on living she must become dependent on Lemuel's aid, well—her father's old revolver was in her bureau, and it was loaded. She would have no compunction in using it when the time came. She would shoot both Lemuel and herself. But she reserved that course as a last resort. She thought it all out quite clearly.

For the next few weeks Lemuel was puzzled. Coming home from the doctor's office, that day after the funeral, he had made up his mind exactly what to do. He would wait a little while for the sake of appearances, and then spring his trap. And he would be able to report, with perfect truth, that Abigail had succumbed as the result of a sudden shock. But as time passed and she appeared as strong and active as ever, he was nonplussed. He did not guess that in the early mornings as soon as he had gone off on his daily rounds of his lobster pots and she had done the breakfast dishes, she lay down for an hour or two. He did not guess in how many ways she contrived to save herself and conserve her energy. Nor did he guess how closely she watched him and kept a check on the time of his comings and goings. He began to feel frustrated; to think that after all she had been right and the doctor wrong.

As his hopes sank, hers rose. She was convinced that her strategy was succeeding. Indeed, benefited by the regimen of rest she had set herself, even she commenced to doubt that there was anything the matter with her heart. It had been her custom, every spring and fall, to clean the house from attic to cellar. For a while she had feared she might be forced to abandon that rite this year, but when the time came she felt so well that she decided to go through with it as usual. It would be added proof, to Lemuel, that she was all right.

She began on the parlor, attacking the task with customary vigor, moving furniture, sweeping, scrubbing, reaching on shelves—and when she was half done she suddenly realized that unless she should rest, she would be unable to continue. She looked at the clock. Lemuel was not due to return for two hours. She would lie down for just an hour.

When he arrived for his dinner, he found her still lying on the sofa in the disordered room. He tip-toed over to look at her and saw she was sound asleep. Very thoughtfully he went to the kitchen and started to prepare himself a meal. Abigail asleep! at mid-day was a sight to make him thoughtful. It was an unheard-of phenomenon. He had never known her to do such a thing before.

The clatter of kitchenware awakened her. She sat up and held her breath. Lemuel was back! He had found her asleep! She rose quickly and went to the kitchen.

He was sitting at the table, eating some cold
(Continued on page 66)

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An Affair of the Heart

(Continued from page 65)

beans and bread. As she entered he looked up at her with a suspicion of a grin on his face.

"Takin' the doctor's advice, hey?"

"Doctor nothin'," she retorted. "I got sleepy, that's all."

"I see you did," he observed, drily.

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothin'—nothin' at all," said he, smirking. So he was right, after all. As one who has suddenly remembered something left undone, he pushed back his half empty plate, got up from the table and went outdoors.

Through the window she saw him follow the path to the fish-house. He looked back once and then was lost to view. A sudden premonition of evil impelled her to follow him, to spy on him. He had acted queerly. What was going on behind those crafty eyes of his? The impulse to find out was irresistible.

Leaving the house from the other side, where she could take cover among the trees, she stepped swiftly along the woods trail, thickly carpeted with pine needles and moss, which led to the rear of his retreat. Creeping silently the last few yards, she found a chink in the siding of the shack and peered inside.

With increasing mystification, she saw Lemuel split a large fish and smear its blood copiously over his forehead and one side of his face. She saw him toss the carcass out into the sea and then deliberately lie down, sprawled on his side in an attitude of death. In a flash, she understood what he was about.

FASCINATED, with mounting exultation, she watched him draw a pistol, fire it out of the door, push it a few feet away from him and close his eyes. She throbbed with triumph. He had set the stage well for her.

To Lemuel, the brief time between the firing of the shot and the coming of the woman seemed like an eternity. Outside, attracted by the dead fish floating in the water, the gulls began to gather, by twos and threes, with screaming and mewing and beating of wings. He began to fear his work had been in vain. That his shot had not been heard. At last sounded the crunch of hurried steps on the shell path. She was coming! He closed his eyes tightly and forced his quaking nerves into submission.

Abigail stopped short in the doorway. For a few moments she surveyed the inert figure on the floor. Then she stepped forward, an ironic smile curling the corners of her mouth. Though he began to realize his experiment had failed, that the sight of him had not shocked her, he dared not move, nor open his eyes. He did not know that she had picked up the gun. He never did know it.

For suddenly, with set lips, she aimed at him point blank and fired. His body twitched and was still. The noise of the shot frightened the gulls. With shrill cries they rose from their meal and soared in circles overhead.

Abigail seemed quite calm. Her face was chalky white, but her hands were steady. She laid the revolver on the floor, near the body, and walked to the door.

As she stepped from the fish house toward the path to the beach, a ghastly derisive laugh sounded behind her.

"Haw, haw, haw!" it went, "Haw, haw, haw!"

She turned wildly, her face distorted with terror. Then, clutching at her side, she fell in a crumpled heap on the rocks.

The huge gull that had come up behind her wheeled and dived for the remains of the dead fish that still floated off the near-by ledge.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 37)

committee in June, 1928, conditions at the clinic have been improved and existing faults corrected. The list of the results is printed here. Treatments given, 1,886; clinics held, 46; operations performed, 6; cases investigated by social service department, 324; calls by social service department, 268; orthopedic shoes purchased, 2; braces purchased, 2; total expenditures, \$1,109.35.

District Deputy McKy Visits Ashland, Ore., Lodge

A fine turnout of members was present to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. R. McKy on his visit to Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 944. Accompanying the District Deputy were President H. B. Cusick and Vice-President Perry O. DeLap of the Oregon State Elks Association, and a feature of the evening was the initiation of a class of candidates by the officers of Ashland Lodge. In his address Mr. McKy complimented the Lodge on its excellent condition and the officers for their efficient ritualistic work. Mr. Cusick spoke on the future plans of the State Association, and Mr. DeLap explained what the Association committees were doing to make the coming State convention the biggest and best ever held in Oregon.

Paterson, N. J., Lodge Donates Large Sums to Charitable Institutions

Chief among the recent benefactions of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, were the presentations of two checks, each for a sum of approximately \$2,400, to the Old Ladies Home of Passaic County and to the Little Sisters of the Poor. The total amount of the gifts consisted of the proceeds of the Lodge's annual musical revue. The first presentation was made by Past Exalted Ruler and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edmund G. Stalter, at the annual meeting of the board of managers of the Old Ladies Home. Present for the occasion were a number of officers of Paterson Lodge headed by Exalted Ruler Leo Eirich, and the directors of the home, who were loud in their praise of the gift. The visitors were escorted on an inspection tour of the new building, after which they were scheduled to make the presentation to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Orange, N. J., Lodge to Dedicate Memorial on Decoration Day

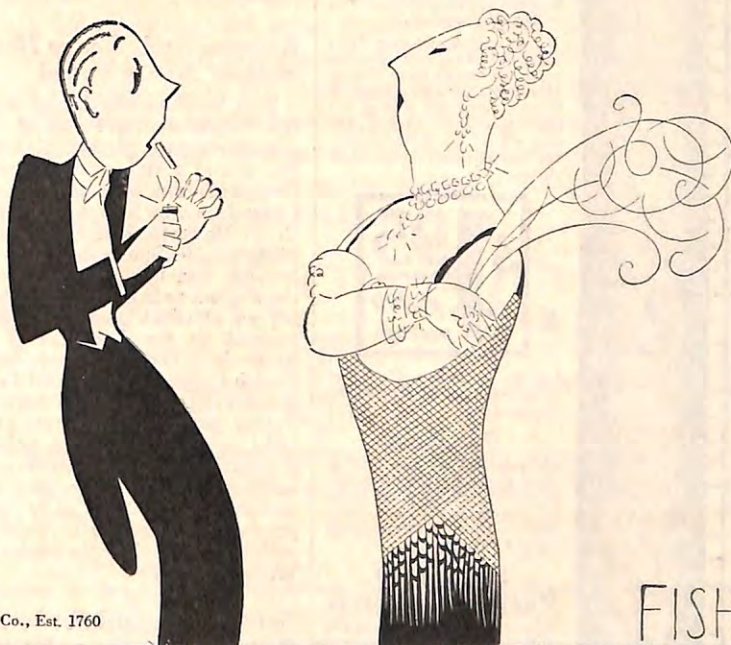
On Decoration Day, May 30, Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, will dedicate a memorial to its late member, William J. (Bud) Hart, who lost his life while serving with the United States forces in the World War. This memorial is a bronze replica of the elk, modeled by Laura Gardin Frazer, which stands in front of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago. It will stand upon a sarcophagus base of Indiana limestone, with an appropriate carved inscription.

Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge is Instituted By District Deputy Beck

In the presence of many distinguished Elks from the metropolitan district, Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1543, was instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck. Prior to the formal ceremonies the Sound View Golf Club was the scene of a brilliant dinner to the invited guests of the evening. Among those who gathered in the handsomely decorated dining-room were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; District Deputy Beck; D. Curtis Gano and Philip Clancy, President and Secretary of the New York State Elks Association; William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1; Past District Deputy James T. Hallinan, and S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler. At the conclusion of the dinner the guests, together with some four or five hundred other visiting Elks, gathered in the Alert Fire Hall for the services. The ceremony of institution was conducted by Mr. Beck, after which a class of fifty-eight candidates was initiated into the new Lodge by the officers and drill team of Freeport, N. Y., No. 1253, the District Deputy's home Lodge. Mr. Hallinan, assisted by a staff selected from among the well-known Elks present, then installed the newly elected officers, headed by Oscar S. Wood as Exalted Ruler. Robert N. Palmer was installed as Secretary. Following the appointments of the new Exalted Ruler, the first meeting of No. 1543 was held. Under Good of the Order, speeches were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning; Mr. Hallinan, who is a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Mr. Phillips, who, (Continued on page 68)

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a series of three hotly contested games with the quintet representing the Kelsay Lumber Co. of Fort Worth.

No. 216's team had played a hard schedule throughout the winter before reaching the finals and a chance at the title. They defeated many strong teams in the city Senior Amateur Basketball League to win the San Antonio championship, and then defeated the winning teams from Houston and Austin as the necessary preliminaries to meeting the Fort Worth aggregation for the State championship. The fellow-members of the players in San Antonio Lodge are extremely proud of their fine playing, and appreciative of the value of the title they have brought to No. 216.

Great Success of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge's Annual Minstrel

The annual minstrel show of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, given for the benefit of the Betty Bacharach Home for afflicted children, was this year a greater success than ever. Under the direction of Joseph S. Abrams, who for the last seven years has staged the performance, the cast of local amateurs reached an unprecedented degree of perfection. The three performances were given to capacity audiences in the Globe Theatre. As in all of Atlantic City Lodge's efforts on behalf of the Betty Bacharach Home, the greatest good-will and cooperation were met with from the public generally. A fine evidence of this spirit was the returning, by the stage hands employed, of the wages which union regulations require them to collect, in this case amounting to the tidy sum of \$1,158.

Boston, Mass., Lodge Has Newly Formed Degree Team

The newly formed degree team of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, made its first appearance at a recent meeting of the Lodge and was the recipient of much commendation from all present. The work of the group held the attention of the large crowd for close to two hours. Major James F. Winston, who was instrumental in forming the Lodge's Guard of Honor and has been active in other departments of No. 10, filled the position of Captain, and Exalted Ruler Walter Strout was acting Esquire of the team. Many Lodges of the district already have made requests for the team's appearance at their meetings.

Gary, Ind., Members Honor First Exalted Ruler

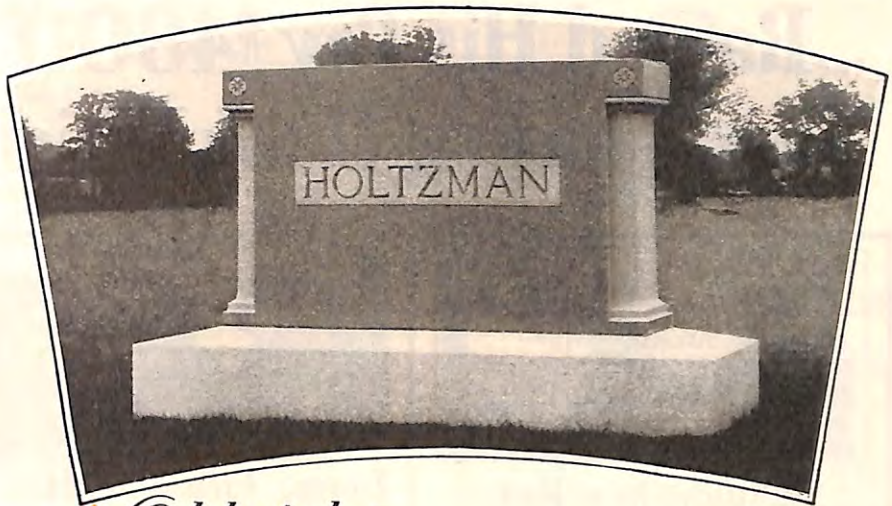
Honoring its first Exalted Ruler, Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, initiated the "William P. Gleason Class" of thirty-one candidates at a gala meeting. Mr. Gleason was the guest of the evening, and the principal speaker at the session for which some 400 local and visiting Elks crowded the spacious lodge room. Following the ceremony of initiation, conducted by Exalted Ruler C. S. McCarthy, there were talks by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; his assistant, Charles E. Witt; William E. Hendrich, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, and by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Frank J. McMichael, who was paying his official visit to his home Lodge.

At the entertainment and social program which rounded out the evening the attendance was swelled to between five and six hundred by the arrival of further visitors from the near-by Lodges. The occasion was one of the finest in the history of No. 1152, which has become widely and favorably known throughout its district as a result of the activities of its forty-piece band, which has accompanied Dr. McMichael on all his official visits. Among the visitors was Past Exalted Ruler Abe Ottenheimer, of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, who, twenty years ago, presided at the institution of Gary Lodge.

Unusual Record of Exalted Ruler Harter of Hobart, Okla., Lodge

The record of Exalted Ruler Charles W. Harter, Jr., just installed for his second successive term as the head of Hobart, Okla., Lodge, No. 881, is an unusual one. He is, in the first place, the son of a Past Exalted Ruler; he was initiated in October, 1922, and at the same

(Continued on page 71)



Old styles and new. The crinoline days of the hoop skirt, crisply starched shirtwaist and layers of petticoats are but memories of the past. The modern memorial, too, has taken on new dress. The heavily carved, ornately decorated monument has been superseded by a new type of memorial, simple in line and design in beautiful shaded effects. And no longer does one wait until death provides the urge to erect his memorial. Today one selects his lot and personally supervises the making of the memorial to perpetuate the family name.

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*Based on the combined experiences of F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn., A. F. Thompson, Sioux City, Iowa, B. F. Boilon, Columbus, Ohio, and many others.



Caught in a Rut

I wonder I put up with it as long as I did! Every day was filled with nothing but deadly routine and monotonous detail. No freedom or independence. No chance to get out and meet people, travel, nor have interesting experiences. I was just like a cog in a big machine with poor prospects of ever being anything more.



Long, Tiresome Hours

Every hour of the day I was under somebody's supervision. The TIME-CLOCK constantly laid in wait for me—a monument to unfulfilled hopes and dying ambition. Four times a day, promptly on the dot, it hurled its silent challenge at my self-respect, reminding me how unimportant I was and how little I really COUNTED in the business and social world!



Low Pay

Paid just enough to keep going—but never enough to enjoy any of the GOOD things of life every man DESERVES for his family and himself. Always economizing and pinching pennies. Always wondering what I would do if I were laid off or lost my job. Always uncertain and apprehensive of the future.



Desperate

Happened to get a look at the payroll one day and was astonished to see what big salaries went to the sales force. Found that salesman Brown made \$200 a week—and Jenkins \$275! Would have given my right arm to make money that fast, but never dreamed I had any "gift" for salesmanship.



A Ray of Light

Stumbled across an article on salesmanship in a magazine that evening. Was surprised to discover that salesmen were made and not "born" as I had foolishly believed. Read about a former cowpuncher, Wm. Shore of California, making \$525 in one week after learning the ins-and-outs of scientific salesmanship. Decided that if HE could do it, so could I!



The Turning Point

My first step was to write for a certain little book which a famous business genius has called "THE MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PRINTED." It wasn't a very big book, but it certainly opened my eyes to things I had never dreamed of—and proved the turning point of my entire career!

What I Discovered

Between the pages of this remarkable volume, I discovered hundreds of little known facts and secrets that revealed the REAL TRUTH about the science of selling! It wasn't a bit as I had imagined. I found out that it was governed by simple rules and laws that almost ANY man can master as easily as he learned the alphabet. I even learned how to go about getting into this "highest paid of all professions." I found out exactly how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco was enabled to quit his \$8 a week job as a restaurant-worker and start making \$125 a week as a salesman; and how C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, jumped from \$15 a week to \$7,500 a year—these and hundreds of others! It certainly was a revelation!



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Furthermore, I discovered that the National Salesmen's Training Association, which published the book, also operates a most effective employment service! Last year they received requests from all over the U. S. and Canada for more than 50,000 salesmen trained by their method. This service is FREE to both members and employers and thousands have secured positions this way.



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Town

Age

State

Occupation

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

meeting was appointed Inner Guard, since when he has served as Esquire, Esteemed Lecturing, Esteemed Loyal, and Esteemed Leading Knight, and Exalted Ruler. During the year previous to his first election as Exalted Ruler, he procured thirty-six applications for membership. Since assuming the leadership of the Lodge he has been instrumental in bringing about the construction of the new \$20,000 Home, on which work has just been started. During his membership he has missed but six meetings and has served on the following committees: Entertainment, House, Lapsation, Publicity, and as Property Custodian. At the same time that he was reelected Exalted Ruler, he was also elected Representative to the Grand Lodge. He is twenty-seven years old.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Holds Annual "Purple Bubble Ball"

The annual "Purple Bubble Ball," held by Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, proceeds from which go to the support of the Seattle Boys' Club, this year netted a sum of approximately \$2,500. It was some years ago that Seattle Lodge first took this club under its protection. At that time the club was in difficulties, and No. 92 raised funds to purchase the building and grounds, and place a manager in charge of its affairs. The welfare of the young members is closely looked after by the members of the committee in charge. The boys are assisted in part-time school arrangements, helped to find work, and generally encouraged in their efforts to get a start in life. Judge Calvin S. Hall, of the Superior Court, is president of the Club. The value of this fine work on the part of Seattle Lodge is evidenced by the responsible positions held by many former members who have reached the age of manhood. One is Deputy Clerk of the United States Court; one is a graduate pharmacist; the present manager of the Club is an ex-member; others are employed in banks, business offices, and national and municipal bureaus. Particularly pleasing to Seattle Elks is the fact that three of them have become members of No. 92.

Large Class Initiated Into Hamilton, O., Lodge

The initiation of a class of twenty-two candidates into Hamilton, O., Lodge, No. 93, brought to the Home one of the largest gatherings of resident and visiting Elks that it has ever known. Members of the Order from Zanesville, Xenia, Wilmington, Lebanon, Cincinnati and Middletown swelled the attendance to more than 400. Following the ceremony of initiation conducted by Exalted Ruler George T. Smith and the officers of Hamilton Lodge, the new members and the visitors were the guests of No. 93 at an entertainment and supper.

Parade Precedes Initiation by Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge

A parade of officers, members and candidates through the principal streets of the city preceded a recent initiation by Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, No. 461. Boy Scouts of the Troop sponsored by the Lodge led the parade, headed by their drum corps, and Mayor Clyde Tingley, representing the city, rode with the officers, while two well-known citizens, Judge C. L. Ritt and Chief of Police Patrick O'Grady, marched with the candidates' section. The Albuquerque Indian School band of thirty pieces furnished the march music. Arriving at the Lodge Home a buffet supper was served, after which the meeting was convened and the class initiated.

District Deputy Booth Pays Official Visit to Warren, O., Lodge

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles A. Booth to Warren, O., Lodge, No. 295, was the occasion for a gala meeting. An attendance of more than 200 was on hand, and features of the evening were a dinner at which roast bear meat was the principal dish, and the initiation of a class of ten candidates. Interesting speeches were made by the District Deputy and Blake C. Cook, Past

President of the Ohio State Elks Association, and a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. The meeting was the largest to be held in several years, and from the enthusiasm shown the initiation of the "Exalted Ruler's Class" and banquet, planned for May, should be most successful.

The older members of Warren Lodge, particularly, were saddened some time ago to hear of the death in Los Angeles of Past Exalted Ruler and Past District Deputy Harry R. Williams. Mr. Williams was a regular visitor to all Grand Lodge conventions, and a tireless worker for the Order. He will be sorely missed by his many friends at the great gathering to be held in Los Angeles in July.

Missoula, Mont., Lodge Opens Luxurious New Room in Home

An afternoon reception and tea held by the wives of the officers, followed in the evening by a dance, marked the opening of the luxurious new lounge, designed primarily for the ladies of members' families, in the Home of Missoula (Hellgate), Mont., Lodge, No. 383. Several hundred members and guests were entertained in the Home during the day, and the first use of the new quarters was made in the most auspicious and happy circumstances.

Elks Clinic at Fountain Springs, Pa., Hospital

Dr. A. B. Gill, noted orthopedic surgeon of the University of Pennsylvania, recently operated on six children at the clinic at Fountain Springs Hospital, under the auspices of the Schuylkill County Society for Crippled Children, of which many Elk Lodges of Pennsylvania are members. Other cases for future treatment and operation were diagnosed at that time, and braces and other apparatus that had been fitted on young patients were examined and adjusted.

State Vice-President Fitzgerald Visits Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge

Joseph Fitzgerald, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, paid an official visit to his home Lodge, Lancaster, N. Y., No. 1478, and closed his visits for the year. A dinner was served at 6:30 to the visiting Elks who were present in large numbers from the Lodges of the district, after which the meeting took place. A class of candidates was initiated by visiting Lodge officers, headed by Exalted Ruler John F. Burns, and the drill team of Buffalo Lodge, No. 23. Following the initiation, interesting talks were given by Mr. Fitzgerald, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Theodore Moses, President D. Curtis Gano and Past Vice-President Albert F. Kleps of the State Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. L. Leuthe; Exalted Ruler Burns of Buffalo Lodge, and Exalted Ruler Dr. John W. LeSeur, who headed a fine delegation from Batavia Lodge, No. 950. Many compliments were paid Mr. Fitzgerald for his work in the State Association, and after the addresses a social session rounded out the occasion.

New Lodge at Watkins Glen, N. Y., Acquires Handsome Home

Although not instituted as this was written, April 18 being the date set for the ceremony, Watkins Glen, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1546, had already acquired a handsome property for its permanent Home.

Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert granted the dispensation for No. 1546 on March 12, and, as there was no available space for temporary quarters, the committee in charge was authorized to procure, improve and furnish a building for immediate use. A palatial cut-stone residence on Madison Avenue, overlooking Lake Seneca, was purchased from Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Stouffer. The splendid property, long one of the show places of the vicinity, consists of ample grounds, and the spacious house. On the first floor are a series of handsome rooms trimmed in solid black walnut,

(Continued on page 74)



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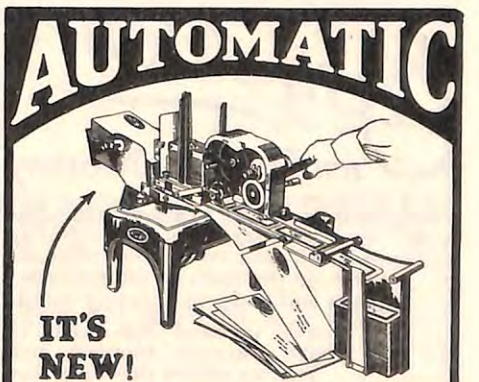
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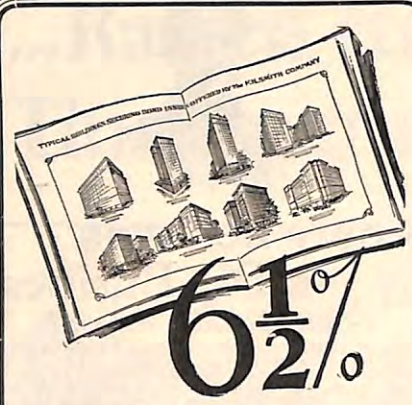
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Opportunities in Bonds

By Paul Tomlinson

WHEN investors are considering the best means of combining income return with the possibility of profit, their minds almost invariably turn to stocks; bonds are overlooked. Most investors appreciate the fact that bonds are safer than stocks; on the other hand, the opinion is prevalent that the yield from stocks is higher than from bonds, and that stocks hold out greater opportunities for profit. Is this the situation at the present time?

Everyone knows about the tremendous market in stocks that during the past year or more has been the source of so much profit, and loss, and enthusiasm, and trepidation. The public generally has been attracted to it for profits; they have ignored yield, high money rates, everything except the possibility of making easy money. Stocks have become the investment style, while bonds have been ignored and discarded.

With the public in the mood to buy stocks it is only natural that corporations in need of capital should turn to stock issues rather than to bonds to finance their requirements. Many corporations are selling new issues of stocks and using the proceeds to retire their outstanding bonds; when bonds are sold they frequently have stock-purchase warrants attached to them in order to make them attractive to the stock-minded public. Utility companies have employed these warrants for many years, but recently they have been adopted by corporations of all sorts, and even by one of our largest railroad systems—a rather startling innovation. The public wants to invest in earnings and in equities, and industry desiring to raise capital must give the public what it wants. In the first ten weeks or so of the current year bond offerings amounted to \$728,000,000, compared with \$1,373,000,000 in 1928. In the same period of 1929 stocks issued amounted to \$809,000,000 compared with \$163,000,000 a year ago. These figures show how the wind is blowing, and when it is realized that a large percentage of the \$728,000,000 of bonds offered this year were issued by "public corporations" which are prevented by law from any other method of financing the exhibit becomes more impressive than ever. At the same time, over half of the bonds issued in this period of 1929 have been convertible, or made attractive by carrying stock warrants, or dressed up in some other way to catch the attention of the stock-buying public.

How long will it last? Are stocks going to continue in favor indefinitely at the expense of bonds? Are stocks going to keep on going up always, and bonds go down? Many people think not.

Bonds pay a fixed rate of interest. Their income return depends upon the price of money and the demand for bonds. Stocks do not pay any fixed rate of dividends; the rate depends upon earnings and upon the demand for stocks. The present demand is for stocks; the public is excited over the large corporation earnings, the benefits from possible mergers, stock rights, and increased and extra dividends, and

of course the chance for profits. They want stocks, and they are willing to pay big prices for them, and high interest rates on the money required to carry them on margin. Large investors,—individuals, institutions, banks, investment trusts, and insurance companies, who are logical buyers of bonds, have found it more profitable to loan their money on call, and by so doing obtain higher rates of interest from the stock-buying public than is possible from the purchase of bonds. The result has been a slackening of demand in the bond market, and a consequent drop in prices.

When the price of a bond goes down its yield goes up. A 5-per-cent. bond at par yields a straight return of 5 per cent.; the same bond selling at 90 yields 5.55 per cent. Bond prices have been going down, and in many instances the yield on high-grade bonds is greater than on stocks; yet many people do not seem to realize—or else they have forgotten—that there are such things as bonds, and that they can be purchased for investment. Many stocks are selling at prices which would seem to indicate that they have discounted all possible good news for a long time to come. Many bonds, on the other hand, would seem to be selling at prices which are out of line and offer opportunities not only for safe investment and good return, but for appreciation in price.

PROSPERITY and earnings have put stock prices up. If a company is prosperous and its earnings are at high levels, why shouldn't its bond issues, as well as its stocks, be more valuable than formerly? Why, from the investor's point of view, should a corporation's stock go up and its bonds go down? Why should certain government issues have declined ten points in a little over a year? Is our government less stable than it was early in 1928? Is it in danger of having to default on its obligations? We know there is no fear of these things happening, and yet some government bonds are selling \$100 apiece less than they were. Isn't there a good chance that their selling prices will be higher later on? And what applies to government issues applies also to good corporation issues.

Money rates are high, as everyone knows. High money rates always affect bond prices, and paradoxical as it may seem, the better the bond the more it is liable to be affected. The reason for this is, of course, that the highest grade bonds ordinarily sell at the highest prices, and consequently yield the lowest return; when money rates are high the price of these bonds must decline to a point where there is some basis of comparison between their yield and the current rate for money. In other words, when conditions are as they are today there is an opportunity for investors to buy good bonds on unusually favorable terms.

Money rates will not continue at their present high levels always. As a matter of fact, many students of money and banking feel that the time is approaching when the other nations of the world will be shipping gold into the United

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States in considerable volume, and if this happens money rates must inevitably decline, and bond prices will advance. Conditions are shaping up, if this opinion is correct, for a better market in bonds, and it may well be that there are bargains in bonds to be had nowadays that will not present themselves again for many years to come.

Bonds, to be sure, do not possess the inherent possibilities for large return or profit that stocks do, but now and again there comes a time when bonds do offer the investor an opportunity to combine a chance for gain with safety of principal and assured income. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that from now on stocks are always going to be a more popular form of investment than bonds. May not such a situation make bonds more valuable than ever before? The smaller proportion of its capital that a corporation has represented by bonds the greater the margin of safety there is for the bonds, not only so far as physical assets are concerned, but as applied to earnings. If, for example, a corporation has a statement like this:

Property	\$12,000,000
Funded debt	10,000,000
Common Stock	4,000,000
Earnings	900,000

and the bonds carry a 5 per cent. coupon, it will be seen that earnings exceed interest requirements by \$400,000. If, instead of \$10,000,000 of bonds there were \$4,000,000, and if there were \$10,000,000 of stock instead of \$4,000,000, and earnings remained the same, earnings would exceed interest requirements by \$700,000, or three and one-half times,—a safe margin indeed. Further, with fewer bonds outstanding, the assets securing them are more largely in excess of what safety demands than formerly.

Another thing to be considered, in case stock issues supplant issues of bonds, is that the supply of bonds available for purchase will be diminished. There will always be a demand for bonds, and with a smaller supply it seems reasonable to suppose that competition for this supply will be brisk; this would mean only one thing,—higher prices.

It is also possible that bonds may become fashionable again; if a few big stock issues should go bad, and a large number of stockholders lose money such a trend in investment—

(Continued on page 74)

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“How to Build an Independent Income” is the title of a new booklet by the F. H. Smith Company, and “55 Years of Investment Service” describes the history of progress of the same firm, as well as making an attractive suggestion in first mortgage real-estate bonds.

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Opportunities in Bonds

(Continued from page 73)

ment styles would certainly be greatly encouraged. There is no one more conservative than the man who has suffered a financial loss. The burned child dreads the fire, and the man who has seen what he fondly hoped would be large profits turned into staggering losses is liable to be much less concerned in the future with profits than with the safety of his principal. Doubtless there are many people who now consider stocks the only sensible investment, who later on will think that bonds are so much better there is no basis for comparison.

The country has gone stock mad. Never before in our history has there been such a demand for stocks, nor have stock prices ever reached prices comparable with those at which they have sold during recent months. As this is being written, however, the stock market seems to be sagging, investors are nervous about the credit situation, and prices in many instances are down from five to thirty points or more from the year's high. It may happen that stock owners will become tired or discouraged and shift their holdings to bonds; it has happened before, and if a demand is created for bonds, bond prices will go up. There would certainly seem to be many factors working for bonds at the present time, which means that there are opportunities in bonds available to the discriminating investor.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

with 14 ft. ceilings, in one of which is a great gold-plated cut-glass chandelier which, a number of years ago, cost \$1,400 to install. On the second floor will be a Lodge room, 31 ft. x 40 ft., a directors' room and ante rooms. From the cupola above there is an unobstructed twenty-mile view of the beautiful lake. A grill room and a completely equipped kitchen will occupy the basement space.

One hundred names are on the charter list of the Lodge, and fifty more applications had been accepted several weeks before the institution ceremonies, which were to be conducted by Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, assisted by a number of distinguished Elks, while Corning, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1071, from whom the new Lodge drew most of its members, was to install the officers-elect.

Evanston, Ill., Lodge Burns Mortgage on Home

The members of the original Board of Trustees of Evanston, Ill., Lodge, No. 1316, headed by Past Exalted Ruler Charles S. Wallace, took the leading part in the ceremony of burning the mortgage that recently symbolized the entire freedom from debt of No. 1316. The meeting at which this happy event was celebrated was largely attended, with most of the living charter members among those present. Following the formalities and a number of interesting talks on the early days of the Lodge, a buffet supper and social session were enjoyed.

All Minnesota Lodges to Hear Grand Exalted Ruler on May 18

On May 18 the twenty-four Lodges of Minnesota will serve twenty-four banquets, and in each Home at 7:30 the diners will hear the broadcast speech of Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, speaking from Radio Station WCCO at Minneapolis.

Faced with the impossibility of visiting all the Lodges of the State, as both he and they wished, this plan was devised to carry the Grand Exalted Ruler's message. The details have been worked out by a committee of leading Minnesota Elks, consisting of W. C. Robertson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Judge Mathias Baldwin and Dr. Chester R. Leech, and Judge William Ericson, President of the State Elks Association.

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as well as the special Minnesota audience, will be interested in hearing the Grand Exalted Ruler. The date is May 18 and the hour 7:30 P. M., Central Standard time.

Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge Initiates Large Class

A class of twenty-six candidates was initiated at a recent regular meeting of Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge, No. 412. The Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge were the guests of honor of the evening and at the conclusion of the ceremonies warmly complimented the officers who conducted the ritual. A delightful entertainment and supper followed the session.

Pittsburg members were saddened a number of weeks ago by the sudden death of Secretary J. R. Mellette. He had held his office for the past six years, and his many friends in and out of the Order were shocked at the unexpected passing of a well-loved and respected citizen.

Fine Meetings Held by Moundsville, W. Va., Lodge

Two especially fine meetings were held by Moundsville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 282, during the closing weeks of the recent Lodge year. The first of these was in honor of the Past Exalted Rulers and charter members. A fine attendance of local Elks together with many visitors, including delegations from Bellaire, O., and Wheeling, W. Va., Lodges, were on hand. Musical offerings, including selections by the Lodge trio, a sumptuous banquet, and speeches by Hon. Benjamin L. Rosenbloom, Past Exalted Ruler of Wheeling Lodge, and Judge James F. Shipman of No. 282, were features of the evening.

The largest meeting of the year crowded the Home a few weeks later, when the retiring officers initiated a class of fifteen candidates. Members from Lodges all over the tri-State district came to enjoy the occasion with their fellow Elks of Moundsville. Music, furnished by the quartet of Bellaire Lodge, was a feature of the evening, and a fine buffet supper was enjoyed after the ceremonies.

Tucson, Ariz., Lodge Complimented By Grand Exalted Ruler

Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert paid a high compliment to Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, for its unselfish work in extending assistance to the many strangers drawn to its city in search of health or pleasure. Since October 1 of last year more than 600 instances of such friendly service have been recorded. Many of the callers at the Lodge Home were not members of the Order, but this made no difference. Others were tourists, not in need of assistance, but paying friendly visits or seeking advice. All were received alike and given every courtesy and consideration.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Presents Large Check to Orthopedic Hospital

As one of the last official acts of his administration Exalted Ruler Dave Beck of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, turned a check for \$11,351.10 over to the Children's Orthopedic Hospital as the Lodge's contribution to the fund needed for the construction of the Crippled Children's Convalescent Home. The sum raised at last summer's water circus, is to be held by the hospital until July 15. If at that time the other Elk Lodges of the State have not completed the raising of the necessary \$40,000 for the project, the money is to be returned to Seattle Lodge and will be put out at interest. The interest will then be used to endow beds at the hospital.

Ashland, Ore., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-fourth Anniversary

The twenty-fourth anniversary of Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 944, was celebrated in fitting style in March with some 275 members and their ladies present in the gaily decorated quarters. The program started with an excellent turkey dinner in the basement dining-room, and a brief program of speech-making and musical selections. Past Exalted Ruler William M. Briggs acted as toastmaster and Secretary J. Edward Thornton delivered an

(Continued on page 76)



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 75)

address on the founding of the Order and the institution of Ashland Lodge. A dance and bridge party rounded out an enjoyable event.

Interest is Keen in Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge

Although the actual population of Dowagiac, Mich., has fallen below the 5,000 mark, Dowagiac Lodge, No. 889, has enjoyed an active and prosperous year. Its financial condition is good and the interest of its members is keen, resulting in a considerable increase during the past months in the number of Elks enrolled.

It has received visits from two District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers during the year, J. Bradford Pengelly making the principal address at its twenty-fifth anniversary celebration, and P. J. Servaas calling in his official capacity some time later. On this latter occasion a banquet, entertainment, and a class initiation were features of the evening.

Plans are now under way for a series of parties for members and their families, and the wives of members are being encouraged to make use of the facilities of the Home for card parties, and so on, at regular intervals.

Annual Easter Egg Hunt Held By Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge

Fully 3,000 children, watched by as many spectators, took part in the recent annual Easter Egg Hunt held at the Shelby County Fairgrounds, under the auspices of Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge, No. 457. It was the largest and most enthusiastic in the history of these celebrations, with perfect weather and a record attendance. Three thousand eggs were used and so popular has the event become that the Lodge expects that next year an additional thousand will be needed. The affair, of which motion pictures were made, was the subject of much public comment, and editorial commendation in Shelbyville papers.

Father Installs Son as Exalted Ruler of Bayonne, N. J., Lodge

Two years ago members of Bayonne, N. J., Lodge, No. 434, witnessed the unusual spectacle of an Exalted-Ruler-elect being installed by his brother. Some weeks ago they saw an even more dramatic episode when Captain Edward M. Griffin, holder of Card No. 13, one of the few living charter members of No. 434, and twice Exalted Ruler, installed his son in the office which he himself had filled. Captain Griffin conducted the ritual in a manner that greatly impressed the large gathering present to witness the unusual event.

Retiring Exalted Ruler of Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge Dines Committeees

Before ceding his office to his successor-elect, Exalted Ruler Albert S. Dayton, of Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1323, gave a dinner at which he had as his guests the members of the committeees who served with him during the year, Exalted-Ruler-elect Dr. Harry Unger, and a number of Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler Herman Schoenfeld was toastmaster and introduced the host, who thanked his guests for their efforts, and urged them to continue their good work under the incoming administration. The Patchogue Elks Band enlivened the occasion with the rendition of a number of old-time favorites.

Charleston, S. C., Lodge Celebrates Its Twenty-fifth Anniversary

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Charleston, S. C., Lodge, No. 242, was celebrated with special exercises during the visit to the city of Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, as reported in the story in this issue of Mr. Hulbert's recent travels. At the regular meeting held during the stay of the distinguished visitor, a birthday class of candidates was initiated by the officers, and the minutes of the Lodge's first meeting were read. Mr. Hulbert warmly praised the ritualistic proficiency of those con-



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ducting the initiation, and congratulated the Lodge on its quarter-century of fine work. The interest of the members in the affairs of the Order has always been keen and, in addition to purely fraternal matters, they have been active in general charity and community welfare, contributing some \$75,000 for these purposes in the twenty-five years of No. 242's existence.

Franklin, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its Fortieth Anniversary

With an attendance of nearly 300 Elks, the fortieth anniversary banquet of Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110, held in the Masonic Temple, was a most brilliant and successful affair. The dinner was the concluding event in the anniversary program, having been preceded, several days earlier, by a special service for Elks at St. John's Church, conducted by the rector, Rev. Dr. Martin Aigner, who is Chaplain of the Lodge and, on the previous evening, by a special meeting at which a birthday class of forty candidates was initiated.

Among the well-known members of the Order who were guests of the Lodge at the banquet were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. R. Risher; Past District Deputies Matthew A. Riley and C. W. H. Hess, and Howard R. Davis and William S. Gould, President and Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association.

The toastmaster was Past District Deputy James B. Borland, veteran newspaper publisher and charter member of Franklin Lodge. Mr. Borland served, in all, three terms as District Deputy, two of them, from 1890 to 1892, when the whole State of Pennsylvania, which now has seven districts, was administered as one. When, the following year, he was urged to accept a third term he recommended that the State be divided. This was done, and he was assigned to the western half. Present with Mr. Borland at the speakers' table were two other charter members, Secretary Frank L. Bensinger and C. R. Galbraith. When Mr. Borland was introduced by Exalted Ruler Lawrence D. Gent, he was given a standing ovation that expressed in no uncertain terms the affection in which he is held by his fellow members. The speakers presented by the toastmaster after he himself had run over the history of the Lodge, included Mr. Tener and Mr. Masters, who discussed various aspects of the Order as a whole, and Mr. Davis, who spoke of the State Association. Impressive features of the evening were the silent rising tribute to Marshal Foch, whose death had occurred a few days before; and an earnest prayer for Merle A. Drake, Mayor of Franklin and a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, who was on his death bed, and for two other members, less seriously ill.

An unusually handsome program, telling the story of the evening and containing a complete roster of the membership and officers, provided a beautiful and enduring memento of the happy occasion.

District Deputy Perrin Visits His Home Lodge, Norwalk, Ohio

District Deputy J. R. Perrin paid his official visit to his home Lodge, Norwalk, Ohio, No. 730, some weeks ago. The members had arranged an Old Timers meeting which was attended by a fine turn-out, including quite a number of charter members. The District Deputy spoke on the ideals of the Order and paid high tribute to the retiring officers, and bespoke the cooperation of the members for the incoming administration. The meeting was followed by a well appointed buffet luncheon and a social evening in the Home.

Charter Member Installs Son as Exalted Ruler of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge

Charles M. Bedell, charter member of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, Past Exalted Ruler, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and holder of many Grand Lodge offices during a long lifetime of devotion to the Order, had the pleasure a few weeks ago of installing his son, Charles M. Bedell, Jr., as Exalted Ruler of No. 31. Young Mr. Bedell has come up step by step, from his first appointments as Inner Guard and Esquire, through the elective offices of

(Continued on page 78)

Mr. A. T. Hull, A.T. Hull & Son, Certified Public Accountants and Auditors, Bristol, Va. Mr. Hull writes: "I very cheerfully accord you much of the credit for my success." Read his story below.



At 45 he made a fresh start . . .

But his sons have NOW the training he postponed so long



THERE is an inspiration for everyone in the story of Mr. A. T. Hull of Bristol, Virginia.

In the spring of 1918 he was working at a meagre salary.

Suddenly, at the age of 45, he realized that he had wasted many of the best years of his life. As he says: "I woke up to the real possibilities that life held for me and my family if I would only prepare myself to take advantage of them."

Most men of his age would have occupied themselves with vain regrets. Instead, Mr. Hull decided to make up for his years of lost opportunity. He enrolled with the International Accountants Society. It was the beginning of a new life for him. Upon completion of the Course, he became Auditor of Emory and Henry College in Emory, Virginia, at the same time building up a private practice in public accounting work. His income increased 100%. And finally in the fall of 1924 Mr. Hull was one of seven out of forty-eight applicants successfully to pass the examination for Certified Public Accountant before the State Board of Accountancy at Richmond, Virginia.

His sons did not wait until they were 45

His own success assured, Mr. Hull resolved that his two sons should not waste the golden years of opportunity as he had. He urged them to enrol for the same Course that had made such a great change in his own life.

They did, and later Mr. Hull wrote us: "One of my sons has just secured his C. P. A. certificate from the State of Virginia and is now practising with me under the firm name of A. T. Hull and Son. The other is now taking your Course, and I expect him

shortly to secure a certificate and attain full membership in the firm."

The same opportunity that brought success to Mr. Hull, and opened the doors of opportunity to his two sons, is yours for the asking.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 77)

Esteemed Lecturing, Loyal and Leading Knight, and a great turn-out of members was on hand to do honor to him and to his father on the gratifying occasion.

Daughter of Grand Treasurer Morris Gives Piano Recital

Miss Willie Morris, daughter of Grand Treasurer and Mrs. Fred A. Morris, of Mexico, Mo., who has been studying in Paris for the past two years in preparation for a concert tour of the United States, recently had the honor of giving a piano recital at one of the students' Atelier concerts. It is but rarely that a foreign student is asked to play at these concerts, and the compliment to Miss Morris was a high one.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge's drill team recently took active part in a meeting and initiation held in the Home of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge. Many members accompanied the team on its visit.

More than 300 members, their ladies and friends, attended the dinner given in the Home of Spokane, Wash., Lodge when it staged its Athletic Open House.

Over 800 persons attended the annual "49" party given by Ogden, Utah, Lodge. A substantial sum will be turned over to the charity fund of the Lodge from the proceeds.

The Board of Grand Trustees have approved the application of Hackensack, N. J., Lodge to build a new Home on its Union Street site.

Members of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge made a fraternal call on Aberdeen Lodge some time ago and staged an enjoyable entertainment for the hosts.

Many letters of deep appreciation have been received by Norwich, Conn., Lodge from the inmates of Uncas-on-Thames Sanitarium for the entertainment recently given there by the Social and Community Welfare Committee.

Thirty more members were recently added to the rapidly growing Lodge of Antlers sponsored by New Orleans, La., Lodge.

Nearly 500 members and visiting Elks were present in the Home of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George W. Denton when he made his official visit. A class of forty-five was initiated and the District Deputy spoke highly of the officers' ritualistic work.

Funds were recently raised by Rome, N. Y., Lodge to send a member of the Boy Scout troop which it sponsors to England this summer for the big Scout Jamboree to be held there. Scout John Ryscyck was selected.

Newton, Mass., Lodge at a recent regular meeting voted to contribute the sum of \$100.00 to the local Boy Scouts.

The annual minstrel show of El Paso, Texas, Lodge was attended by close to 3,000 people and was a success in every way.

The Home of Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge has become a center for much of the social life of the community. Many of the other local fraternal, civic and religious organizations use it as a popular place of meeting.

Major S. R. Washer, ninety-three-year-old member of Atchison, Kans., Lodge, died some weeks ago. He was a veteran of the Civil War, a pioneer business man of the State, and at the time of his death among the oldest members of the Order. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. S. Washer, who died in 1922, was his son.

Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 39)

principles and work of the Order, were features of the local program. The visitors accompanied by District Deputy Wharton left the next morning by motor for Columbia, S. C., where a special program had been arranged in their honor.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's party was met on its arrival in Columbia by Exalted Ruler and Mrs. W. H. Harth, Secretary George L. Farr and Past Exalted Ruler Manley Sanders of Columbia Lodge and a number of visiting Elks, and the festivities started with a luncheon in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor at the Jefferson Hotel. Immediately after the luncheon, the guests were taken for a drive around the city and out to the great Saluda dam project where T. C. Williams, Past Exalted Ruler of the local Lodge and Vice-President of the Lexington Water Power Companies was their host. During the remainder of the afternoon the party was taken on a sight-seeing trip to the capitol and other points of interest and then journeyed to Ridgewood Country Club where refreshments were served. Close to 100 members and visiting Elks were present in the Lodge room that evening to hear the Grand Exalted Ruler speak upon the benefits and functions of the Order. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by former Congressman A. F. Lever who was a member of that body at the same time as Mr. Hulbert. The gala meeting was further featured by the impressive initiation of fifteen candidates by the Lodge officers. During the meeting the ladies were entertained at a bridge party and later participated with the men at a luncheon and dance in the Jefferson Hotel. Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Harth accompanied the guests when they left early next morning for Orangeburg and Charleston.

Stopping en route for a visit with members of the Order at Orangeburg the party was first taken on a tour of sightseeing and then enjoyed a fine luncheon given for them by Orangeburg Lodge in the Eutaw Hotel at which close to 100 local members and their ladies were present. Past Exalted Ruler J. A. Berry introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who delivered an address on the history of the Order and praised the

fraternal work of District Deputy Wharton and Dr. T. A. Jeffords, Secretary for a quarter of a century of Orangeburg Lodge. After the splendid quartet from State College had rendered several songs and bouquets had been presented to the ladies, the party proceeded on its way to Charleston. Members of the Order from the latter place, headed by Past Exalted Ruler M. Rutledge Rivers, met the visitors at the fifteen mile crossroads and escorted them into the city to the Francis Marion Hotel. At 7:30 the officers of the local Lodge and their wives entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party at dinner in the Hotel and later escorted them to the Lodge Home where a reception and dance were held. After visiting the beautiful magnolia gardens the next morning, at noon an oyster roast was given for Mr. Hulbert at Folly Beach where the Charleston Elks have a fine summer home. Over 300 people attended the affair and Mr. Hulbert made a brief address as did Mr. Andrews and District Deputy Wharton. During the afternoon the party made a trip in the Government boat *Sprigg Carroll* to Fort Moultrie where Colonel Fred W. Bugbee, retiring commander of the Fort, acted as escort to Mr. Hulbert.

THAT evening the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the local and visiting members at the observance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Charleston Lodge held in the Home. During the meeting a class of candidates was impressively inducted into the Order by the officers, headed by Exalted Ruler David F. Craig, and the minutes of the first meeting were read as part of the silver jubilee celebration. Mr. Hulbert praised the financial condition of the Lodge and the ritualistic work of the officers as well as their admirable administration of its many affairs. Other speakers were Mr. Andrews, Mr. Wharton, Exalted Ruler Harth of Columbia, Exalted Ruler Charles Traynor and Past Exalted Ruler G. Phillip Maggioni, of Savannah, Ga., Lodge. The next morning the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the student body of the college of Charleston, where the

(Continued on page 80)

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Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 78)

local Elks have established the Samuel Lapham Scholarship: visited the Citadel, beautiful cathedral and historic St. Michael's Church, and concluded a most stimulating and enjoyable visit when the party left at noon for Savannah, Ga.

Mr. Hulbert was greeted at a splendid meeting of Savannah Lodge that evening by more than 200 local members and visiting Elks from Brunswick. After a class of twenty-one candidates was initiated by the Savannah officers with fine ceremony, speechmaking was in order. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Samuel A. Cann introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler in a speech of welcome and other greetings were expressed by Exalted Ruler E. H. Diemer and Past District Deputy and State Association President Louis-Ludwig of Brunswick Lodge, Mayor Gordon Saussy and Judge John Rourke, Jr. Mr. Andrews, presented by Exalted Ruler Traynor, made a brief speech and then the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered the principal address of the evening in which he pointed out that the destiny of the Order was bound up in the destiny of the country. Following the session the members and guests retired to the court-yard of the Home where a delicious seafood supper was served.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler and his party made a brief stop-over at Jacksonville, Fla., on their way to St. Augustine and were greeted at the station by Mayor John T. Alsop, Jr., and a large delegation of Jacksonville Elks headed by Exalted Ruler O. M. Terry, Jr., and Joseph N. Blake, chairman of the entertainment committee of the Lodge. After an informal reception at the station and the presentation of flowers to the ladies, the party left.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were met in St. Augustine, on March 20, by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harold Colee and Mrs. Colee, who escorted them to their suite at the Hotel Ponce de Leon. The rooms were filled with Easter lilies and flowers presented by St. Augustine Lodge, and during the Grand Exalted Ruler's stay a program of entertainment had been planned by the regional Elks, which included a trip to the races at

Keeney Park and an elaborate dinner at the Keeney Park Clubhouse. After its arrival the party was also joined by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, and Mrs. Sholtz. After a brief period of rest and relaxation in St. Augustine, the visitors left on Monday, April 1, for Lake City, Fla., where they were met at the train by a delegation of local Elks and city officials headed by Mayor M. L. Plympton who welcomed them to the city. The party, in motors, were taken on a tour of the city and around Lake De Soto, and then to the Blanche Hotel where they lunched and rested until 2:30. At that time Mr. Hulbert was taken on an inspection tour of the government hospital, and then to the local Lodge Home on Lake De Soto, where he met a large gathering of the members and visited with them for an hour or two. At 8 o'clock that evening a banquet was given in his honor at the Blanche Hotel. Every available space was decorated with a profusion of cut flowers, and the purple and white of the Order. The Lodge symphony orchestra furnished music during the dinner, and at its close a meeting was held in the Home of Lake City Lodge, where the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered his official message to the members. During the Grand Exalted Ruler's fraternal engagements, Mrs. Hulbert and Miss Jean were the guests of the ladies' Emblem Club at an enjoyable dinner and bridge party held in the Hotel. The next morning the party, with the inclusion of Mr. Sholtz, Mr. Colee, Past District Deputy Irving Gates and Exalted Ruler Frank E. Thompson, Vice-President of the Florida State Elks Association, left for Tallahassee by motor. On arriving in Tallahassee, the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted by Past Exalted Ruler Lewis M. Lively and a committee of welcome from the local Lodge. Mr. Hulbert, Mr. Sholtz and Mr. Colee were guests at the 1 o'clock luncheon of the Kiwanis Club while Mrs. Hulbert and Miss Jean were entertained at the Three Torches Grill by the wives and daughters of Past Exalted Rulers, headed by Mrs. Lewis Lively. After lunch the Grand Exalted Ruler

visited Governor Doyle E. Carlton at the executive offices, and then the party visited the Florida State College for women, and the Florida Agricultural and Mechanical College for negroes, where a program of spirituals was given. A dinner dance at the Women's Club that evening was the concluding feature of the program arranged for the Grand Exalted Ruler by Exalted Ruler A. J. Dalton and the local Lodge. Visiting Elks from Quincy and Marianna were in attendance. After the dinner brief speeches were made by Governor Carlton, State Senator W. C. Hodges, Mr. Sholtz and Mr. Colee. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address was the principal one of the occasion, and was followed by the dance. An interesting event in the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to the local Home, was when he sat for his photograph in the same chair he occupied as Esquire of New York Lodge, the local Elks having bought the furniture of the Mother Lodge when it re-furnished its new Home some years ago. The party left at midnight aboard a special car over the Seaboard Air Line Railway for Pensacola.

The 13th Coast Artillery Band participated in the welcome extended to Mr. Hulbert by Pensacola Lodge. The visitors were met at the station by some fifty local Elks and, after a band concert, were escorted to the San Carlos Hotel for a luncheon, followed by a trip to the Naval Air Station and the Gulf Beach. An informal reception to local Elks and business men was held by Mr. Hulbert in the local Lodge Home that afternoon, and the feature of the visitation was the banquet for the Grand Exalted Ruler that evening, and an installation meeting in the Home at which Mr. Hulbert presided. Mrs. Hulbert and Miss Jean were guests of the wives of local Elks during their visit.

Leaving Pensacola on a morning train the party arrived in New Orleans, La., in time for an evening meeting of New Orleans Lodge where the Grand Exalted Ruler officiated at the installation of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan as Exalted Ruler, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward O. Rightor, as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Lodge, for the coming year.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 38)

of Great Neck Lodge, No. 1543, on Monday, March 25.

As this was written April promised to be an equally busy month, with several new Lodges to be instituted, including Watkins Glen, Bath, Liberty and Monticello. The promotion of these Lodges has been fostered by the State Association, cooperating with the Grand Exalted Ruler. At the time of its institution, Great Neck Lodge at once made application for membership in the State Association, and action of like character is expected of the other Lodges mentioned, as soon as they are instituted.

The Seventeenth Annual Convention of the Association, to be held at Rochester on June 3, 4 and 5, promises to eclipse any heretofore held in the State. The Lodges of the southeastern district are preparing to attend in goodly numbers and drill teams from Queens Borough, Bronx, Staten Island, White Plains and Freeport Lodges are expected to contest for the Moses Cup. Several up-State Lodges have entered teams, including Buffalo, Rochester and Niagara Falls. Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert is expected to attend the Convention, and the Convention Committee of Rochester Lodge has developed a program which should prove most attractive for the visitors. Hotels report many reservations on the part of the Lodges throughout the State for accommodations.

New Hampshire

MEETING in the Home of Concord Lodge, No. 1210, ten of the eleven Lodges of New Hampshire founded a State Elks Association, with the Lodge not represented reported as

favoring the project. Officers elected were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Kelly, President; Past District Deputy Thomas J. Dowd, Vice-President, and John McInerney, Past Exalted Ruler of Rochester, N. H., Lodge, No. 1393, Secretary-Treasurer. The Exalted Ruler of the member Lodges will constitute the executive board.

New Jersey

THE third quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association was held some weeks ago in the Home of Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784. President William Conklin announced the presence in the building of Governor Morgan F. Larson, and appointed the Past Presidents to act as a guard of honor to escort the Governor to the rostrum. Mr. Larson, who has been a member of Perth Amboy Lodge for twenty-three years, was received with great applause. Among the reports of the various Vice-Presidents were announcements of two winners in the district ritualistic contests. They were: Northwest, Newark Lodge, No. 21; Central, Bound Brook Lodge, No. 1388. Other reports of interest were made by the Crippled Children's and the Advisory Committees. A resolution presented by the latter calling for a contribution of \$1,000 to the Elks National Endowment Fund was duly carried, and a check ordered drawn.

Minnesota

THE dates of August 22, 23 and 24, have been tentatively set for the annual convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association, to be held this year at Red Wing. As this was

written it was believed that Duluth Lodge, No. 133, would join this spring and give the Association 100 per cent membership.

Colorado

FORT COLLINS LODGE, No. 804, will entertain the annual meeting of the Colorado State Elks Association in August, probably 4th, 5th and 6th. An elaborate program of welcome and entertainment is being prepared, and everything points to a most successful convention.

North Dakota

THE program of the North Dakota State Elks Association for the rehabilitation of the crippled children of the State was the subject of the leading editorial in a recent issue of *The Devils Lake Journal*. Of the plan it was said that "it might well be considered one of the noblest endeavors ever attempted by a fraternal body."

Massachusetts

PITTSFIELD LODGE, No. 272, for the third time, will act as host to the Massachusetts State Elks Association, when it gathers on June 2 and 3, for its annual meeting. The hospitality for which Pittsfield Lodge is noted will be dispensed from its renovated and re-decorated Home.

South Dakota

THE annual meeting of the South Dakota State Elks Association will take place at Mitchell, on June 26-27. All signs point toward one of the largest gatherings in years.



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Dandruff is an infection caused by germs. Dermatologists advise repeated massage and the frequent application of effective, but heal-

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