

# The Elks

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Magazine

JUNE, 1929



In This Issue: Rex Beach, Robert  
McBlair, Bernard J. Farmer, and many others



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in a drier pipe!



*Pipe smokers say...*

Granger "acts right" in a pipe . . . smokes slower and cooler, thanks to the shaggy "rough cut". But what keeps winning smokers to Granger is the mild, full-bodied flavor given by the Wellman Method . . . a mellowing secret over fifty years old. Packed in foil instead of tin, hence ten cents.

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IN MORE PIPES EVERY DAY

# In 10 years no Institute Announcement has caused so much comment as this one

**W**HY has this announcement been talked about all over the country?

Because these new courses open a new door to growth and achievement for hundreds of thousands of men.

Because these new courses put certain benefits within the reach of hundreds of thousands of men to whom these benefits were previously denied.

Who are these men? What are these benefits?

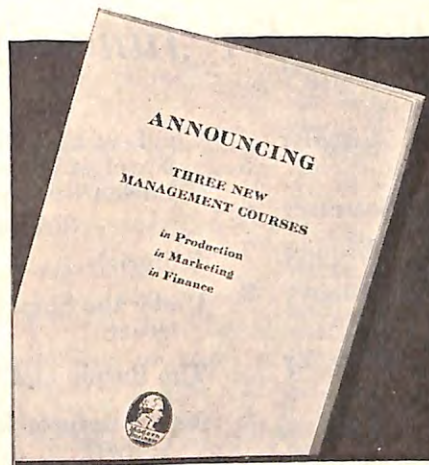
The men are numbered among those who have read the advertisements of the Alexander Hamilton Institute during the last twenty years. They are the men who realize the desirability of the Institute's training—who have often wished they had that training, but who haven't had time to take the complete Course and Service.

### Now—Three Shorter Courses

Heretofore, the Institute offered only its Modern Business Course and Service, a training similar to the comprehensive Business Courses at Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, and New York University. More than 350,000 American and Canadian executives have enrolled for this Course; there is hardly a business organization of any size among whose executives there is not an Institute-trained man.

This major Course will be continued and constantly improved. It will always be *the great course* in executive training. But just recently the Institute made a notable step in advance. As the result of a growing need for more *specific* training, the research and educational staffs of the Institute have now developed three new *shorter* courses as follows:

1. A Special Course and Service in Production Management
2. A Special Course and Service in Marketing Management
3. A Special Course and Service in Finance Management



These courses, being shorter, do not require as much time. They deal primarily with the *special phases* of business in which a man is particularly interested. They are designed for *busy men*.

The value to executives of this enlarged program is admirably summed up in the words of Percy H. Johnston, president of the Chemical National Bank of New York, who considers it "the most significant step taken in business education in the past ten years."

### What this announcement means to you

This announcement means that now you can get an Alexander Hamilton Insti-

tute Course *especially adapted to you and your work*, no matter what major department of business you are in—Production, Marketing, or Finance.

The length of time it takes to complete one of these Management Courses is considerably less than the two-year period for the Modern Business Course and Service; and naturally the fee for each is commensurately lower. All of the reading can be done in your spare time.

### This booklet gives all the facts

We have prepared the booklet shown at the left, which describes these new courses in detail. We should like to circulate this booklet widely and to the following groups of men:

—*The heads of businesses* who recognize that the training of competent associates is their major problem.

—*Executives* interested especially in Production, Marketing, and Finance, who want to concentrate their efforts in one of these departments of business.

—*Younger men* who desire definite training in the management of the particular departments of business in which they are now engaged.

### Send for the details

For convenience, a coupon is provided. We invite you to inform yourself on this great forward step in business education by mailing it at once.

## Alexander Hamilton Institute

*Executive Training for Business Men*

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 867 Astor Place, New York City.

Please send me all the facts about the Institute's new Management Courses.

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Eight  
Number One

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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Joseph T. Fanning,  
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John Chapman Hilder,  
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Charles S. Hart,  
Business Manager

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



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A few prominent Elks Clubs that accommodate traveling Elks. Other clubs will be shown in subsequent issues.

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

Official Circular Number Eight

*Elks National Memorial  
Headquarters Building,  
Chicago, Illinois,  
May 30, 1929.*

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

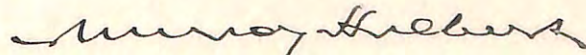
My Brothers:

Friday, June 14, will be Flag Day.

Its observance is mandatory.

I earnestly request that you open your services to the public and invite the cooperation of all patriotic societies.

Fraternally yours,



*Grand Exalted Ruler.*

Office of the  
**Grand Secretary**

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

**Railroad Rates to Grand Lodge Convention  
in Los Angeles**

*Elks National Memorial  
Headquarters Building,  
Chicago, Ill.  
June 1, 1929*

DEAR BROTHER ELKS:

For the Grand Lodge Convention and Reunion, B. P. O. Elks, to be held in Los Angeles, California, July 8 to 11, inclusive, 1929, it will not be necessary for you to obtain identification certificates in order to purchase reduced fare tickets, for the reason that summer tourist tickets are available to Los Angeles and other Pacific Coast destinations in California, Oregon and Washington, May 15 to September 30, inclusive, with final return limit of October 31, 1929.

In addition to the summer tourist tickets, those residing in the State of Washington, also in certain portions of Idaho and Oregon, may purchase special reduced fare tickets on July 3 to 7, inclusive, with final return limit of sixteen days from date of sale. Those who purchase these special tickets with sixteen days' limit, if desiring to remain longer, can exchange the ticket at the ticket office in Los Angeles by paying the difference between the fare paid and the higher fare charged for summer tourist tickets bearing limit of October 31.

In all cases the rates are lower than the regular convention fares, which are on basis of one fare and one-half for the round trip.

It is suggested that you who contemplate attending the Los Angeles Convention and Reunion confer with the ticket agents in your respective home cities, from whom detailed information can be obtained in respect to:

A—Specific round-trip fare. B—Selling dates. C—Final limit. D—Stopovers en route. E—Routes over which tickets will read, including also diverse routes, that is, going one route and returning another. F—Sleeping-car charges. G—Train schedules. H—Other detailed information desired.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

*J. E. Masters*

Grand Secretary





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

Official Circular No. 1

*Reno National Bank Building  
Reno, Nevada  
May 15, 1929*

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

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

As the date of the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles rapidly draws near, it becomes increasingly necessary for those of us who are working on Convention arrangements to call on all subordinate Lodges and members for certain definite information.

As you know, the climax of every Grand Lodge Convention Week is the great parade. This year it will be held on Thursday, July 11. The line of march has already been laid out. The Coliseum, seating one hundred thousand spectators, has been secured for a great reviewing stand, so that visiting Elks and their families may view the spectacle in comfort.

That the pageant may be a complete success, however, it is essential that your Grand Esquire know—just as soon as possible—how many Lodges intend to be represented in it. To work out a satisfactory time schedule and to weld the parade into a harmonious picture, he must know, in advance, how many bands, drill teams, bugle corps, drum corps, floats and marching units to expect. Without this information he is working in the dark.

Every Lodge, or Elks organization, participating in the parade, must be in uniform. It need not be elaborate or costly, but it may not be grotesque or ludicrous. If desired, all the Lodges of a State may adopt a standard dress.

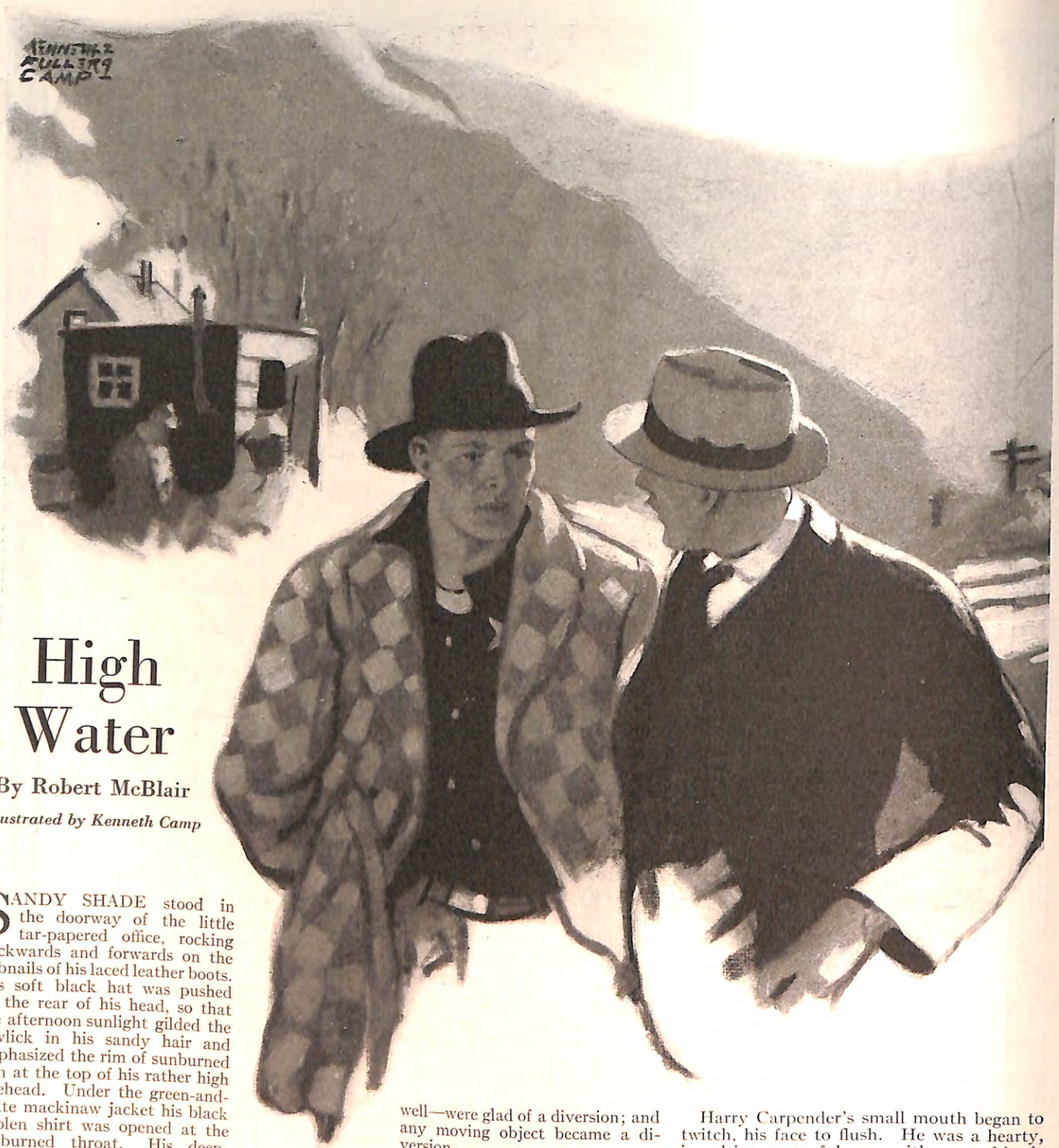
There should be plenty of floats, which always play an important part in decorating a parade. Lodges wishing to enter floats are requested to communicate at once with the Los Angeles Grand Lodge Convention Committee, 2400 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles, which is prepared, upon order, to attend to the details of float design and construction. As usual, there will be prizes for the most beautiful and most distinctive exhibits.

Please do your part toward ensuring the success of the parade. Individual members can help by notifying their Lodge Secretaries—at once—of their intention to attend. And the Lodges can help by notifying me—at once—not only as to how many marchers, but how many bands, drill teams and other units they may be *counted on* to send to Los Angeles.

Thanking you all, in anticipation, for your prompt cooperation,

Fraternally yours,

Grand Esquire.



## High Water

By Robert McBlair

Illustrated by Kenneth Camp

SANDY SHADE stood in the doorway of the little tar-papered office, rocking backwards and forwards on the hobnails of his laced leather boots. His soft black hat was pushed on the rear of his head, so that the afternoon sunlight gilded the cowlick in his sandy hair and emphasized the rim of sunburned skin at the top of his rather high forehead. Under the green-and-white mackinaw jacket his black woolen shirt was opened at the sunburned throat. His deep-blue eyes were fixed upon a man and a girl who were standing talking on the station platform across the yellow clay road; and suddenly he ejaculated, in a soft drawl:

"Hell and General Jackson!"

Upon this oath, or invocation, he hitched up his corduroy pants, spat out the straw which had been gyrating from a corner of his wide good-humored mouth, smacked his hat over one sandy brow, stepped down the two shaky wooden steps and swung across the road.

He became at once the center of attention. The train from Bluefield was late; it was always late, for that matter, but this time there had been a washout; so that the crowd of loungers, having tired of staring upon Harry Carpender and Mary Hadfield, the Sheriff's daughter—who recently had become engaged and now were to say fare-

well—were glad of a diversion; and any moving object became a diversion.

Sandy removed his hat as he reached the platform.

"Harry," his soft voice announced, "I'd like to speak to you a minute. Excuse us, Miss Mary."

"Harry," continued Sandy Shade, after they had stepped aside, "I'm awfully sorry to do this, but I've got a warrant chargin' you with killin' Peter Izzard."

Harry Carpender's boldly-featured face went white. His eyes, shrunken by thick rimless glasses, widened upon the young deputy's ruddy countenance.

"It's too bad," said Sandy. "I know you're just startin' out to take the railroad job down in Kenova; and Miss Mary here to tell you good-by, and everything. I tell you what you do. Just tell her some business has come up, you're not goin' on the train, and you've got to talk somethin' over with me."

Harry Carpender's small mouth began to twitch, his face to flush. He was a hearty, impulsive, powerful man with warm friends and warm enemies; neutral with no one.

"This is nonsense!" he said hotly, but in a low tone. "What if I refuse to submit to it?"

Sandy Shade rubbed the slightly broken bridge of his straight nose with a slender finger. One yellow brow rose higher than the other, making a quizzical line between his deep-blue eyes. He smiled.

Harry Carpender stood for a moment with his big frame tense, leaning toward the young deputy, whose teeth shone in the sun. Then he turned, went over to his suitcase, picked it up, said a few words in a low tone to the handsome dark-eyed girl; made an angry and peremptory gesture at her protest; then turned to join the calm young man who was leading the way across the road and into the Sheriff's office.

"What the hell's the meaning of this outrage?" demanded Carpender, throwing his



suitcase on the deputy's desk. "The Sheriff wouldn't do this to me."

"Well, he might," replied Sandy Shade thoughtfully. "But you see, that's the trouble. The Sheriff's been sick so long, some folks are wantin' to take his job away from him. You see, I kind of got to be extra careful for that very reason."

"But, my God!" Carpender swung off his furry gray fedora, revealing light-brown hair high on a slanting forehead. "My God! Am I to be arrested because of that?"

"Oh, no," said Sandy. "You see, Harry, this thing's kind of serious. You know you did have a kind of quarrel with Peter Izzard—let's see, it was Thursday of last month, that's three weeks ago. The followin' Saturday, if you recall, Izzard didn't show up with the pay-roll money; it was said he had skipped out with it, and the laborers on the culvert had to wait till more money was sent from Bluefield. You remember all that, I reckon? You remember the quarrel?"

"SURE," replied Carpender angrily. "Izzard tried to tell me what kind of concrete they were going to use in that culvert, and I told him where to get off. He got abusive, and I knocked him down. That week-end, he skipped out."

"Well," agreed Sandy, "that's what everybody allowed. But that was before this high water come along."

His deep-blue eyes were fixed casually upon Carpender's angry face. He rubbed the bridge of his nose meditatively.

"What's the high water got to do with it?"

"Well, you see," explained Sandy, smack-

ing his hat to one side and scratching his hair with a long finger, "Peter Izzard's body was washed out from under the bank beneath your shack this mornin'. He'd been buried there."

"Buried?" Carpender's heavy features went awry.

"Yep. His head was kind of stove in pretty bad, Harry. It must have taken right smart of a lick to do it, or a right strong man. We—I been lookin' into it kind of careful all day. He had a diary in his pocket. It said as how he was goin' down to see you that evenin'—let's see now, it was Friday evenin', the day after you'd hit him."

"Good Lord, Sandy!" Carpender's mouth hung open.

"Yep." Sandy smacked his black hat onto the other side of his head, scratched above the other ear with a leisurely finger. "The pay-roll money had been took off of him, Harry. And the next day, Saturday, you went up to Bluefield on a spree. You remember that?"

Carpender tightened his small mouth.

"Sure," he said. "I remember that."

Sandy shoved his hands into his corduroy pockets, stared at the pretty girl on a calendar tacked to the pine-board wall, at the two rickety wooden chairs, at the desk bearing Carpender's suitcase, at the brass spittoon. He closed one eye, spat at the spittoon, missed, and shook his head mournfully.

"Soon as the crowd's left the station," he suggested, "we'll wander over to the jail. No use makin' a circus out of this, 'specially on Miss Mary's account."

"To the jail?" cried Carpender.

"Yep," said Sandy. "That's what the jail's for, you know, Harry. Now, personally, I'd like to have you sleep with me in the L back of the office here. There ain't much room—Eppy's got the room next door, you know—but we could make out."

"Well, that's all right with me," said Harry quickly.

"I know, but I've got to think of the Sheriff, if they find anything they can criticize the Sheriff for, some of 'em will try to get his job, Harry. Now what would he do, up there sick with a consumption, if he lost his job? You was goin' to marry Miss Mary, but you see Peter Izzard was a native, and you a foreigner, as they say; and there ain't any tellin' what a mountain jury will do in a case like that. What I mean is, you can't exactly be entirely counted on under the circumstances."

"I'm not convicted yet, man!" cried Carpender, swallowing.

"Well, perhaps I was goin' too fast with that side of the case, Harry," agreed Sandy after a moment. "It's professional interest, I reckon. You see, I've been an engineer, as you know; and, well, once I sold newspapers on the street—when I was only a kid, I mean. I've done some prize fighting, too—it was in Baltimore—got knocked out

in five seconds for ten dollars, which I always have kind of claimed is a world's record. I even tried to bull-dog a steer once. He bit me—if anybody tells you steers can't bite, you call him a liar for me. But this Sheriff business is kind of new. I just stayed on after the Sheriff got taken with a hemorrhage fightin' that crazy man he was chasin' over Twisted Gun Gap; and they say a new broom sweeps clean."

"But, you don't believe I killed this man, Sandy!"

"Well," drawled Sandy, closing one eye and this time hitting the spittoon, "a man in my position has got to be neutral, Harry. I'm a kind of impersonal investigatin' intelligence, you might say. Let's look at it like this. If you ain't under arrest, some friends of Izzard's are kind of likely to pre-judge this case, you might say, and shoot you through the window, you see? In the jail, you're safer; and anyway, I got a warrant which Tom Bloodworth caused to be sworn out against you, on knowledge and belief, and until the grand jury . . ."

"Tom Bloodworth? He's just trying to queer me with Mary. Everybody knows he's insane about Mary. Damn his crooked soul, I'll push his face in for him!"

"NO," said Sandy, "you already done pushed in one face too many, Harry, when you hit Izzard in that there argument Thursday." He went to the window, rubbed some dirt from the pane and peered through. "They all done left the station. Got word, I reckon, that train ain't comin' at all. Well, Harry, it's lucky you got your suitcase, anyway, you might say."

Sandy Shade strolled out of the back door of the office. After a moment of indecision, Carpenter picked up his suitcase and followed. On the stoop of one of the sleeping rooms adjoining, Eppy, the big-chested light-brown colored man with graying hair and hazel-green eyes, ceased from a lugubrious melody and wiped the mouth organ on his blue denim sleeve.

"Everything clean in the other house, Eppy?"

"Yas, suh, Mr. Sandy. Evenin', Mr. Harry. Lemme tote that bag for you, suh." Eppy joined the procession along the weed-grown path to the log structure a hundred yards back from the road. At the door, Eppy added softly: "Too bad, Mr. Harry. But everything'll come out all right, I reckon, suh."

Two bedrooms, each with a separate entrance and a barred window, were divided by a strong partition.

"Sure hate to lock this door on you, Harry," said the young deputy. "Eppy'll bring you your meals, and he's a pretty good cook when he's sober. Put his bag down, Eppy."

On the way back to the office, Sandy said: "Give him his food through the little grating in the door, Eppy. We can't afford to have no escapes in our reign."

"Yas, suh. Sho' is bad to have a nice white gentleman like that in our jail, though, Mr. Sandy. Sho' do feel sorry for Miss Mary—ladies don't understand jails. I'll feed him good. Mr. Tom Bloodworth in the office there waitin' for you."

"Hello, Tom," remarked Sandy as he entered the office by the side door. "Well, your-man is locked up."

"Yes, I was watching," replied Tom Bloodworth in his quick eager way. "And I've got you something else! That killer is never going to marry Mary Hadfield, I'll warrant that."

"Something else?" Sandy dropped into a chair and swung his boots up on the desk.

"Sit down and tell me. You'd make a pretty good detective, I reckon, Tom."

Tom Bloodworth laughed as if pleased and dragged a chair close. He was a mountaineer by birth, but had gone out early into the cities; he had been back now for four years. His protruding black eyes, with their stare of concentration, his quick-witted versatility, his thick lips, and the aquiline cast to his dark-skinned countenance hinted at some alien element in his blood.

Bloodworth opened his black leather coat, felt in the skepskin lining, paused jerkily, then, remembering, snatched the hat from his black hair and drew a letter from its sweatband.

"DID you know how the rumor got started that Peter Izzard had run off with the money? Well, I've found out! Harry Carpenter wrote to Dick, the bartender, making like he was Izzard and saying he was leaving for New York. I got this letter from Dick just now."

He extended the letter in his jerky, eager way; Sandy accepted it and read it slowly, frowning.

"The envelope shows it was mailed from Bluefield on Saturday," said Tom Bloodworth, squirming at Sandy's leisure. "Harry was in Bluefield Saturday. I can swear to that myself."

"You saw him there?"

"Yes. And I was there Friday, too. Did you 'phone Toby?"

"Yep. He said you was there Friday, all right, the night of the murder. And I reckon he wouldn't have confirmed you if it hadn't been so—judgin' by what else he had to say about you."

Tom Bloodworth laughed as if pleased.

"He's got a little something against me," he admitted, his black eyes darting around the room, taking in every detail. "Well, Peter Izzard couldn't have written that letter."

"No," agreed Sandy, "he was dead. Let me see, now. We got this here pocket diary, which I found and which everybody knows was Izzard's, and it says Izzard was goin' to see Harry Friday night. And now we got this letter, tryin' to cover things up. Here now." He enclosed the letter in an envelope, licked the flap and sealed it. "Write on the outside of this here envelope where you got the letter, and all, and sign it."



Sandy sat with his feet on the desk, his lips pursed into a silent whistle, and rubbed the slightly broken bridge of his straight nose while he scrutinized what Tom had written.

"Harry Carpenter rote this here lying letter to Dick on the saderday after the killing. Tom Bloodworth."

"You reckon you could get some others to swear Harry was in Bluefield when this letter was mailed, Tom?"

"Absolutely!" Tom jumped up in his excitement.

"Tell you what, Tom. I'll make you a deputy and commission you to get those witnesses lined up," drawled Sandy, "and pay your expenses, not includin' liquor; but you got to promise me one thing and stick to it."

"Anything!" cried Bloodworth.

"I want you to promise that you'll keep clear of any Plunkett Corner folks you may see in Bluefield. I don't want you to go gettin' drunk and tellin' them everything you know. Not till this case is all lined up."

Bloodworth laughed as if he had been flattered.

"That's easy! There ain't been anybody around here I like, anyhow, except Mary. The rest are a lot of dopes."

"All right, that's a go! But if any folks from here tell me they've talked with you, you'll have to pay your own expenses." Sandy pulled out a large watch whose nickel had been worn down to brass. "Can you catch that next train?"

"Absolutely," cried Bloodworth, putting on his hat with one hand and shaking hands vigorously with the other. He rushed out of the door. The whistle of the train blew and echoed. Bloodworth rushed into the ticket office, came out, ran up the path to the Sheriff's house on the hill; in a few minutes came running forth and caught the train as it was pulling out.

"What you want for dinner, Mr. Sandy?"

"Eppy," said Sandy, "the investigatory intelligence functions with the greatest facility if unfed. You may consider me as obliterated from the evenin' repast."

EPPY withdrew chuckling from the doorway, went chuckling along the road to the corner store. An hour later, when the red sun had dropped behind the hemlock-covered mountain, he entered the office bearing a steaming and fragrant tray. Sandy Shade still sat with his leather boots on the desk, his black hat on one side of his sandy head. In his hands he held a small morocco diary and an opened envelope.

"Here some tender steak, Mr. Sandy. Some mashed potatoes with them rutabagas you love, cornbread and fresh coffee."

"Eppy, I told you the investigatory intelligence . . ."

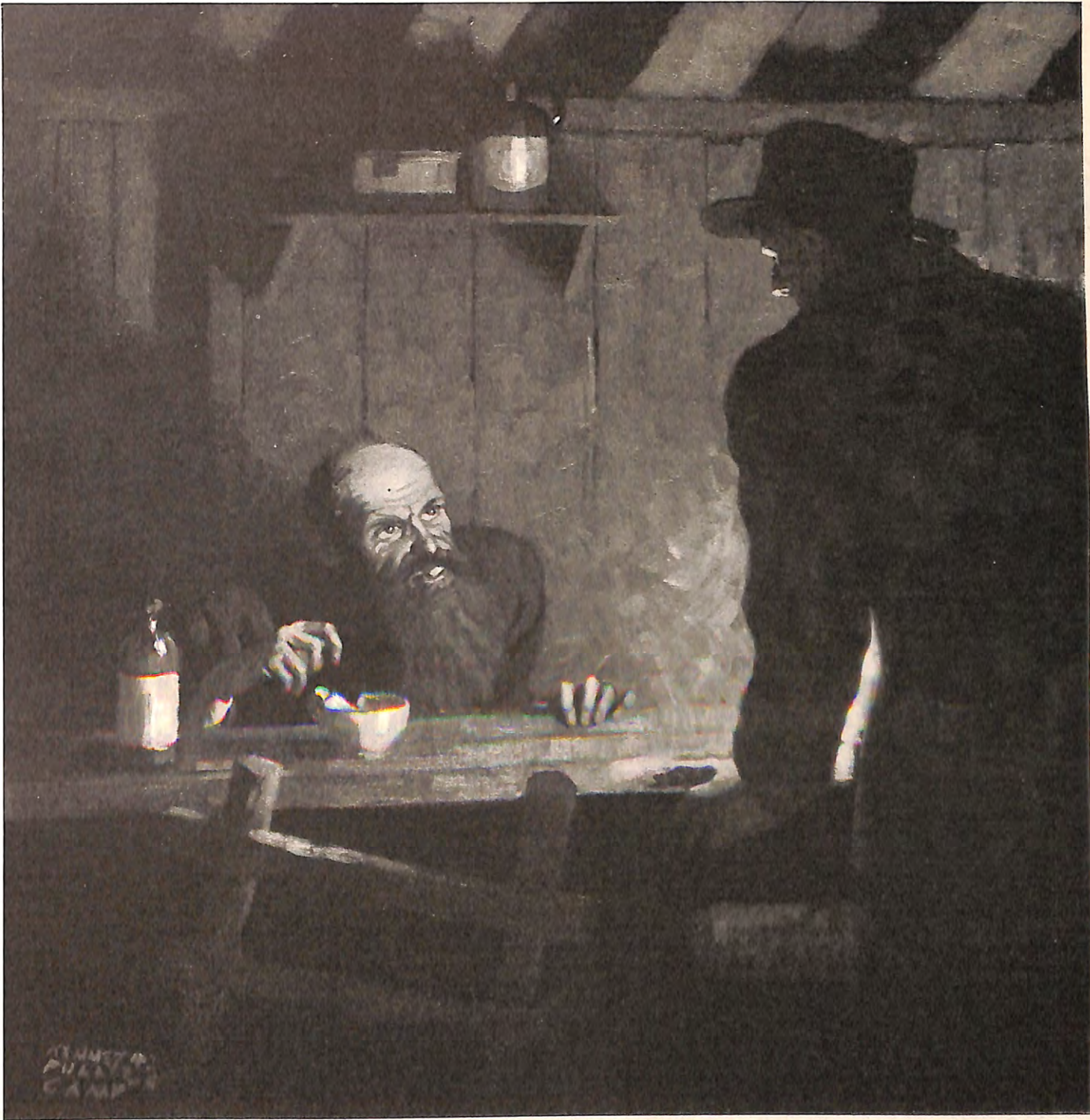
Sandy sniffed, dropped his feet to the ground, drew the tray before him on the desk, abstractedly took up a knife and fork. Eppy, after waiting to see the meal well under way, withdrew, talking to himself and chuckling. He returned an hour later to find the dishes empty, the lamp lighted on the desk, and his master sealing and stamping two letters.

"Eppy, is your mouth organ in good shape?"

"Yas, suh, Mr. Sandy!" Eppy's voice betokened surprise.

"Keep it that way. You may have to play it to-morrow. How is the other room in the jail? Nice and clean?"

"Yas, suh, Mr. Sandy. You ain't aimin' to 'rest nobody?"



"Can't tell," replied Sandy rising, hitching up his trousers and smacking his black felt hat over one eye. "Anyway, you better wait up to-night till I come back."

"Yas, suh." Eppy evidently disapproved; but was silent.

With his hands in the pockets of his mackinaw jacket, Sandy Shade swung his long limbs out into the cool of the early darkness. A few stars were sprinkled above the serrated ridge of the low mountain. The station was deserted, but from the Plunkett House a yellow glow gushed across the verandah and out to the edge of the road. From Dick's bar-room next door rang the sound of laughter; but except for a glint of light from the distant crossroads store, nothing else obtruded upon the privacy of the silent evening.

Sandy strolled past the hotel and the bar-room. As the road bent to the left he heard the sound of violent coughing and glanced up to the Sheriff's house on the hill. There was a light in the top room and in the parlor beneath it. He turned into the path and climbed the ascent. Nearing the door,

*"Ordie," said Sandy quietly, "I'm going to ask you to come with me for a spell. So we can have a talk." Over the cup's rim Ordie's black eyes rolled toward the rifle hanging on deer antlers over the field-stone mantel*

he heard a sound. Instead of mounting the three front steps, he moved to the parlor window, rose on tiptoe and peered beneath the drawn shade.

An oil lamp with a pink china globe stood upon the table in the centre of the room. In its brightest circle, her forehead dented against the table's edge, her face in her hands, drooped Mary Hadfield. The knot of her ruddy-brown hair had slipped down to the little white rise of bone and its dainty shadow at the base of her neck. Her shoulders in the brown dress were unsteady, and Sandy heard again the sound which had attracted him.

He stepped hastily away from the window, stared for a moment down into the stubble of a dead flower bed, shook his head, then noiselessly descended the path.

"I aimed to break it to her easy," he

muttered as he stood in the road, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "Dern him!"

He resumed his walk. The sounds from Dick's barroom diminished, gave way to the rushing of the swollen waters of Fourpole Creek. He came round a bend and upon the crossroads store, its windows lit, its door ajar. Sandy pushed the door open and said "Good evenin'" to the old man in a skull cap and glasses who was honing a razor on the counter. He dropped his two letters into the brass slit under the window marked "Post Office."

Pop Hard laid down his razor, took the two letters out of the mailbox and examined them at arm's length.

"Writing to the Railroad, Sandy? Well, I reckon somebody had to tell 'em Harry Carpenter won't be thar as they expected. Didn't know as you corresponded with Tom Bloodworth."

He threw one letter in a box marked East, another in the box marked West. Returning to the counter he picked up the razor and began honing in evident irritation.

*(Continued on page 58)*



*I cannot truthfully claim to have been an eye-witness of the excitement, for during the actual shooting I was back of a barrel*

## Adventures in Local Color

By Rex Beach

Illustrated by Herb Roth

"LOCAL color," as a literary term, has an empty sound to the average person but in the business of fiction writing—profession, if you choose to call it that—it is far from meaningless, for the background of a story must be as vivid, as natural and as convincing as the plot itself in order to maintain the illusion of reality.

Somebody has defined plot as "characters in action," but in order to write graphically one frequently has to write photographically as well. In my case I find it necessary to become as thoroughly acquainted with my locations as with my characters, and for that reason I devote as much time and pains to the one as to the other. Probably that is due to the way I happened to take up writing.

I did not become a writer through deliberate malice; I'm an accidental scribe. I slipped and fell in, the water was fine and I liked it. As a matter of fact, I set out to become a lawyer—to abandon mock modesty I set out to become Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, figuring it was fully as good a job as President and would last longer when I landed it. Of course I didn't expect to jump right in and go to work as Chief Justice—that was too much to hope for—but I was willing to strip down and take an Associate's job and work up. But the court didn't seem to need a boy, so I changed my plans and dashed off to the Klondike to become a millionaire over night.

Alaska turned out to be even more unusual and picturesque than I had expected. It was back in the days of '49, the life was feverish and melodramatic, and the people were like characters out of Bret Harte's books. Perhaps that is why I went in for swiftly moving stories pitched against vivid backgrounds when I finally began to write. At any rate, I absorbed a lot of local color without being aware of it and later on the deliberate search for it elsewhere led me into adventures, both pleasant and unpleasant,

many of which have never been set down in type. These "color" quests are about the most agreeable part of story-writing.

My first novel "The Spoilers" was written about Nome, perhaps the most colorful location I ever visited. A first novel is usually something for an author to forget as quickly as possible, but I shall never forget Nome as I first saw it.

Gold had been discovered there by some Lapland reindeer herders a little more than a year previously. News of the strike reached the Yukon camp where I was prospecting late in the spring of '99, and as soon as the ice broke I followed it down to St. Michaels and joined the first stampede. I failed to get through at that time for in crossing the corner of Behring Sea in a tiny sloop a storm crippled the craft, and it went adrift. What is more, it stayed adrift quite a while after we completely ran out of food and water. I wound up finally aboard a whaler bound back for the States, and lived for three weeks on a diet of canned salmon. I have never indulged myself in the habit of salmon-eating since then, in fact canned salmon is one form of fish which I enjoy doing without, and my economy in that respect borders upon parsimony.

Although I was within a few miles of Nome at that time, I did not actually see it until the following spring. That winter news of the historical strike in the beach sands at the water's edge got out and set the whole United States afire, and 1000 witnessed a wilder rush than the one to Dawson City two years before. There ensued a gas-you-please race between all the worn-out steamships on the Pacific Coast to see which would land first on those golden sands. Any craft that could be patched up with hay wire and turn a wheel advertised its

palatial accommodations and some thirty thousand argonauts, of whom I was one, arrived at Nome almost simultaneously.

Imagine a so-called town, really nothing more than a string of flimsy shacks and tents, without hotels or public lodgings of any sort, and with but one street. That street paralleled the shore and was hip deep in mud, by the way. Somebody described Nome as a town a mile long and eighteen inches wide, and it was a pretty good description. Its population grew from three thousand to thirty thousand in less than a week, and naturally everything happened that could happen in such a place.

FOR instance, two hours after our ship dumped its passengers ashore we witnessed a real old-time Western street duel in which both principals were killed. I cannot truthfully claim to be an eye-witness of the excitement, for during the actual shooting I was back of a barrel. I was, to the best of my recollection, half-way into the bung hole. What gave me a feeling of personal contact with the affair, however, was the fact that one of the lamented participants had shared a plank with me, or vice versa, on the way up. We had slept side by side, cheek by jowl as you might say, on the cabin floor.

During my first several voyages to Alaska in quest of ease and affluence I slept in corridors, in life-boats, under tables, on the keyboard of a piano—in fact it wasn't until I had made several round trips to the North and the rush was over that I discovered those ships had staterooms. I never tried sleeping on a hook, but I believe it can be done.

How and where to eat in Nome was a problem for a while. There was ample to drink, of course, but in those days liquor was of good quality and cheap in price, and in consequence nobody except confirmed alcoholics cared much for it. Food, however,

was scarce: restaurant menus were easy to read,

"Ham and eggs . . . . \$3.00"

If you ordered your eggs poached the proprietor was likely to say,

"You'll take 'em scrambled. The kind we got don't poach."

Men who returned to the States after a season or two in the Arctic usually ordered eggs at every meal for a few days and invariably they kicked about them. We all agreed that they were tasteless, if not positively insipid, and completely lacked the peculiar, authoritative flavor we had learned to associate with eggs.

Naturally there was mighty little sanitation in the early days at Nome and a typhoid epidemic broke out during the first summer. A good many people died. The ground, frozen for ages, thaws out under the sun to the depth of only a few inches and inasmuch as everybody was busy, graves were dug no deeper than necessary.

It was said that one old miner was buried so close to the surface that his beard protruded and that his partner, as a mark of respect, tied it up into a tuft with a bootlace.

**BY AUTUMN** most of those thirty-thousand gold-seekers had returned home, penniless, disappointed and disillusioned. But, meanwhile, enough dramas had been played to fill a hundred books. And comedies, too.

Things happened that later made famous stories. One had to do with a certain faro-dealer. When the town went broke and business in his line slowed down he borrowed a shotgun and some duck decoys and went hunting. He set his decoys in a likely pond and concealed himself. Another hunter, mistaking the wooden ducks for live birds, crawled a quarter of a mile on his stomach and emptied his pump gun into the flock.

In consternation the gambler leaped to his feet and shouted:

"Hey, sucker! Lay off. You're killing the boosters."

Another occurrence became a sort of bar-room classic in the North.

One of the fortunate Swedes who had struck pay came into Nome to celebrate in the traditional mining-camp fashion. In those days a cash customer poured his own, and if he was thirsty he didn't rob himself. The more this fellow drank, the more boastful he became, until he finally announced that he was not only a great miner and a noble drunkard but also a great fighter, and that he could annihilate anybody in that saloon.

Disappointed at the general lack of interest excited by this declaration he pounded the bar for attention and proclaimed in a louder voice:

"By Yingo! I can lick any feller in this har town."

Still nobody seemed inclined to put the matter to a test so he made bold to say:

"Better as that, yentlemen, I can lick any man in Alaska."

At this a pallid, shade-grown bartender in a starched white coat who was manicuring his nails with the ice pick casually seized a bung starter, and with one blow laid the Swede flatter than a yard of oil cloth. Unfeeling hands lifted the booster to a faro



*They were as well heeled as hi-jackers and they treated us about as hospitably as one Chicago gang of beer runners treats another*

table and somebody poured a bucket of rinsing water over him. When he revived and sat up the bartender, who was now polishing his nails, apologized languidly:

"Sorry to call you, cull, but you took in a little too much territory."

I heard that story repeated the other day, after nearly thirty years. Naturally only the oldest of the listeners knew what a bung starter is.

There are thrills to be had in looking for local color, too, if one has a mind to enjoy them, and I vividly recall one which occurred while I was gathering the material for a novel of railroad building in the North country which I named "The Iron Trail." The story involved an intricate engineering job which was then under way on the

Copper River, so I returned to Alaska to familiarize myself with it and with its peculiar environment. The thrill I refer to came from shooting a turbulent stretch of the river in a rowboat where it flows past the face of a live glacier. It is not often that a writer has an opportunity to do the thing he wants a character in his story to do, but here was one chance at least.

This glacier is about three miles in width and the ice cliffs stand, perhaps, three hundred feet high. The ice

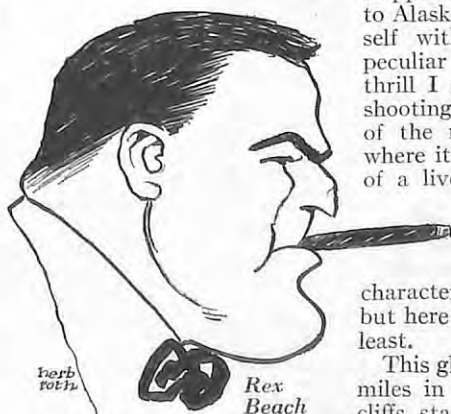
creeps forward constantly but the Copper River, cutting across its course, undermines it, breaks it down and sweeps the falling icebergs away to the sea. In the winter the river is frozen, of course, and in the late summer, when the water is low, there is no danger to speak of in taking a boat or a

canoe past the glacier, but during the spring floods it is another matter entirely. Enormous masses of ice, some the size and the height of twenty-story skyscrapers, break away and topple forward with a prodigious roar. Inasmuch as the river is not much wider than the height of the ice-cliff itself, those avalanches practically dam it from bank to bank. The falling masses shatter, of course, as if blasted by dynamite, cataclysms of water are hurled sky high, frozen fragments weighing tons are showered for hundreds of feet in all directions. When this glacier is really doing its stuff it is one of the scenic wonders of the world and venturesome photographers have shot a considerable acreage of plates and films in recording its pranks.

Small pieces of ice are constantly dropping off, that is they look small at a distance, for the scale of things thereabouts is enormous, but a comparatively insignificant berg will start a curling, thirty-foot tidal wave racing downstream with the speed of a galloping horse. It is not nice for a rowboat to be overtaken by such a wave, and a number of lives were lost there during the construction of the railroad as well as during the earlier gold rush to the interior.

**IN JUNE** the rending of that ice as it lets go is like an intermittent cannonade, and it can be heard clear out to the coast, forty miles away. Nowadays, of course, tourists can visit the place in comfort and witness the spectacle from safe vantage points.

On the trip I write of, I was in company with Fred Stone, and we were camped immediately above the glacier where the bear-hunting was good. When it came time to move our outfit down the river we lashed everything into the boat in order to save something if we were swamped, shed our mackinaws and our rubber boots and shoved off, hoping for the best.



Rex Beach

I assure you it was an exciting ride. The next fifteen minutes were full of action, and every time the glacier cracked our hair flew up. But it was a lot of fun.

In the writing of some twenty novels and numberless short stories I have hunted local color from the Arctic Circle to South America, and my experiences were about as diverting in one place as in another. There was as much color in the Ranger and Burkburnett Oil Fields of Texas during the oil excitement a few years ago as there was in Panama during the digging of the Canal; the more recent Florida land boom was quite as picturesque in its way as the first Alaskan gold rush. The two last-named were alike in that fortunes were made and lost, poor men became wealthy and went broke again almost before they knew it. There was the same play of emotions; also the same dramas of hope and of disappointment, of sacrifice and of greed were enacted. The Klondikers went North on foot and carried packs on their backs, the fortune-hunters who swept South to the Florida Eldorado went by train and by automobile, but they fared about the same in the long run.

**T**HE Northwest Mounted Police would not permit people to go to Dawson without money or food sufficient for a year. Anybody went to Florida who could get there, and a new phenomenon made its appearance. That was the "gasoline hobo" so-called. Gasoline hobos were people in rickety flivvers who begged money to buy gas and oil. The native Floridians couldn't understand the energetic ways of the newcomers. They are pretty languid, some of them, as this story shows.

A hook-wormy cracker was complaining that his corn patch had run out and that it no longer yielded him a decent crop.

"Why don't you fertilize your field?" a Northern farmer asked him.

"You don't know nothing about Florida soil," said the cracker. "Why, man alive! If I was to put manure on that patch of mine the weeds would grow so high my old woman couldn't see to hoe the corn."

To me these mass movements, these outbreaks of excitement, over gold, over oil, over land or what-not have appeared significant and worthy of description, for they

mark epochs in our national development, they are milestones along our march of progress, and I count myself lucky in having witnessed some of them at first hand.

Too bad there was no novelist along with Daniel Boone, or Lewis and Clark, when they pressed into the wilderness. How much more vivid would be our picture of the West as it used to be if Joseph Smith or one of his Mormon Elders with a gift for story-writing had set down the first-hand account of

**KNOW** what a "pitchman" is? Though the name may be unfamiliar to you, you must often have seen and heard pitchmen in action, on city streets and at country fairs and carnivals, selling everything from genuine stem-winders to ropes of pearls—for ten cents, one dime, the tenth part of a dollar.

Arthur Chapman has written a fascinating article about the craft, called "Heirs of the Medicine Man." Watch for it in an early issue.

their pilgrimage. Thanks to the efforts of a few romantic writers we have a lasting canvas depicting the California rush, but history is seldom written until it is dim and hazy. Time gives it true weight and proportion, no doubt, but meanwhile the body heat escapes. A dolphin, fresh caught, has a thousand iridescent colors under its skin but mounted it is merely a stuffed fish.

It was this eagerness to observe and to describe in my limited way some of the significant events of my time that induced me to do a novel about the building of the Panama Canal. It involved the spending of considerable time not only on the job itself, but also in the jungles thereabouts. The quickest way for me to acquire an understanding of places and of people is to put on boots and overalls or hunting togs and live the life for a while. In the tropics, however, I learned to get out of my clothes as promptly as possible, at least after every excursion into the jungle. Why? Ticks.

Of all the innumerable insect pests of hot

countries I found them to be the worst. In some places, at certain seasons, they are incredibly thick; grass, leaves, limbs are crawling with ticks of all sizes, and a white traveler accumulates them by the thousand. Bathing won't rid him of them, either, for they dig in promptly and his hair—even his eyebrows—afford splendid shelter for them. Once a tropical tick gets organized for business, he sticks until he is backed out with a lighted cigarette.

The native overcomes this nuisance in a simple manner. When he goes into the jungle he sheds his clothing. There isn't much of it anyhow, but with nothing on his person except a machete he can feel the insects parading over his naked skin and brush them off before they "spud in," to use an oil man's phrase. A white man finds obvious drawbacks to this practise; for one thing the thorns and stickers outnumber the ticks and for another there are snakes. In justice to the Central American jungles, however, I'm sure I never saw a dozen snakes in my wanderings down there and they may have been harmless. I have seen nearly that many rattlesnakes in one day in our own Southwest.

While in Central America I heard such interesting stories about the Indians of the San Blas coast, a region lying partly in Panama and partly in Colombia, that I returned some years later and visited them. Little was known about the inhabitants except that they lived exactly as they did when Columbus sighted the Coast of Darien, but they were reputed to be hostile and we were warned that they would run us out. They did nothing of the sort, however. They were shy and suspicious at first, but not unfriendly once they became convinced that we were only visitors and had no designs upon their lands. There are supposed to be some eight or ten thousands of them, and they occupy the loveliest part of the Caribbean Coast. The San Blas archipelago is a tropical paradise of tiny, wind-swept keys protected by a double barrier reef, and it is famous for its coco and ivory nuts and its tortoise shell. The people acknowledge fealty to no laws except their own, and they are the cleanest, healthiest, most moral I ever saw. Aside from a few traders and missionaries we were about the first to make friends with them.

They are industrious little fellows; every morning at a fixed hour the villages awake, the cook fires glow, and long before dawn the canoes set out for farm or forest or fishing grounds. There are hundreds of them, trim little crafts hollowed out of hard-wood logs, and they scud away ahead of the trade winds like so many seagulls. It is a sight to watch those ghostly fleets of canoes flitting past in the gloom, each with a sturdy helmsman straining against his steering paddle and a companion clinging to a rope from the mast and swinging his weight far overside to balance the craft.

**O**N FORMAL occasions, such as a visit to Colon, the men wear derby hats of a Weber and Fields block, and earrings in the shape of large flat golden disks, but no San Blas woman has ever trod the streets of a white town, or so the story went when I was in Panama, and certainly the San Blas blood has never been crossed.

It was our good fortune to gain the confidence of one of the principal chiefs and he enabled us to obtain motion-pictures, the first ever taken, showing the life that goes on inside the huge palm-thatched villages, and he even sent us tapir and jaguar hunting with some of his men into territory that had remained closed to white people ever

since the days of the first Spanish explorers.

The women were as distrustful as fawns, and a direct look sent them scampering to cover, but we got along famously with the boys, naked little bronze fellows bubbling over with curiosity, and after they had satisfied themselves that we did not intend to eat them, they pestered us to death. They were eager to learn English, they trooped about with us repeating in chorus at the tops of their voices words like "dog," "boat," "house," "banana." Certain of these words sent them off into convulsions of laughter.

They were enormously interested in our phonograph and they wore out many needles; in turn they entertained us on moonlight evenings by playing their reed pipes and dancing on the after deck of the yacht. One little chap with a wistful smile took a great shine to me, and his father offered to sell him to me for five dollars if I would take him and teach him to talk the "white" language. The offer may have been intended only as a joke; our interpreter made pretty bad work of his translation, but I have sometimes regretted that I didn't give that kid a chance. On the other hand, he is probably happier back there among those sunny islands washed by the salt waves of the Caribbean than he would have been among us whites.

Oddly enough we discovered a number of albinos among the "San Blasers"—full-blooded Indians with corn-colored hair, buttermilk eyes and blue gums. Not long ago some explorer brought a couple of them to New York, and there was a deal of talk in the newspapers about a new tribe of blond aborigines.

I asked a fellow member of the tribe how he accounted for these albinos, and he told me that they had seen God and He had smiled on them.

**I** ENCOUNTERED a far different sort of Indian later in the Gulf of California. They were Seris, reputed to be distant blood relatives of the Yaquis, and they live on Tiburon Island, off the Sonora shore. The Yaquis have been outlaws for a good many years, and the Seris are worse neighbors, if possible. They are the black sheep of the locality. It is said that a Yaqui can lick four Mexican soldiers, and that a Seri is good for four Yaquis. After a brief acquaintance with them I subscribe to that opinion. Certainly as long as they occupy Tiburon Island nobody is going to crowd them.

We were assured that they had no firearms, and that it would be safe, therefore, to drop in on them for tea, but somebody was kidding us; they were as well-heeled as hi-jackers, and they treated us about as hospitably as one Chicago gang of beer-runners treats another. Believe me, there were no anemic albinos in their number; they were rough boys, and they ate with their knives. I'm satisfied they let us go only because our shoes wouldn't fit them, and they didn't care to waste cartridges on us. At any rate, I can deny myself the pleasure of a return trip to Tiburon as long as I can do without canned salmon.

While hunting local color for "The Ne'er Do Well," I went shooting on a jungle stream famous for the number of crocodiles that infested it, and there I heard a story that deeply impressed me. To fully appreciate it one would need to see that stream as I saw it. It was alive with the "crocks"; they were enormous, and they lay along the banks in hundreds. When we drove them into the water they were like logs in a timber drive.

A year or two before there had been a jail delivery at the old Panama Prison,



The next few minutes were full of action. Every time the glacier cracked our hair flew up

built in the days of the Spanish occupation, and three prisoners managed somehow to reach the little coconut ranch at the mouth of this stream where we were camped. They were overtaken there by a detachment of soldiers, and two of them surrendered, but the third made a dash for freedom. The posse ran after him, firing as he darted through the trees.

It was assumed that the fugitive would come to bay when he reached the river, for nothing could cross it. Even cattle and horses had been pulled down. But the fellow never halted; he dashed through those sleeping monsters, dove in and swam.

When the soldiers arrived, the runaway had made good his crossing, but the water was literally boiling; it was whipped and threshed into foam by scores of writhing, lashing bodies.

Whether it was terror or recklessness that prompted him to take that desperate chance, nobody ever knew, for the jungle swallowed him.

Many stories of daring, of hardship, of suffering, and of sacrifice come to the writer in search of local color, and he can, if he wishes, experience a few vivid moments at first hand. It is, indeed, the most agreeable part of writing.



Too bad there was no novelist along with Daniel Boone, or Lewis and Clark, when they pressed into the wilderness



# I'm Off to California

*With a Good Book to Bear Me Company and Point the Way!*

By Claire Wallace Flynn

**F**RANCISCAN missionaries. . . .  
Spanish ranchos—vast, feudal, romantic. . . .  
Russian ships peering into what is now San Francisco Bay—sailors seeing in a dream the surrounding hills covered with Russian domes and gleaming Tartar turrets; counting uncountable riches from fur and forest. . . .

On a mountain top, Frémont gazing down from his saddle upon this promised land, knowing in his heart that over that wide sea-washed country the Stars and Stripes must ultimately float—and he did do his bit toward that end, pronto! . . .

Ide and the Bear-Flag Revolution. . . .

Frémont, with Kit Carson among his men, galloping to the rescue of Gillespie at Los Angeles!

Old Glory over California. . . .

Gold! . . .

Emigrant trains rolling down the slopes of the Sierras. . . .

Ships jammed tight in San Francisco Bay. . . .

The gold yield of the first year was \$23,000,000.

The year 1850—\$50,000,000.

1853—\$65,000,000.

Frontier and mining-camp drama. . . .

Vaqueros. . . .

Desperados. . . .

The Committee of Vigilance. . . .

Into the Union (1850). . . .

The Magic growth. . . .

Cities—towns—ranches—orchards—universities—Greek theatres. . . .

The Earthquake. . . .

Hollywood. . . .

It is, you'll agree, a short but sensation-ally thrilling history that the Golden State offers the world—not much more than the story of one hundred and sixty years all told—but it is replete with drama, not to say melodrama, and as such it has been a mine as rich in picturesque and the records of human courage as the streams of the Sierras were rich with gold when the Forty-niners came seeking their yellow nuggets and their right to adventure.

Literature has always flourished in California and has proffered the reader some of the most individual, characteristic and colorful work that America has produced.

It is not, however, the intention of this Book Department to enter into a long talk on the extent and brilliance of California's performance with the pen. We haven't time, but we do think that with the Los Angeles Convention just ahead of us, it will be a jolly and helpful thing to look casually into a few volumes concerning those folks who are about to open their doors to us, and to pick up an interesting item or two about the "Coast" in general.

## *California, an Intimate History*

By Gertrude Atherton. (Harper & Brothers, N. Y.)

**M**RS. ATHERTON'S very important chronicle of the men and events that have produced her

native State breathes the very air of California—mountainy, clear. The well-known bite and vigor which we have come to look for in this author's work are, to our immense delight, part of every paragraph of this book which Mrs. Atherton is pleased to call a "history," but which to any right-minded reader should prove a collection of flashing adventure tales.

The chapters devoted to the "Spanish Period" glow with beauty. These are approached with all a novelist's love for the romantic. The Friars, tramping along that same *Camino Real* whose historic dust your own motors will disturb as you travel from San Diego to San Francisco—the Mexican Governors—the prodigally hospitable ranchos—all constitute a grand yarn spun of many colors.

But I think it is particularly when Mrs. Atherton swings into her amazing story of San Francisco in its early years that we realize what a truly striking piece of work she has done.

San Francisco, according to Gertrude Atherton, had skipped the intermediate stages of growth, had developed from an almost innocent childhood to a "raging, crude maturity."

This sudden maturity she attacks with joy, speaking out of a profound knowledge of politics, and of the stupendous and theatrical growth of the social life of the city.

One of the big political dramas that she recounts in brilliant style, is the history of "the James King—Casey feud," culminating with the Vigilance Committee taking the law in its own hands and treating all San Francisco to as shrieking a melodrama as can be found in the whole American legend.

Throughout this entire fascinating book is felt Mrs. Atherton's admiration for the pioneer temper which is the very soul of

California—the fundamental and unifying strain in all its sons and daughters.

This she witnessed in its splendid manifestation during those busy months after the earthquake in 1906—". . . women still talked of nothing but earthquake and fire; but the men talked only of insurance and rebuilding. They went about dressed in khaki and top-boots, exhilarated by the tremendous call upon their energies, and with all the old pioneer spirit reincarnated and intensified by the consciousness that they were about to build a great city. . . ."

Just off hand, we would say that if you intend to dip into only one book to refresh your memory on Californian affairs *this is the book for you*—for it is authentic, absorbing, mettlesome history guaranteed to hold you spellbound from its first page to its last.

## *In and Out of the Old Missions*

By George Wharton James. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

**Y**OU can't escape. If you go to California you'll have to visit the old Missions or else be ashamed to look yourself in the mirror ever afterward. It would be like going to Philadelphia and never even glancing at Independence Hall, or putting your hands over your eyes as you pass the Statue of Liberty on entering New York Harbor.

So, presupposing that you will do your duty, we beg you to first glance through Mr. James's lovely account of that brave chain of mission churches beading the long *Camino Real* like jewels upon a golden chain.

Padre Fr. Junipero Serra, whose statue you will come upon in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, was the leading spirit of the dauntless band of holy men who built these beautiful old places—some of which have fallen into decay, and some of which have, more or less tragically, passed into the hands of "restorers."

But their old, cracked, sun-baked walls teem with stories worth hearing—how the Indians were baptized by hundreds, and the men taught plowing and tanning and leather-work and the making of adobe bricks and burnt tiles and silverware; and the women the making of exquisite baskets and weaving, and so on.

However, work such as this was not natural to the Californian Indians—a lazy lot, if these books tell us rightly. So a good deal of tyranny and bullying seems to have been used, and the labor in "God's vineyard" went on hand in hand with a state of "servitude" amongst the natives which lasted until by a decree of "secularization" of the Missions by a Mexican Governor the old order changed and a most colorful and ardent epoch began its decline.

One by one, like panels of a screen, Mr. James turns toward us the pictures of the twenty-one Missions and their satellite chapels and settlements, each with its story of fiery religious zeal; of touching annals of the natives. Later come the picturesque figures of the Spanish landowners

(Continued on page 61)



Santa Barbara Mission



### Helen Westley and Henry Travers

FLORENCE VANDAMM

**T**HE Camel Through the Needle's Eye" is a comedy by Frantisek Langer set and cast with the Theatre Guild's usual high excellence. The honors of the evening go to Miriam Hopkins and Helen Westley. In a cellar artfully perfumed with the baleful odor of stale boiled cabbage Miss Westley is presiding genius

over a family of charlatan beggars. Her daughter undertakes the education of a wealthy but practically dumb lover, and they end as the owners of Prague's model dairy, the young man fluent and virile in speech, and mother keeping a sharp eye on business. Perfectly acted and howlingly funny—E. R. B.



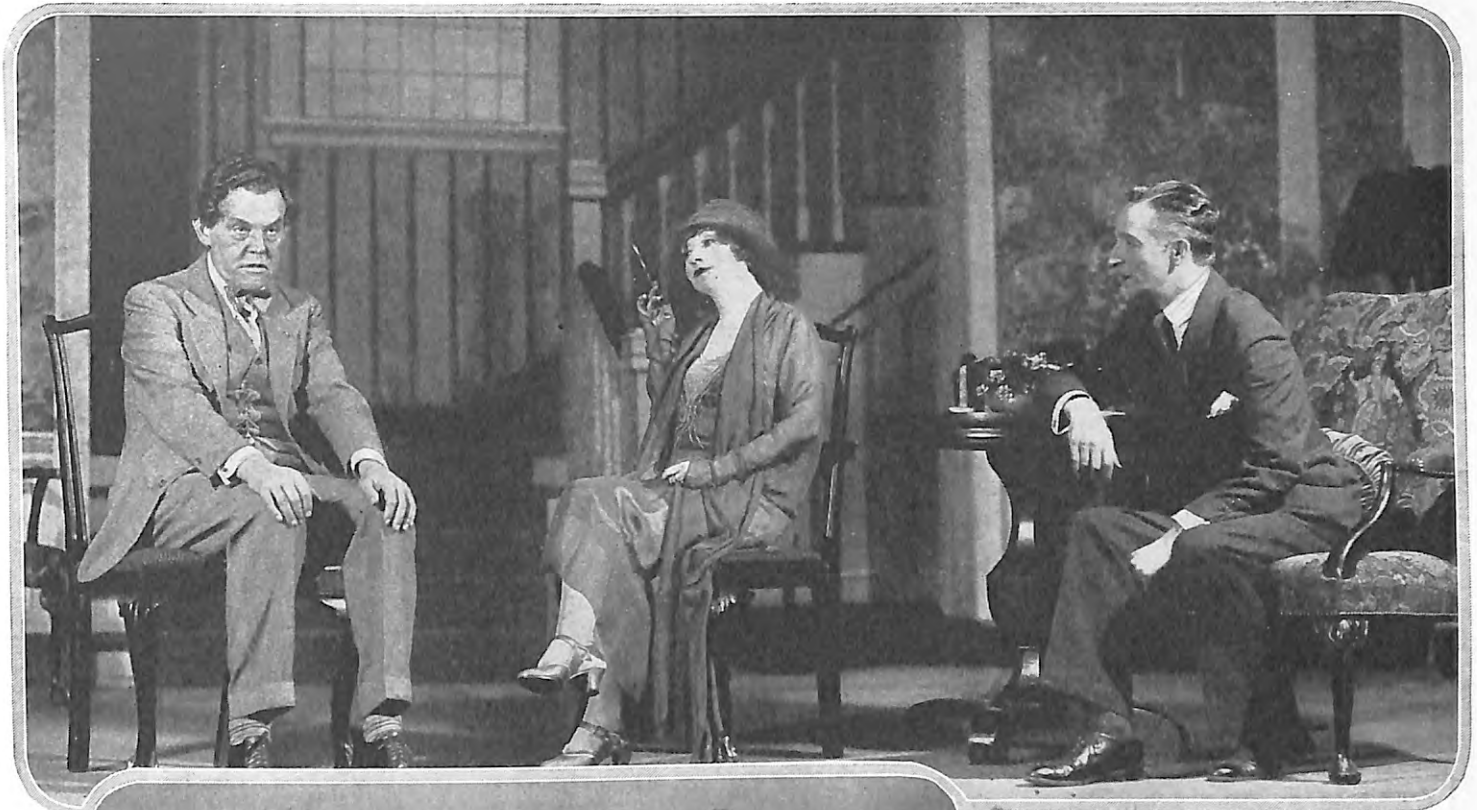
Otis Skinner (left) is at his best in "100 Years Old," a comedy from the Spanish of Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero, which has recently opened in Chicago. Popa Juan, about to celebrate his hundredth birthday, gathers all his relatives, rich and poor, high and low, together for an hilarious feast. Finely dramatic at moments, the play is an interesting study of characters and the philosophy of life completely dominated in its action by Mr. Skinner, who is ably supported

Class consciousness and pride of caste are the unusual motivations that make the wheels go round so entertainingly in Drinkwater's English comedy "Bird in Hand." The owner of the inn which gives the play its title is in a direct line of succession that goes back many generations, and when his pretty young daughter and Sir Arnwood's son fall in love he berates the unmanageable younger generation, and swears she shall not marry out of her class. Three visitors to the inn become involved in the discussion which rages through the night with the actors in various states of quaint dishabille. Below are some of the imported players, Jill Esmond Moore, Herbert Lomas, Charles Hickman and Roddy Hughes



A group of earnest actors, of whom Dorothy Yockel, Ian M. Wolfe, Barbara Bulgakova, Helen Freeman and E. J. Ballentine are pictured below, a sympathetic production of Anton Chekov's drama, "The Sea-Gull." To the estate where a struggling young writer lives with his old uncle comes his mother, a renowned actress, and her friend, Trigorin, a famous novelist. Between them they corrupt the young poet's dream and destroy his love, his mother by her selfish incomprehension and Trigorin thru his idle love affair with Nina





PHOTOS BY  
VANDAMM



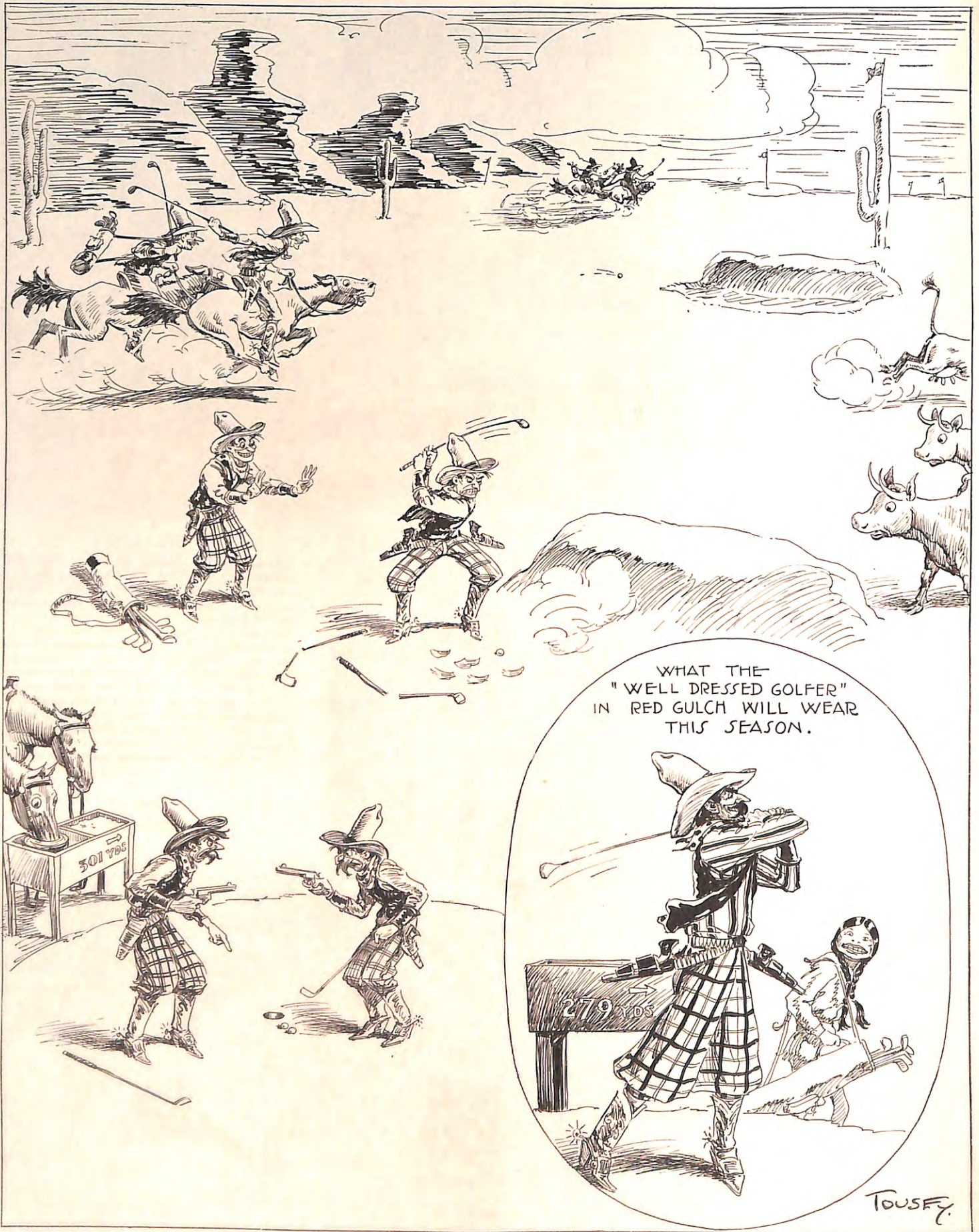
"Mrs. Bumstead-Leigh" is no new venture for Mrs. Fiske (above), but a revival of her earlier success in Harry James Smith's comedy. She plays the rôle of pretentious social impostor with all the aplomb and high spirit of a young woman, and with her own peculiar charm. The unhappy looking man facing her is Sidney Toler, making valiant efforts to expose her imposture in revenge for having been jilted years before when she was just the imaginative daughter of a patent medicine king in a little mid-western town. The scene is the hilarious high spot in an amusing comedy that is, however, somewhat unevenly acted

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien

Any Viennese operetta will give you the plot for the composite called "Music in May." Its highest claims to popularity are the three actors pictured above—Marjorie Leach, Charles Lawrence and especially Solly Ward, whose accent and clowning get most of the laughs. The voices are good, and the music, supplied by Emile Berte and Maury Rubens, tuneful but highly reminiscent of a number of things

Tears and laughter mingle freely in the sentimental talking-movie called the "Rainbow Man" which stars Eddie Dowling and Frankie Darro. Dowling handles the pathetic story of back stage life with sure showmanship, and puts his songs across in fine style. He generously hands over many of the laughs to Frankie, who is a clever, sophisticated youngster quite capable of making his comedy lines register





The Golf Fever Comes to Red Gulch



Old Jed growled out a reference to ankle-deep engineers and soda-fountain experts. "An' I hear too as you're gettin' married, Jed," put in Collins

## Jed Morrow's Bride

By Bernard J. Farmer

Illustrated by John D. Whiting

IN EVERY port of the world, wherever the Canadian Merchant Marine brings ships and commerce, he was known. Aye, in those places where Chief Engineers and their satellites gather together to discuss owners, ships, and engines, sooner or later the talk would come around to old Jedidiah Morrow, one of the finest engineers who ever went to sea.

For twenty-five years he had been Chief of the *Conqueror*, 3,800 tons, owners, the British Dominion Line; and even as the steel itself, he formed an integral part of her engines.

Born one stormy night off Halifax while the old *Dunedin* was thrashing her way into port, he had followed in the steps of his father and known ships and seamen when other children were playing with their toys—had started on as fireman at the age of fifteen—no galley jobs for him, mark you!—risen to the dizzy heights of oiler, fought for his Fourth's ticket, and thence climbed steadily upward till at the age of thirty he was a full-blown Chief Engineer on the *Conqueror*.

And there he had remained ever since.

True, he had been tempted by other ships and other lines; but somehow or other he had always stayed by the *Conqueror* and the British Dominion—the "B Damned 'ell," as he called them, and a succession of Seconds came to know and respect his dry bark as he went off watch:

"Keep her up, mister, keep her up—keep her up. . . ." His voice seemed to linger mysteriously long after he had disappeared up the steel companionway.

And keep her up they did. There would be hell fire and brimstone ladled out next morning if the steam gauge dropped one iota below the sacred mark!

Old Jed had the uncanny habit of thinking engines even when he was presumably sleeping peacefully in his bunk. Only too well the stokehold knew it. Dripping stokers, nearing the end of their four-hour watch, would brace up, wring out their soaking sweat cloths, and give the insatiable fires yet another turn with shovel and slice bar as they thought of the Chief. Hardly ever did he hit a man, but his tongue! Ah, there lay his secret!

Rumor had it he could curse and blast his ship through the gates of hell, only to come out in the smooth waters of heaven with his engines turning over a steady seventy-five revolutions a minute.

Aye, a great engineer was old Jed—and this was his last trip. For promotion, real promotion, had come his way. Superintendent Engineer of the Line! He still had five good years to go before he was compelled to retire on a pension, and he meant to get the most out of them. No more heat for him, no more oil and dirt, no more sweating at a cracked cylinder top with the thermometer topping the 120 mark. No, but one more trip and then a white-collar job.

At sea the Chief Engineer is the overlord, the autocrat, of the flashing, whirling steel and those who control it; but as soon as the ship docks his star pales before the sun that is the Superintendent Engineer.

And soon Jed would be that sun.

When a ship docked at Montreal, worn and weary after the voyage, he would have a stoker wipe off the oily railings, descend to the engine room, and after glaring dis-

paragingly at the engines, exclaim in a loud and sarcastic voice:—"My God!"

Would follow then an impressive silence during which the Chief would fume with impotent rage.

Presently old Jed would find his voice again:

"So you think you can run engines, do you, Mister so-and-so? Why? By the purple gates of Jerusalem, I ask you why? Look at that—and that—and that—" With an unerring finger he would point out the defects while at the same time rigidly cutting down the repair list.

Oh, life would indeed be worth living as Superintendent Engineer of the Line!

Round a table in the Harbor Tavern Jed sat with his two cronies, Silvester, Chief of the *Condor* and Collins of the *Mariner*, telling them all about it.

"WELL, we've suffered enough from McKinley," said Silvester.

Old Jed growled out a reference to ankle-deep engineers and soda-fountain experts.

"An' I hear too as you're gettin' married, Jed," put in Collins slyly.

Jed nodded, and the dark mahogany tint of his hard features deepened. He relighted his pipe and his eyes roved out of the window to where the funnel of the *Conqueror* showed above the sheds.

"Yeah, I'm getting spliced up, boys, an' then I'll live ashore in comfort. Hell, the sea's no life for a man. Thirty-nine years I've had of it—twenty-five of 'em on the *Conqueror*—an' never a good trip yet. P'raps when I'm Super I'll get some satisfaction out of the old hooker, and maybe the new Chief'll get some too." Defiantly he glared at the red and white funnel.

Silvester, wrinkled and sere as the skin of a dried-up apple, looked at Collins and slowly dropped his left eyelid.

"Member when you took out the low press piston rod at sea, Jed—didn't you get no satisfaction out of that?"

Jed spat.

"A-a-a-ah! I'm glad to get shut of her! Leave the runnin' of her to someone that has to, I say, and go to church decent o' Sundays like the Widow Davis wants."

"So that's it—Ha! Ha! Ha!" The Chief of the *Mariner* let out his deep bellowing laugh. "Well, I never met two women yet who could agree over a man, an' a ship's more of a woman than many. I don't blame the Widow Davis for wantin' to rid you of the crazy old tub."

Jed glared.

"Crazy old tub! Let me tell you, mister, the *Conqueror's* the finest freighter in the line—and you know it!"

Collins stared.

"Why, Jed," he said slowly. "Just now you said yourself she was no good."

Jed glowered, and Collins winked at Silvester and bellowed an order to the waiter. Then when the drinks had come he lifted his glass: "Here's to the new Super!"

AT TEN P. M. three Chief Engineers, somewhat under the weather, were to be seen driving up Mount Royal in a cab. At dawn Jed was hauled on board the *Conqueror* dead to the world. And at eight bells he was cold sober, by what process no one ever knew, and was standing by the engines with one eye on the steam gauge and the other on the telegraph, while a harassed Fourth Engineer, very new, very young, and very much under the spell of the Chief's reputation, was in the stokehold exhorting the sweating stokers to get her up to 180 and keep her there, By—!

The pilot came aboard, two tugs took charge, warping the *Conqueror* out of Windmill Point Basin, and at three bells she was steaming down the St. Lawrence, bound for Cardiff, with her engines turning over a steady seventy-five and every prospect of a perfect trip.

And so it might have turned out. All the way across the Atlantic she was unswervingly docile. Nothing went wrong. A charm might have been laid over the old hooker. Well loaded down, she was, her hatches snug and tight over rolls of newsprint, and the water calm. In eleven days to the dot she docked at Cardiff, and the new Fourth began to doubt the rumors he had heard about the Chief.

Why, he had scarcely opened his mouth the whole way over, and as for profanity! The worst he had said was "Damn," and that was when the pantry boy had upset his tea over the clean Sunday cloth.

But perforce the Fourth had to wait a little, and in the fullness of time he saw.

They loaded up with drums of varnish, and with the holds but three-quarters full, back they sailed for Montreal.

The very first day at sea the ship broke her good record. It seemed as if her previous good behavior had strained her internally, and now she had the devil in her. First the steam steering gear broke down utterly and completely, and old Jed, sweating away with the Fourth and two oilers while the ship steered under handrig, nearly cried as he saw his hopes for a perfect trip fading into the blue.

"By the sufferin' shades of old Nate, I'll make her pay for this," he rasped, as he scraped away at a bearing lining.

"Mr. Sheffield!"

The Fourth jumped.

"Go and ask Mr. Connor for ten pounds more steam."

The Fourth departed to the engine-room, received the maledictions of the Second on his head, but returned with the assurance that there *would* be ten pounds more steam.

The Chief grunted, slipped the distance-pieces under the bearing, and after giving orders for it to be tightened down, returned for'ard to the engine-room himself.

THERE he found the captain waiting for him at the bridge end of the speaking tube.

"That the Chief—is the steering engine repaired?"

"Steering engine O. K., sir."

The captain grunted, and old Jed, leaving the Second to take the four to eight watch, went off to his bunk hoping that the old hooker had had her fling now and would condescend to dock at Montreal with no more trouble.

But that was not to be.

When they were seven days out the weather changed for the worse. Steadily, ominously, the glass dropped. The wind rose from quick, uncertain puffs to a shrill demoniacal scream, and the *Conqueror* pitched and rolled in the rising sea like a helpless, tossing cork instead of some 5,000 tons of ship and cargo.

More and more she needed nursing. With every violent pitch the propeller came out of the water and the engines raced madly till a skilful hand at the throttle shut them down. Then crash! Down came the stern again, and the throttle had to be opened up once more. The engines carried no automatic gear, and if allowed to race each time the screw came out, vibration would soon knock them to pieces.

It was a case of stand by the steam valve all through the watch, with quick dashes to the stokehold to curse savagely for steam, steam, and yet more steam.

At eight bells—midnight—old Jed came on the watch, relieving Mr. Sutton, the Third.

"How's she going, boy?"

The ship rolled heavily to port, and the

Third took a firmer stance on the slippery, tilting plates.

"High press bearing's a little hot, sir—I've been cooling her down with water."

Old Jed ran an experienced eye over the firework exhibition round the high-pressure cylinder bearing, and his gnarled hand touched the hot metal as a mother might lay her hand on the forehead of a sick child.

"Uhhh—wants relining. Told 'em so, too; but they swore it 'ud last another trip. Must think us engineers a bunch of snake charmers. All right, Third, go get your sleep."

Thankfully the Third disappeared up the steel ladders that led to coffee and bed, and the Chief glanced at the steam gauge, then went along the narrow alley way into the stokehold.

There, half a dozen men, grimed and naked to the waist save for their dripping sweat cloths, slaved with shovel and slice bar to feed the hungry fires.

The heat was blistering—sickening. It hit like a blow. A furnace door clanged open—crash! And a fierce blast came from the red maw within. Two figures rushed to the bunkers—turned—shot in coal. Then with the mechanical movements of robots they raked, raked, raked with the slice bars while the hot glare played on their great muscles till they shone like polished bronze.

Old Jed stood by the doorway, grim and silent. Inhuman he seemed, with the red light flickering across his rugged features—some devil guarding the gate of hell.

Fiercely his gray eyes raked back and forth to see if all were working. Finally they centered on a giant negro stoking the port boiler.

Despite the man's great size, he was always behind his mate; and once when the ship gave a particularly fiendish lurch he leaned against the bunker wall till she had righted herself. He was lazy—and that was unforgivable.

"HI YOU, you misbegotten son of a limehouse coolie—" Jed raked him with biting invective. "You think you're a—janitor, do you? Well, mister, I'll show you different. GET TO THAT BOILER!" His voice cracked out like a whiplash.

The man turned, and his eyes, red and bloodshot, gleamed with an animal glare.

"Me sick," he roared. "T' hell with you!"

Jed started toward him, and that moment the ship canted up at an appalling angle. The negro was hurled against the red-hot furnace door and gave a scream of agony as the hot metal seared his bare flesh.

Half crazy with pain, he snatched up his shovel and rushed at the Chief.

Then crack! The shovel flew out of his hand and he went down as if he had been poleaxed, while Old Jed, half his size, stood over him gently caressing his knuckles.

"Get up, mister," he said, in steely tones. "Get up and stoke that boiler or I'll throw you in instead of using good coal!"

The negro groaned, then as his mate sloshed a bucket of dirty water over him, opened his eyes and met the implacable glare of the Chief.

Slowly he lurched to his feet—took up the shovel.

Jed grunted and glanced at the steam gauge. Furtive eyes followed him. He was a devil—a fiend—and the ship a hell ship. But they worked, aye, they worked—and the pointer on the steam gauge registered a steady 180



Lowered over side in slings they worked for hours



pounds. Yes, that was all that mattered. The blasting heat, the working up, was as nothing. Always the ship must go on.

Satisfied, Jed returned to the engine-room and gave all his attention to the throttle and the hot bearing, and seemingly oblivious of the wild rolling, calmed the angry sparks to a sizzle.

One bell struck . . . two . . . three . . . Night faded into morning. On top the storm raged with ever increasing fury, but below, deep in the bowels of the ship, little was heard to break the clank—clank—clank of heavy machinery and the spasmodic groans of the bad bearing but the moaning of the wind as it came down the engine-room ventilator.

Once the escape valve on the center boiler blew off, and from far overhead came the mighty booming of the steam. Sudden—

*Pulling himself up from where he had been thrown under the oil lockers, the Fourth closed down—stopped the engines dead with a mighty heave on the valve gear. A moment more and hot steel would have been flying all over*

volcanic—like the lid blowing off the top of hell. Then abruptly it stopped, and the inferno pressed down again.

Ever and anon Jed's eye went to the steam gauge and the condenser vacuum. From there to the revolution counter. Periodically he made a notation on the log board. Sixty-five . . . sixty-six . . . Uhhh, not so bad considering. . . .

At seven bells—one bell early—he was relieved by the Fourth, a little taut round the jaw. Usually, the Chief and the Fourth took their watches together, but old Jed believed

in breaking 'em in young. Nothing like responsibility to make a man. Besides, the Second, whose watch it really was, was down with fever contracted on a West Indian run.

A fiendish lurch of the ship threw the Fourth down the last six feet of ladder, and he arrived at the bottom a little breathless to face Jed's fierce gray eyes.

"Stand by the throttle, Mr. Sheffield, and keep her up all you can—watch that bad bearing—plenty of water on it—and call me if the guts come out of her."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The Fourth stood by while Jed punctiliously stayed out his watch, then he took over, and hang it all, he thought enviously, it seemed as if the ship knew the difference. The master hand was gone. The cat away—and now the mice would play.

(Continued on page 54)





*"I ain't no thief, I tell you. You got to listen to me. I ain't goin' to let you go before you listen"*

## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend\*

### Part III

By Ben Lucien Burman

Illustrated by George Wright

THEY stood gazing at each other in silence.

A new fierce gust of wind shrieked over the river. A tree near the shanty swayed gigantically and crashed to the ground. A swirl of leaves and light branches swept past. The boy moved back from the doorway. "Come in and get out of the storm," he said. He struck a match to light the way.

The old man shook the water off his rubber coat and hat and stepped into the streaming cabin.

The boy lit the lamp, moved the pan of meat from the fire, and set a chair before it. "Sit down here and get dry."

The old man gazed at him hesitantly. "Thank you, son," he said.

He hung his hat and coat on the wall of the room where the boy slept. The dog on the other side whined faintly as he neared him. The captain glanced around inquiringly. States who had begun chopping wood to put into the fire, did not hear. The old man took the place to which he had been invited. Taking off his shoes, but without removing his drenched socks, he began toasting his feet over the blackening coals.

The boy thrust the new supply of kindling into the grating, and fanned with his cap again until faint wisps of steam were coming up from the socks over it, then set the shoes on a shelf of the stove to dry. "What did you come for?" he demanded gloomily.

The old man's face had changed perhaps more than the boy's since his departure

from the steamboat. His once genial wrinkles were deepening into haggard shadows, his cheeks were sunken, his skin was a sickly yellow. But his eyes, as he answered the boy, were soft with tenderness. "It don't take much guessing, son."

"Something about the boat, I reckon." The old man nodded. "I come to get you back. I can't do without you no more."

A shifting of the wind rocked the shanty in a new direction and sent the pail of minnows crashing from the shelf. The boy limped to it, filled it with water again, and began picking up the tiny fish scattered over the floor. "What'd you come out on a night like this for? You'll get pneumonia or something."

"I had to come to-night. 'Cause to-morrow I'm going away."

"Where you going?"

"Up to Perryville. They're opening up some coal mines up Buzzard Fork there, and them same people that had me working back of Pine City last year want me to come up for a while and do some towing."

"Going to be gone long?"

"Don't know just how long. A couple of months or so anyway. Going first thing in the morning. And I don't want to go without you. A couple of other times I pretty near come over for you. And to-night we come up to the button factory to deliver some machinery that we got down at Pine City to-day, and we were laying there when the storm come up. And all the time I kept looking over toward here and saying

to myself, 'Captain Lilly, if you don't go over and get that boy to-night, you ain't fit to wash a skunk.' And after a while I just couldn't stand it no more, so I come. I kept waiting for a lull in the storm, but it don't seem like there's going to be any. You ain't looking well, son."

States picked up the last of the minnows and dropped some new crumbs of meat into the water. "I'm feeling all right."

"I'm all right, too. Except that I'm missing you terrible. Nothing on the boat don't seem the same. A couple of nights I been wishing I was dead. And when you get to be a old man to be thinking that way . . . well, it don't make you feel so good."

HE TOOK off his socks and put his bare feet over the cheery, crackling flames. "Wasn't easy for me to come here, son. I'm a proud man. For fifty years I been running the biggest boat that ever run out of Beaver Slough. I don't carry so many passengers, 'cause I run as a towboat most of the time, but just the same I've took some of the finest people there is on my boat, school teachers, and doctors and insurance fellows, and a preachers's convention, and once there was a congressman. I didn't bend my head to none of them. But I'm a-bending it to-night, bending it mighty low to come to Shantytown to get you, son."

Gravely States fed a crumb of meat to the toad who had hopped with pompous eagerness to the minnow bucket. "The Shantytown people's my people."

"They was your people. But like I told you on the boat they ain't your people no more." He put out his hand as the boy passed and gently took his arm. "Come on back with me, son. You and me can have

the best times ever was up at Perryville. It's a wonderful place, they says. A salesman that lives there was telling me just yesterday there's so much to do there a fellow wouldn't get no sleep for three or four months if he tried to do it all. Everything just the best there is. There's three picture shows, he says, and stores where you can get four flavors of ice cream all the year round, and the clothing store he works for has a monkey playing in the window all the time to get the customers, and there's a piano-learning place where a fellow's giving lessons all day long right out by the street where you can see him, and I don't know what all. And then on Sunday you can go out to the Lunatic Asylum, and sometimes you can see some of them crazy people."

STATES' countenance was lighting with interest. "Doc Laura's brother's there at that asylum, ain't he? The one that started stealing umbrellas and making bows and arrows out of them, and running around naked in the woods, hunting?"

"Um-huh."  
The boy's eyes grew wistful. "I'd sure like to see him cutting up."

"I guess you could. Looks to me like you could. I'd take you up to this here salesman, and I guess he could fix it for you. Looked to me by the tie and the fancy hat he was wearing that he was a pretty big man. . . . Course I guess they put clothes on them when they get inside the asylum."

States' face fell.

The old man went on hastily. "But I guess you wouldn't even have no time to go to the asylum. 'Cause they're having the carnival now, the fellow said. Said there's a wild man just growls to himself all day long and stamps up and down his cage and swallows rabbits down whole the way a nigger does bananas. And there's a fellow that writes with his feet, and draws pictures with them, too, draws pictures of hens laying eggs and a man getting chased by a bull, and pretty near anything you'd want. He

done one, the salesman said, of Moses giving out the Ten Commandments, that had everybody's eyes pretty near popping out. Done it upside down."

"I seen that fellow," States said excitedly. "He was down at the picture-show in Pine City. He done the hen and the bull and the Moses, too. But none of 'em was upside down. That there sure is something to see."

"Guess he's practiced a lot and got himself better. And all I'm telling you is just a beginning, according to the way that salesman says. It's what they call the Hundred and One Shows and Carnival. He didn't count all the acts, but he said it looked to him like there was even more than that. You'd like to see it, wouldn't you, States?"

"I sure would." Then he shook his head. "But I ain't going to leave my kin-folk."

The old man's face saddened. "I was sure hoping you'd come with me and see it." He felt the socks steaming on a rusty knob of the stove. "You ain't got no objection to my sitting here, having a little talk, have you?"

"No, I ain't got no objection."

The old man pattered over in his bare feet to get his pipe from his coat. The dog began whining faintly again as he neared the wall. States heard it this time and paled. The whining ceased. The boy's face grew calm again.

The Captain lit the pipe, resumed his place at the fire, and began to puff thoughtfully. "Too bad Buttereye ain't here. He'd sure like to be talking to you, too."

"How is Buttereye? He getting along all right?"

"Getting along fine."

"Did you and him get that bet about them flies decided?"

"Just didn't have no luck with that bet at all, somehow. I got four more cages of 'em full. . . . After you was gone . . . and they didn't have no food for a couple of days

and I was just about figuring they was getting ready to get to work on each other when a wind come and blowed 'em off the window-sill, where I was keeping them, into the river. Me and Buttereye's got a new one now, betting how many mosquitoes it takes to make a pound." He reached into his pocket and took out a pill-box. "Got



pretty near a hundred in here already. When we have a cigar-box full we'll get it weighed up at the post-office." He gazed at the dried insects lying within, noticed several mosquitoes flying around some vegetables in the sink, and, catching them expertly, put them with the others.

They chattered on aimlessly for a few moments. The boy's spirits continued to brighten.

The old man felt his socks again and lazily began drawing them on to his feet. "How about a little music, son?" he demanded cheerfully.

THE boy took his harmonica from his pocket. "All right. What'll I play you?"

"Well, guess there ain't nothin' better than 'Cripple Creek' for a stormy night."

"Guess there ain't." He put the instrument to his lips, and with his lame foot began to beat out the jaunty rhythm. The old man listened intent a moment, then commenced to sing.

When the music ceased, both were flushed, beaming.

The old man wiped his sweating forehead and breathed a sigh of deep content. "That's sure music, son. Mighty like old times when you're playing, ain't it?"

"Uh—huh."

"We sure had mighty good times on the *Morning Glory* together, didn't we?"

"We sure did."

"Remember that time that smart-Aleck fellow from St. Louis who was studying to be a pilot came on board when we was tied up for a fog so thick you couldn't see your hand before your face, and he said the fog wasn't nothing and he'd take her down to Pine City perfect if we'd let him? Remember how I said all right, and fixed it up with the engineer to keep the paddle going so he'd think she was moving?"

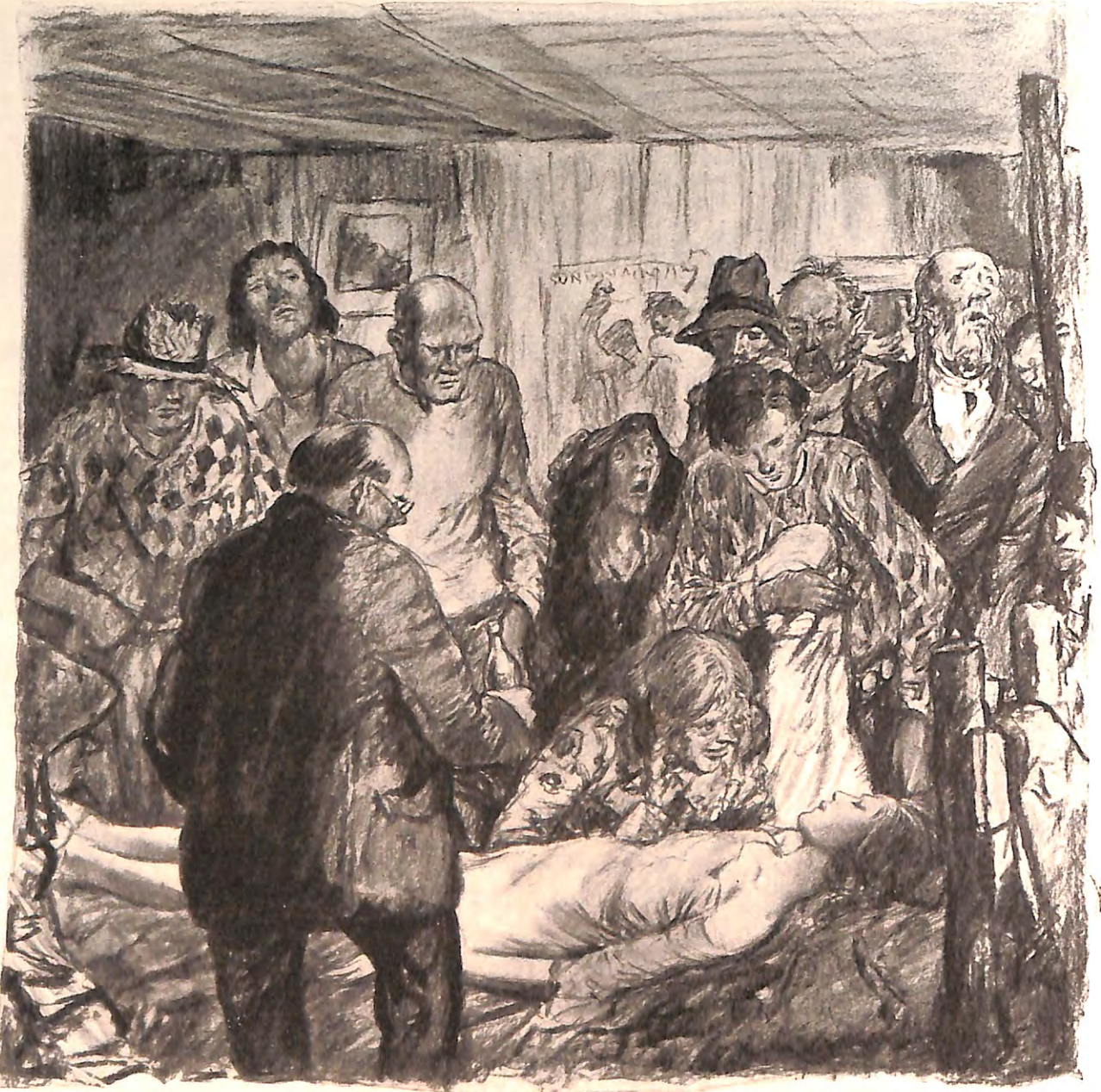
"I sure do remember. Gosh, can't you just see him twisting the wheel and blowing the whistle and hollering down orders to the engine-room like he was a nigger king or something, and then after he had kept it for pretty near a hour the fog blowed away and he seen he was still tied to the Beaver Slough wharf and hadn't moved a inch."

"I ain't going to forget it till my dying day." He rocked with laughter, and began gaily slipping on his shoes. "No, sir. Ain't

no place like a steamboat for having fun." A roll of the shanty caused the cowbell in the corner to tinkle faintly. The old man turned, saw the bell and the wheel beneath,



The negress led the way and began following the course States had taken in his rescue of Chicken Sam



*Dr. Claymore entered carrying a beer bottle holding a colorless liquid and began making his preparations. Preaching Daniel stepped mechanically aside and went on with his doleful singing*

and with an inquiring glance at the boy, walked toward them. Closely he examined the battered rim studded with clothespins, and the sunflower stalks which formed the speaking-tubes beyond it, then gazed at the boy and smiled gently.

"I guess you ain't forgetting you're a steamboater, are you, son?" he murmured.

The radiance in the boy's cheeks vanished. "I . . . wish I could," he said, wretchedly.

The old man moved to the wall to scrutinize the laboriously drawn river charts tacked upon it. As he did so the faint whimpering behind it recommenced. "That your dog in there I been hearing, son?"

STATES paled again. "Um-huh. . . . It's a dog."

"Wants to get out, don't he?"

"Um-huh."

"Big dog or a little dog?"

"I guess . . . in between."

The old man shook his head regretfully. Just looks like since you left the *Morning Glory* I ain't got no luck at all any more. Guess you ain't heard about Shoo Fly being stole?"

States hesitated.

"Some of them niggers working up at that construction camp done it," the Captain went on without waiting for his answer. "Took him the night after you went away.

I found one of them pay-slips laying out in the barge, so we knowed who it was. I got the Sheriff after them, but a lot of them got fired and was going down the river, so I guess they must have took him with them. I guess I ain't going to see Shoo Fly no more. I'd sure like to get the fellow that stole him. He'd never steal another dog after I got through with him."

He took out his watch, in whose dial the world's natural wonders still ticked slowly past. "Getting late," he said. "Guess I'll have to be going. Seven after eleven, according to mine. What time you got?"

The whimpering of the dog continued. The pallor of the boy's cheeks heightened. Nervously he consulted his watch, which was a duplicate of the other except for the circling, gay-colored pictures. "I got nine after," he answered, and his eyes apprehensively drifted off to the rattling door.

The whining ceased once more. States' tension relaxed.

"Have you set her any since you been away?"

"Nope."

"That's sure mighty good, ain't it? Just two minutes difference in all that time. Sure shows that them people who told me picture-watches didn't keep good time didn't know what they was talking about. Let me see that one of yours, will you? I'd kind of like to see that Sphinx with the camel standing round it and the Wall of China once again."

The boy put it in his hand.

"You can look at mine while I'm looking at yours," the old man went on, giving his watch to the boy. "Remember how the Vesuvius one was getting kind of faded?"

"Um-huh."

"Well, you look at her particular and you'll get a surprise."

"It is changed, ain't it? Who done it?"

"That fellow who was up at the drug store last week and sat in the window painting pictures for a quarter. Best painter ever come around here, I'll tell you. That red he put on her is sure enough to scare you."

They exchanged watches again. With his handkerchief the old man polished a dusty circle on the dial. "You're coming with me, ain't you, son? You and me's just like these two watches. They was made to be together."

The boy shook his head.

"Well, if you ain't going to come, I guess there ain't no way of making you. But I'm

sure going to miss you up at Perryville. I don't know whether I'll go to the asylum or do any of them things without you." He moved to the door and began taking down his hat and coat. The whining of the dog broke out afresh, became frantic as he moved near the threshold to take his departure. "Gosh, he wants to get out bad, don't he. I'm sure going to get me another dog."

As he spoke the door shot open. Shoo Fly bolted out and leaped wildly upon him, splattering his clothes with water from its streaming body, and covering his shirt with a myriad muddy footprints.

AS ON the night the boy had gone away, the wrinkles in the old man's yellow face again deepened until they were like great wounds cut by a sword in the head of a wax dummy. Then he took the dog in his arms and slowly, gently stroked its dripping head. "I raised him up like my own boy, Shoo Fly," he said. "And now he gets to be a thief."

The boy stared at him rigidly a moment, then bleakly hung his head. "I ain't a thief. I didn't steal him. One of the shanty fellows give him to me, that's all. I didn't want to keep him at first. Every time you was at the button factory I took him over to the woods and told him to go back to you. And he wouldn't go."

The old man did not answer, and still holding the dog in his arms, moved slowly to the door.

The boy's lips writhed, his eyes became desperate. Quickly he moved on to the threshold and barred the way. "I ain't no thief, I tell you. You got to listen to me. I ain't going to let you go before you listen. I said I wanted a dog, and one of the shanty fellows got him for me. And then after I tried to make him go back and he wouldn't, I got to feeling he was mine. To-night a couple of times I was going to tell you he was there. But I just couldn't, that's all. I ain't got no other friends in Shantytown. And I knowed if I told you he was there, you'd take him away."

The old man halted and continued to caress the dog as though unconscious of the other's presence. "Day after day I been looking for you, Shoo Fly. Day after day I been just sick about you, asking everybody I knowed about you, and worrying about how them niggers maybe had sold you to a man that beat you. Miss Hessian over at the button factory told me a fellow seen a dog like you over here, but I didn't believe it. I figured if you was here, he'd sure bring you back to me, even if we wasn't friends no more. But I might have knowed he'd turn out just the same as the others. Stealing himself or letting somebody else do it, it's the same thing. He ain't got Etty blood in him for nothing. I come here, pretty near begging him on my knees to come back to me. And all the time he was doing this to me. Just being a Shantytown thief. I don't never want to see his face again."

He tucked the dog inside his coat to shield it from the rain and stumbled off into the night.

States closed the door, and limped to

his pilot-house. One by one he took the tediously-drawn river charts from the wall and slowly thrust them into the stove; one by one he carried the bell, the speaking-tubes, and the wheel to the shanty's side and dropped them into the river.

He came upon the pilot's cap which the dog had worn during their fanciful voyages, its leather band white with wiry hairs. He hesitated. Carefully he selected a few of the largest and thrust them into the locket at the back of his watch, then let the cap drop over the rail. It splashed dully into the water.

## CHAPTER VIII

THE loss of his dog intensified the wretchedness of the boy's life in shantytown. But full of pity for the old woman and the girl whose poverty-stricken lives he was sharing, he resolved after a few days of bottomless misery that he would no longer add his constant dejection to their difficulties, and when either was nearby began to assume a cheerfulness which, as the days passed, became an excellent counterfeit of his former gaiety. At the same time his relations with Towhead became closer, friendlier. Often in the evening after the derelicts of the day's mussel catch had been cleared away, and the frugal supper eaten, he would sit down at the table and play with her hour after hour on the battered parchesi board rescued from the dump, or occasionally, if the weather was clear, let her accompany him on a hunting expedition into the woods.

The struggle with his despondency became difficult again as the *Morning Glory* came back from its stay at Perryville, and he once more saw the great twists of smoke rolling out the sighing stacks or heard the faint, musical clinking of the engines. He concealed his feelings from the others, however, and was lying in bed a few days after the boat's return, having been wakened by the roll of the shanty as the steamer swept past the window, when to his astonishment, in the next room where the two women were sleeping, he heard the sound of suppressed sobbing.

The sobs soon ceased, but he was troubled, and knowing that the voice was too girlish

to be the old woman's, searched Towhead's face curiously when he had dressed and gone into their section of the shanty to wash. But there was no sign of tears in her eyes, and dismissing what he had heard as the climax, perhaps, of a bad dream, genially surveyed the old woman who was still lying in bed, with a torn piece of mosquito netting over her withered face.

"What you got that for, Aunt Vergie?" he demanded jovially. "I ain't seen no mosquitoes round here for a couple of weeks."

The old woman sat up and took off the netting. "I ain't got it for mosquitoes. I got it for the witches. They been riding me till every bone in my body's aching, and I'm just getting mighty tired of it, that's all."

States chuckled. "You always got something funny, ain't you, Aunt Vergie?"

"This here ain't nothing funny. Anybody knows ain't nothing like a mosquito-bar to keep witches off you. Sue says it's because they have to go in and out every mesh before they can touch you, and they get so tuckered out doing it they just kind of give up and go home." Sleepily she examined the edges of the netting where several corners had been sewed into little sacks. "Sometimes if you've got these here bags sewed right, they drop down in them and you can catch one. And then all you have to do is say the three highest names in the Bible to it and it's got to give you anything you want. But you can't expect no luck with mosquito-bar wore out the way this is."

STATES chuckled again, and taking Towhead's place at the washstand began to shave a non-existent beard. He finished and was putting on his shirt patterned in green and red diamonds interspersed with occasional yellow horseshoes, when he suddenly caught up the dangling tail of the garment and peered at it intently. In the cloth near the waist were three circular holes about the size of a small button. "Doggone, that's the funniest thing I ever seen," he muttered. "Two mornings ago there was just one hole, and yesterday there was two, and now there's three. Cut clean-like as if it was a scissors done it, too. You sure some of them

witches of yours ain't been fooling with my shirt, Aunt Vergie?"

"What'd I be cutting your shirt for, son? If I was going to touch it, I'd be fixing it, not tearing it to pieces."

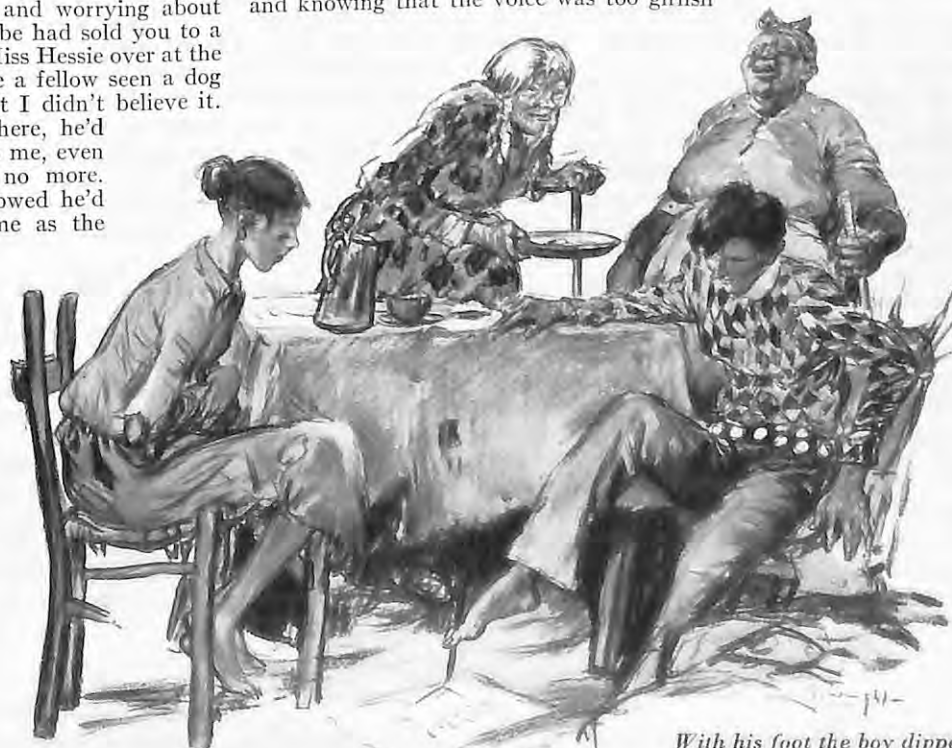
"You been doing anything with it, Towhead?"

"Courseshain't," Aunt Vergie replied quickly. "Moths or something's been getting at it, that's what it is."

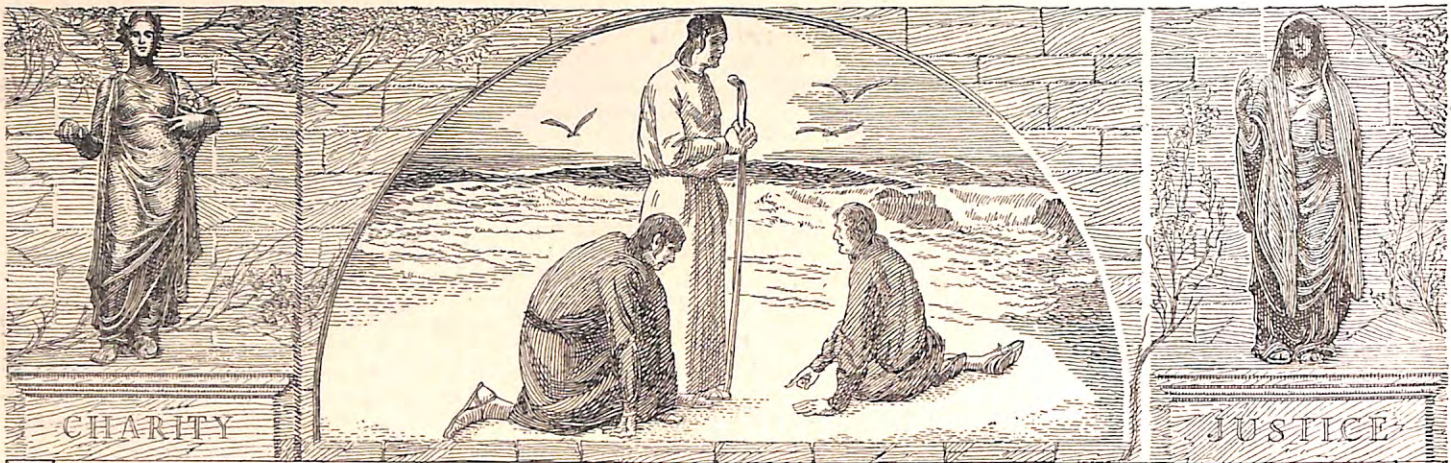
"Never heard of moths eating shirts before. Way Miss Goldie explained it to me, they just eat wool."

"Lordy, to hear you talking, ain't nobody knows (Continued on page

42)



With his foot the boy dipped the pen into an ink bottle and awkwardly began to write



## EDITORIAL

### WILL YOUR LODGE BE DISFRANCHISED?

**W**HEN the Grand Lodge convenes at Los Angeles next month, and enters upon the consideration of questions of vital concern to the Order and all its members, will your Lodge be represented? Or will it be practically disfranchised because of the absence of its Representative? These questions are of real moment; and they are specially pertinent at this time.

The Order itself has made it plain that such personal representation is regarded as of prime importance. It has, by constitutional provision, made it mandatory upon each Lodge to elect such a Representative and to pay his necessary expenses incurred in attendance upon the Grand Lodge.

This was not done solely for the purpose of securing a large assemblage of delegates, nor to create an artificial appearance of magnitude and power by the presence of mere members. The requirement is based upon long experience, which has taught that legislation is wisest when enacted by those most directly in contact with the membership affected; and that they are the retiring Exalted Rulers, who are most usually selected for this service.

Fresh from association with their respective local groups, intimately acquainted with the current problems in their several jurisdictions, and knowing the views and opinions of their members concerning these problems, they are peculiarly well qualified to participate in the deliberations of the legislative body of the Fraternity.

A Lodge which is without its own special Representative in the Grand Lodge sessions, is like a voter who neglects to cast his ballot. It not only withholds its contribution to the general welfare of the Order, but it also fails properly to regard its own interests.

The percentage of subordinate Lodges which have permitted themselves to be thus disfranchised in recent years, is unreasonably large. It is not a mere matter of the incident expense. And it is explainable only upon the assumption that the delinquents have not realized their obliga-

tions in the premises and are lacking in the true spirit of loyalty.

When, in his recent Official Circular Number Six, the Grand Exalted Ruler expressed the hope that each retiring Exalted Ruler, as Representative of his Lodge, would be present at the Sixty-fifth Convention, he was not merely displaying a personal courtesy. He was giving an official reminder of a definitely assumed obligation.

It is to be hoped that the Lodges will recognize the importance of this matter, to themselves as well as to the Order; and that the approaching Grand Lodge Session will be attended by the greatest number of Representatives in its history.

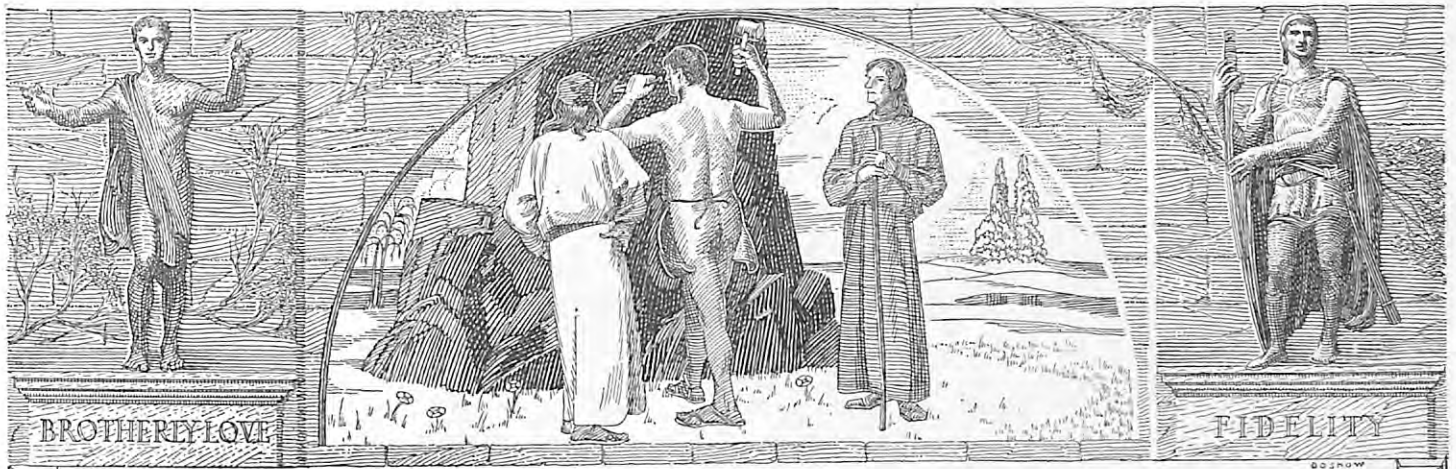
### ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY

**I**N HIS inaugural address, President Hoover announced his desire and purpose to secure a more effective administration of our federal criminal laws. Many of the newspapers seem to have misapprehended his declaration, for they assumed that it had reference only to certain specific statutes. The language he employed would indicate a broader scope for his purpose. The necessity for a general readjustment of the whole machinery of law enforcement is apparent. And it is not to be assumed that the President's vision fails to encompass the whole field or that his purpose falls short of the need.

In this broad view of his declared intent, President Hoover will find the whole membership of the Order loyally supporting him.

The honest, prompt, and effective administration of justice is an essential of good government. Whatever may tend to promote this, and to insure the impartial application of the laws to all, and to prevent the delays which are so fruitful of miscarriages of justice, will appeal to every true patriot.

The Order of Elks, as a patriotic American fraternity, is naturally deeply interested in any endeavor to improve our admittedly antiquated and imperfect system of legal procedure. And it is in consonance with the recognized objects of the Order, and in confident reliance upon the



loyal patriotism of the membership, that assurance is given to our President of the earnest and loyal support of the Order, in his announced endeavor to bring about the desired, and much needed, reforms.

The Order will welcome this opportunity to give renewed evidence of its patriotic character, and of its capacity for service, by every proper activity in the effort to promote the prompt accomplishment of the President's declared purpose.

#### IT IS NOW UP TO YOU

**T**HE Elks National Foundation Trustees, in their circular letter to the Order published in our April issue, presented a concise statement of the present situation and of the general plans for the administration of the Fund. While the rules and regulations for the distribution and application of the available income have not been definitely formulated, it is obvious that the Trustees have completed their organization, and are equipped to function effectively in promoting the objects of the Foundation.

The measure of the success of the undertaking now rests with the members of the Order, the subordinate Lodges, and the State Associations. It is from them that the donations must come, if the Foundation is to grow to the size that will enable substantial aid to be rendered to the various benevolent activities of the local organizations.

The project is so ambitious, and yet so practical; so broad in scope, and yet so appealing to each special interest; so permanent in character, and yet so promptly available for every need; so worthy of generous contributions, even though they involve some sacrifice, and yet so capable of tremendous growth from the multitude of smaller ones that can be made without any inconvenience; that every Elk should feel the urge to have a share, however modest, in this greatest enterprise the Order has ever launched.

And, as in all cases of charitable undertakings, it should be remembered that "he gives doubly who gives quickly." There should be no hesitant delay, to see what others may do. Each donor should promptly determine for himself the extent of his obligation, and as promptly meet it in such manner as he may.

If this be done throughout the Order, the report of the Trustees at Los Angeles will bring a thrill of pride to every member, for it will demonstrate that the Order of Elks is still true to its finest traditions, and still justly to be acclaimed the greatest of charitable and benevolent fraternities.

It is now up to YOU.

#### A SUGGESTION TO STATE ASSOCIATIONS

**M**ANY of the State Associations, in jurisdictions which embrace a considerable number of subordinate Lodges, have a reasonable capacity to maintain benevolent activities on a quite substantial scale. And they naturally have a wider scope of choice as to what those activities shall be. But there are other Associations numerically very much weaker and therefore less able to assume the financial obligations incident to the more ambitious undertakings.

To these latter it is suggested that they might find a congenial service in providing desirable scholarships for especially deserving young men, or young women. There are unlimited opportunities in this particular field, in every jurisdiction. And it is a most appealing call. There is real pathos in ambitious intelligence, unable to secure for itself the training essential to proper development.

One advantage of this particular form of benevolence is that, even though undertaken in a very modest way, it is, when properly administered, abundantly fruitful in results. And when the plan involves the loan feature, which is undoubtedly the wisest, the funds employed are returned in due course, to become available for other loans. They are not exhausted in the use, as in many other cases of the most commendable charities.

It is to be hoped that every one of the State Associations that has not already done so, will eventually adopt some form of benevolent service. And this suggestion is advanced for the consideration of those that might feel hesitant because of limited financial resources. Even the weakest of them can be assured of worthwhile achievement in this field of endeavor. And they can readily limit their undertakings to fit their reasonable abilities.



*The prize-winning band of Lewistown, Mont., Lodge, No. 456, in costumes designed by the late Charles Russell, famous cowboy artist*

# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### *Kenosha, Wis., Lodge Burns Mortgage on Home*

IN THE presence of more than 500 Elks, including two Past Grand Exalted Rulers, officers of the State Elks Association and visitors from surrounding Lodges, Kenosha, Wis., Lodge, No. 750, symbolized its freedom from debt by burning the mortgage on its Home with picturesque ceremony.

The meeting, of which the mortgage-burning was the high point, was in celebration of the raising of more than \$30,000 to clear the Lodge of obligation and effect extensive repairs on the building. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, C. E. Broughton, President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, and several other speakers, congratulated Kenosha Lodge, and Past Exalted Ruler R. S. Kingsley, under whose régime the necessary funds had been raised. Mr. Kingsley himself made a detailed report, and the new Exalted Ruler, Elmer Pedley, praised the work of his predecessor, and the committee of sixty whose efforts were responsible for the campaign's success.

Following the formal meeting, which had also included the installation of the new officers, an entertainment and buffet supper were enjoyed.

### *Splendid Record for Year Set By Brownsville, Tex., Lodge*

On March 31, 1928, Brownsville, Tex., Lodge, No. 1032, had a membership of 45, and 72 cents in its treasury. At the close of the Lodge year just ended, the roll was composed of a membership of 169, of whom only 6 were in arrears, with 17 candidates awaiting initiation, while the books showed all bills paid, and a balance of \$2,000 remaining.

This fine recovery was made under the able

and devoted leadership of Exalted Ruler James J. Fox, who set the pace for the officers and members. Of the 80 new members taken in during the year, 17 were proposed by Mr. Fox. Others responsible for goodly numbers of applications included Esteemed Leading Knight W. T. Aldridge, who proposed 6; Harry Richardson, 18; J. M. Farr, 9; G. W. Hausmann, 8; H. R. Jefferds, 6. Thirty-six reinstatements and 8 dimits brought the total to the figures mentioned. So splendid a record is worthy of all praise.

### *Rev. John E. Sulger, Past Grand Chaplain, Dies in Terre Haute, Ind.*

Rev. John E. Sulger, rector of St. Stephen's Church of Terre Haute, Ind., for thirty-three years; Grand Chaplain of the Order for the year 1909-1910; Exalted Ruler of Terre Haute Lodge, No. 86, 1904-1905, and its Chaplain from 1906 to 1927, died some weeks ago at his home in the Indiana city.

His church, his Lodge and his community suffered the loss of an able, devoted and widely respected citizen by Mr. Sulger's death. He was a well-known figure in the councils of the Episcopal Church, a leader in local welfare activities, and enjoyed the affection of a host of friends of all denominations, hundreds of whom came to pay their respects to his memory as his body lay in state in the church he had served so well.

Mr. Sulger is survived by his widow, Mrs. Jessie Seward Sulger, a daughter, Mrs. Miriam Black, and a son, Alden H. Sulger, to whom THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its deepest sympathy and condolence.

### *Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge to Stage Fourth Annual Circus*

Joseph A. Rowan, the well-known showman, will again manage the annual circus, to be held

this year from the 20th to the 27th of July, by Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877. As usual, it will be an elaborate showing, with many of the country's most famous circus performers in the cast, and an automobile show, midway, merchants' exposition and beauty contest as added attractions. The profits realized will be turned over to the charity fund of Haverstraw Lodge.

### *Activities of Providence, R. I., Lodge*

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, completed its year of service with a visit to St. Joseph's Hospital Annex at Hills Grove, where the members staged an entertainment for the patients and personnel. With fourteen numbers, the program, consisting of dancing and vocal and instrumental music, occupied two and a half hours, and at its close was enthusiastically applauded.

Flowers, fruit, ice cream, candy, toys and tobacco were distributed among the patients in the institution which, earlier in the afternoon, had been presented with many needed items of equipment. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight James F. Duffy, chairman of the committee which secured the gift for the hospital, made the presentation on behalf of the Lodge.

Another organization within the membership of No. 14 which enjoyed an active year was the drill team. Accompanying District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Hartigan on many of his official visits, this fine organization aroused much interest among Rhode Island Lodges. Its second annual ball and exhibition drill, held some weeks ago in the auditorium of the Home, was attended by large numbers and was a most successful event.

### *Services of Drill Team of St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge in Demand*

The officers and drill team of St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541, are frequently invited to conduct the ceremony of initiation for near-by Lodges. The quartet and ten-piece band which assist at their meetings are equally popular, and their contributions are always given enthusiastic reception. Dowagiac, Niles and Kalamazoo are among the Lodges which recently had the pleasure of entertaining No. 541's delegations.

### *Activities of Anderson, Ind., Lodge*

Anderson, Ind., Lodge, No. 209, is active in many ways. Several thousand dollars were spent recently in completely renovating its Home, and its committees, especially the membership committee, are hard-working and able. A class of fifty candidates, made up of executives from the Delco-Remy division of the General Motors Corporation, was recently secured. Their initiation was to be a gala event, accompanied by a banquet and entertainment. The Boy Scout Committee has a fine program of summer activities prepared for the Troop at the County Orphans' Home, which the Lodge has supplied with full equipment.

The newly organized degree team is already attracting much attention among neighboring Lodges and its services are frequently called upon. Another matter of interest has been the installation in the Lodge Home of the studio of Radio Station WHBU, from which programs are broadcast several times a week.

### *Whereabouts of Edward R. Lee Sought By Secretary of Moline, Ill., Lodge*

Secretary Fred Grafund, of Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556, has requested the Magazine to publish the fact that news of the whereabouts of Edward R. (Eddie) Lee, a member of the Order, is earnestly desired. Mr. Lee was last heard of in San Francisco, before which he had been a resident of Memphis, Tenn., and New Orleans, La. Anyone having any knowledge of him will be conferring a favor by notifying Mr. Grafund. He may be communicated with at Moline Lodge.

### *Lewistown, Mont., Lodge to Move into New Home*

Members of Lewistown, Mont., Lodge, No. 456, are looking forward to moving into a splendid new Home early next autumn. Some time ago the Bank of Fergus County Building, erected at a cost of \$70,000, was purchased, and after alterations, will be occupied by the Lodge. No. 456 is in flourishing condition, with 400 enthusiastic members, a crack band that has won honors in the novelty division at Grand Lodge Conventions, and a substantial balance in its treasury.

### *Whitehall, N. Y., Lodge, Expecting Many Visitors*

Whitehall, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1491, is preparing to welcome many visitors to its Home during the coming summer. It is expected that the opening of the new Hudson-Champlain link of the New York to Montreal highway, running through some of the most beautiful country in the State, will attract many motorists. The Home of No. 1491, prominent on the main street of the town, is easily found. It is open the greater part of the day, and until midnight, and all members of the Order will receive a warm fraternal welcome, and any assistance or information which they may require.

### *A Message for Dr. J. Hod Williams Of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge*

At the request of Secretary Tom J. O'Connor, of Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, we are publishing here the wish of Robert B. Downing, of 1155 Fourth St., Washington, D. C., to get into touch with Dr. J. Hod Williams, a member of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352. Mr. Downing needs Dr. Williams' advice and assistance in securing Government compensation for injuries received while in service. Any

member knowing of Dr. Williams' whereabouts will be conferring a favor by bringing this notice to his attention.

### *St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge to Welcome Travelers to Convention*

St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge, No. 40, is hoping to entertain many members of the Order who will be passing through its city on their way to the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles in July. To all Elks No. 40 extends a hearty invitation to visit its Home and accept its hospitality.

### *Aurora, Ill., Lodge Inaugurates Program of Weekly Entertainments*

Under the stimulus of Exalted Ruler Jack Samels and Committee Chairman Charles Day, Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705, has instituted a series of weekly entertainments that have proved tremendously popular with the members. The entire membership was canvassed for talent, and an orchestra, quartet and glee club have been formed, and many specialty performers discovered. A boxing ring was built, and some good bouts are run off every week, in addition to the other items on the program. Designated for these shows as Whoopee Night, every Saturday sees a capacity gathering in the Home.

### *First Annual Charity Ball of Westerly, R. I., Lodge a Success*

With more than 500 persons in attendance, the first annual charity ball of Westerly, R. I., Lodge, No. 678, held some time ago, was a gratifying success. The affair was held in the State Armory, beautifully decorated for the occasion, with Governor and Mrs. Norman S. Case as the guests of honor. The ball was not only a brilliant social event, but was also the means of raising a considerable sum for the charity fund of the Lodge.

### *Greenwich, Conn., Lodge to Have New Home*

At a recent enthusiastic meeting of Greenwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 1150, plans for one of the finest Lodge Homes in the State were approved by the 200 or so members present. The session was a gala one, with visitors from many near-by Lodges, including the band and some seventy-five Elks from Stamford, Conn., No. 899, and a good-sized delegation from Port Chester, N. Y., No. 863. Meeting at the Lodge Home on East Putnam Avenue, hosts and guests, headed by the Stamford Band, marched to Red Men's Hall, where the session, during the course of which

the installation of the officers for the coming year was held. At the close of the ceremony the Elks made a return parade to the Lodge Home, where they enjoyed a social session and buffet supper.

### *Corry, Pa., Lodge Receives Large Class of Candidates*

A class of thirty-four candidates was recently initiated into Corry, Pa., Lodge, No. 769, by the officers of Erie, Pa., Lodge, No. 67, assisted by their White Squadron. This induction of one of the largest classes in the history of No. 769 brought out a fine attendance of members who, with their guests, enjoyed the social session and buffet supper which followed.

### *Five Years of Good Work by "Troupers" Of Springfield, Mass., Lodge*

By five years of unselfish work and travel all over the western part of their State, a group of members of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, have earned the right to the fine old title of Troupers. Forming the entertainment division of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, these men have brought pleasure to thousands of shut-ins in almshouses, jails, hospitals, sanatoria, and other institutions. The Troupe consists of a quartette, two monologists, two dancers, a pianist and a master of ceremonies, and their repertoire includes a minstrel show, specialty acts, a vaudeville bill and, at times, a complete radio broadcasting program.

It is needless to say that this group, made up of a banker, a doctor, a motorman and a number of business men and factory employees, have done much to gain for their Lodge the high regard it enjoys, and that their fellow members are deeply appreciative of their services.

### *Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge Awards Contract for New Home*

The contract for the new \$40,000 Home of Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 778, has recently been awarded and work is to start as soon as possible on the structure. It is expected that the building will be ready for occupancy by the late fall or early winter. The site is the old Shaffer property owned and occupied by Martinsburg Lodge and has a frontage of forty-seven feet and extends back sixty-seven feet. The building, of attractive plain brick exterior, will have three floors finished inside in an approved fashion. The floor of the first story will be several feet below the sidewalk level, and on it will be a modern grill room, a



KORB PHOTO CO.

*The dignified and impressive Lodge room in the Home of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53*





A corner of the comfortable lounge in the Home of Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 389

dining-room and a kitchen. Among the features on the second floor will be an elaborately furnished lounge and reading-room, and rooms for the use of women of the members' families. The third floor will be devoted chiefly to the large Lodge room and the necessary ante-rooms, which can be thrown together for dances and entertainments.

#### District Deputy Hampton Visits His Home Lodge, Muncie, Ind.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John C. Hampton recently made an official visit to his home Lodge, Muncie, Ind., No. 245, which was the occasion for a most successful meeting. The degree team of Marion Lodge, No. 195, accompanied by the famous musical trio of that Lodge, conferred the degree of the Order upon a class of candidates and received full praise from all present for their excellent work. In addition to the Marion members many Elks were in attendance from Alexandria and Lafayette, Ind., Pine Bluff, Ark., and Rockwell, Okla., Lodges. Mr. Hampton delivered his official address, brief talks were made by several of the visitors, and a social session rounded out an enjoyable evening.

#### Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Holds Annual Children's Party

The annual "Elks Kiddies Party" was recently given by Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, with several hundred children and their parents present. The program included the showing of several motion-pictures and a fine vaudeville bill given by youthful entertainers from the various local public and music schools and dancing academies. At the end of the show, the Lodge entertainment committee passed out bags of candy to the pleased and happy youngsters.

#### A Warning to All Lodge Secretaries

At the request of Secretary D. L. Hatch, of Raleigh, N. C., Lodge, No. 735, we are publishing the following facts. On March 26, 1929, the Secretary of Raleigh Lodge issued receipt card No. 4 for dues paid to October 1, 1929, to Past Exalted Ruler A. B. Andrews, membership No. 44. This card was mailed, but never reached Mr. Andrews and consequently was not signed by him. On April 5 an unknown man, described as of average height and weight, smooth-shaven and wearing glasses, presented this card, on which Mr. Andrews' name had been forged, at Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45, and cashed a check for \$5.00.

Should this card be presented at any other Lodge, it should be taken up and the Secretaries of Richmond and Raleigh Lodges notified.

#### Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge Buys Land and Building

Chairman J. W. Liddon of the building committee of Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520, announces the purchase of property for a new Home for the Lodge. A lot on South Fourth Street has been bought and the large two-story Borland house on Fourth and Delaware Streets. The house will be moved onto the lot and remodeled extensively to provide an excellent Home for the Lodge, which now has its headquarters in the Arcade Building. As this was written the work was scheduled to start at once.

#### Baltimore, Md., Lodge Honors Oldest Past Exalted Ruler

Past Grand Trustee Henry W. Mears, oldest Past Exalted Ruler, and a member for forty years, of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, was the guest of honor at a testimonial dinner tendered him by his fellow Elks a short time ago in the Lodge Home. Mr. Mears has been an active and devoted member of the Order ever since his initiation, among his notable services being the conduct, while a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, of the negotiations for the purchase of the land at Bedford, Va., on which the Elks National Home now stands.

Many prominent speakers, including Mayor William F. Broening, and several past heads of the Lodge, paid tribute to Mr. Mears' wide popularity and to his fidelity to Elk principles. An unusual compliment was paid to the guest of honor by the formation of the "Henry W. Mears Club," a permanent organization which will hold regular meetings in the Home, and of which Past Exalted Ruler Dr. Arthur G. Barrett was elected first president.

#### Home of Garden City, Kans., Lodge Destroyed by Fire

A disastrous fire destroyed the handsome Home of Garden City, Kans., Lodge, No. 1404, some weeks ago. Starting on the third floor, the flames first consumed the roof and upper story, allowing time for a few pieces of furniture to be saved from the first and second floors, but the entire kitchen equipment was ruined, as was the remainder of the building.

Occupying, with its well-kept grounds, practically a whole city block, the Home was one of the beauty spots of Garden City. Built originally as a private residence, it was being

used as a hospital when purchased by the Lodge, some years ago, for \$28,000. Ten thousand dollars was spent in remodeling, and \$7,000 for furniture. Only a small portion of this was covered by insurance, and the loss is a heavy one, not only to the Elks, but to the community as well, for the handsome building was the center of many civic activities. At the time of writing Garden City Lodge had not decided whether to rebuild or rent other quarters.

#### Report of Welfare Activities Of Bicknell, Ind., Lodge

At the meeting of Bicknell, Ind., Lodge, No. 1421, at which he was installed as Exalted Ruler, Byron Donaldson, retiring Esteemed Leading Knight, reported on the activities during the year of the Social and Community Welfare Committee. Among the outstanding items of the report were the records of visits and assistance to 119 different families, and of the distribution of milk in the city schools. From January to April of this year the distribution amounted to 10,339 bottles. During the previous full school year, 24,114 bottles were consumed. From November, 1927, to April, 1929, \$1,190.39 was spent in this way. Much of this was furnished by other organizations in Bicknell, and by those children who were able to pay for their own supply, but the organization of the work was accomplished by Bicknell Elks, assisted by members of the local branch of the Tri Kappa sorority.

#### District Deputy Laird of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge

Judge Rollin Laird of the Kern County Superior Court, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for California, East Central, and Past Exalted Ruler of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, died at the age of forty-eight from a heart attack at his home on Sunday, April 21. Judge Laird, a resident of Bakersfield since childhood and former city attorney there, was one of the most noted legal authorities in the State, as well as an active and prominent member of the Order into which he was initiated in 1912. He served in all the chairs of his Lodge and was Exalted Ruler for the term of 1923-24. He was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler by Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert last August, and died while holding that office.

Funeral rites were conducted at the Lodge Home on Wednesday morning, and members of the Purple Guard drill team acted as pall bearers. Mr. Laird is survived by his widow and two children, to whom THE ELKS MAGAZINE and the Order at large extend deep sympathy.

#### Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Celebrates Forty-eighth Anniversary

Combining the celebration of its forty-eighth birthday with the installation of its new officers, Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, held a gala meeting a short time ago. The principal address of the birthday observance was made by United States Senator Arthur B. Robinson, and following the formal ceremonies of the double occasion, an old-time social session was held. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a delightful evening to a fitting close.

Another annual event in which Indianapolis Elks take an active interest is the opening of the American Association baseball season in their city. In past years they have won many of the prizes offered by merchants and civic associations for interesting entries in the parade which is part of the exercises of the occasion. This year, with the Indianapolis team the champions of the league, their interest was particularly keen, and the striking float shown on page 35 won the first prize, a handsome silver loving cup. The baseball committee, headed by Exalted Ruler V. M. Armstrong, received many congratulations on the satisfying result of their efforts.

#### Cumberland, Md., Lodge Holds Forty-second Anniversary Banquet

The forty-second anniversary banquet of Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, was held on April 24, in the Home, with a gathering of distinguished guests and members to the number of 200 present. The Hon. David C. Winebrenner,

of Frederick, Secretary of State, was honor guest of the evening, and others who sat at the speakers' table were Exalted Ruler Taylor Morrison; Past Exalted Ruler Toastmaster George Louis Eppler; Frank L. Fisher and David A. Walker, the only living charter members of Cumberland Lodge; Exalted Ruler Calvin Hoben and Past Exalted Rulers Alfred W. Gaver and James H. Grove., of Frederick Lodge, No. 684; Judge Albert Doub Judge William A. Walsh, and State Senator William G. Gunter, Past Exalted Ruler of Frostburg Lodge, No. 470. The appetizing dinner was interspersed with a number of orchestral numbers, and between speeches several vocal selections were rendered by representatives of the Salvation Army. The speeches and reminiscences of the guests and local members were warmly received and the evening was counted as one of the most memorable in the history of Cumberland Lodge.

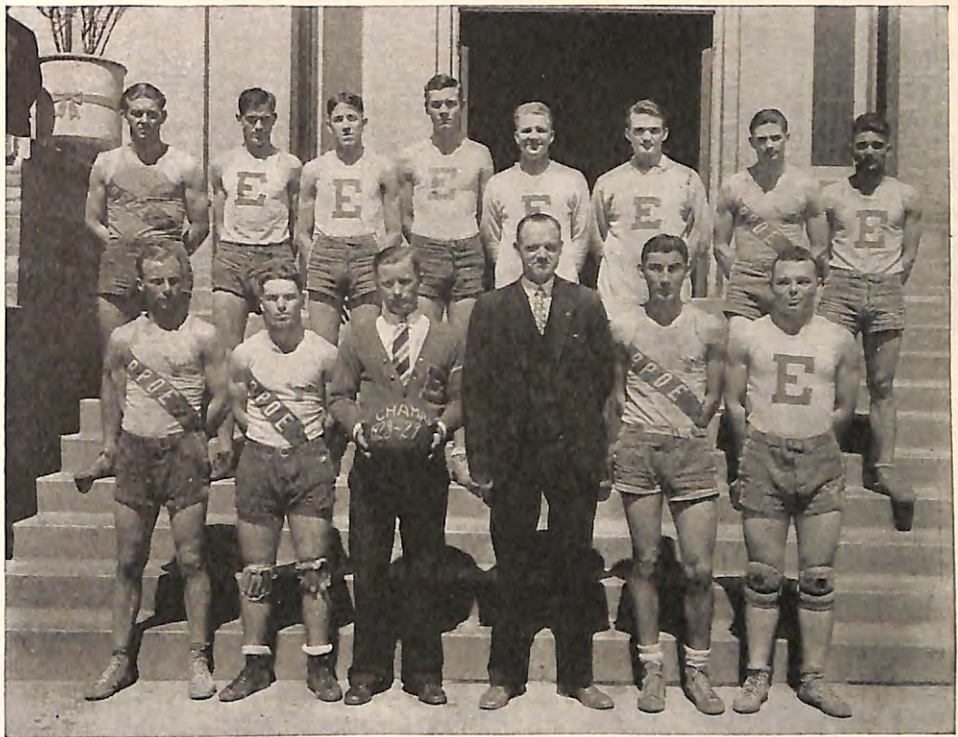
### Cornerstone Is Laid for New Home of Whittier, Calif., Lodge

The laying of the cornerstone for the new Home of Whittier, Calif., Lodge, No. 1258, was recently conducted with impressive ceremonies in the presence of hundreds of Elks from Southern California and large numbers of local citizens. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frederick W. Lake conducted the special ritual for such occasions, while Fay Lewis of Anaheim delivered the principal speech. Numbered among the visiting Elks were the fifty-piece band and a delegation from Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, headed by President J. J. Doyle of the California State Elks Association; and the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the South Central District, which attended the services in a body.

Of Spanish architecture, the new building of two stories and basement will be constructed of reinforced concrete. It will have a red tile roof and wrought-iron grill work will decorate the doors, windows and overhanging balconies on the exterior. The Lodge room will be glazed in art glass and the ceiling is to be beamed and paneled in highly decorated wood. At one end will be a stage with full equipment and dressing-rooms. The banquet hall will be on the mezzanine floor and the basement provides for a gymnasium, bowling alleys, heating and ventilation plant.

### Dunkirk, N. Y., Lodge Loses Home in Big Fire

In one of the most disastrous fires in the history of the city, Dunkirk, N. Y., Lodge, No. 922, lost its Home, when the Sidney Block which housed it was totally destroyed by flames of unknown origin. Fortunately, however, other quarters recently acquired, and into which the Lodge was expecting to move later, were available at the time. Temporary Lodge, club rooms



This fine basketball team of San Antonio, Tex., Lodge won the State championship

and office were at once set up, and the work of completely remodeling the new Home is about to be started.

### Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge Now Occupying New Home

The members of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, held a delightful party to mark the opening of their new Home. The party was informal and was attended by some 500 Elks, their families and friends and included a dinner, vocal and instrumental music, dancing, bowling, card games and other club privileges. Aside from the exceptionally fine program presented by the committee, the guests took a decided interest in the inspection of the virtually new building, whose reconstruction was announced in the December issue of the Magazine. Although the social rooms and bowling alleys had been in use for some time, the major portion of the Home was not opened until this occasion.

Among the many fine new features of the Home are the men's lounge comfortably furnished and tastefully decorated in warm colors; the ladies' lounge, special suite and ante rooms, all

particularly arranged for parties, luncheons, meetings, reading and rest; the bright, excellently lighted social rooms; the handsome, spacious dining hall and ball-room connected with the modern sanitary kitchen and cafeteria at the rear; the billiard room and bowling alleys. The spacious Lodge quarters remain unchanged except for a modernized system of lighting. Other recent events which have taken place in the Home were a meeting at which a class of seventeen candidates was initiated; the official visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter C. Servaas who praised highly the new Home and the work of the officers and members in making it possible; and the final bowling tournament of the Michigan State Elks Bowling Association, which took place on the new alleys.

### Hannibal, Mo., Lodge Reopens Home

After being closed since January 31, when fire swept its quarters, the Home of Hannibal, Mo., Lodge, No. 1198, reconstructed, refurnished, and redecorated, was recently opened with a huge entertainment and buffet lunch for the membership. With the completion of the rebuilding and decorating of the quarters Hannibal Lodge again has one of the most beautiful Homes in the State.

### Bremerton, Wash., Elks Visit Ballard Lodge

Some seventy-five members including the band of Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, No. 1181, recently made the steamer trip to Ballard, Wash., where they paid a fraternal visit to Ballard Lodge, No. 827. The party was met at the dock by their hosts' famous band, and paraded through the streets to the Home where a spirited meeting was held. A bounteous supper was served and a splendid program of entertainment added to the pleasure of the occasion.

### Additional Recreational Facilities For Toledo, O., Lodge

Larger recreational facilities in golf, bowling, trapshooting and other healthful sports, will be offered to the membership of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, under an executive council composed of the chairmen of various sub-committees of the Lodge, headed by Clarence R. Rex. All facilities incidental to a private golf club, together with one of the largest swimming-pools in the country, are now available at reasonable fees to



A view of the cozy Home occupied by Muncie, Ind., Lodge, No. 254



Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge's prize-winning entry in the community baseball parade

members through a proposition made to the Lodge by the management of the Riberby Hills Golf Club. The local members are taking a great deal of interest in the Toledo Gun Club and it is expected that there will soon be enough Elks on the teams to accept the numerous challenges which have been arriving from other shooting organizations. Bowling is also receiving its share of attention, and although the next dancing season is some months off, plans are now being prepared for next winter when a series of dances will be started with a charity ball in the Hotel Commodore Perry. It is also being planned to intersperse the monthly dances with specialty acts and instrumental music numbers, and as space in the Home is limited, suitable places in pleasant surroundings will be selected for these affairs. It is the intention of Director Rex to add many new members to the Lodge through the various chairmen who will act as a membership committee.

### Lincoln, Ill., Lodge Holds First Crippled Children's Clinic

The first clinic for crippled children to be held under the auspices of Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914, occurred at the Deaconess Hospital on April 11, in charge of Dr. Sidney Easton of Peoria, assisted by Miss Amy Cardiff, county nurse. Fourteen children attended the clinic, four of whom were new patients while the others had received previous attention as protégés of the Rotary Club. While a survey of the jurisdiction is practically complete, Dr. Easton bespeaks the cooperation of the entire community, as well as that of the Lodge, in bringing cases to the attention of Nurse Cardiff or the Crippled Children's Committee of No. 914.

### Watkins Glen and Bath, N. Y., Lodges Instituted by Grand Exalted Ruler

Two new Lodges, Watkins Glen, N. Y., No. 1546, and Bath, N. Y., No. 1547, were instituted on successive days by Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. On Thursday, April 18, Mr. Hulbert conducted the services of institution at Watkins Glen assisted by a distinguished group of New York Elks. The newly elected officers, headed by E. C. Cooper as Exalted Ruler, were then installed by the officers of Corning Lodge, No. 1071, with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur G. Holland in the chair. D. Curtis Gano, President of the New York State Elks Association, recited the history of the Order, and later made a brief address, as did the Grand Exalted Ruler and several other prominent guests. Watkins Glen began its life with 93 charter members, 51 applicants, and the splendid

Home pictured and described in these pages last month. One of the first official acts of the new Lodge was to apply for membership in the State Association. Its Secretary is Henry J. Scanlon.

At Bath, on the following day, Mr. Hulbert, assisted by much the same staff which had served with him at Watkins Glen, brought No. 1547 into official existence. The ceremonies were held in the Municipal Hall, with the initiation of the candidates and the installation of the officers being conducted by the officers of Hornell Lodge, No. 364, with District Deputy Holland again presiding. That evening a banquet was served in the New National Hotel, at the conclusion of which Lodge was again convened, with Exalted Ruler Wilbur F. Knapp, first head of No. 1547, presiding. Addresses were made by the Grand Exalted Ruler; President D. Curtis Gano, of the State Association; District Deputy Holland; State Association Vice-President Frederick Mallory, and others. Following the formal session the members of the newest Lodge and their guests assembled in its

rooms for a social hour. The temporary quarters of No. 1547 occupy the entire third floor of the Bankers Trust Co. Building, and are being donated by Chairman of the Board of Trustees Campbell, who is also an officer of the trust company. Bath had a charter list of 88, with 70 applications to be acted upon. It, too, made immediate application to join the State Association. Its Secretary is Gorman I. Newton.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE congratulates both these Lodges upon their auspicious beginnings and extends to them its sincerest wishes for long and successful existence.

### Bellaire, O., Lodge Entertains Conference of New Officers

Bellaire, O., Lodge, No. 419, was host to a conference of the newly elected Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Ohio, Southeast, called by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Samuel G. Austin. Following an interesting business session in the morning, presided over by Dr. Austin, there was a ritualistic contest in the afternoon, for which a handsome loving cup was donated as a prize by the District Deputy. This drew a large crowd of spectators from Lodges of the district, and from West Virginia. After a spirited competition the fine team of Coshocton Lodge, No. 376, winners in 1927 of the John G. Price Trophy, emblematic of the State Championship, defeated the representatives of Bellaire and Martins Ferry Lodges. Judges of the contest, who assisted Dr. Austin in the conduct of the competition were Charles B. Clements, Past Exalted Ruler, Cambridge Lodge, No. 448; William Robinson, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, Ohio Southeast, and Past Exalted Ruler of East Liverpool Lodge, No. 258; H. Ray Swearingen, Past Exalted Ruler, Steubenville Lodge, No. 231, and L. R. Click, Past Exalted Ruler, New Philadelphia Lodge, No. 510. The personnel of the Coshocton team is as follows: Willard Freeman, Exalted Ruler; Charles B. Weaver, Esteemed Leading Knight; Walter R. Rader, Esteemed Loyal Knight; Thomas H. Wheeler, Esteemed Lecturing Knight; Russel T. Raymer, Esquire; Howard Robinson, Chaplain; F. O. Frederick, Inner Guard.

### Mangum, Okla., Lodge Honors Retiring Exalted Ruler

Mangum, Okla., Lodge, No. 1160, some weeks ago, honored Ralph E. Helper, its retiring Exalted Ruler, with a banquet to which all members and their wives were invited. Mr. Helper had served three terms at the head of his Lodge, (Continued on page 63)



"The Troupers," of Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61, are well known to shut-ins



CAMPBELL

The Parks Purple and White two-place biplane which will be a liaison unit for the four cars on their coast to coast run, shown with the fleet at Roosevelt Field, N. Y.

(In circle) Lt. Edgar Schmid, who will pilot the plane, with Miss Elinor Smith, holder of the endurance record for women in continuous flight, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor of The Elks Magazine

Hon. James J. Walker, Mayor of New York City, with the four drivers, John H. Hamilton, Robert E. Clift, William Cunningham and George L. Alpers, on the steps of City Hall, New York. The fleet is carrying messages from Mayor Walker to Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert and Mayor Cryer of Los Angeles



INTERNATIONAL NEWS



AMERICAN PHOTO SERVICE

# The Elks Magazine Purple and White Fleet Four Cars and Liaison Airplane Start Transcontinental Tour

ON MONDAY, April 29, before a large gathering of past and present officers of Illinois Lodges, the four Studebaker President roadsters of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Purple and White Fleet left the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago on the first lap of their coast to coast good-will tour. They were sent on their way to New York, their real starting point, after a brief, but impressive ceremony, participated in by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Hon. Michael

Feinberg, Exalted Ruler of Chicago Lodge and Chief Justice of the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois. Music was furnished by the band of Des Plaines Lodge, No. 1526, under the direction of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jack P. Eaton.

Driven by Robert E. Clift, George L. Alpers, John H. Hamilton and William Cunningham, representatives of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, the fleet, accompanied by Charles S. Hart, business manager of the magazine, sped under motorcycle escort to the Illinois line and made its

first stop at South Bend, Ind., Lodge, No. 235. There the quintet were cordially received by Exalted Ruler T. L. Hogan, Secretary Al K. Maurice and other officers, and that night attended an initiation by the Lodge.

The next day, after a short visit at the Studebaker factory, where they were greeted by Mr. Studebaker, Mr. Paul Hoffman, vice-president and general sales manager, Messrs. Vance, Clary, Rigby and several directors of the corporation, the fleet headed for Niles, Mich. Here, Exalted Ruler J. L. McOmber and other



(Top) Officers and members of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, greeting the Purple and White fleet  
FOUND PHOTO



Officers and members of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 342, with the cars in front of the Home  
FRUTKOFF PHOTO



Officers and members of Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, with the Purple and White fleet



The fleet in front of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago. Standing near car at right are Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and Exalted Ruler Judge Michael Feinberg, of Chicago Lodge, who participated in the starting ceremonies



Reception of the cars by officers and members of Erie, Pa., Lodge, No. 67

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD



AMERICAN PHOTO SERVICE

Here is a view of the crowd which gathered at the City Hall, New York, to witness Mayor Walker wish the Purple and White Fleet Godspeed



CAMPBELL

A close-up of the Parks airplane which is shutting cross country from one car to another, making sixty stops between New York and Los Angeles. Miss Elinor Smith is in the cockpit



The fleet in front of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, with a notable gathering of officers and members

CAMPBELL



A warm welcome by the officers and members of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, at the Home

KORB



At Ann Arbor, Mich., Lodge, No. 325, officers and members greeted the fleet en route to New York

KENTCHILLER



(Left) The cars, with officers and members of Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113, in front of the Elks Home. (Below) A view of the cars outside the residence of Captain William Sparks, Exalted Ruler of Jackson Lodge



PHOTOS BY GREENGLASS

officers of No. 1322 wished the drivers Godspeed and, after a short stop, the fleet went on to Kalamazoo Lodge, where the drivers were entertained at a formal luncheon by Exalted Ruler Leo J. Wykkel, Secretary Arthur E. Green and other prominent members of No. 50. Proceeding thence to Battle Creek, the fleet was met at Camp Custer by Exalted Ruler James G. Shirlaw, Secretary Deland A. Davis and other members, who escorted the cars through the city to the home of Battle Creek Lodge, where, despite a driving rain, large numbers of Elks were waiting to welcome them.

The following morning the fleet ran to Jackson, where, at the city limits, a motorcycle escort met it and convoyed it through the main thoroughfares to the home of Jackson Lodge, No. 113. Captain William Sparks, Exalted Ruler, being prevented by illness from attending, the drivers were greeted by Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. P. H. Close. After a delightful luncheon and reception by the many members present, the fleet proceeded to the home of Captain Sparks who, though ill, came out to greet the drivers and, as a personal gift, presented for each car a Sparton Bugle Chime, which his factory force installed forthwith.

At Ann Arbor, the next stop, the fleet again was met at the city limits and convoyed to the Elks Lodge, No. 325. The reception committee was headed by Exalted Ruler J. Herman Gietz and Secretary Ernest E. Gwinner. The Lodge entertained the drivers at dinner that evening, following which the fleet set out for Detroit, where they arrived the next morning in a rain storm. Because of the weather and the illness of Secretary Joseph H. Creedon, there was no formal reception at Detroit Lodge, and, to keep their schedule, the drivers were forced to push on for Toledo. There, at the home of No. 53, they dined with Exalted Ruler John C. A. Leppelman, Secretary Louis Volk and a number of other prominent Elks, including many Past Exalted Rulers, and later attended an impressive initiation.

The next morning the fleet proceeded through Fremont, Ohio, being greeted by Exalted Ruler Harry P. Wood and Secretary I. Ticknor Miller. After Fremont came Sandusky, where William

Reception committees of officers and members of (below) Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, and (bottom) Niles, Mich., Lodge, No. 1322



CORNISH



The Purple and White Fleet leaving New York Lodge, No. 1. From left to right, Exalted Ruler Abraham I. Menin, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips and Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert

BROWN BROS.

At Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, a large delegation of officers and members welcomed the drivers



Officers and members of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, who, headed by Mayor Charles G. Hanna, greeted the fleet  
INDUSTRIAL PHOTO CO.



A group of the officers and members of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge, No. 131, in front of the Elks Home  
J. T. WILKINSON



The reception committee of officers and members of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, greeted the drivers



The fleet was met in Ashtabula, Ohio, by a gathering of officers and members of Lodge No. 208  
HERRON

(Below, left) The cars welcomed at the Home of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, and (right) scene in front of Dowagiac, Michigan, Lodge, No. 889

H. Reinhart, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, and C. C. Slocum, club manager of Lodge No. 285, greeted the fleet. At Norwalk, Ohio, a surprise visit, the drivers met Secretary Theodore Williams. A short stop was made at Lorain, where Secretary Albert E. Williams greeted the drivers. That evening the fleet stopped at Lakewood and the drivers were entertained at dinner by Exalted Ruler Claude S. Bennett, Past Exalted Ruler Edward Ross, Secretary A. J. White and other officers and members.

Arriving in Cleveland early the next morning, the fleet paid a flying visit to the Elks Lodge, then went on to Painesville, where Secretary Ruel O. Lommis wished them luck, after which they proceeded to Ashtabula, where they were greeted by a reception committee, consisting of Exalted Ruler Robert E. Graham, Past Exalted Rulers R. N. Mahan, J. J. Smith, J. E. Creamer, Secretary Fred E. Cook, and City Manager Hogue. The fleet then left for Erie, Pa., where, at the Home of No. 67, they were entertained at lunch by Exalted Ruler M. F. McCarthy, Secretary George M. Lyle, and a gathering of the city's most prominent citizens. Following addresses by Past Exalted Ruler James B. Yard and others, and a visit to the home of John Reinhold, forty years a member of Erie Lodge, the drivers headed for Buffalo, where they received a warm welcome. Exalted Ruler George E. Morgan, Secretary W. R. Cullen and other officers entertained them at dinner in the Home of Buffalo Lodge, No. 23, where they spent the night. The next day, Sunday, accompanied by Past Exalted Ruler John H. Burns, they visited North Tonawanda Lodge, No. 860, where they were greeted by Exalted Ruler Charles E. Morton, Secretary Thomas B. Gray and District Deputy J. Theodore Moses. They also visited Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346, where Exalted Ruler Roswell Maloney and Secretary James J. Mullane welcomed them.

(Continued on page 80)

(Below) Officers and many prominent members of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, and of Boonton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1405 (bottom), gathered to greet the fleet

DELMAS



W. W. HARRISON

CORNIEH



PHOTOS BY  
PETER A. JULY

## Beautiful New Paintings by Eugene F. Savage Win Acclaim

**M**EMBERS of the Order throughout the country will share the pleasure and pride of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission in the recent award, by the Architectural League of New York, of the Gold Medal of Honor, in painting, to Eugene F. Savage, for the murals he executed for the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago.

The prize in question has been awarded to fifteen American painters in the past quarter century, beginning with John La Farge, Kenyon Cox and Edwin Howland Blashfield. Mr. Savage first received it in 1921 and, by virtue of the present award, made at the League's annual exposition in April of this year, he is the first artist to receive it for the second time.

Critics of art and architecture and others qualified to express authoritative opinions have stated that the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building is one of the most beautiful monumental structures in the world. In its combination of memorial and utilitarian features it is unquestionably unique. As an example of what may be done with fine marbles, its interior is without a peer, in this country or abroad. Having spared no effort to create a building of outstanding beauty in every detail, the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission is naturally gratified that experts in

the field of art should give it the seal of approval. When the first mural panels for the Memorial Hall were exhibited by Mr. Savage at the Architectural League's exposition two years ago, Arthur Covey, President of the National Society of Mural Painters, said of them that they were "the most important event in American mural painting." The three panels reproduced on this page, part of the decorative scheme for the vaulted ceiling of the Grand Reception Room, have been hailed as even finer works than the earlier productions.

*Elks passing through Chicago on tour, en route to the Grand Lodge Convention, or stopping in the city on business or pleasure, should be sure to visit the great shrine of the Order which they themselves helped to build.*

*These three ceiling panels for the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, together with the wall panels completed previously, won the Gold Medal of Honor for painting at the 1929 Exposition of the Architectural League of New York held in April.*

Mr. Savage has for some years been Professor of Painting at Yale University, and was recently made Professor of Art at the College of the City of New York. It is interesting to note that one of his pupils, John M. Sitton, who assisted with the painting of some of the Elks Memorial murals, was this spring awarded the coveted Prix de Rome, a fellowship enabling its winner to study painting in Rome for three years. Mr. Savage won the same prize himself in 1912.

With its remarkable art features, including the paintings already mentioned, a group of three symbolic murals by Edwin Howland Blashfield, and notable sculptures by Adolph A. Weinman, James Earle Fraser, Laura Gardin Fraser and Gerome Brush, together with its truly wonderful marbles, its bronzes and its furnishings throughout, the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building is a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

To appreciate the beauty and to sense the atmosphere of the Building, one must see it with his own eyes. Every Elk owes it to himself and to his fraternity to visit this shrine at the first opportunity. It is open every day from ten o'clock to five. Well-informed guides are in attendance to welcome visitors. The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission hopes that this summer every Elk who can possibly do so will make the pilgrimage to Chicago.

# 1929 Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles, California, in July

## Complete Official Program By Days

### Friday and Saturday, July 5 and 6

Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler and Staff, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committees and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers.

All Grand Lodge officials and visiting delegations will be welcomed upon their arrival at railroad stations and steamship landings by the famous White Squadron Drill Team of "99," and the Greater "99" Band of one hundred soloists, official guides, the Reception Committee and trained squads who will take charge of baggage, transportation to hotels, and other functions necessary to avoid delays and inconveniences.

In Charge—Grand Lodge Committee.  
Co-operating—Executive, Automobile, Hotel, Music, Public Safety, Reception, Transportation and Baggage, Ladies' Reception, Entertainment, Fraternal Societies Committees.

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

In Charge—Grand Lodge Committee.  
Co-operating—Hotels, Information, Fraternal Societies Committees.

Registration of Elks and their families at the official registration headquarters, Main floor, Subway Terminal Bldg. Assignment of hotel rooms, distribution of official badges and issuing of hospitality coupon books, assuring a week of diversified entertainment.

In Charge—Registration Committee.  
Co-operating—Hotels, Information, Transportation and Baggage, Public Safety, Fraternal Societies Committees.

### Sunday, July 7

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

In Charge—Church Committee.  
Co-operating—Automobile, Transportation, Grand Lodge, Public Safety, Radio Committees.

2 P.M. Annual Convention California Elks Association, first session, Lodge room, Elks Temple at Westlake Park.

In Charge—Trustees and Officers, California Elks Association.  
Co-operating—Reception, Information, Hotel, Music, State Association Committees.

4 P.M. Concerts by visiting bands and glee clubs in Westlake Park, Pershing Square, Lincoln Park, Exposition Park, Lafayette Park and other recreational centers, music to be broadcast through local stations.

In Charge—Music and Parades Committee.  
Co-operating—Public Safety, Transportation, Escort, Radio Committees.

7 P.M. Ritualistic contest California Elks Association in Lodge room, Elks Temple.

In Charge—Trustees and Officers, California Elks Association.  
Co-operating—Reception, Music, State Association Committees.

### Monday, July 8

#### Welcome Day

Registration of Grand Lodge Representatives at Grand Lodge Credentials Committee headquarters, Biltmore Hotel.

In Charge—Grand Lodge Credentials Committee.  
Co-operating—Hotel, Information Committees.

All visiting Elks and their families will register at general registration headquarters. Issue of hospitality coupon books, distribution of badges and programs, detailing of guides, information

and direction regarding local points of interest and entertainment centers.

In Charge—Registration Committee.  
Co-operating—Hotel, Information, Public Safety, Transportation and Baggage, Ladies' Reception Committees.

Reception of delegations will continue throughout the day and evening.

In Charge—Reception Committee.  
Co-operating—Hotel, Public Safety, Information, Transportation and Baggage, Fraternal Societies, Ladies' Reception, Escort Committees.

*Registration will be absolutely necessary and will continue each day until adjournment—headquarters being open for the purpose from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M.*

8 A.M. Trap-Shooting at Los Angeles Gun Club.

In Charge—National Trap Shoot Committee.  
Co-operating—Public Safety, Information, Transportation Committees.

8 A.M. Opening of the First Elks National 54-Hole Golf Tournament, 18 holes, medal play at handicap.

In Charge—Golf Committee.  
Co-operating—Information, Transportation Committees.

9 A.M. Auto tours of Los Angeles, leaving a central point, including the principal points of interest in the city and Hollywood, the universities, Roosevelt scenic highway, Los Angeles Harbor, the Spanish Missions, the oil fields and citrus groves.

In Charge—Automobile Committee.  
Co-operating—State Societies, Public Safety, Information Committees.

10 A.M. First Elks Sweepstakes Bowling Tournament on Elks Temple alleys, to be continued daily throughout the week.

In Charge—Bowling Committee.  
Co-operating—Reception Committee.

10 A.M. Second business session California Elks Association, Lodge room, Elks Temple. Election and installation of officers.

In Charge—Trustees and Officers, California Elks Association.  
Co-operating—Reception, Hotel, Information, State Association Committees.

4:30 P.M. to 5:30 P.M. Vesper Organ Recital, Lodge Room, Elks Temple, Westlake Park, by Sibley G. Pease, resident organist.

8 P.M. Official public session at Philharmonic Auditorium, celebrating the opening of the 65th Convention, Hon. John G. Mott, presiding. Addresses of welcome by State and City executives; the response of the Grand Exalted Ruler. A musical program of rare charm will be presented.

In Charge—Grand Lodge Committee.  
Co-operating—Executive, Music and Parades, Public Safety, Reception, Entertainment, Radio Committees.

11 P.M. Public reception to the Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Lodge officials, who will be greeted by public officials, military and naval commanders of the district, presidents and officers of Chambers of Commerce and other local organizations, at the Biltmore Hotel.

In Charge—Grand Lodge Committee.  
Co-operating—Executive, Music and Parades, Public Safety, Reception, Radio Committees.

### Tuesday, July 9

#### Opening Session of Grand Lodge

10 A.M. First business session of the Grand Lodge in the Sala de Oro, Biltmore Hotel. Reports of Grand Exalted Ruler and other Grand Lodge Officers, Commissions and Committees. Election of Officers.

In Charge—Grand Lodge Committee.  
Co-operating—Music and Parades, Public Safety Committees.

8 A.M. First Elks National 54-Hole Golf Tournament, 18 holes, medal play at handicap.

In Charge—Golf Committee.  
Co-operating—Information, Transportation Committees.

8 A.M. Inauguration of Fifth Elks National Trap Shooting Tournament at Los Angeles Gun Club for Elks and their ladies only.

In Charge—National Trap Shoot Committee.  
Co-operating—Information, Public Safety, Ladies' Reception Committees.

9 A.M. Auto tours of Los Angeles, leaving a central point, including the principal points of interest in the city and Hollywood, the universities, Roosevelt scenic highway, Los Angeles Harbor, the Spanish Missions, the oil fields and the citrus groves.

In Charge—Automobile Committee.  
Co-operating—Information, Public Safety, State Societies Committees.

10 A.M. Band contests at Westlake Park, opposite Elks Temple.

In Charge—Drill Team, Drum Corps and Band Contests Committee.  
Co-operating—Escort, Public Safety, Transportation and Baggage, Radio Committees.

10 A.M. Drill team and drum and bugle corps contest in the Los Angeles Coliseum.

In Charge—Drill Team, Drum Corps and Band Contests Committee.  
Co-operating—Escort, Public Safety, Transportation and Baggage, Music and Parades Committees.

*Special trains for all beaches will leave Subway Terminal, Hill Street near Pershing Square, at frequent intervals, starting at 9 A.M. Special round trip fare, with stop-over privileges at all beaches, 75c.*

10 A.M. Redondo Beach—Deep sea fishing contest for cash prizes from anchored barges. Mandarin Ballroom free to visitors. Concert by Municipal band. Open house at Redondo Beach Lodge.

2 P.M. Venice—Bathing Beauty Review, "Roller Coaster," "Racing Derby," "Bamboo Slide," "Some Kick." Venice Ballroom free to visiting Elks and their families during day and evening.

8 P.M. Ocean Park—Spectacular amusement attractions at Ocean Park Pier, largest pleasure pier on the Pacific Coast.

Pageant of Art. Elaborate display of fireworks. Free attractions: Egyptian Ballroom, Palace Ballroom and Bon Ton Ballroom—free parking.

Santa Monica—Free use throughout the day of La Monica Ballroom and Whirlwind Dipper on Santa Monica Pleasure Pier. Open house at Santa Monica Lodge.

In Charge—Transportation and Baggage Committee.  
Co-operating—Information, Public Safety, State Association, Yachting Committees.

2 P.M. Baseball, Pacific Coast League, Wrigley Field.

4:30 P.M. to 5:30 P.M. Vesper Organ Recital, Lodge Room, Elks Temple, Westlake Park, by Sibley G. Pease, resident organist.

9 P.M. Grand Ball for visiting Elks and their families at El Patio Ballroom.

In Charge—Entertainment Committee.  
Co-operating—Ladies' Reception, Public Safety, Electrical Decorations, Decorations, Radio, Auditing Committees.

### Wednesday, July 10

#### Foothill Day

Grand Lodge sessions, morning and afternoon, in the Sala de Oro, Biltmore Hotel.

In Charge—Grand Lodge Committee.  
Co-operating—Public Safety Committee.

2 P.M. Aeronautical spectacle and air circus at Grand Central Air Terminal, Glendale, under the auspices of Glendale, Pasadena, Alhambra,  
(Continued on page 73)

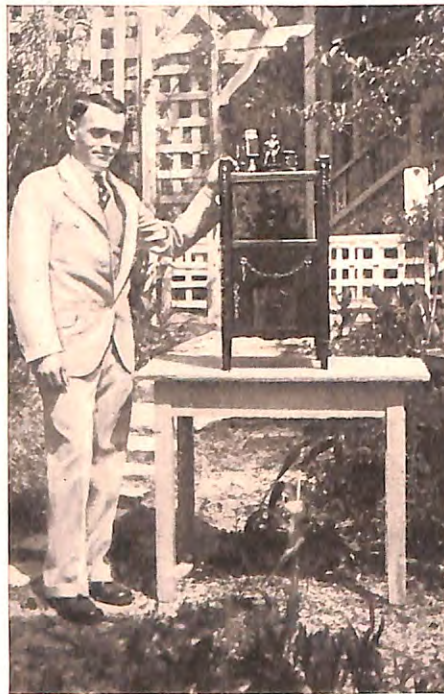




How Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and his party were received on their arrival in Birmingham, Ala.

## Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

**A**FTER installing Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan as Exalted Ruler of New Orleans, La., Lodge and spending a day and a half in the city and its environs, Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert continued his tour of visits by traveling to Jackson, Miss., where, on the evening of April 6, he attended a meeting of the Lodge there. A public reception was held at eight o'clock in the Lodge Home in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert and Miss Hulbert, and the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke on the work of the Order. Spending the next day, Sunday, in Jackson, Mr. Hulbert and his family were informally entertained until the evening, when the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a dinner for Elks only at the Edwards Hotel, when he again spoke, and Mrs. and Miss Hulbert were guests of honor at a reception in the Walthall Hotel. The party left Jackson the next morning for Birmingham, Ala., where they were met at the station by a group of Elks from Birmingham, Bessemer, Ensley, and other Lodges of the State, accompanied by the Police Band. A parade was formed, and the official party escorted to their hotel. A sightseeing trip through the city preceded a luncheon at the Tutwiler Hotel, after which the Grand Exalted Ruler and the reception committee paid a visit to Ensley Lodge, where they were greeted and entertained by Exalted Ruler Tony Schlecci and other officers and members. Leaving Ensley Lodge the party motored to Elmwood Cemetery, where Mr. Hulbert placed a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil Manly Allen. At the special meeting in the Home of Birmingham Lodge that evening the Grand Exalted Ruler made a most interesting address, expressing



Samuel Ramsey, a patient at the U. S. Veterans Hospital at Lake City, Fla., and the smoking cabinet which he made and presented to Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert

himself as gratified by the fine condition of the Lodge affairs. During the day the Ladies Kie Club entertained Mrs. and Miss Hulbert and other visiting ladies, while prominent among the Alabama Elks who participated in the welcome to the party were E. J. McCrossin, Past Grand Inner Guard; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. J. Machtoff; Exalted Ruler Thomas I. Dennis, and Harry W. English, Historian and charter member of Birmingham Lodge.

Leaving Alabama that evening the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived at Atlanta, Ga., the next morning, April 9. A noon luncheon meeting at Griffin Lodge was the first event of the official program, and Mr. Hulbert, accompanied by Walter P. Andrews, Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; Mayor Ragsdale of Atlanta, and other prominent members, motored to the near-by city. They were met at the county line and escorted to the Home of Griffin Lodge, from where they were taken to the Grantland Memorial Parish House, where the ladies of the Parish Guild served a luncheon to some 125 local and visiting Elks. W. H. Beck, Jr., President of the Georgia State Elks Association, was toastmaster and introduced the speakers. Mr. Hulbert's address was a splendid exposition of the aims of the Order. In Atlanta, that evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler met with more than 200 members of the Lodge at a dinner served in the Atlanta Athletic Club. He was formally welcomed to the city by Mayor Ragsdale, and introduced to the assemblage by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. Mr. Andrews

(Continued on page 77)

## News of the State Associations

### Florida

**M**ORE than 500 delegates and visitors gathered on April 9 and 10 in Gainesville for one of the most interesting and enthusiastic annual meetings in the history of the Florida State Elks Association. Business, sport and entertainment filled every hour of the two-day meeting and bespoke the vitality of the Order in Florida. At the election of officers District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harold Colee of St. Augustine Lodge, No. 829, was named to serve as President for the coming year. Assisting him will be First Vice-President Joseph S. Reed, Tampa Lodge; Second Vice-President, Arthur Ohea, Fort Lauderdale; Third Vice-President W. K. Collins, Tallahassee; Fourth Vice-President A. L. Casson, Jr., of St. Petersburg; Fifth Vice-President Lincoln Fishback, Fort Myers; Secretary J. Edwin Baker, West

Palm Beach; Treasurer H. G. Pollitz, Daytona Beach; Historian W. B. Delaponte, Orlando; Sergeant-at-arms F. G. Turner, Bradenton; Tiler, J. Ray Driver, Gainesville; Member of Executive Committee for five years, W. J. Kenealy, Jacksonville.

Next year's convention will be held in Fort Lauderdale in April.

In a spirited ritualistic contest, which was attended by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, now a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, the fine team from Cocoa Lodge, No. 1532, successfully defended the championship trophy, which it won last year, against the challenges of Daytona and Sarasota Lodges, Nos. 1141 and 1519. The rivalry was friendly but intense, and the contest, a close one, was witnessed by more than 100 adherents of the competing teams. Tampa Lodge, No. 708, also won for the second successive time the cup

awarded to the Lodge having the largest number of officers present.

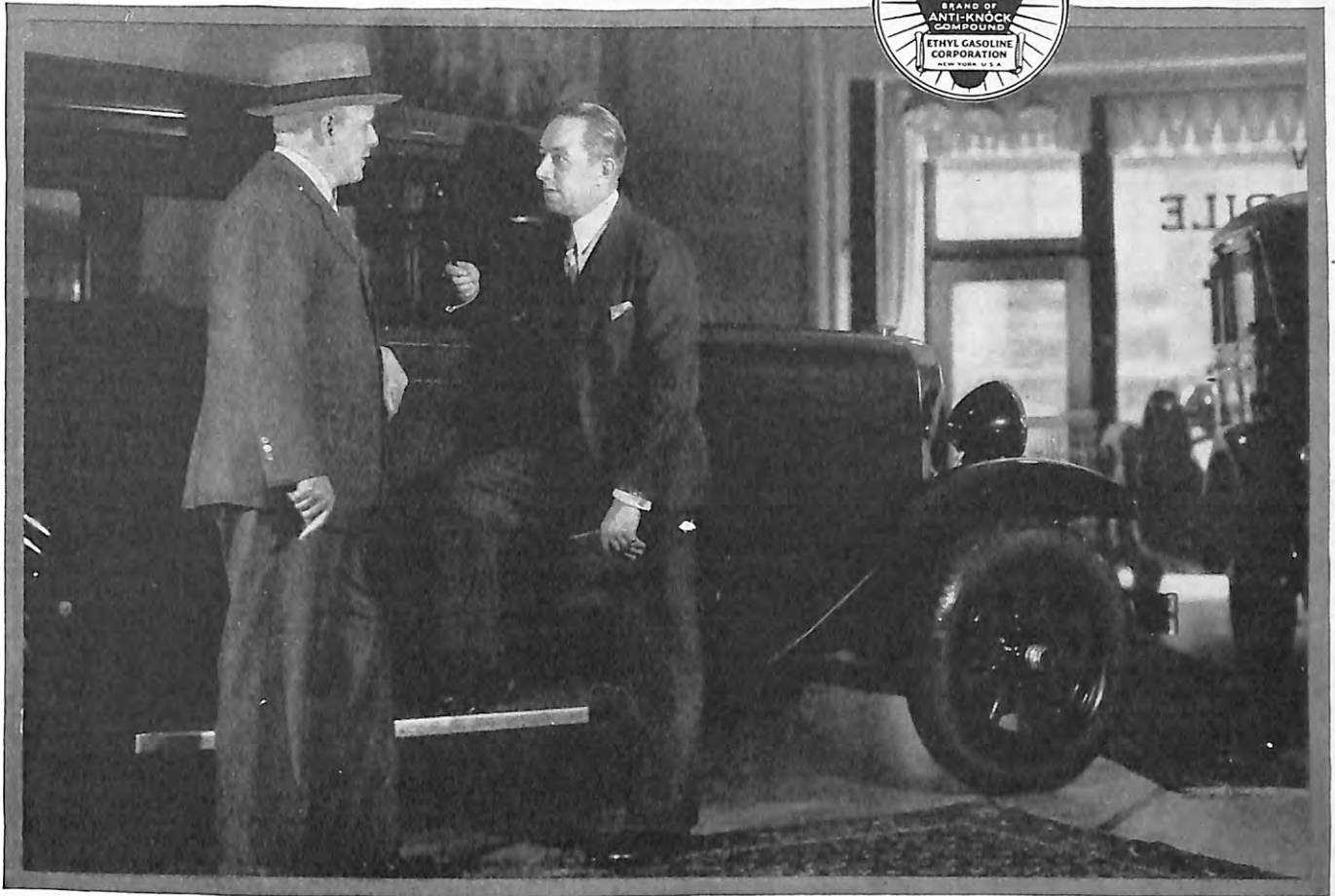
Boxing bouts, picnics, theatre and card parties, sightseeing trips, a parade and a grand ball were among the social events which were thoroughly enjoyed by the visitors. A most promising gain in membership was noted at the business meetings, and the Association voted to become a founder member of the Elks National Foundation Fund by a contribution of \$1,000.

### New Mexico

**T**HE reorganized New Mexico State Elks Association held its first annual meeting at Albuquerque on April 5-6. Great enthusiasm for the revived project was shown by the representatives of the nine Lodges and three thousand Elks of the State. One of the impressive features was the formal, joint installation of the

(Continued on page 74)

# ETHYL GASOLINE



*“It pays us to recommend Ethyl . . .”*

**W**HY do we recommend that you use Ethyl in our cars?” repeated the automobile salesman. “For the best reason in the world. *It pays us to.*”

“We want our cars to do their best. We want our customers to be satisfied. Our business depends on it. Ethyl brings out the very best there is in any car. And that’s why we recommend it.”

The reason any car does its best

on Ethyl is easy to understand. Ethyl Gasoline is good gasoline containing Ethyl fluid, the anti-knock compound developed by automotive science to make gasoline a better fuel. It *does* make gasoline a better fuel.

The proof of this is that outstanding oil companies mix Ethyl fluid with their gasoline to make Ethyl Gasoline. Those companies have naturally convinced themselves that it improves their gasoline or they

would not use it. They know that Ethyl made possible the present high-compression engine. They know that in engines of average compression Ethyl, by eliminating the knock, brings out latent power impossible to obtain with ordinary gasoline.

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25 Broadway, New York 56 Church Street, Toronto, Can.  
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Knocks out that “knock”

## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 27)

anything excepting Miss Goldie. Course they eats shirts. There was a woman I knowed down the river told me a lady in town give her a couple of shirts for her old man, and one morning she washed them and put them out on the line, and when she come back wasn't nothing left but the rope they was hanging on. Moths ate up every stitch of them."

"Something mighty funny about them holes." He thrust the tail into the trousers, and seeing that the wood-box beside the stove was empty, trudged up the river to get a new supply. When he returned, Aunt Vergie was dressed and at the stove cutting out some soggy biscuits with a cracked tumbler.

Breakfast was soon ready. Towhead and States took seats at the table and began to eat. The boy was bending over to drop a biscuit crumb to the toad, which had hopped onto his shoe, when Towhead suddenly put down the sooty pot from which she was pouring coffee and, burying her face in her hands, burst into the bitter sobbing he had heard a little while before.

He gazed at her in alarm. "What's the matter with you, Towhead?" he flashed. "You sick or something?"

She shook her head.

"She ain't sick," Aunt Vergie answered, cheerfully for her. "Poor girl's just tired out from all the washing she done yesterday."

"Oughtn't to make her cry, ought it?"

"Course it ought. Boy, you don't know nothing about a woman."

The girl dried her tears on her apron and dejectedly poured out the remainder of the coffee. States watched her thoughtfully a moment, then took a piece of chalk from his trousers. "I know something to cheer you up, Towhead."

"Better do it then, son. Going to make her something?"

"Nope. Teach her how to write and draw pictures with her feet."

Aunt Vergie in bewilderment put down the biscuit she was munching. "What you talking about, boy? You going crazy?"

"Ain't going crazy at all. I been laying in bed thinking about it all morning. I seen a fellow doing it at the picture-show once, and he was making all kinds of money. And if he can, so can other people. I'm going to start practicing to-day. I'm getting tired of never having a nickel. I'll teach Towhead, too. Why, if a fellow doing it just by himself could make all the money he did, think of what a fellow and a girl would get if they wrote the same words and pictures together and ended up by maybe drawing a big flag." He turned to the girl in boyish enthusiasm. "You want to try it, Towhead?"

SHE nodded eagerly. He stooped and, setting the chalk between the toes of her bare foot, began guiding it over the floor. A quarter of an hour they spent thus, stopping for occasional sips of coffee or a bite of bread, while the first white line grew into what appeared to be a triangular rock resting on a half-dozen cucumbers.

"Ain't bad at all for the first time you tried it," States pronounced as the girl's foot came to rest and he surveyed the labor academically. "The eggs is fine, and if you'd have put the tail further down, anybody'd know it was a hen. Now I'll show you how to do calling cards, and maybe this afternoon Moses giving out the Ten Commandments, upside down. Don't know what we're going to do about the lightning, though, 'cause for that you got to have a yellow pencil."

The boy took off his shoe as well, and both bent over the new task, when Aunt Vergie, who had arisen to supervise the pot of corn boiling on the stove, said suddenly: "Why don't you and Towhead get married, States?"

The boy did not look up from the pen which he was substituting for the chalk clutched in his foot. "You been saying that a couple of weeks now, Aunt Vergie. I tell you I don't want to marry Towhead."

"What's the matter? Don't you like her?"

"Me and her's friends, that's all. Besides, I ain't old enough to get married. Maybe when I get to be a old man and have stomach trouble

I'll get married, the way all the pilots does. But I ain't going to do it before."

"How old are you?"

"Turned sixteen."

"And you ain't old enough?" She snorted in indignation. "Look at that sister of your pappy's, Ida May Etty. She got married when she was mighty young, and look what come of that son of hers. Left the shantyboats and went into politics and got himself made janitor of the court house. I seen that Congressman that made the speech up at Hanging Dog reach into his pocket when he come up to him and give him a cigar. It was a gold-banded one, too, 'cause it was one of the three I got. Young marriages is always lucky. You get married to Towhead and you'll never be wanting to go back to the steamboat nor never be blue no more. Just be happy as them tin monkeys they has dancing in the candy-store window Christmas time."

The boy did not reply, but with his foot dipped the pen into an ink bottle and awkwardly began to write his name on a square of paper. The old woman shrugged her shoulders. A moment later, as the tattered wagon umbrella of Nigger Sue swept past the window, she took several ears of corn from the dish steaming before her and carried them to the door in a pie pan. After a brief, cheerful conversation she gave them to the fat negress and returned to her place at the table.

"Doggone it, Aunt Vergie, I wish you wouldn't let that nigger woman be coming around here all the time," States said as he finished his name with a flourish and laid the pen on the floor. "She ain't missed a day hardly for the last week."

"Ain't no harm in giving her some vittles, is there?"

"I ain't talking about the vittles. But I just don't like seeing her around. Makes me think of what happened the night she come here to cook that Dumb Supper. I wish you'd catch her in that mosquito-bar of yours some morning and drown her."

Aunt Vergie paled. "Lordy, son. Them people like Sue's got power."

They finished breakfast. As the two women began to clear away the dishes, States set to work opening the mussels piled in an oily heap on the porch, and searched the shiny interiors for pearls. Towhead soon came to join him. She had been there only a few minutes, however, when he noticed that her eyes were again filling with tears. Putting down the knife he was holding, he gazed at her anxiously. "You are sick, Towhead," he said. "I ain't never seen you acting like this before. I'm going up to Beaver Slough and get Doc Laura."

"I ain't sick, States. Doctor won't do me no good."

"What you crying for, then?"

"Just . . . feel like crying."

States shook his head in bewilderment and picked up the knife again. In a little while the mussels before him had all been opened; piling the broken shells into several buckets, he gazed at the girl thoughtfully and went inside. He returned in a moment with a nicked watch-case beneath whose crystal faintly glowed a score of lightning-bugs, and put it in her hand. "There's a present for you," he said. "Maybe that'll cheer you up better than the foot writing. Found it yesterday and was going to take it down to Pine City and see if I couldn't sell it to a jeweler, maybe, but I guess it's better for you to have it. Don't look like much now, but when night comes them lightning-bugs makes it pretty as fireworks. Fellow seen me coming down the road with it last night and he said if you just put a little salt water in it they'd keep going he didn't know how long. Said salt water is the same to a lightning bug as coal oil to a lantern."

He hurried off to escape her thanks. Going to a flatboat moored to the stern, he swung a series of rakes from the sides so that their teeth would scrape the bottom, and began slowly rowing up and down the stream. At intervals he paused to pull up any mussels caught on the long prongs, and when the shabby boat was leaking under its heavy load, rowed back to the shanty. He continued at this occupation

throughout the day, stopping for a while in the afternoon to trundle off several wheel-barrow loads of shells to the button factory, then after a leisurely supper, took his gun and tramped into the woods to hunt. He caught a possum and was returning, when he saw Nigger Sue coming up the path from Shantytown with her great wagon umbrella raised over her head to ward off the light of the moon. To his astonishment he saw Towhead walking beside her, in one hand holding a cigar box and in the other a smoky lantern.

Her appearance with the old woman, coupled with a remembrance of her sobs of the morning, vigorously aroused his boyish curiosity. Determining to follow them, he retreated into the trees until they were a safe distance ahead and set off down the trail. The negress led the way to town, skirted it, and reaching the river, began following the course States had taken a few months before in his rescue of Chicken Sam. Down the crumbling levee bordering Big Muddy Bend they plodded until they came to the first of the breaks which had made it useless, and descending, plunged into the stagnant desolation of Nigger Skull Swamp.

TRUDGING on for a few hundred yards, through pungent weeds and along pools of dank, rotting water lilies, the negress halted at the foot of one of the cypress-crowned ridges rising funereally out of the moonlit waste, and with the umbrella still over her head, began searching among the shrubs growing on its slope. Pulling up several tiny, clovelike plants, she broke off the leaves, and muttering unintelligibly to herself, thrust them into a tobacco sack filled with a gritty powder, and turned to her companion. "Give me them things you cut from his shirt, Towhead," she said.

The girl reached inside her dress and withdrew a crumpled envelope.

Sue emptied the three circles of cloth it contained into her fat palm. "Too bad you couldn't get no hairs off him," she remarked thoughtfully. "Hairs has got the body lightning better than anything. And if you ain't got that, you ain't got nothing. But just so long as it's been laying close to his skin, there'll be enough in it to get along." She muttered again and placed the bits of colored muslin in the sack with the leaves, then went on asthmatically: "Now I'm ready for that there toad of yours."

Towhead started to reach out the cigar box she was still tightly holding in her hand, hesitated, and began a quiet sobbing.

"Now don't you start no goings on, chile," Sue declared sharply. "You and your Aunt Vergie want this here done, don't you?"

The girl nodded tearfully.

"We'll, how you expect to get it done when you're a-acting this way? Spirits ain't no different than men. If you want them to do something for you, you got to give them pay. Betting your Aunt Vergie told you to give it to me sides your Aunt Vergie told you to give it to me without no fussing. She ain't paying nothing for it nohow. And there's niggers down at Pine City gives people half a dollar for making things ain't near as hard as this."

Towhead opened the box, and taking out the blinking toad, pressed it against her breast a moment. Then she put it in the old woman's hand.

"Now you just be quiet a couple of minutes and it'll be all finished," Sue puffed, amiable and again as she set the toad on the ground. "Just need three drops of blood from it after it's dead and with the snake dust and the other things that's in the sack you got a charm that not one of them rich niggers down at Pine City could make you. All you have to do when you get home is to tie it to a leg of his bed and you won't ever have to do any more worrying."

She picked up a heavy stone and had raised it over her head, ready to strike, when States burst suddenly from behind the gnarled cypress where he had been hiding. "You drop that stone, Sue!" he commanded.

The negress obeyed in fright and backed away from the hatless apparition halted before her.

"You get on home, now," he ordered coldly.

The old woman's terror faded. Inquiringly she turned to Towhead, but finding no encouragement in the girl's bewildered eyes, grumbled asthmatically and waddled off to the river.

(Continued on page 44)

# SERVICE NOTICE

To Owners of the following cars:

Auburn  
Buick Master Six, 1926  
Buick Standard Six, 1926  
Cadillac, 1926  
Chrysler  
DeSoto  
Diana  
Dodge  
Duesenberg

Elcar  
Erskine, 1927-28  
Fargo Trucks  
Flint  
Franklin  
Gardner  
Graham Bros. Trucks  
Henney  
Hupmobile

Jordan  
Kissel  
Lanchester  
Marmon  
Minerva  
Moon, 6-60  
Nash Advanced Six, 1926  
Nash Special Six, 1926

Oakland, 1926  
Peerless  
Steams-Knight  
July, 1926, to Aug., 1927  
Studebaker, 1926-27-28  
Steyr  
Volvo  
Yellow Cab

The Purolator, the oil filter on your car, needs to be re-cartridged when you have driven 8,000 miles and every 8,000 miles thereafter. Take your car, at once, to your service station or garage and ask them to re-cartridge the Purolator. Now is the time to do this—right at the beginning of the heavy driving season.

**P**UROLATOR, the Oil Filter on your motor car, assures you, at all times, a plentiful supply of *filtered*, clean lubricating oil. Purolator removes from the oil and *holds* all of the harmful dust, dirt, metal particles and hard carbon, which, if allowed to circulate through the lubricating system would cause costly damage to cylinder walls and pistons, bearings and gears.

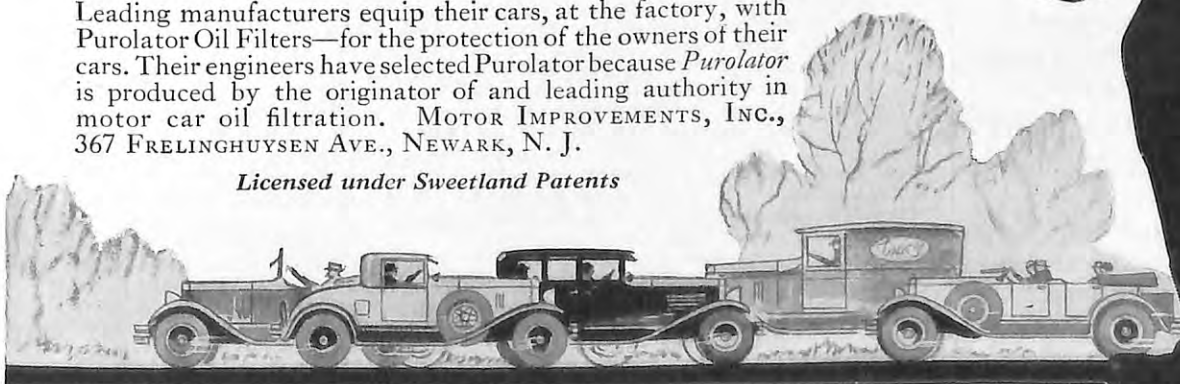
After 8,000 miles of average driving, however, the Purolator cartridge contains too much foreign matter to be sure of continued efficient operation. Then, to continue to protect your motor—and your pocketbook—this cartridge must be removed and replaced by a new, clean one.

Just ask your garage or service station to re-cartridge your Purolator every 8,000 miles and you need never worry about the damaging effects of dirty oil. Most Elk Dealers are prepared to re-cartridge your Purolator or to install one for you if your forced feed lubricating system is not now Purolator equipped.

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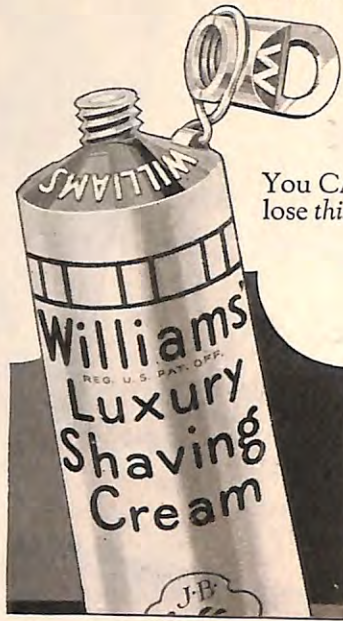


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**Williams**  
Shaving Cream  
please!"

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

## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 42)

States watched her disappear and moved to the girl. Sternly he looked at the toad which had hopped pompously to her and the lantern smoking sootily in her hand, then let his gaze rest accusingly on her troubled face.

She twisted the safety pins forming her neckline and turned away. "How you come here, States?" she murmured.

Moodily he shifted the heavy possum slung over his shoulder. "I seen you going out. . . . And I thought you was up to something. . . . Why was you making a spell against me?"

Towhead made no answer.

"I thought you and me was friends. But looks like I ain't got no friends. . . . Why was you doing it?"

Still the girl remained silent. The lantern beside her flared, tiny threads of flame began to jet out the holes in the top. Mechanically she stooped and turned down the wick. "I wasn't making it against you. . . . I was making it to bring you to me."

"What you mean, marry me to you?"

"So . . . you'd marry me."

THE boy's sternness changed to a staring incredulity, incredulity which in a moment became embarrassment. Sheepishly he pulled up a piece of grass and poked at a great brown beetle trying to crawl up his leg. "That's just silly talking now. Just awful silly. If I hadn't knowed that you hadn't gone to bed yet, I guess I'd be thinking you was talking in your sleep or something. You ought to be ashamed of yourself talking that way. You ain't old enough to get married. No more than I am. You ain't fifteen yet. Aunt Vergie's sure been putting things in your head." He thrust his hands into his pockets and awkwardly, uneasily began digging holes in the soft ground with the tip of his shoe. "It's all nigger foolishness about them spells, anyway. If it wasn't, a nigger could get a king to come to him and bring him all his money. I been trying to teach you about things like that, but it looks like it don't do no good. . . . I declare you ought to be ashamed of yourself for being so ignorant even if you ain't ashamed for wanting to get married when you ain't fifteen yet. And you was going to kill Professor Jacks, too."

"You know I didn't want to kill him." She gazed down at the pompous creature tenderly. "But Sue said I had to if I was to get you."

He whistled in uncomprehension and with his foot turned on its back the beetle once more doggedly waddling toward his shoe. "Never heard such foolish talking in all my life. I ain't nobody. I don't own no bank or nothing. I'm just a shantyman same as you. What you want to marry me for?"

"Cause . . . I love you."

States shook his head hopelessly. "Just ought to be ashamed of yourself," he muttered.

The beetle, recovering its feet, stumbled over to Towhead and began floundering against Professor Jacks, investigating him curiously with its long, shiny feelers. The toad eyed it indignantly and retreated onto the girl's foot. She bent over and picking it up once more gently began to scratch its horny head. "Ever since the first day you come here I guess I been loving you. Things was mighty nice in the afternoon when you and me went out to the dump together, but then when it was night and you talked to me and give me that candidate's button, something just come over me. Something like in winter when you're freezing with the cold on the shanties and you go to town and Judge Ash's wife sees you and calls you into her kitchen and you sit down by a big stove just so full of coal it's red. And then after all them days when you was telling stories, and playing the harmonica and teaching me parchesi, it got so that whenever I was away from you and heard you going around in your room or talking, I felt myself drawing to you. Just the same way them tin ducks they had in the drug store window that time was drawn to that piece of iron the fellow put in the basin where they was floating. I ain't never felt that way about anything before. Last week I was out in the cemetery a couple of days after Press Capp's brother died, and I seen his dog just sitting and sitting by his new dug grave. And I

got to thinking about dying and things like that and how if you was buried I just wouldn't ask no more than to be a dog so I could sit there and mourn over you till I was dead, too. I thought at first when you give me the button and things that maybe you was feeling the same way about me. But then that night when you put Shoo Fly's hair in your locket and didn't ask for none of mine, I knowed it wasn't so."

The lantern flared again and began to scorch her sleeve. She did not notice. "I wouldn't have done nothing about it. I knowed you wasn't a shantyboater, even if you was born one and that if you was going to get a wife it'd be a school teacher or somebody like that. Wouldn't be poor white trash like me. But then Aunt Vergie began talking more and more about how you'd never get satisfied or happy being a shantyboater till you got married to some shanty girl. And I seen you going around miserable all the time when you thought we wasn't watching you. And I thought maybe if I did marry you you wouldn't be miserable no more."

A smell of scorching cloth arose from her dress. Absently she gazed down at the flaring lantern and drawing her sleeve away, went on dreamily. "One night when we was laying in bed, I told Aunt Vergie. She said marrying you would be the best thing that could happen to you, but that I'd never get you natural and she'd get Sue to make a spell. Just broke my heart pretty near when Sue said she'd have to kill Professor Jacks. But I knowed it says in the Bible you can't get nothing without sacrifice. And I wanted my hair . . . to be there in the locket . . . with your dog's."

As she spoke the boy's embarrassment gradually gave way to a return of his gloomy sternness. Taking the lantern, he shifted the possum to a more secure position on his shoulder and moodily started with the girl down the path. "You knowed I didn't want to get married," he muttered. "I told you I don't know how many times. And just the same you and your Aunt Vergie are going to try to make me do it. Behind my back. Looks like everywhere I go people starts working tricks on me. First it was Captain Lilly and now it's you. Them spells is all foolishness like I told you. But you tried to do it and that makes it just the same as if you did. When I come here I thought you and me was going to be friends, just as happy as a couple of squirrels. I done everything I could for you, hunting for you, and learning you to read and teaching you foot writing and everything, and then first chance you get you do something to me."

HE HELPED her over a giant, fallen log beneath which an unseen snake rattled an ominous warning and continued somberly. "Guess I would have got married the way I told you that the pilots do, when I got to be a old man and had stomach trouble. And I guess when I seen you didn't have nobody to open your mussel shells for you or play music for you when you was washing up the dishes, I'd have married you. But I don't think I'll ever get a wife now, seeing what I seen of women already. And if I do, it sure ain't going to be you. Just makes me feel like wanting to go away from you for good."

Towhead's lips trembled. "Where'd you be going?"

"Down to Pine City first and see if I could find out where that carnival is that was playing up at Perryville. Then I'd go there and ask the fellow that does the foot writing to give me a job helping him. Even if he wouldn't let me do the writing at first, if it's the same fellow I seen at the picture show, I could keep his pencils sharp and sell the postcards for him and hold the people he's tattooing. I got a might good mind to go off in the morning and try it."

"You're saying you'd be going to Pine City. But I guess you'd really be going to a steamboat somewheres, wouldn't you? I can tell by the way you been acting all the time you've been in Shantytown you've just kind of been wanting a chance to get away."

They gained the river bank, and mounting

(Continued on page 46)

# "Sound Restful Sleep is as necessary as food to the healthy man,"

says

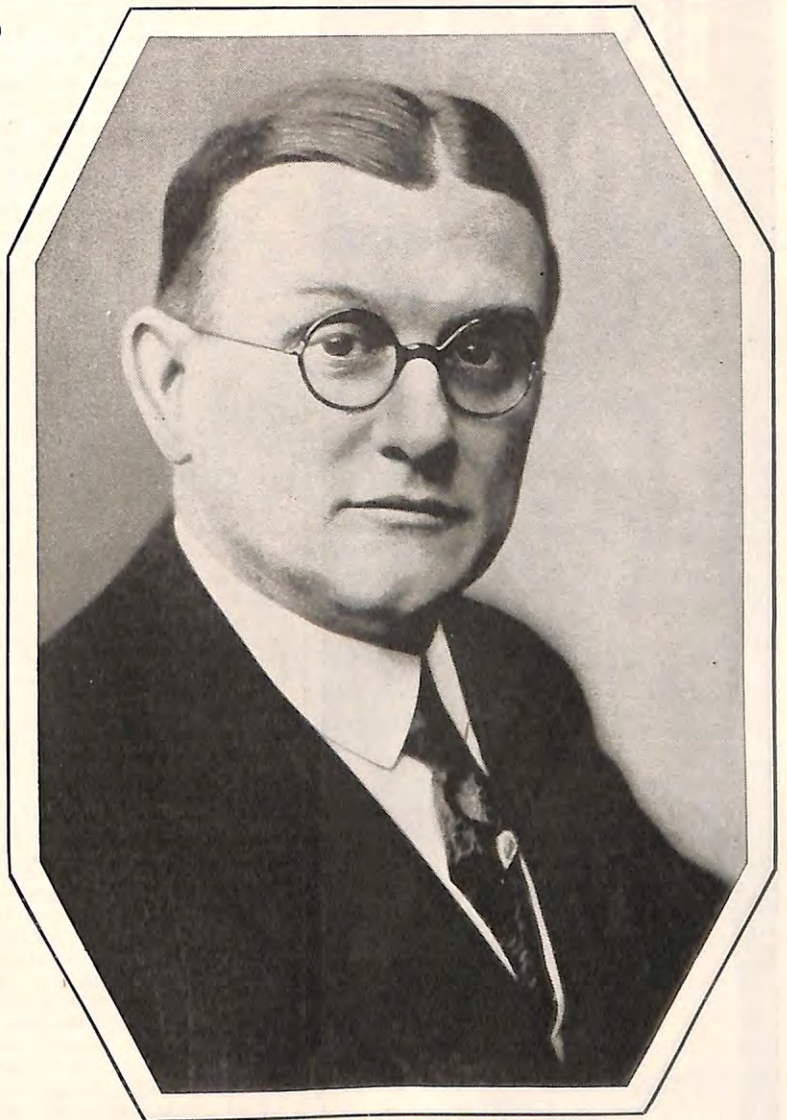
**CHARLES H. GRAKELOW**

"AN even disposition," continues Mr. Grakelow, "the ability to make right decisions, health, happiness, all are dependent upon the right kind of rest. In my own case I've found I sleep better and feel better since equipping my bed with Simmons Mattress and Spring."

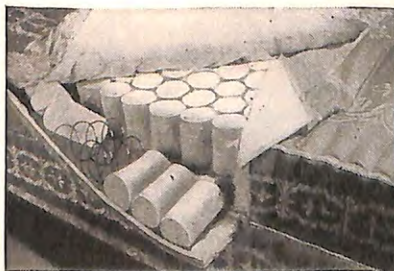
Physicians today are paying more and more attention to sleep. Science has shown them that sleep is one of the greatest aids in the treatment of illness. It has also been demonstrated that sleep is the greatest of all safeguards against sickness. It is a rare thing for you to find a person really sick who gets plenty of sound, restful sleep. But the reverse is even more important: the well-rested person is *alive*, animated, full of the joy of living. Usually they are among the most successful, too.

But there's more to think about than just hours in this matter of sleep. All of us have had the experience of going to bed dog-tired and twisting and tossing around until daybreak . . . thus getting up feeling worse than when we went to bed. What a difference with a Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring! No matter how tired, you pass right off to dreamless, perfect sleep.

The reason? . . . Scientific construction. Years ago Simmons enlisted the help of many of the country's

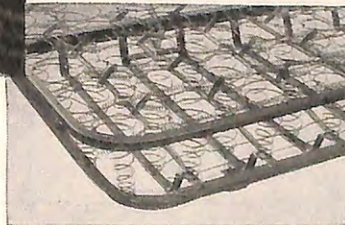


CHARLES H. GRAKELOW, former Commissioner of Public Welfare of Philadelphia, President of the National Florists Telegraphic Association and a prominent leader in business and fraternal circles.



(Left) Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring (sold separately) here shown in combination. The perfect sleeping unit. Note how the wire coils of the Beautyrest Mattress extend clear to the edge.

(Right) Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring. More coils than most springs . . . better, too. Small "governor" springs prevent side-sway. No rocking or tilting.



foremost physicians . . . the leading hospitals . . . the colleges. With the help of these people and institutions they studied sleep . . . they found out what was essential in a mattress and spring . . . what would induce the most perfect rest. Then they built the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring.

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

BEDS · SPRINGS  
MATTRESSES

**SIMMONS** [ BUILT FOR SLEEP ]

## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 44)

the levee, set off on the long walk to Shantytown. States, absorbed in moody reflection, mechanically raised the lantern as they neared any of the great mud holes perforating the rotting bank. Towhead trailed a few feet behind, clutching the frog and watching the flickering figure before her with shamed, abject eyes.

Across the dump they stumbled and reached the path to Shantytown. The boy halted, looked for a moment at the lights of the shanties glowing in a misty crescent through the trees, then gazed at the desolate face of the girl behind him. Uneasily he tugged at the strap of his rifle which had begun chafing his breast. "Guess I won't go down to Pine City," he muttered. "The shanty people's my own people and I'll stay as long as I can. Only when things happens like what happened to-night it don't look like it's going to be very long. But I ain't going to live with you and your Aunt Vergie no more. I'm going to start building my own shanty tomorrow."

Dolefully he gazed down at his gayly patterned shirt and fingered the three smooth holes near his belt. "Cut right through two of the horse-shoes," he murmured. "And there's only twenty-seven horse-shoes on all of her. Looks to me like even if you was doing me wrong . . . you could have took the diamonds."

### CHAPTER IX

ARISING in the morning, he at once set about looking for a site on which to erect his new home, and chose a spot at the edge of the shallow bay in which the shanties were lying. Here directly on the narrow stream he could see everything which swept up and down its yellow surface. The location had the disadvantage that his nearest neighbor was White Johnny, whose shanty, crowned with a broken pitcher for a chimney pot, lay hidden in a clump of trees a short distance up the shore. He determined, however, that he would not let the other's enmity deprive him of a place which otherwise greatly pleased him, and immediately limped off to the dump to search for boards.

He continued the work whenever he could spare a few hours from his tasks in Aunt Vergy's shanty. Occasionally as he worked he could see negroes row up to White Johnny's cabin and return down the stream with two or three liquor jugs set in the bow. A short time later, when he began working at night, he saw that the boats came oftener and recognized some of the passengers as roustlers from the *Morning Glory*, who were paying for the liquor with sacks of flour or boxes of canned goods that he knew had been stolen from the vessel's stores. He chewed his lips and said nothing, however, a course he followed a little while later when the wharfbow of the steamer was broken into and he saw the loot piled in White Johnny's cabin.

The first raid, becoming a second, brought a sudden swoop of the sheriff which for a few days checked White Johnny's activities. But as the chaos of lumber the boy had collected on the bank resolved itself into a hull and a skeleton of walls began to appear, the rowboats of blacks with their occasional purloined cargoes were stealing furtively up the stream as before.

After the incident of the swamp, States had treated Towhead with aloofness mingled with distrust. But by the time the shanty was roofed, he had forgiven her. Often as he worked, she came over to join him, and lay contentedly inside the pine-fragrant structure, laboriously spelling out the words beneath the pictures in his prized mail-order catalogue, or listening to him expound some youthful philosophy as he calked the seams in the walls.

He always ceased his discourses, however, when the rhythmic coughing of the *Morning Glory* echoed over the river, and going to the window, stoically watched until it had steamed out of sight over the waves. In a brief glimpse of the captain a day after the boat's return from Perryville he had noticed that the haggardness manifest in his countenance on his visit to Shantytown had accentuated in the three months of his absence until he appeared to be suffering from a severe illness. In the days that followed, as the boy caught a sight of him tramping the deck or standing on the wharf of

the button factory, he saw that the change continued to intensify. The once wrinkled but genial face became a sickly yellow, two black patches showed under his once twinkling eyes, the once immaculate crescent moustaches were now ragged and brown with tobacco stains. And not only his appearance, but his manner, even his character seemed to be gradually altering. When he appeared to call out an order to the mate or pilot, instead of his once constant good humor, there was now only irritability and often harshness.

The change was forcibly called to the boy's attention one afternoon by a chance meeting with Buttereye in the hardware store where he had come to buy a few pennies worth of nails.

"He just ain't the same man, States," the pilot said, as from his seat at a rusty stove he overwhelmed with a well-directed shot of tobacco juice a thousand-legged crawler up through a crack in the floor. "He was bad enough when he was up at Perryville, cranky all the time. But now since he's been back here, what with all this stealing going on and all his niggers getting so drunk we got to get new ones every week, he's just about going crazy. He won't even let nobody play music now when he's around, and when a fellow's that way, it's a bad sign."

"Sure is a bad sign," put in an overalled farmer sitting near him. "Look at that cousin of Miss Goldie's, now, lived up at Granny Run. He used to be just powerful fond of music, the way Captain Lilly was. Bought himself a accordion and used to play it all the time. Then one day all of a sudden he stopped, saying he'd got sick of hearing it rattle. And before a year was up he'd killed a man and was hung. I tell you I'm looking out for a man don't like no music played around him."

"Looks like something is just kind of tore up inside him, he's missing you so bad, States," Buttereye went on, heedless of the interruption, "muttering about you all the time. Talking in his sleep, too, and that's something he ain't done since he lost his baby. He's getting just the way he was then, seems to me. Don't know what he's doing half the time. One minute saying how he ought to do something desperate to get you away from the shanty people and the next talking like it's you that's causing all the stealing and getting his niggers drunk and everything just to spite him. He's getting to talk that way more and more. Soured against you. Seems how somebody told him they seen you standing mighty suspicious down by the wharf the night the breaking in was done and another fellow that works up at the button factory said he seen you helping White Johnny hand out whisky to the niggers. Course I know that ain't so. But when a man gets the way he is, it don't do no good arguing. Last week a couple of logs come down with the high water and got tangled up in the fantail and just cause it happened when he was passing below Shanty bend he said you let them loose to bust up the paddle wheel. . . . Ain't but one thing I know that'll get him well and get him well quick. And that's for you to come back to the boat."

THE boy took the bag of nails from the proprietor and shook his head. "I'm mighty sorry if he ain't feeling well. Don't like to see anybody sick. But me and him are through. He said he don't want me back anyway. . . . How'd you come out with that bet about the mosquitoes?"

"Looks like we can't never get no bets decided. Before we got a half a cigar box full we both get bit up so bad we had to stop. . . . I tell you, son, I'm hoping you'll come back. 'Cause if you don't I'm getting mighty afraid something's going to happen. Something mighty bad."

States shook his head gravely again and limped outside.

A few days later the shanty was completed and he had installed his few possessions in it when a heavy rain brought a sudden rise which almost swept the shanty down the river as he slept. Surveying the slightly damaged hull by daylight, he decided that he would prevent a

(Continued on page 48)

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

# Rocky Ford

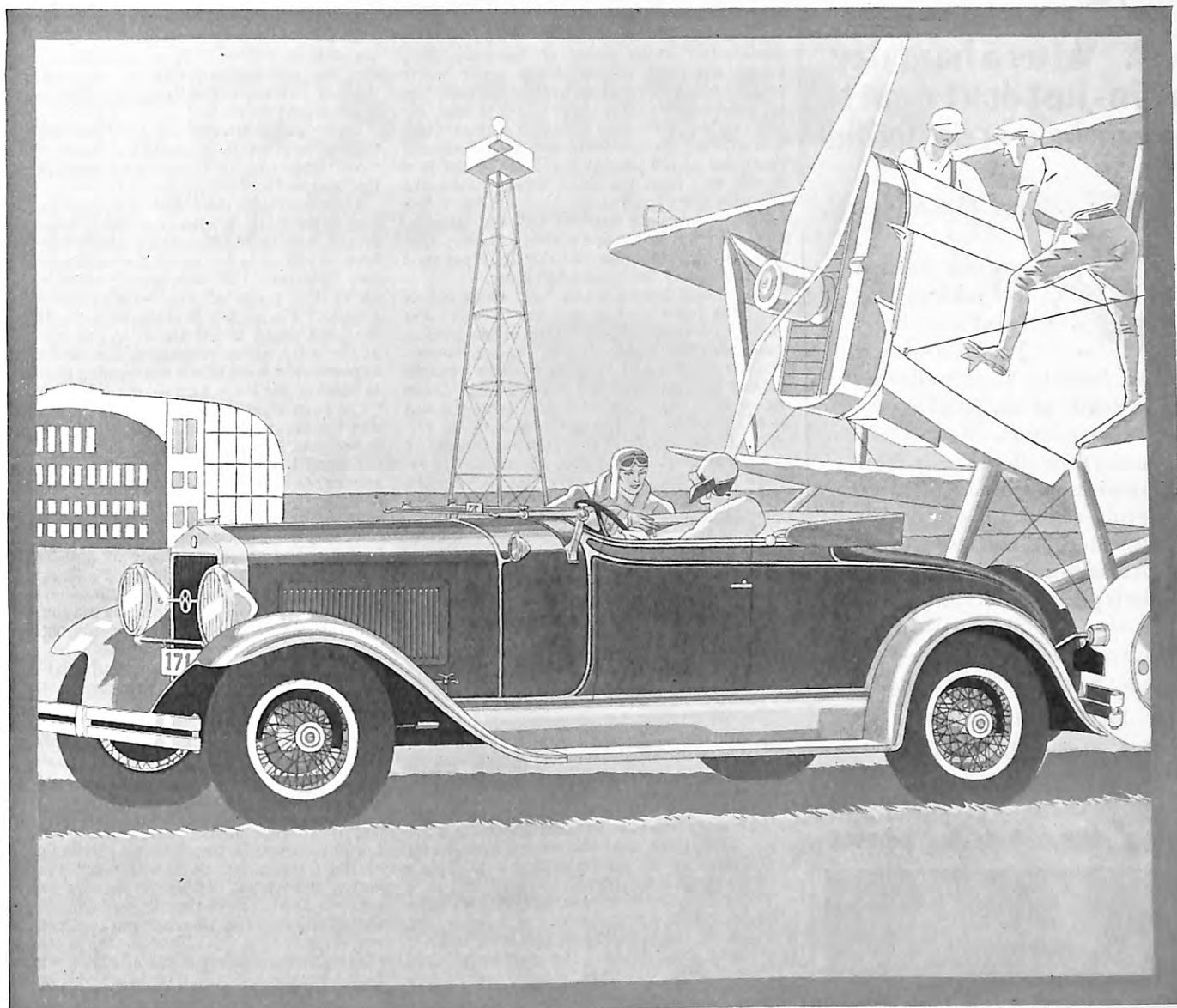
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**Absorbine Jr.**

## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 46)

repetition of the occurrence by building a small breakwater, which would at the same time create a stretch of currentless water where mussels could thrive abundantly and afford him an excellent pier from which he could fish. He lost no time putting his plan into execution and was working one afternoon with an axe, driving down one of the piles he was building out in a double row from the shore, when he saw the *Morning Glory* come steaming up the river. As usual he turned to watch it. To his astonishment the vessel headed directly to the spot where he was laboring and dug its blunt nose into the muddy bank a few feet away.

An instant later Captain Lilly came out of the pilot house and moved to the rail. His eyes were feverish, glaring. "What you putting them piles there for?" he demanded harshly. The unexpected bitterness of his tone brought a quick flush of anger to the boy's face. Then his color became normal again; with the axe he began coolly nicking at the bark of the pile on which he stood. "Call it a breakwater, I guess," he said. His voice was calm, dispassionate. "Or a pier, maybe. It's to keep the shanty from washing down and make it easy for mussel fishing."

"Well, whatever it is you call it, you got to get it out the river."

The second unexpected attack brought a new haze of scarlet to the boy's cheeks. He was about to make a passionate reply when Shoo Fly appeared on the deck at the captain's side and began a joyful barking. States quivered and turned away his head. "You're going crazy," he muttered. "Just plain crazy. Why do you figure I got to take it out?"

The old man reached down to pull back the dog thrusting its head in and out the railing and barking frantically as though trying to make up its mind to leap to the boy below. "You're damming up the river, that's what you're doing. It's throwing all the water to the other side and making a sand bar down at the bend. I got stuck there twice, and the second time pretty near busted up my paddle getting out. I ain't going to stand it no more."

"She can't be making a bar. These piles ain't been here more than a couple of weeks. Things goes mighty quick in this river but not that quick. . . . Where's she making it?"

"Over there by them cottonwoods." He pointed to a group of trees a hundred feet down the shore.

STATES watched somberly as the dog ceased its futile attempts at attracting the boy's attention to point a fly buzzing over the deck. "If you keep on talking that way much longer they'll be getting out lunatic papers for you. That bar's been there ever since I can remember. You used to get stuck on it every time you had a heavy load or the water was a little bit low."

"Ain't so." The dog came over to the old man to claim its reward. He thrust it away irritably. "I don't believe it's a breakwater at all you're making. You're putting it there just to spite me. Along with the other things you and your shanty people are doing . . . and I'm telling you again you're going to take it out."

"And I'm telling you I ain't going to." He lifted his axe and resumed his interrupted labor. "If it was bottling up the river I'd pull it out mighty quick. I don't want to block up the river no more than you. And maybe I'd have done it anyway if you had come over and asked me polite. But when you talk to me as if I was just about the lowest trash there is, I ain't going to do anything for you. I don't want to fight you. You and me was friends for a long time. And we had the same dog. I ain't going to start fighting you, even if you try to make me to. You're an old man and you're sick maybe and you don't know what you're doing. But just the same I ain't going to take no orders from you. I got as much right in the river as you."

The old man's horny eyebrows stiffened. He walked to the great bell shining before the pilot house and put his hand on the cord. "For the last time I'm asking you," he grunted. "Are you going to take it out?"

"Nope."

"All right. You'll see. You'll wish you had." He pulled the rope and the bell clanged brazenly.

The boat backed wheezily into the river. As the distance between the two vessels increased the dog again began dashing up and down the rail barking excitedly at the disappearing figure on the shore.

States gazed after it sadly. "You and me's mighty far apart, now, Shoo Fly," he murmured. "And looks like all the time we're getting further and further."

He was vividly reminded of the incident not long after when he found a small pearl in a mussel, and taking it to the barber shop in the hope of selling it to one of the habitués, again met Buttereye, this time soapy stretched out under the razor of the violet-scented Mr. Capps. "I'm mighty glad you come in, States," the pilot called across the room, as he pulled at the hairy apron enveloping him and sat up to peer at the jewel which was passing from hand to hand of the three men sitting along the wall. "I've been wanting to talk to you. Fact is, I was thinking about coming over to your place to see you." He paused as he saw Doc Boaz, the dentist, take the boy's arm and lean over to whisper in his ear. "Don't you let him get that pearl from you for less than fifty cents, States," he added quickly. "He's got plenty of money to-day. I seen Ruby Corkell down from Caney Corners this morning and both his jaws was swelled out like they had sofa cushions inside them. There was four teeth come out of him, I'll bet, anyway. Five or six maybe."

States shook his head as the dentist drew away. "I'd rather keep it myself than sell it for less than fifty," he said, and turning to Buttereye went on: "Why was you wanting to see me?"

"TO TELL you you better get them piles out the river. Captain's getting worse and worse since I seen you. Three or four times last week when I was at the wheel and there wasn't nobody else in the pilot house I happened to pass by and heard him talking and arguing with the Lord about you just as if He was sitting on one of them chairs behind him. I tell you he's getting me scared. I thought he was going to pretty near kill one of the niggers last Saturday. Caught him stealing a whole sack of coffee he was going to take up to Shantytown to trade for whisky. I don't know what he'd have done if I hadn't stopped him. His face got like that Pine City fellow's up at the drug store that night when he was doing some tricks with the billiard ball and it stuck in his throat. And he gets that way every time we get stuck a little on that bar down by the cottonwoods he says your piles are making. And sometimes he gets that way just when he sees them."

"The piles ain't making that bar. That bar's been there long as I can remember."

"Course it has. We're just getting stuck on it the way we always do when the river's kind of low like it is now. But he's got himself believing the piles are making it and so it's the same as if they really was. Like I told you, he's got it figured out how you're the cause of everything that's happening to him. If it wouldn't be the piles, it'd be something else. I don't know what he's figuring on doing to you if you don't get them out, specially if we keep on getting stuck down there the way we been doing last week or so. But he's figuring on something, that's sure. What you say, son? You going to take them out for me?"

States shook his head somberly. "I'd take them out for you but not for him after the way he talked to me. If he'd have asked me polite, I'd have done it right away. But I ain't going to take no orders from nobody. He don't own the river."

"I'd sure keep out of his way then," timidly put in Judge Stubbs, a nervous little rabbit of a man with a towering stiff collar, whose points thrust painfully into the sides of his shrunken Adam's apple. "The way Buttereye is telling it looks to me like the captain's going clean out of his mind."

"One sure way of testing that," asserted Zep Wethers, as he dropped some itch powder down the back of the darkey shining his shoes.

"How do you figure?" demanded Mr. Capps, looking up interestedly.

(Continued on page 50)

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# The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 48)

"Electricity," Zep replied tersely. "Butter-eye can try it if he gets a chance. An electrician that was changing the lights in the railroad station when I was in St. Louis told me about it. Said a natural man couldn't stand over a couple of hundred volts through him but a crazy man could stand any amount without it doing no more than just making him laugh."

"Well, whatever it is, if I was States I'd get them piles out," declared the barber. "Or if I didn't, like Judge says, I'd sure keep out of his way. And more than that I'd get out of Shantytown. Beaver Slough folks is going to do some cleaning up there one of these days and when they do I wouldn't want to be around. You know what it was last time a few years ago when we run them out of the county. Mighty close to some lynching then."

Gravely the boy watched the pearl twirling in the dentist's fingers. "I ain't going to run from nobody. . . . Will you give me a half dollar for it, Doc?"

"Can't do it, States. I ain't got it." He counted the change in his frayed pocket. "Nope, I told you. You see for yourself. Forty's the best I can do."

"How about Buttereye's saying that he seen Ruby Corkell?"

The dentist spat dejectedly into a cracked cuspidor. "Just wasted my time when he come, that's all. Spent a half hour looking at him and he just let me pull one tooth." He meditated a moment. "I got an idea. Give you forty and the tooth I pulled from the midget that was playing at the picture show last year. You seen it. The one with the four roots that I got in the glass case by the door."

"All right, it's a trade."

HE TOOK the money, and going to the candy store a few doors away bought some colored postcards and two rolls of orange and purple crepe paper which he decided would be useful in relieving the shanty's barrenness. A few days later he mounted the cards on pieces of paste-board. He was tacking them onto the walls while Towhead, come over to assist in the decoration, cut the crepe paper into wide scallops to hang from the shelves of a battered kitchen cabinet, when he concluded that the pictures would not be satisfactory until they had frames. Giving Towhead specific instructions as to the work to be carried out in his absence, he set off up the low ridge directly in back of Shantytown where there were a few birch trees whose bark would admirably answer his needs.

He was on its slope, carefully peeling off long strips of the smooth fibre when he saw the *Morning Glory* heading up the stream. Smokily it proceeded up the narrow channel, then approaching the grove of cottonwoods near the boy's shanty, suddenly slackened its speed and snorted to a halt. A moment later he saw the captain bound upon the deck from below and heard his shouted, furious commands. A hoarse, troubled coughing issued from out the sooty stacks; the paddle commenced a desperate churning. The vessel did not stir. More angry cries followed, more frantic whirring of the paddles. A burlapped negro scrambled to shore and making a heavy rope fast to a tree, darted back to join a half dozen of his companions turning the handles of a brass capstan. The rope grew taut. The vessel trembled, crawled forward a few feet, jerked to a halt again as the rope parted. A new line quickly took its place, other rousters came to join those straining at the handles. The boat hesitated as it felt the new pressure, gave a violent bound, and was again in deep water.

A new shout came from the captain. The line was snatched from the tree, the rousters disappeared from the bow, the old man sped back to the pilot house. Up the stream the boat chugged, gingerly, as though it were a great, splashing animal made cautious by its accident, then as it neared the piles the boy had sunk into the water, whipped round and came charging wildly at the shanty.

Hypnotically the boy saw the tin roof fly up in a great, flashing arc and the yellow walls crumple as the heavy prow cut savagely into the hull. An instant later the shattered craft quivered and turned slowly on its side. The

boy swept his hand across his reeling eyes and started racing down the hill.

## CHAPTER X

HE HAD lost sight of Shantytown as he descended through the trees. Now as he reached the foot of the hill he saw it again, saw White Johnny, Buffalo, and Little Greasy carrying a limp blue-aproned figure up the shore. He sped on faster, and caught up with Buffalo, who, the last of the solemn—plodding trio, was holding the girl's feet. "She dead?" he gasped.

Buffalo, whose clothes were dripping as though he had just emerged from the water, swept the hook which served as his fingers across his mud-splotted face. "She's still breathing. Andy's gone to get Doc Claymore."

States looked at the unconscious girl, saw a wide red stain near the shoulder of her faded water-soaked dress, and shivered. One of her arms swung lifelessly below her and the fingers, still holding a dripping square of orange tissue paper, bumped over the pebbles with each uneven footstep of the three silent marchers. He lifted it and folded it on her breast.

"Doc Claymore ain't no real doctor," he panted. "I'll go to Beaver Slough and get Doc Laura."

With the hook Buffalo scraped out thick layers of mud under his enormous eyes. "Don't start arguing, son. Ain't no time for it. She'd be dead before you got there."

They neared Aunt Vergie's shanty. The old woman came hobbling stiffly forward. Dropping to her knees beside the girl, she caught her hands and kissed them passionately again and again, then rose and followed the men into the shabby dwelling. Sitting down on a chair, she began rocking back and forth, moaning softly, while her wooden leg, shifting with her swaying body, beat out a dull, monotonous tattoo upon the floor.

The men laid the girl upon her cot, then awkwardly, sheepishly, like blundering children awaiting punishment, took seats on the bed opposite.

They had been sitting there in silence a moment when Doctor Claymore entered. He was a runty little man, almost a dwarf, with short spindly arms and legs, and a conical tumor rising from his cheek, which gave him the appearance of a squirrel chewing an enormous nut. "Howdy folks," he called cheerfully, and hurrying over to the cot where the girl lay, began examining her wounds. "Ain't bleeding much," he announced academically. "Must be something stuck up there stopping it. I'll have to do what they call microbe it. First thing when a fellow got shot or anything in the penitentiary they always used to microbe him. When a fellow can get on to the microbing he can know what he's doing."

Taking a rusty implement which had once been a crochet needle out of the battered shoe box which served as his instrument case, he began to probe the injuries. "Yep. Is something there. Four or five pieces of something feels to me like glass. Must have come from the window." He motioned Buffalo to his side. "You was cut by a beer bottle once pretty bad, Buffalo. You ought to know what glass feels like. You feel it and see if you don't think it's glass."

Buffalo gingerly held the probe in his enormous fingers an instant, then nodded. "Sure feels like glass."

"Guess it's bound to be glass. That shows what you learn by microbing. Looks to me it's mighty close to her lung, too. Bad place. Rather drink pisen than get cut near the lung. Can't tell if she's going to live or if she ain't." He gazed at the shoe-box thoughtfully. "First thing to do, anyway, is to get it out. I'll have to go over to my shanty and get her some of this here medicine they calls color form."

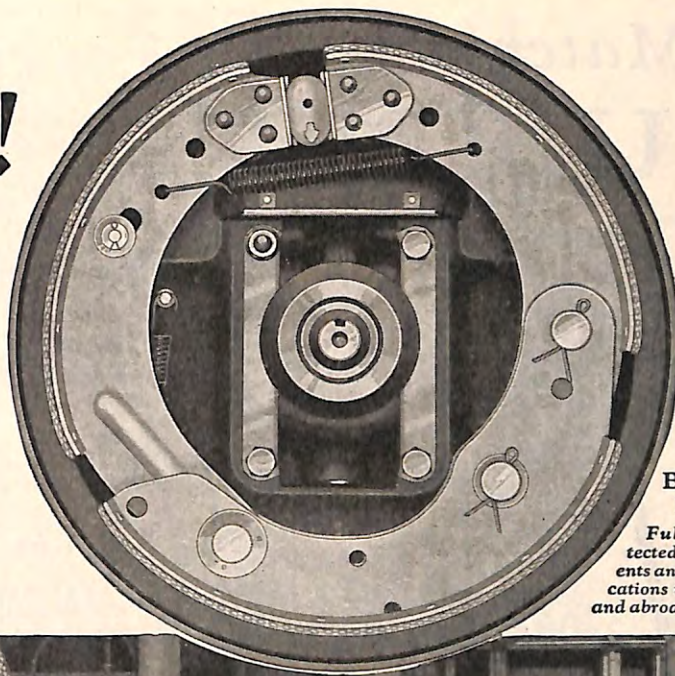
"Color form's what they uses to put people to sleep with, ain't it?" inquired Little Greasy. "That's right."

"What you need to give it to her for then if she's asleep already?"

"They always give it to 'em. There's been millions of operations and ain't never been one

(Continued on page 52)

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## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 50)

done right without color form." He turned on the other sharply. "Look here, was it you or me studied doctoring in the penitentiary?"

He bustled out the door. The moaning of the old woman continued. States moved to the bed, and gazed at the pallid girl stretched out upon it. The bit of orange paper in her fingers dropped to the floor. He picked it up and slowly laid it on the cot beside her. "It's account of me she's laying that way, Aunt Vergie," he said. "She was there helping me to get the shanty fixed up pretty."

A gaunt woman followed by a slinking, ghostly ribbed dog appeared in the doorway. "I done called the Holiness Folks," she announced shrilly.

One by one the shantyboaters drifted in as they had on the night of the boy's arrival, and squeezed into seats on the bed, the boxes and the floor.

PREACHING DANIEL stood up and looked somberly about the room. The murmur of voices ceased. The mother of a whimpering baby drew out a crust of corn bread and put it in the child's mouth to stifle its cries. Solemnly Daniel moved to the side of the bed where the girl lay and facing the fantastic circle about him, stood motionless a moment, only his gray lips moving as though uttering a prayer. Then he chanted, slowly, dismally: "What is this that I can see with icy hands taking hold of me?"

From the women arose the wailing answer: "I am Death and none can't tell. I open doors to Heaven and Hell. I open doors to Heaven and Hell."

And then together came the chorus: "O Death! O Death! O Death! Please spare me over till another year! O Death! O Death! O Death! Please spare me over till another year!"

Doctor Claymore entered carrying a beer bottle holding a colorless liquid and began making his preparations. Daniel stepped mechanically aside and went on with his doleful singing. "I'll fix your feet so you can't walk. I'll lock your jaws so you can't talk. I'll close your eyes so you can't see. This very hour come and go with me."

Then the despairing chorus came from the others once more: "O Death! O Death! O Death! Please spare me over till another year!"

The doctor opened the beer bottle. White Johnny and Buffalo who, like States, were not singing, came forward to watch.

"That the color form, Doc?" Buffalo demanded, leaning over and sniffing with his great ox-like nose.

The doctor reached into his shoe-box and drew out a dilapidated towel. "Yep."

"Got a mighty bad smell, ain't it?" He thrust his heavy finger into the bottle until the tip touched the liquid, then withdrew it and brought it experimentally to his tongue.

Angrily the doctor snatched the bottle away. Still holding it in his hand, he placed a small tin bucket at the girl's head and spilled the contents of the bottle into it, then covering it with the towel, turned the girl so that her face lay directly over it. There he held her and began to count, his words sharply punctuating the wailing of the choristers. The pungent fumes began to permeate the crowded room. At the count of ten he ceased, returned the girl to her original position, and began searching again in his shoe-box. Little Greasy yawned sleepily. A moment later White Johnny followed his example and looking at the bucket suspiciously, took out his bottle of vanilla and sniffed greedily.

Little Greasy hastened to open the window. "That there color form's getting away on you, ain't it, Doc?"

The physician turned indignantly again. "Fellow'd think everybody here had studied doctoring," he muttered. Slowly he poured the liquid back into the bottle, then found his instruments and set to work.

The chanting ceased. One by one the visitors departed until only Meat and Bread Andy, and the three who had entered with Towhead were left. Andy reached into the first of his three layers of coats and withdrawing a bone, chewed it avidly. He moved to the boy still standing

rigidly at the head of the bed, and pulled at his sleeve.

"White Johnny was right, States," he said in his wavering voice. "He wanted to burn up Captain Lilly's boat and you wouldn't let him. Now the Captain's done busted up yours instead. I seen him bust it too. Standing in the trees right by it. My, oh my, that was something to see. Little pieces of glass shot up in the air like the sparks that flies off an anvil and them postcards of yours flied out like turkey feathers. I got one of them that blowed up on the bank." He displayed the picture of a garishly colored flower-basket from whose handle ran the tinsel legend, "Many Happy Returns of the Day."

States made no answer.

A little while later the doctor laid three fragments of glass on the shoe-box lid, and wrapping them carefully in scraps of newspapers, thrust them into his pocket.

"What's you going to do with them," Little Greasy demanded.

"Save 'em, of course. What you think I'm going to do with 'em? Do a lot of things with glass that come out of a girl. If you scratch a fellow that's got epilepsy with 'em he'll get out of his fit right away. And a fellow that was in the penitentiary the same time as me said if you could get a long piece like one of these that I took out it was better than a peach twig for finding water."

He turned to the old woman crooning in the corner. "You better have one of them, Aunt Vergie. You're entitled to it. She's your gal." Then he added, as the old woman reached out a withered hand and took it mechanically: "Guess Towhead's going to live. Can't tell till the color form wears off, 'cause there's been cases where the color form kept them alive three and four days after they was really dead. Any-way looks to me like she's going to be sick a long time. Like I told you I'd rather drink pisen than get cut near the lung."

He packed up his paraphernalia and departed. The others soon shambled out after him. States moved to the bed and sitting down beside it took the girl's hand. Until dusk he sat there, motionless, while Aunt Vergie's moaning became a low, stifled sobbing. Blackness enveloped the shanty. He arose and lit the dingy lamp.

The sobs of the old woman ceased. Hobbling across the room, she gazed at the outstretched form on the bed a moment, then dipping a corner of her dress into a pan of water, began washing the rigid, mud-stained face. She sat down beside the boy.

THE lamp began to smoke as a light breeze swept over the river. He walked to it and lowered the flame. "It's 'cause of me she got hurt, Aunt Vergie," he said. "And it's 'cause of me if she dies."

"Lord ain't goin' to let her die. Lord can't let her die."

Silence again fell upon the cabin. A great yellow moth drifted in with the wind, fluttered about the light, then vanished. A bat circled through the door and struck noisily against the tin pipe over the stove. The wind died. A mist began to touch the shore with ghostly, wavering fingers. The old woman fell asleep.

Towhead stirred uneasily. Her hands quivered slightly, then her eyes opened and turned feebly in the direction of the lamp. They remained fixed on it a moment, blinking, uncomprehending, then wonderingly fell to her hand still clasped in States's fingers. They lighted faintly. A trace of a smile touched her lips. "I'm glad you're a sitting there, States," she said.

"Yes'm."

"Something's happened to me, ain't it?"

"Yes'm. The *Morning Glory* hit into the shanty when you was in it."

"I knowed there was something. Been kind of hearing something like a lot of cowbells ringing far off down the valley. But I couldn't see no cows so I knowed it wasn't right."

"Yes'm."

"Get me a drink, will you, States? My chest's a burning. Kind of as if there's pepper in it."

Quickly he brought a tin dipper and held it

(Continued on page 54)



## Spring! . . . for everyone but her

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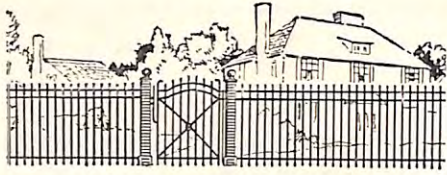
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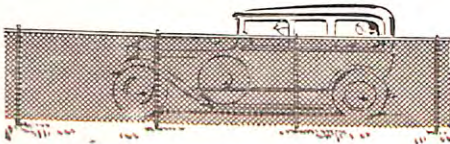
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## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 52)

to her lips. He resumed his seat beside her. "Can I do anything else for you?" he asked, after a long silence.

"Just happy having you sitting there holding my hand. Worth getting hurt every day for that." A sharp paroxysm of pain contracted her face, a tiny red line appeared at the corner of her mouth. She pressed the cloth which served as her handkerchief tightly against her lips. When she removed it she was again smiling. "Guess maybe there is something else you could do for me. . . . But I guess you wouldn't want to do it."

"Tell me what it is."  
"To put some of my hair in the locket with your dog's. I don't mean for good. Wouldn't ask you that. . . . But just while my chest is hurting so bad."

He took a pair of scissors and delicately cutting off a few of her white hairs placed them carefully under the glass.

Her wan face became radiant.  
The old woman stirred and began to waken. She rubbed her eyes sleepily. "How you feeling, honey?"

The girl pressed the cloth against her lips again. "Getting better all the time, Aunt Vergie."

"Lord ain't going to let you die, honey. Lord can't let you die." Gently she untied the shoestring binding the girl's hair and braided it into two strands, singing softly as she worked. She tied the ends with bows of purple crepe paper. "Death can't come for you when you're looking pretty as that," she murmured.

The girl fell asleep again.  
There came a subdued knock at the door. States arose and drew it open. A lanky figure from one of whose eyes the moonlight was reflected with unnatural brightness stood in the doorway. It was Buttereye.

The pilot awkwardly took off his cap. "How's she getting on?" he asked softly.

States made no answer.  
The pilot shifted uneasily under the boy's steady, searching gaze, spat a mouthful of tobacco against a tree, an act which afforded him a chance to turn his face, then took out his eye and began to clean it nervously. He restored the eye to its socket. "Captain Lilly sent me over," he said at length, hesitatingly. "He'd have come himself but he's all broke up." He held out a large basket from whose fruit covered top peered out a shadowy ham and

the smooth browned back of a roast chicken. The boy made no move to accept it.

"O, I know it ain't easy to forgive him for what he done, States. It's a terrible thing. But I tell you he was just crazy and getting crazier and crazier all the time. All kind of tight inside. Same way as them watches you used to get with a two-pants suit down at the Mammoth Store. You'd wind 'em tighter and tighter and finally the whole inside blowed up. The blowing up's cured him of his crazy spell, 'cause when he heard about Towhead being in the shanty, he cried just like a baby. He sent me over to tell you he'd pay for the best doctor there is in Pine City."

"We don't need no help from him. Not his doctoring nor his money nor his baskets neither." He started to close the door and step back into the dim interior.

THE old woman who had hobbled forward, blocked his retreat. "You ain't got no sense at all, States," she said, her eyes fixed on the basket, where a movement of the pilot's hand had caused the chicken to turn on its side, revealing its crisp immensity. "We don't have to take no money or doctoring if you don't want to. Blood money poisons them that takes it, they says, and we got as fine a doctor as there is. But to send away a basket like that with that chicken in it'd be a sin. Chicken's just what Towhead needs to get her well."

Trembling with eagerness, she took the basket from the pilot's outstretched arm, and setting it down beside her, began feverishly exploring its contents.

Buttereye watched her fascinated a moment, then turned to the boy again. "He's waiting to know," he said. "Cause if you want the doctor, he'll take the boat down to Pine City to get him to-night. What'll I tell him?"

States took out his watch and thoughtfully looked at the locket where the dog's and the girl's hair was now intermingled. A tree came floating down the stream and passed by the window, its wet leaves reflecting the moonlight like the sails of some phantom schooner. It thudded gently against the shanty. The slight impact awakened the girl. A sound of suppressed coughing followed.

States put the watch back into his pocket. "You can tell him I'm going to marry her," he said.

(To be continued)

## Jed Morrow's Bride

(Continued from page 23)

Worse and worse grew the pitching of the screw—a heavy chain fall above the cylinder tops was swinging through incredible arcs. Harsher and harsher the grating of scarred metal, despite the efforts of Sheffield and the four to eight oiler; and in it the Fourth seemed to hear the dry bark of old Jed:

"Keep her up—keep her up. . . ."

HIS hand went to the check valve, as if to close her down a little, then abruptly he took it away again. Keep her up, it was. By heavens, though, she was getting hot! He redirected the stream of cooling water and hoped for the best.

Baffled for the moment, the ship, womanlike, decided to try something else. Suddenly there was a dull booming sound, and the hull quivered with a vibration that was worse than any engine's.

Boom—Boom—Boom—

There it was again. The cargo! But three-quarters loaded, as she was, and with steel drums at that, the cargo must be taking charge!

High in the air lifted the stern, the propeller came clean out of the water, and 2,800 horsepower screamed madly with the freedom.

The Fourth jumped for the throttle—closed it. Then down came the stern again—crash! and the engines shivered on their bed-plates.

"God," he muttered, "she'll bust the tail-end if she goes on like this."

Opening up again, he called the oiler, bade him stand by the hot bearing, and gave his whole attention to the throttle.

Boom—Boom—Boom—

The Fourth shut off steam and wiped the sweat from his face. Should he call the Chief? Soon he must be down anyway. But if he called him. . . . He could imagine what would happen:

"By the purple shades of old Nate, Mr. Sheffield, you call me for a little thing like that. What the adjectival something d'you think you're paid for, Mister? Carry on, carry on—"

So the Fourth carried on, and even as he made his decision it happened.

A terrific crash from the shifting cargo—the screw screaming in the air—then a jar through the shaft that made the engine-room reel.

They had dropped a blade!

Picking himself up from where he had been thrown under the oil lockers, the Fourth closed down—stopped the engines dead with a mighty heave on the valve gear. A moment more and hot steel would have been flying all over the engine-room.

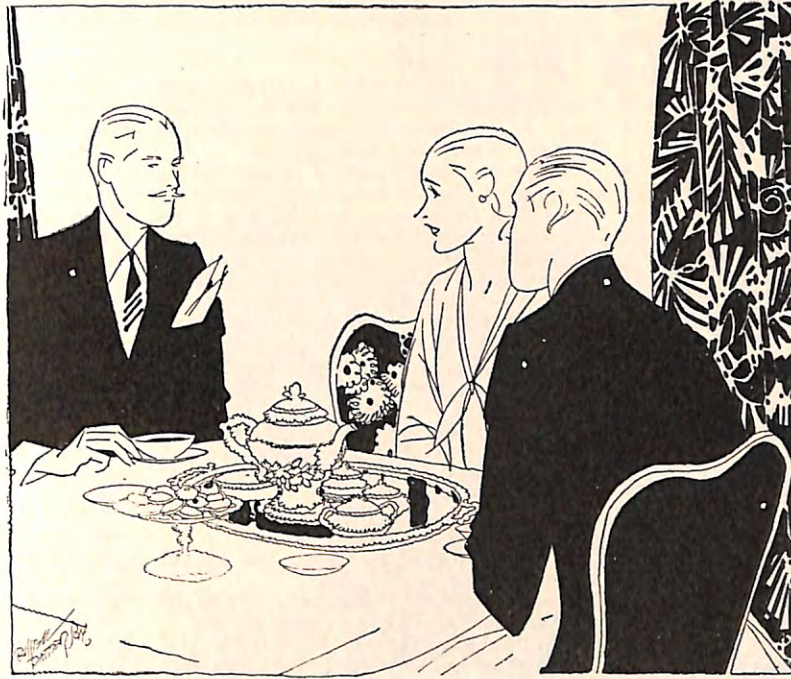
But he was just in time.

Slowly the great connecting rods juddered to a halt. Men shouted—crowded out of the stokehold door. Others dashed for the ladder leading to the fiddley. Everywhere a confused babel of voices.

Valiantly the Fourth tried for order, then his voice was drowned by the booming roar of escaping steam as the center boiler blew off and was followed by the port and starboard.

At length the uproar died, and in the sudden

(Continued on page 56)



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## Jed Morrow's Bride

(Continued from page 54)

silence a jet of steam hissed lazily from a loose gland—soft—menacing—the threat of tremendous power.

"Hi, mister!"  
 The voice of the second officer came down from the bridge. "What the hell do you think you're doing? We've got enough trouble with the cargo without you playing the fool."

"Dropped a blade," said the Fourth shakily, and turned to find old Jed and the Third at his elbow, while behind them, huddled in an overcoat, was the Second, his face white and strained and streaming with perspiration.

Unconsciously Sheffield braced his shoulders to receive a blasting condemnation from the Chief. His fault? No, but that would matter little. It was his watch—and nothing could save him from the vitriolic tongue of old Jed. Yet nothing happened.

THE Chief's brows were frowning blackly over his fierce old eyes. His mouth was drawn in a grim line. But he was looking at the engines and not at the Fourth.

"Blast her," he growled, "she would do a thing like that."

The Fourth opened his mouth, but Jed cut him short.

"Not your fault," he said gruffly. "You did your best—bound to happen anyway."

Then turning to the speaking tube, he held parley with the captain while the Fourth watched him with shining eyes. Heavens! he would work his fingers to the bone for a man like that. Just even when angry. And Jed was furious now.

"Tug!" he burst out suddenly. "You're going to send for a tug, sir?"

The captain's reply was inaudible to the Fourth, but it seemed to intensify Jed's rage if possible. His face went white. His last voyage—and towed home by a tug! It was disgrace, utter and absolute.

Yet what could he do? With one blade gone, the unequal load would tear the engines to pieces in a minute. And get home they must. They were still a day and a half from the Straits of Belle Isle.

Suddenly Jed whirled on the Second. "Get soundings on the ballast tanks, mister, and you, Third, inspect the tunnel and find out the damage to the tail-end—if any."

The Second pulled his fever-shaken frame together and went for his soundings, while the Third took a flashlight down the propeller tunnel.

Jed turned to the Fourth.

"Come with me, lad."

Together they went on top and met a wild commotion on the well deck. A spare winch drum, wrenched free from its lashings by the rolling of the ship, had taken charge and was banging savagely from side to side, smashing all that came in its way.

For'ard, the mates were doing all they knew to secure the cargo, and the drum rolled on unchecked, clearing a path through the stokers every time they tried to get near.

Swiftly Jed took charge. "Rope!" he roared. A heavy sling was thrust in his hand, then the drum charged down and the men scattered.

But not old Jed. He stood his ground till the drum was almost on him—seemed certain to crush him—then at the last moment he stepped aside, slipped the end of the sling over the shaft, and the drum boomed past.

Back it came again with the roll of the ship—but he had it now. The Fourth roped the other end and the men laid hold.

Jed turned away unconcernedly and went for'ard—there to meet the harassed questions of the officers. The captain, yes, he was the ultimate star of their destiny, but now the trouble was in the engine-room, and there Jed was the overlord—the autocrat—the Chief Engineer.

Reassuring them with a gruff word, he went to the chart-house, saw the captain, and returned aft.

Already the pitching of the ship was noticeably less violent, the scream of the wind dying down. Momentarily behind shone the early morning sun, low over the horizon, then was obscured again by the racing clouds. But to old Jed it told one thing. The weather was clearing.

Leaning over the stern, he stared at where the

propeller wash should be, but where only the waves broke fitfully as the *Conqueror* rolled in the trough of the sea.

"Fair out o' the water already," he muttered. "Yes, sir," said the Fourth, not knowing what was coming.

The Chief grunted. "We'll do it, boy."

"Do what, sir?"  
 "Ship a new blade."

"What—now?" The Fourth stared incredulously at the thing so many engineers have heard about yet never seen done—the shipping of a new propeller blade at sea.

But already Jed was away for'ard again, talking to the mate.

"It's sheer damn' suicide," said the first officer explosively. "And anyway, the skipper's wireless for a tug."

Jed's face darkened.

"To hell with the tug! I'll get her home myself. Sea's going down. While you're restowing the cargo, we'll pump the for'ard ballast tanks full, lift the stern, then rig a new blade over the side."

"Yes, and drown half the watch," said the mate sarcastically.

"Drown—nothing."

The Chief walked off, received the reports of the Second and Third, and issued his orders.

"Take a gang, Mr. Connor, and unship a spare blade from the fo'c'sle head—you, Fourth, take down the high press bearing. Third an' I'll work over the side on the studs. We'll race you on the job."

The Second's eyes gleamed—with something more than fever. For he was a true engineer, and here was a chance to make marine history.

Taking two stokers and the Fourth two, they left Jed to collect every man that could be spared from restowing the cargo; then for three days and nights they labored almost continuously, rigging flood lights over the stern when it was too dark to see.

Tired? Aye, they were tired, but always they carried on. The Chief had no sleep—and scarcely any had his men. Rum and tobacco took the place of rest; that, and the indomitable will that was Jed's.

As the ballast tanks were pumped full and the stern lifted, the propeller came half out of the water. The engines were turned over slowly till the broken studs were uppermost and a block and tackle rigged.

Then Jed and the Third were lowered over the side and the studs drawn out—new ones put in—the spare blade rigged.

Once the huge three-ton casting slipped, and the ones above held their breath as it literally shaved the Chief by a hair's-breadth. Then miraculously it held in the slings again, and old Jed never even turned his head.

The hours went by—gone without a thought. The Third was relieved by the Fourth, who had finished the job on the high press bearing, but never old Jed. He would not be. She was his ship.

Twice the Second, sick with fever, as he was, tried to relieve him as he came up for a quick meal and a tot of rum; but each time the Chief brushed him aside.

"Keep the job goin' above, mister," he said brusquely, "an' I'll manage below."

Then down he went again, chewing savagely on a plug of black twist.

Time and again waves swept over him, half-drowning him, all but washing him from his perilous position behind the rudder post, but still he worked on.

Three days it was before the job was done, and then they had to hoist him over the side like a child. His face was grey with fatigue and his mouth a mere twisted line.

"Set—her goin', boy," he muttered thickly.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the Third reverently.

Then as old Jed turned with numbed slowness to go for'ard, a black speck was sighted to starboard.

Nearer and nearer it came, traveling at high speed. It was the tug, wireless for by the captain. Old Jed was to have his chance, yes, but the safety of the ship must be considered first—and long chances do not always come off.

Jed moved to the side and waited, and the engine-room crew crowded round him. The tug

came up—stood by—the skipper bellowed through a megaphone. Two hands on her deck waited by the towing post, ready to draw a hawser aboard. . . .

Then bruised and bloody, incredibly dirty and weary, Old Jed cupped his hands and sent forth a mighty paean of triumph:

“GET TO HELL OUT OF IT YOU BLASTED BUNCH OF SCAVENGERS!”

The skipper of the tug roared back a vitriolic reply, but the Chief never answered—never even heard. He was fast asleep on the deck.

Four and a half days later, the *Conqueror* steamed past Our Lady of Bonsecours and was warped into her berth.

Below, in the engine-room, Old Jed was standing by his engines, sharing the watch with the Fourth; and both of them were working with the smooth precision of veterans, obeying the bewildering succession of signals that go to the docking of a ship.

“Clang!”

Sharply the telegraph rang. “Half Speed Astern.”

Jed swung back the valve lever and opened the throttle, while the Fourth acknowledged the signal, went to the log board, and chalked it up.

“Stop”—“Slow Speed Ahead”—“Half Speed Ahead”—“Stop”—“Half Speed Astern”—“Full Speed Astern”—“Stop.” The clank of machinery died.

“Finished with Engines.”

Jed tightened up the auxiliary valves, the Fourth made a final notation on the log board, and the voyage was over.

One after the other the stokers went up the ladder to the fiddle, leaving only one below to keep up steam for the winches. “All right, boy,” said Jed, and after an awkward farewell, the Fourth went too.

Jed was alone—alone with his engines.

Well, he had beaten them. They had done their worst, and he had brought his ship in under steam. But God! how tired he felt. . . .

Wearily he leaned on the log desk, his head on his arms. Thank God he could rest at last. For the first time in his life he felt an old man. Thirty-nine years at sea age a man—the heat—the work—the worry—

Ah, but that was over now. Wasn't he Super? And hadn't the Widow Davis promised to marry him as soon as he got his job ashore? He would get the things he had always envied—a home—comfort—perhaps even kiddies. They would bring back his lost youth. Fifty-five—not really old. . . .

A lone jet of steam hissed suddenly from a loose gland. Not menacing now, but soft—caressing—like the voice of a lover.

Old Jed started up as if he had been struck and glared fiercely at the engines.

“**A**YE, you can soft soap me now,” he said bitterly. “The devil in you all the trip, an' now you want me for another. But I won't come. I've done with you. D'ye hear? Done with you. You'd take a man and twist him and break him till he's naught but a living shell. But you won't with me. I'm Super now, and by God! I'll make you sweat. I've got the whip hand of you now, my fine lady. I'll have you run till you're scrap, and never a kick you'll get back on me!”

Softly the steam hissed on. . . .

Jed glared defiantly for a moment, then abruptly he buried his head in his hands.

Footsteps roused him, and he straightened up as the Superintendent came below.

“Well, Jed, I've heard all about it. Shipped a new blade at sea, eh? You've set the whole port by the ears.”

“Yeah,” muttered Jed dully, “we shipped a new blade.”

The Super put out his hand.

“Shake, Jed. I'm proud to hand over my job to you. I'm a has-been now; but you've still got five good years—and you'll do well.”

Mechanically Jed took the outstretched hand, but he made no reply.

Softly the steam hissed on—gentle—caressing. How gentle and caressing!

Suddenly Old Jed found his voice, and his hard face broke like a starved glass.

“Give the job to someone else,” he burst out harshly. “I can't take it. I—can't leave the old woman.”

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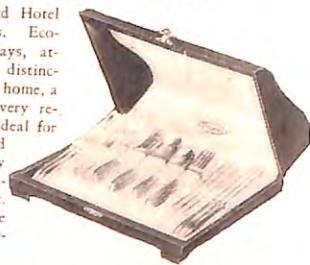


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# High Water

(Continued from page 11)

It did not please him to be mystified by any local correspondence. On the contrary, men had been known to retrieve their letters and re-write them at Pop's dictation.

"The Sheriff is coughin' kind of bad, Pop," said Sandy in a conciliatory tone. "Can you let me have a bottle of dope?"

"Ain't got none."  
 "Oh, come now, Pop! You've always got that black dope."

"Ain't got none," repeated Pop testily. "Ordie Bloodworth come up here two, three weeks ago and bought ever' bottle I had. I never should-a let him have 'em, neither; people been pestering me night to death ever since. You say Tom's in Bluefield?"

"No? Did I?" asked Sandy. "Ordie must have run out of that other stuff he was using. Never did see how he got it."

"Yeah. He was nigh crazy. What was you sayin' about Tom?"

"Nothin'," said Sandy. "Good night, Pop."

POP refused to reply. Sandy went out into the dark road, smacked his hat over one brow. "More than a cat!" he grinned. He took the right fork until he came to the wooden bridge, where he leaned on the railing. The dim starlight laid garlands of faint silver upon the waters of Grapevine Branch swirling beneath him toward Fourpole Creek. Fifty feet away, and on the townward side of the branch, stood Harry Carpenter's shack. Just below it, and easily visible from the bridge, a dark indentation marked the recently-disturbed clay. Sandy Shade pursed his lips in a soundless whistle.

"Kind of a fool place, now, wasn't it?"  
 Revolving, he leaned with his elbows behind him and stared across the creek to where, a few hundred yards down the road, a square of light identified the Bloodworth cabin. He hitched up his trousers, loosened the gun in his shoulder holster, and began walking toward the light.

The ground was damp from the thaw; his boots made no sound, even on the beaten path leading across the Bloodworth bottomland. The lower side of the log cabin was built up on piles; where the light fell through the floor, two golden strips ran along the ground. Sandy mounted the three wooden steps with infinite caution. At the top he listened, heard a clink of glass. He felt for the leather latchstring. Then, with his right hand inside his coat, he pushed the door open and stepped within the untidy room.

Ordie Bloodworth sat with a cracked china cup half way to his drooping black moustache. A lantern smoked by the bottle on the oilcloth. He had moved instinctively to rise, and remained now leaning forward, his black eyes showing a large expanse of yellowed whites as he looked intently at his visitor. His face, lined and sunken, and, like his narrow bald head, the color of old ivory, had an almost gruesome look in its frame of matted whiskers and uncut hair.

"Ordie," said Sandy quietly, "I'm goin' to ask you to come with me for a spell. So we can have a talk."

Over the cup's rim Ordie's black eyes rolled toward the rifle hanging on deer antlers over the field-stone mantel. With a quick movement, Sandy Shade lifted the lantern out of reach. Bloodworth put the cup down.

"It's a killin' matter, Sandy, to force a man's home."

He was large and gaunt, with his brother's vitality but not the same quickness of mind. Drugs had drained the life from all but his eyes, which burned like spots of black light.

"I'm the Sheriff now, Ordie. If you come with me quietly nobody will even know. But I've got to have a talk with you."

"We kin talk here."  
 "No. You are under arrest for killin' Peter Izzard. But I want to make it easy for you. You ain't convicted yet."

Ordie rose stiffly, his frame in ragged black bent under the weight of his wide shoulders. He lifted his clawlike hands, looked at them as if curiously; raised his long arms above his head and stretched, staring at the cupboard.

"Kin I take these here bottles along?"

"I'll take one in each pocket," said Sandy. "You jest stay there while I get 'em. Now then, I'm goin' to have to ask you to keep ahead

of me, Ordie, and not to make no quick motions as would cause me to have to kill you."

Ordie went ahead down the path. His leaping shadow led the procession as Sandy followed with the lantern. Along the road they walked, over the Grapevine Branch bridge, past the crossroads store, which now was dark. Two men, redolent of whisky, passed and hailed them in the dark and received the conventional "Evenin'" in return. Dick's bar was lighted, but silent; most of the lights in the Plunkett House were off. As they neared the Sheriff's office, Eppy emerged from the dark.

"That you, Mr. Sandy? Evenin', Mr. Ordie, suh."

"Eppy, that other room ready?"  
 Bloodworth wheeled in his tracks.  
 "You ain't goin' to jail me, Sandy?"

Sandy brought the revolver out into the light. Eppy made a leap back into the darkness.

"I got to, Ordie. It's the law."  
 Bloodworth stood for a moment considering the revolver. Then he turned and led the way along the path to the jail.

"You'll be well fed and well treated, Ordie," said Sandy, and as Bloodworth entered the room he shut the door. Bloodworth wheeled and threw himself against it, but the lock had been snapped. His lined ivory countenance, like a face in a nightmare, peered through the grated window.

"I'll take them bottles now, Sandy!" he cried.  
 "I'll give 'em to you, Ordie, after we've had our talk."

Ordie Bloodworth's bony nose flushed pink, his black eyes shot a murderous light as he realized what Sandy meant.

"You —!" he shouted. "I'll stomp you in the dirt for this!" And he cursed with horrible eloquence.

Sandy Shade calmly slid the wooden shutter over the grating in the door, obliterating the ivory face. Next he slid the shutter over the grated window. As he turned to the path he nearly collided with Eppy, in whose hand a meat cleaver gleamed.

"That's a bad man, Mr. Sandy! A bad family!"

"That's right, Eppy. I been wonderin' what this man's brother is goin' to do to you when he comes back and finds you keepin' him here in jail."

"What you say, Mr. Sandy?"  
 The cleaver dropped and stuck up in the ground. In the lantern's light, Eppy's skin, his graying hair, his hazel-green eyes seemed something of a color.

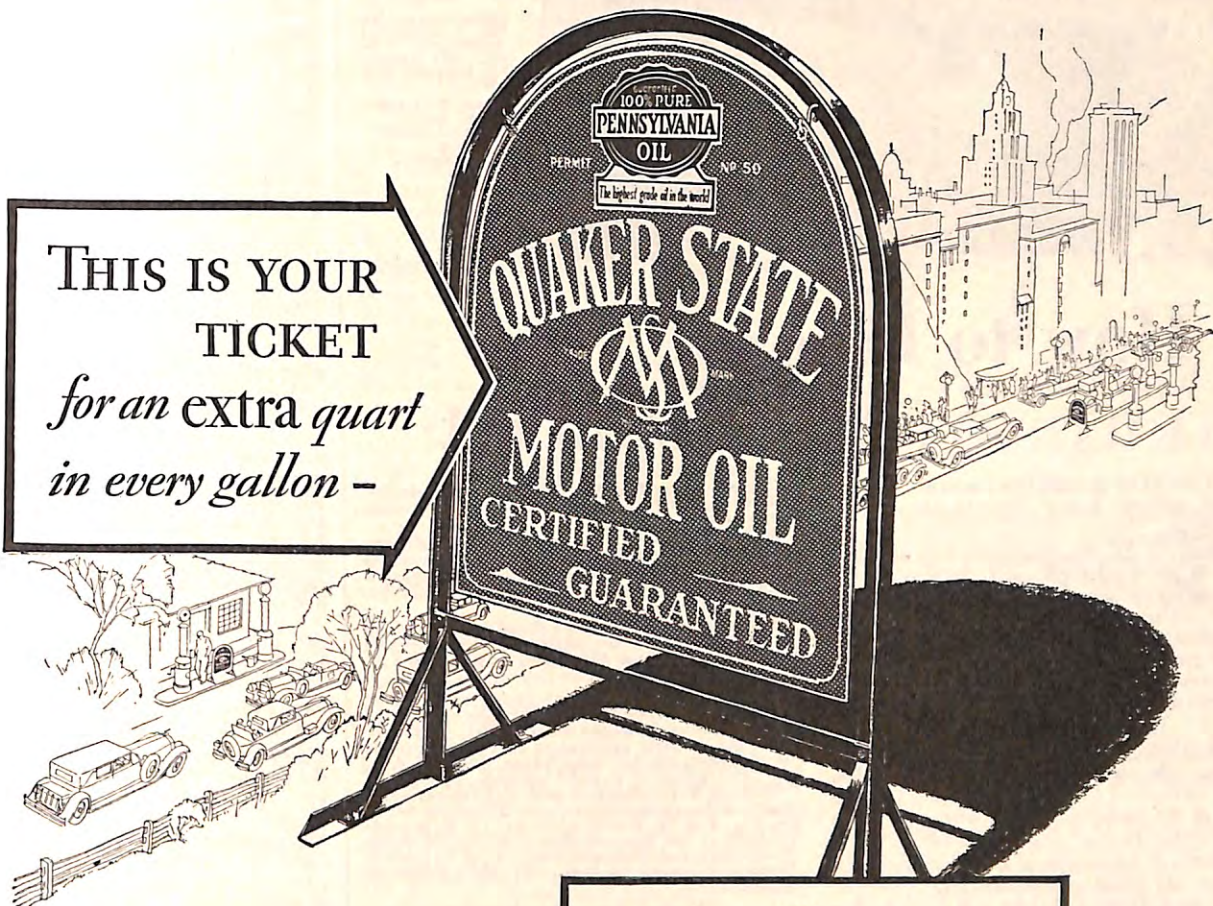
"NOBODY knows we got him here, Eppy; and his brother's down in Bluefield. I kind of thought it would be a good idea if we kept it a secret. The door faces away from the road. If he starts any ructions, I kind of thought you might get out there with your mouth organ and do some singin' and dancin' so the folks on the road can't hear him. Then his brother, or any of his friends around here, won't take it in their minds to string nobody up a tree. I'd shore hate to see you strung up, Eppy, and have to go to the Plunkett House for my meals. Have a good night's sleep, Eppy. But keep your ears open."  
 "Yas, suh," Eppy's voice quavered. "Thank you, suh."

Sandy Shade went to bed in the room behind his office, and fell asleep smiling.

The next day became memorable in the history of Plunkett Corners because of the "musical dancin' fit" which overtook the bulky and usually sedate colored man. At an early hour in the morning he was observed sitting with his back against the log jail, a blanket around his shoulders. Some were of the opinion that he had spent the night there. A bit later he was seen to spring up, begin to play madly upon the mouth organ and to stamp his feet. His frenzy mounted. He dropped the organ and began shouting and singing, throwing his arms over his head, making astounding contortions of his body, and performing dance steps which might have done credit to a professional.

A crowd gathered on the road to watch him. Major Plunkett, accompanied by one or two

(Continued on page 60)



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## High Water

(Continued from page 58)



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others, started up the path to investigate, but Sandy Shade came out of his office and stopped them.

"Don't go nearer, Major. It warn't none of Dick's stuff he got hold of, I'll swear to that; it must have been somethin' from Bluefield. Anyway, when I went up to speak to him this mornin', he up and flung a gun on me."

The gentlemen retired, in good order, but somewhat hastily. Eppy was known as a blind worshiper of Sandy, having followed him during the years of wandering; was in fact reputed by some of the sentimentalists (who left chronology out of their calculations) once to have been a slave in the Shade family of old Virginia; and if he would throw a gun on Sandy there was no telling what he would do to the casual bystander. Most of the observing thereafter took place from safe vantage points.

And Eppy's fit kept up all day. He would be seen to droop in a state of utter exhaustion, sink to the ground wiping the sweat from his eyes, and then suddenly, as if gripped by some galvanic motive, open his mouth and yowl; perhaps rise painfully again to his feet and execute a dance, while his voice rang at its loudest. Dick the barkeeper swears that even so late as dawn of the next morning he awoke with a start and a feeling of gooseflesh at the long-drawn-out melancholy of Eppy's wail.

Meanwhile, in the late afternoon, Sandy Shade got through a telephone call to Tom Bloodworth at the Palace Hotel in Bluefield.

"**T**HAT you, Tom? What? You say you got hold of three men who'll swear they saw Harry spendin' money in Bluefield the day after the murder? That's good! No, don't come back yet. What? Well, what if I did arrest him? What? You can't threaten me, Tom! All right, get here on the early mornin' train or any other. It don't make no difference to me. But I tell you this, Tom. You must have talked to somebody down here, so you got to pay your own expenses!"

Sandy closed the receiver gently upon the explosion which followed. His white teeth showed against his ruddy skin. He pushed his hat forward and was scratching his head meditatively when Mary Hadfield, whom he hadn't noticed in the doorway, stepped into the office with flaming cheeks.

"You're trying to convict Harry before he's even tried! Sandy Shade, I've felt grateful to you for staying on here—but now I'm ashamed for having had that feeling."

Her red-rimmed eyes, however, couldn't continue to meet Sandy's blue gaze. Her swollen upper lip began to tremble.

"Miss Mary," said Sandy, "please leave this to me and try not to worry, won't you? Here's your dad's pay check, just come in." He turned over some envelopes on the desk. "And—oh, yes! Give him my very best, and tell him the finest chest specialist in the world—a friend of my mother's—is comin' in here on the early mornin' train specially to see him."

The girl took the check, her dark eyes averted, and rushed from the room.

Whether or not Dick, the barkeeper, heard Eppy howling at dawn, it is true that shortly after dawn Sandy was roused from slumber by a hand shaking his shoulder. Through a lantern's dazzle he discerned Eppy's tired countenance.

"Mr. Sandy! He askin' for you! He say he'll talk if you bring him them two bottles."

"He gave in sooner than I expected," yawned Sandy, shivering into his clothes. "Eppy, never take up dope in a serious way; it puts you at a disadvantage. Listen! Isn't that the train from Bluefield?"

"Yas, suh. Whistlin' for the tunnel."

"Light the lamp in the office, Eppy. I'm expectin' a couple of gentlemen on that train," said Sandy picking up a notebook and pencil and slipping one of the black bottles in each pocket of his mackinaw. "And listen. After you open the office, go right over to the Sheriff's house and tell Miss Mary she's going to have a guest for breakfast shortly after the train comes in."

"Yas, suh, Mr. Sandy!"

Eppy departed for the office, leaving the lantern with Sandy, who swung briskly up to the

jailed. The shutter was open on the door grating. In the pallor of dawn, Ordie Bloodworth's yearning face shone ghastly through the bars.

"Just tell me slowly what happened, Ordie. I'll write it down in this note book for you to sign."

"You swear you'll give me the medicine then? I kilt Izzard, Sandy. I didn't go to do it. I was heading home from the railroad when he j'ined me, heading for Harry Carpenter's house. About nine o'clock it was, Friday evenin'. He wanted to talk. I was feelin' mean, I hadn't had no medicine and didn't have no money to buy none. Izzard kept pesterin' me to talk, or to drink. He was kind of drunk. I didn't want none of his whisky, I wanted medicine. Finally, near the bridge, he pestered me once too often. I snatched the bottle and hit him with it. Then I flung him in that there hollow under the bank and stomped the earth till it caved in on him."

"Did Tom know anything about it?"

"Not till the next day, when he come in from Bluefield. For — sake, gimme them bottles, Sandy!"

"Did Tom get any of Izzard's money?"

"I give him half."

After Ordie had signed the confession, Sandy passed the bottles through the bars. Then he blew out the lantern, for a golden tinge had crept into the milky pallor beyond the sharp edge of the mountain. As he put the notebook in his inside pocket and started down the path, he saw Tom Bloodworth leap across the railroad tracks and head toward him. The train had stopped for a moment and now was pulling out. Its *chuff-chuff* echoed and re-echoed down the valley; its smoke stained the clear morning air.

"Lookin' for trouble, ain't you?" panted Tom Bloodworth as he stopped in front of Sandy on the path. "What you mean by lockin' up Ordie, and torturin' him, too?"

Sandy turned down the lantern's smoking wick. Then he rubbed his nose and stared thoughtfully at Tom Bloodworth's sweaty dark skin and concentrated black eyes.

"I locked him up account of you, Tom, you might say," he answered in his soft drawl. "I always noticed a innocent man ain't eager to pin nothin' on nobody else."

"What's that?" Tom's voice was a threat.

"Yep," said Sandy, holding the lantern up and peering at it. "You was plumb eager to pin this here killin' onto Harry Carpenter. That was why I ast you to write on that there envelope, you remember? When I seen that your writin' was so much like the writin' on the letter to Dick, I kind of figured that if you hadn't done the killin' yourself, you must have been tryin' to protect somebody else. I figured that you must have wrote that there letter your own self, Tom; you see?"

"I see you've done talked a plenty!"

"Just explainin' things to you, Tom. That there letter, you see, makes you an accessory after the fact, Tom, not to say nothin' about the half of Izzard's money you spent in Bluefield drinkin'. I shore hate to do it, Tom, but I got to lock you up."

"I'd like to see you!"

As Tom's hand crept to his hip, Sandy's left fist, with the lantern in it, jabbed forward. Tom's balance was disturbed, but he snatched the gun out as Sandy dived for him, and it went off as they fell, Sandy gripping the gun hand. They rolled on the damp earth, Tom striking viciously at the back of Sandy's blond head, Sandy twisting at the gun till it came free.

He threw it far off as he staggered up. Tom, as agile as a cat, was up first, and struck him on the jaw, knocking him down. Sandy was coming up again as Tom's boot toe caught him

on the cheekbone and sent him down. He rolled over, was rising as Tom, his teeth showing like a dog's, rushed upon him.

Sandy aimed for the solar plexus and felt his fist sink in. Tom was bending over in surprise and agony when Sandy's right caught him on the chin. Still, with his hands pressed to his stomach, Tom fell forward.

Sandy stood up, breathed deeply, felt gingerly of his cheekbone, found his hat and put it on. Then, with Tom's hat in one hand, Tom's coat collar in the other, he dragged the limp figure up the path and around the log jail to the door of Harry Carpenter's cell, which he unlocked.

"Come out, Harry," he said. "I got another customer for this here room."

He pulled Bloodworth inside as Harry Carpenter came out; locked the door, brushed off his mackinaw and felt his cheekbone.

"Harry," he said, "I'm right sorry I had to lock you up for a spell, but the investigatin' intelligence works in mysterious ways. Ordie Bloodworth done confessed to killin' Peter Izzard, and Tom helped to cover it up and helped to spend Izzard's money. So I reckon that lets you out."

"Good God!" Carpenter blinked behind his thick glasses. His powerful figure seemed to expand.

"Yep," agreed Sandy, "and if you'll pardon a suggestion, Mary Hadfield's fixin' a hot breakfast over to her house right this minute."

"Good Lord!" said Harry Carpenter. "Sandy!" His voice stopped. He gripped Sandy's hand. "Sandy!"

"That coffee's probably gettin' cold!" said Sandy.

Carpenter laughed like a boy and ran around the log jail. Sandy followed more deliberately, feeling of his cheekbone. Carpenter's big figure was flying down the path. Sandy picked up the lantern, then the gun, brushed off his corduroy trousers, and stood watching as Carpenter leapt the railroad tracks. Out of the path leading from the Sheriff's house suddenly debouched a feminine figure. Mary Hadfield's dress flew out behind her as she raced to meet Harry, holding out her arms.

Sandy hastily turned his back. He swallowed, smacked his black felt hat over one sandy brow, and was scratching the scalp over his right ear when a voice boomed behind him.

"Sandy Shade! You scamp! Nobody up yet at the hotel, and you not even in your office to meet me!"

Sandy wheeled and held out his hand to the distinguished gentleman with the trim white beard and the small black bag.

"Hello, doctor! I would have met your train, but it was a matter of life and death, you might say. Sure is good of you!"

"None of that, now! When do I get breakfast?"

Sandy was staring over the famous doctor's shoulder.

"Doc, you think you can cure that man?"

"I don't make long-distance diagnoses, young fellow. And I don't cure people; they cure themselves. But from what you wrote me I judge that if he has had enough resistance to reach his present age, we probably can patch him up as good as new. When are we going over to see him?"

Sandy Shade stared over the doctor's shoulder at the man and girl who, with their arms around each other, were walking up the Sheriff's path. He closed one eye and transferred his gaze to the doctor's polished shoe.

"After breakfast, doc," he said. "I reckon it's a good idea, if you're openin' up happiness for somebody, to let 'em have a good hot breakfast first."

## I'm Off to California

(Continued from page 16)

riding grandly into the Mission gardens on business with the Padres; the beautiful Spanish girls finding guidance there in their love affairs—all life, in fact, flowing through the arches of the proud old buildings.

Mr. James gives us the facts and evokes the fancies that hover over his subject. The book rings, as it were, with the music of the Mission bells, of which Bret Harte once wrote—

"Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music  
Still fills the wide expanse,

Tingeing the sober twilight of the present  
With color of romance."

### A History of California—The Spanish Period

By Charles Edward Chapman. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

HISTORY is a chilling word sometimes. When it is applied to so popular and important a "Story" as this it shows how poor our

(Continued on page 62)



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## I'm Off to California

(Continued from page 61)

language is—even with the use of a Thesaurus. Receiving a "Traveling Fellowship" from the Native Sons of the Golden West, Mr. Chapman went to Spain where he made extended researches into the earliest records of our Spanish civilization.

As a result his more than interesting book includes some fascinating material never before presented in print, and adds amazing richness and glamour to a tale already known to be unsurpassed in enthrancement.

This, with the companion history mentioned below, gives a complete record of California.

If any portion of the Union has a dazzling, picturesque and exciting family history, surely the Golden State may claim it.

### California—The American Period

By Robert G. Cleland, Ph. D. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

**HEAD** of the Latin-American History Department of Occidental College, Los Angeles, Dr. Cleland has produced in this graphic book the complementary volume to Chapman's account of the Spanish days of California. (See above.)

Here we come to a tale less poetic, but, to our way of thinking, much more colorful.

The whalers and hide-traders—immigrants and explorers—the conquest by the United States—the gold rush—the overland mail and the pony express—the Pacific Railway—politics and progress. . . .

Since the beginning of its statehood—only seventy-three years ago—the economic progress of California has been so phenomenal that Dr. Cleland says one "cannot attempt to describe it without seeming to exaggerate."

In fact, it all sounds like a fable—as though some magic had been breathed over the land. Chapter XXIX, with amazing data about Los Angeles and the story of the State's agricultural progress, is absolutely thrilling.

This book is not an impersonal record of the greatness of a section of our country. It is, above all else, the history of the men who have made California.

Well, just between us, as old companions of this book page, this collection of "Californiana" has about urged me to pack up my household goods and betake myself to some smiling hill-top on the western side of the Sierras. New York has—for the time being—lost its charms.

### The Works of Bret Harte

(Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.)

**AT LAST**—Bret Harte!

We have put off this glad moment until we should have deluged ourselves, as it were, in the "feel" of that land of which Bret Harte was the glorious "poet Laureate."

Notice, we simply suggest his works *at large*, leaving you to prowl among the books of your nearest book-shop and pick out some story or poem that most appeals to you.

Inspired by the reckless, rude, romantic days of the Argonauts of '49, he peopled the stage of literature with an immortal cast. Almost every dauntless spirit that dared the great trek across the continent or came by way of Panama and Pacific Packet in search of gold, was more or less a "character." And many of these became the models from which Bret Harte painted his heroes and his heroines—reckless, against the dark of the Sierras, the blue of California's sky—or like flashes of light against the smoky ceiling of a mining-camp saloon.

These were his heart's people, and he loved them. Stories about them burst from him, tragic, humorous, staccato, spontaneous. He was *made* of yarns, it seems, a mighty writer full of genius and rare human sympathy.

The very introductions to his books are so generous with anecdotes that one wonders at his prodigality. Other authors might have hoarded such priceless scraps and built whole books out of them. But he evidently had no fear of his fountain running dry.

In his *Tales of the Argonauts* he is almost at his most brilliant. Read in that volume, *The Rose of Tuolumne*, and note how he has caught the simple emotions and romance of a

new land and has left out all its sentimentality. Why some one in Hollywood doesn't make a swell one-act "talkie" of this love story is beyond our comprehension.

It seems absolutely foolish to try to talk about Bret Harte in a few paragraphs. When one thinks of those folks who people his pages—John Oakhurst, Col. Starbottle, stage-drivers, frontier juries, good girls and bad, padres, vaqueros, the world-famous heathen Chinese—all having to be passed with a mere nod, and others neglected totally, it is to bury one's head with shame.

Bret Harte, though the years are piling up since his pen ceased to write, is still one of America's proudest names.

### Silverado Squatters

By Robert Louis Stevenson. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

**ACROSS** the brilliant pages of California's literature Robert Louis Stevenson wrote his own famous name for a short period.

At random, out of the riches that he has left behind and which were born of the days when he lived in the West, we have taken *Silverado Squatters*—a short sketch but a thrilling one.

From Monterey, Stevenson and his wife went on a sort of camping trip in the mountains, using as their own an abandoned shack from which led some boarded-up mine tunnels—all that was left of the once famous Silverado claim and its town. Silverado! A majestic hoax—a swindle—a mine that never was!

Fancy this for a story for such a hand as R. L. S. to fall upon: Silverado was supposed to belch priceless ore, but "At midnight trains of pack-horses might have been observed winding by devious tracks about the shoulder of the mountain. They came from far away, from Amador and Placer, laden with silver in old cigar boxes! They discharged their load at Silverado, in the hours of sleep; and before morning they had gone again with their mysterious drivers to their unknown source."

And this silver, mixed with worthless Silverado mineral, was carted down to the mill and the refinery and sent to the city—and Silverado stocks boomed, until . . .

All very quietly Stevenson tells this, rebuilding the story out of the gossip of the neighborhood—and it makes a grand tale.

### Romantic California

By Ernest Peixotto. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

**WE WENT** without our dinner last night to finish this golden book at one sitting.

Luring us with sensitive and lively descriptions and anecdotes and with delightful sketches through that part of California footprinted by the Spanish occupancy and by the "Fortyniners," we went gaily along with Mr. Peixotto (artist and author) into vineyards and seed farms, into crumbling missions, into Bret Harte's country, into picturesque inns and drowsy haciendas and cities humming like great dynamos.

You simply cannot afford to go aboard your Western train without this revealing and inspiring volume. Absolutely! It will help you gather beautiful memories to bring home and live upon when the rest of the California trip has almost faded from memory.

### Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada

By Clarence King. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

**WE HAVE** picked this out as a sort of "consolation prize"—a book for the man who has to stay at his job when all the other fellows are taking themselves off on a grand little junket.

He dreams, doubtless, among his other losses, of those snow-capped mountains that his friends will be crossing, and of the high wind that blows down from them; of the deep forests and the narrow trails they hide against their bosoms; and dreams, too, of how good it would be with a pal and a horse, to vanish into that green quietude for a while.

Here is his book.

It is likewise the book for the outdoor man, and for the lover of fine writing.

**The Californians**

By Robinson Jeffers. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A LITTLE old book of verse stumbled upon quite by accident. It does not make the slightest claim to greatness, but those of us who know the eucalyptus tree (brought to California from Australia) and have given thanks in our hearts for its persistent and incredible courage in the face of all drought and heat, will appreciate Mr. Jeffers' song of praise.

"To see these lofty trunks gray-barked and broad  
Wall with clear shade a long white southern road  
I have been as one devoted who receives  
An impulse, or a promise on high."

Lots of other friendly, simple things inside this volume.

**Under the Spreading Antlers**

(Continued from page 34)

during which time fine progress was made by No. 1169. Its membership was increased until it now stands fourth in the State; a Home was purchased; more than \$8,000 was spent for charitable purposes, and last year it had the honor of entertaining the annual convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association. In addition to his successful leadership during the past three years, Mr. Helper also served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler in 1927-28.

At the dinner in his honor the Past Exalted Ruler was highly praised by Norman M. Vaughn, Past President of the State Association, and by other speakers.

**Hazard, Ky., Lodge Instituted  
By District Deputy Crabb**

On April 9 Hazard, Ky., Lodge, No. 1504, was instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. D. Crabb. Fifty charter members were on the rolls, forty-seven of whom were initiated during the course of the ceremonies, the remaining three joining by dimit. The Exalted Ruler of the new Lodge, to which THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes all good luck, is Joshua A. Smith, and the Secretary is Charles O. Ihrig.

**Summit, N. J., Lodge Maintains  
Successful Luncheon Club**

Some three years ago a group of members of Summit, N. J., Lodge, No. 1246, headed by Past Exalted Ruler D. J. Kerns, conceived the idea of a luncheon club for Elks and presented a resolution to the Lodge empowering the Exalted Ruler to appoint a Luncheon Committee. This was done, and Mr. Kerns made chairman. From the start, the club was a great success. Meeting in the Home every Thursday at 12.30, the members have an opportunity to discuss matters of Lodge interest and are thereby enabled to attend regular meetings with minds made up on questions to be voted on, a condition which makes for the rapid transaction of business. Frequently there are special speakers at the luncheons; from time to time they are made the occasion of some special celebration, as was done recently when the eighty-eight birthday of the oldest member was observed. When Mr. Kerns resigned the chairmanship a few weeks ago in favor of Esteemed Leading Knight Milton Wright, he was presented with a handsome elk head for his home by the other members.

**Pasadena, Calif., Elks Visit  
Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge**

The officers, band, drill team and a large number of members of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, recently left on a special train for a fraternal visit with Santa Monica Lodge, No. 006. On arriving in Santa Monica the visitors, headed by the band, paraded to the local Lodge Home where they were given a rousing reception. At the meeting which followed some 1,000 Elks were present and witnessed the impressive initiation of a class of eighty-six candidates by the Pasa-

(Continued on page 64)



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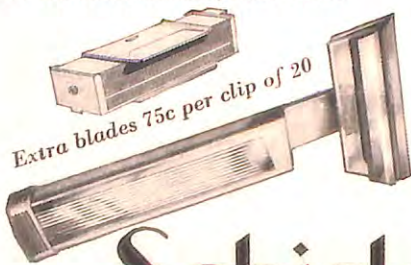
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# Schick Repeating Razor

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 63)

dena Lodge officers. At the conclusion of the initiatory work an address was made by Monte Blue, the moving-picture actor, and an entertainment and fine lunch contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion. The special train left Santa Monica for the return trip at midnight.

### Kelso, Wash., Lodge Holds Purple Follies

Kelso, Wash., Lodge, No. 1482, recently gave its "Purple Follies" to well-filled houses on the two nights of its performance. The production was a lavish one in every way and a number of novelties were introduced on a larger scale than ever before in the Lodge's history of good shows.

### Members Honor Past Exalted Ruler Schafer of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge

More than 800 members of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, gathered in the Home for a dinner and dance in honor of Past Exalted Ruler Fred G. Schafer. Notable residents of the metropolitan district, present to express their appreciation of Mr. Schafer's great service to his Lodge, included General George A. Wingate, as toastmaster; Justice Edward A. Wynne, Exalted Ruler; Chief Inspector John O'Brien, representing Police Commissioner Grover A. Whalen; Beniamino Gigli, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company; the Rev. Dr. William Frederick Phillips, of St. John's Church; the Rev. Edward Costello, Chaplain of the Brooklyn division of the city Fire Department; Past Exalted Ruler Fred C. Reynolds, and many other past heads of the Lodge, and prominent members.

Mr. Gigli sang a number of selections; Paul Whiteman and his band, and the Happiness Boys, of radio fame, were present as entertainers, while the announcing was done by Phillips Carlin, of the National Broadcasting Company.

In eulogizing Mr. Schafer, General Wingate said, "His great work as Exalted Ruler was one of the many things which made this splendid building possible, and was largely responsible for the great strides made by the Lodge of late."

### Blue Island, Ill., Contributes To American Legion Post

Some weeks ago Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331, in conjunction with the Blue Island Post of the American Legion, held a boxing show, in the profits of which each organization was to share equally. After the net profit of more than \$500 had been calculated, however, the members voted to turn the entire sum over to the ex-service men, inasmuch as it was the first opportunity that the Lodge had had of being of service to them. This generous action was naturally highly appreciated by the Legion post.

### Activities in Cicero, Ill., Lodge

Recent activities in Cicero, Ill., Lodge, No. 1510, included the initiation of a class of thirty candidates. The occasion was designated as "Baseball Night," many well-known players, including Jack Smith of the Boston Braves, being among the candidates. On the Lodge calendar at the time of writing, was a visit to the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. Another future event of considerable importance is the holding of the 1930 Elks National Bowling Championship in Cicero. Although the eight teams which represented Cicero Lodge at the recent tournament in St. Louis failed to carry off any of the major trophies, the members are satisfied that they captured the biggest prize of all in the award of next year's meet.

### Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge Enjoys Athletic Program

Directed by Harry Maloney, head of the department of physical education at Leland Stanford University, the athletic program produced in the Home of Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge, No. 1471, provided one of the most enjoyable evenings the members have had for some time. All of the performers were members

of the university, and the exhibitions of tumbling, fencing, boxing and club swinging were of the highest order. Several musical selections and an ample buffet supper added to the pleasure of the occasion.

### Troy, N. Y., Lodge and National Vaudevillians Give Joint Benefit

The annual joint benefit performance, given by Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, and the National Vaudeville Artists of America, was again a great success. Since everything, from the use of Proctor's Fourth Street Theatre, to the acts, moving-pictures, operators', musicians' and ushers' services, advertising, etc., was provided free of charge, the full amount taken in at the doors was equally divided between the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, headed by S. R. Cooper, and the health-camp fund of the vaudevillians. Frank J. Hogan was Chairman of the Elks Committee which arranged for the show, and Jacob Golden is the theatre manager who provided for the free use of the house. At the conclusion of the performance a dinner dance and entertainment were held in the Home of Troy Lodge, at which the performers of the afternoon were the members' guests.

### Past Exalted Ruler McCann Honored by Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge

Some 900 members and guests attended the testimonial banquet to Past Exalted Ruler Daniel A. McCann, held in the Home of Brooklyn N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, some time ago. A distinguished group of jurists, municipal officers and well-known citizens were seated on the dais with Mr. McCann, while at the tables were Elks from many Lodges of the metropolitan district, and a delegation from Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, one hundred and fifty miles away, where Mr. McCann is always an honored visitor. Commenting editorially on the fraternal spirit displayed by this outpouring of friends of Mr. McCann, the *New York Evening Journal* said, in part:

"The lasting bonds of friendship which are established by membership in fraternal orders are well known and well understood. Members of these orders establish through them friendships which are among their most treasured possessions.

"What is perhaps not so well understood is that sometimes communities establish friendships in the same way. Visits by the members of one Lodge to the meetings of other Lodges are the regular rule in many of the Orders. When this continues over a period of years strong friendships are built up between the members of the Order in the two cities.

"The other day the Brooklyn Elks held a dinner in behalf of Daniel A. McCann, one of their Past Exalted Rulers. This member is well-known to the Albany Elks, and so a big delegation journeyed down just to attend the dinner. They had such a good time in Brooklyn that they hated to leave, and many of the visitors remained over for a day or two at the Livingston Street clubhouse. It was one more example of the friendships between cities which are built up by these fraternal orders."

### Loveland, Colo., Lodge Now Occupying New Home

Loveland, Colo., Lodge, No. 1051, has just finished the remodeling of its \$85,000 Home, on the corner of Fourth Street and Railroad Avenue. This building was originally the Lovelander Hotel, and was purchased about a year ago from the hotel company. On the main floor is a spacious lobby with white tile floor throughout, a fireplace, a store where candy, cigars, etc., may be purchased, a pool and billiard room 50 x 30, and a card room. On the second floor is the Lodge room, 55 x 57. A feature of this is the arched ceiling that adds beauty and distinctive-ness to the room, and gives perfect acoustic qualities. Also on the second floor are the ladies' quarters, a men's lounge, committee and ante-rooms.

The third floor has been retained for living

purposes, where eleven handsomely furnished rooms are available to members of the Lodge. In the basement is a fully equipped kitchen and a dining-room with a seating capacity of 175.

**Dispensations for New Lodges  
Granted by Grand Exalted Ruler**

Since the publication of the list printed in our May issue, dispensations for ten more new Lodges have been granted by Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. They are, in the order of their seniority: Wareham, Mass., No. 1548; Hyannis, Mass., No. 1549; Price, Utah, No. 1550; Fairbanks, Alaska, No. 1551; Mount Kisco, N. Y., No. 1552; Wellsburg, W. Va., No. 1553; Dillon Mont., No. 1554; Newcomerstown, Ohio, No. 1555; Cedar City, Utah, No. 1556; New Smyrna, Fla.

**Results of Elks National  
Bowling Tournament**

The twelfth annual tournament of the Elks National Bowling Association of America came to a successful conclusion on April 21 after four weeks of spirited competition on the alleys of Schaefer's Delmar Recreation Parlor, in St. Louis, Mo. Two hundred and forty-one five-man teams; 302 doubles teams, and 704 individuals took part, and many excellent scores were made. The outstanding feat of the tourney was the winning of the individual championship by a seventy-seven-year-old bowler, Captain Frank A. Newberry, life member and Tiler of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34. The white-haired veteran rolled 713, nosing out F. McCarthy of Louisville, Ky., who scored 710. Captain Newberry also won the special prize for the high singles game with a total of 279. The five-man team event was won by the quintet representing the Marott Shoe Shop, of Indianapolis, Ind., with 3,034 pins spilled. The Betsy Ross team of Springfield, Ill., took the special high-game prize with a score of 1,077. H. Livingston and O. Peters, of Springfield, Ill., won the doubles championship with 1,303, while the high-game honors in this division went to L. Danielski and W. Roloff, of Milwaukee, Wis., for 493. C. Rasmussen, of Indianapolis, Ind., captured the All-Events title, with 1097 for the nine games rolled.

Next year's tournament will be held in Cicero, Ill., under the auspices of Cicero Lodge.

**Activities of Las Vegas  
New Mexico, Lodge**

The first of a series of monthly dances was held by Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge, No. 408, a few weeks ago. Visiting bankers and their wives, attending the Bankers Convention, were the guests of honor at the dance and the banquet which preceded it. Other activities have included the appointment of an entertainment committee; the formation of a number of bowling teams, and weekly gatherings in the Home of ladies of the members' families.

**Rahway, N. J., Lodge's Work  
For Crippled Children**

The recent report of the Crippled Children's Committee of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, shows a total of fifty-two cases examined during the year, an increase of thirty-two over the previous twelve months. Eleven cases were awaiting operation, three children were restored to normal condition, another was well on the way to complete recovery, while twenty-seven in all had been greatly helped by operations.

**How Drill Team of Caldwell, Ida.,  
Lodge Assists at Installations**

Under the encouragement of Past Exalted Ruler A. I. Meyers and William T. Evans, its president, the Drill Team of Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, No. 1448, has perfected for itself an important and intricate part in the ceremony of the installation of new officers. For the interest of other teams, which might wish to devise some similar method of adding to the impressiveness of certain Lodge ceremonies, we are printing an outline of the activities of the Caldwell group at an installation service in a sister Lodge.

First, they conducted the entire installation team into the Lodge room and placed each at his  
(Continued on page 67)

# Why try to GUESS which Tire is Best ?

*This tire was first  
built to stand abuse  
... then bonded  
against abuse*



**I**n the maze of claims and counter-claims, how can you be sure which tire will give you the most trouble-free service.

Certainly you can't tell by appearance. Look at any five tires without knowing the names or prices. You cannot even guess which tire is best.

But here is one way you can cut straight to the heart of the question. Dunlop Tires are first built to stand abuse, then to prove this, they are bonded against abuse.

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Dunlop users know this extra quality. But Dunlop leaves no doubt.

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SURETY Companies are the most prudent people in the world. Their job is to safeguard other people—bond banks against embezzlement and forgery—guarantee everywhere *faithful performance of duty*.

So Dunlop Tires are bonded by a Surety Bond, backed by both Dunlop and the American Surety Company.

This bond guarantees Dunlops against almost every conceivable tire hazard, even abuse.

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**UNDER** the Surety Bond Plan, you know exactly what you are getting—a tire built to make good, then guaranteed against almost every tire hazard.

A guarantee so sweeping in its statements—so simple that any Dunlop dealer makes good in his own store—instantly.

Naturally, such a guarantee has aroused wide-spread interest. To answer the many inquiries, we have prepared specimen Bonds. One is ready for you now. It is free. Mail the coupon below—a free specimen Bond will come back by return mail.



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# “Who Is That Fellow Who Speaks So Well?”

“That’s Jim Harvey, a cost clerk in my department.”

“Well, he seems to have ideas—and knows how to put them over.”

“I never gave him credit for much ability. He was always the human

clam type. But something’s happened to change him recently.”

“That reorganization plan of his sounds good to me. Notify all department heads to come to my conference room, and send Harvey in, too.”

THE Jim Harvey who walked into the conference room was almost a stranger to his department manager. Was this the quiet, bashful fellow who had been buried in a minor job for two years in his department? He shook hands with \$10,000 a year men in cool equality. He seemed not the least bit awed by the president’s brusque command to start talking.

And then he began to speak. Not a foot shuffled—not a throat coughed—as his dominating voice rang out and held that group spellbound. Without a note or a diagram to aid him, he outlined the branch warehouse idea that would speed up production and cut sales cost twenty per cent. Before he was half through, he knew it had gone over big. And he finished to the echo of a burst of applause and a unanimous grasping of his hand, as the department heads filed out of the room. The last man to reach him was his department boss, who drew him into a corner.

“Say, young fellow,” he commanded in mock indignation. “What do you mean by burying yourself under my nose for two years? And what have you been doing that’s changed you so much?”

Harvey smiled. “I have discovered a plan so remarkably simple that any man should become a powerful speaker and a straight line thinker in a very short time if he will simply apply himself to this method for twenty minutes a day at home, as I did.”

“Well, it certainly must be a remarkable method. A few months ago you were the most timid, self-conscious man I’ve ever

seen. Why, they’ve made a new man out of you. Believe me, I want you to give me the full details of the method. I’ve got to make a speech at the Chamber of Commerce soon. And I am far from a finished speaker.

“Oh, by the way, Harvey,” as he turned to leave. “The president wants to see you first thing in the morning. I think he’s got some good news for you.”

\* \* \*

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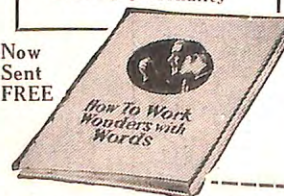
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 65)

proper place. After they had declared the Grand Lodge officially open, they conducted the officers-elect from the Lodge room, after which they returned them to the altar, saluting in unison as they entered or left. A separate bodyguard took each officer-elect from the regular line of march and presented him at the altar for his charges and jewel. After all jewels and charges were delivered, except those of the Exalted Ruler, the drill team placed the installed officers in their positions, accompanied by the Exalted Ruler at the head of the column. Then they returned to the altar with the Exalted Ruler-elect, and presented him with his charge and jewel. Leaving the Exalted Ruler with a bodyguard at the altar, the rest of the drill team approached the Grand Exalted Ruler's station where they received the Constitution, Statutes, By-Laws, the Charter and Gavel, each being carried separately by one man. Returning again to the altar these were handed to the Exalted Ruler by the Grand Esquire as the Grand Exalted Ruler pronounced the paragraph placing them. The entire drill team then placed the Exalted Ruler-elect at his station. Four escorts received the Constitution, By-Laws, Charter and Gavel while at the altar, and these were presented by the Grand Esquire to the new Exalted Ruler after he had been delivered to his station by the drill team. Then followed the march of allegiance. After the announcement of the appointment of the appointive officers, the drill team conducted them to the altar for their charges and jewels and returned them to their proper stations. The drill team then returned to the altar and awaited the adjournment of the Grand Lodge by the Grand Exalted Ruler, and were then seated.

### La Fayette, Ind., Lodge Honors Wrestlers of Purdue University

The eighth annual banquet given by La Fayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143, for the wrestling squad of Purdue University, held on the roof garden of the Fowler Hotel, was attended by more than 300 Elks, and was the most successful event of the Lodge year. Meeting at the Home of the Lodge, hosts and guests formed a parade and, headed by the American Legion drum and bugle corps, marched to the hotel. Following the dinner, which was enlivened by musical numbers, Exalted Ruler Richard Burke introduced several speakers, and the two medals which the Lodge gives each year were awarded to their winners, the member of the team making the greatest number of points in competition and the one showing the greatest improvement in form during the season. The remainder of the evening was spent in the Lodge Home where a social session and entertainment were enjoyed. Among La Fayette Lodge's guests, which included in addition to the wrestlers, the members of the Legion drum corps, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John C. Hampton, and Secretary Don Allman, of the Indiana State Elks Association.

### Past Grand Exalted Ruler Herrmann Celebrates Seventieth Birthday

Following the custom of years, hundreds of friends of Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann called at his offices in Cincinnati, some weeks ago, bringing birthday congratulations to one of their most distinguished fellow citizens. This year Mr. Herrmann, fully recovered from his recent illness and enjoying splendid health, celebrated his seventieth anniversary.

### Report of Welfare Committee of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge

The annual report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, again shows a great variety of kindly and useful work accomplished. General assistance to needy families, entertainments for shut-ins in many near-by institutions, and the care of crippled children occupied the hard-working committee, of which Julius Friedrich is chairman. One member of the Lodge personally entertained a Christmas party of 2,900; another

contributed a total of \$2,300 for general relief; while others donated professional services of all kinds. A cash total of \$4,806.39 was spent during the year.

Records kept at the School for Crippled Children show the following facts: Number of children attending, 119; dismissed as improved, 14; new cases, 33; operations, 4; examined at school clinics, 132; examined at hospital clinics, 65.

### Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge Makes Report

The report, signed by Chairman Augustus F. Groll, of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, shows a total expenditure for the year of \$47,444.86. Among the larger sums received and disbursed were: Receipts—donated by John J. Schmitt, \$4,653.30; from carnival, \$20,570.90; from automobile subscription sale, \$13,256; from Interscholastic Athletic Meet, \$1,677.93. Disbursements—:to Elks National Foundation Fund \$1,000; to Relief Fund, \$2,500; to Lodge pensioners, \$1,175.00; relief to Elks, \$900.65; relief to non-Elks, \$1,063.34; to the Lodge's Pre-natal Clinic and Child Hygiene Fund, \$3,511.66; renovating Elks Room, Misericordia Hospital, \$1,473.40; renovating statue of General Sherman at Fifth Avenue and 59th Street, \$2,100; instalment of Elks Bed at the Hospital for Crippled and Ruptured, \$2,000; Children's Christmas party in the Home, \$9,039.01; to the Catholic Charities of New York, the Federation of Jewish Charities, and the Actors' Fund of America, \$1,000 each; conducting the Interscholastic Athletic meet, \$1,409.44.

### Dr. J. Garnett King, President of The Virginia State Elks Association

By the death, while on a tour of official visits to subordinate Lodges, of Dr. J. Garnett King, President of the Virginia State Elks Association, Past Exalted Ruler of Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 875, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, the Order lost one of its most able and devoted officers and the city of Fredericksburg, Va., its mayor and most distinguished citizen.

Dr. King died, literally, in the service of the fraternity to which for many years he had given unstintingly of his time and his energy. His was a gallant end to a gallant life.

Dr. King, whose health had not been good for some time, although warned specifically against taking the journey on which he was to meet his death, felt that his duty called upon him to make it. Accompanied by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. B. F. Cole, he visited Portsmouth Lodge, No. 82, and was planning to call upon Norfolk Lodge, No. 38. After persuading him to rest in their hotel room while he made his preliminary investigation of Norfolk Lodge, Mr. Cole left him. A few minutes later friends telephoned to Dr. King and he invited them to his room. Before the visitors had time to arrive, however, he suffered a paralytic stroke, and they and Mr. Cole reached the hotel to find him helpless. The best of medical care was at once provided and for a time there was some hope of his recovery. The paralysis was not to be checked, however, and four days later he died in the hotel room from which it had not been considered advisable to move him.

Dr. King was a native of Fredericksburg, where he was born in 1876. In 1899 he graduated in dentistry from the University of Maryland, and shortly thereafter returned to Fredericksburg to practice. From the beginning of his professional life Dr. King displayed an active interest in civic affairs. At the time of his death he was among the widely known men of his State; a political organizer second to none, whose interest was always that of the community and the commonwealth; an able and magnetic leader, who gave, and received, devoted service. In 1920, while in his eighth year as a member of the City Council, he was elected mayor, the office, to which he had been twice re-elected, he was holding at the time of his death. He served on the staff of Governor Trinkle; was active in the

(Continued on page 68)

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hair



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1. Shampoo the hair at suitable intervals with Herpicide Tar Soap.
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By following the "1-2-3 Method" every man and woman can have healthy, well-groomed hair.

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

work of the Baptist Church, in which he had recently been elected a deacon; was Secretary of the Old Business Men's Association; first President of the Fredericksburg Chamber of Commerce; a director in the Farmers and Merchants State Bank, and actively interested in many other business and welfare organizations. During his funeral all the business of the city, both municipal and commercial, was halted, and the schools were closed, as Fredericksburg joined in a tribute such as it had not paid to a public man in the last half century. It was a manifestation of respect, love and esteem in which all factions and all classes took part.

The press of Fredericksburg was unanimous in its editorial comment, the closing paragraph of one leading article summing up the expressions of loss and sorrow published by every newspaper:

"No further eulogy of our distinguished fellow-citizen need be pronounced. His life of service furnishes a more eloquent one than even an affectionate pen can put on paper. His place in the life of this community will be difficult to fill."

### Pilgrimage to the Grave of Past Exalted Ruler Edward Leach

Early on Sunday morning, May 5, Exalted Ruler Abraham S. Menin, Esteemed Loyal Knight Daniel A. Kerr, Secretary William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Rulers Dr. John E. Dearden, J. H. Chris. Mitchel, James E. McDonald, Trustee Benjamin E. Weeks and Treasurer Louis H. Hyman, together with a delegation of upwards of thirty members of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, journeyed to Waterbury, Conn., to visit the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach.

Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert; Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees Edward W. Cotter; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James F. Degnan, of Connecticut, West, who had participated in the dedication of the new Home of New Haven Lodge, No. 25, on the previous evening, accompanied by members of other Connecticut Lodges, motored to Waterbury from New Haven. Past Exalted Ruler James L. McGovern and a delegation from Bridgeport Lodge, No. 36, and Exalted Ruler U. Horton Warner, and a large number of members from Waterbury Lodge, No. 265, also assembled at the grave, to commemorate the fifth anniversary of Mr. Leach's death.

Under the direction of Mr. Menin, with Mr. Phillips acting as chaplain and Mr. Hulbert as eulogist, solemn and impressive ceremonies were conducted. Several vocal selections were rendered by the quartet from Waterbury Lodge. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the party, which numbered more than one hundred, began the journey home.

It has been determined to perfect a permanent organization to make this annual pilgrimage in the future.

### Exalted Rulers of New York, S. E., Meet in Home of Mother Lodge

A most successful and interesting meeting of the Exalted Rulers of the Lodges of New York, Southeast, was held in the Home of New York Lodge, No. 1, a short time ago. Prior to the conference, at which many problems were threshed out, the Lodge heads were the guests at dinner of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck, at whose call they had gathered. Among the resolutions adopted was one by which each Lodge was pledged to appoint a committee to form a "Murray Hulbert Class" of candidates, for initiation on or before June 15. The discussion of problems was general, and every Exalted Ruler present expressed himself as being most grateful for the opportunity to meet his fellows and to acquire the useful information that was brought out at the meeting. Interesting addresses were made by Mr. Beck; S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler; Philip Clancy, Secretary of the New York State Elks Association; William T. Phillips, Secretary of the Mother Lodge, and Judge Alvin N. Johnson, Past Exalted Ruler of Freeport Lodge, No. 1253.

### Monticello and Liberty, N. Y., Lodges Instituted at Joint Ceremony

Two New York Lodges, Monticello, No. 1544, and Liberty, No. 1545, were instituted on May 5, at an unusual joint ceremony held in the Flagler Hotel, at Fallsburg, N. Y. The formal services which brought into being the "twins of Sullivan County," as the new Lodges called themselves, were conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur G. Holland. The officers of Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, initiated the class of candidates, which included 113 new members, with some 80 affiliating by dimit. The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries are, for Monticello, Blake Washington and Raymond Hatch; for Liberty, Charles H. Levy and Ernest Beaudoin.

Among the well-known Elks present for the occasion were D. Curtis Gano, President of the New York State Elks Association, who delivered an address on the history of the Order; District Deputy Peter Stephen Beck, New York, Southeast; Past District Deputy John T. Osowski, and State Association Vice-Presidents Fred L. Mallory and S. D. Matthews. One of the pleasing features of the afternoon was the presentation to each new Lodge of a handsome gavel by Past Exalted Ruler Ivan A. Gardner, on behalf of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1007.

At the close of the session a banquet was held at which more than 500 Elks, representing nearly every Lodge in the southern and eastern sections of the State, were present.

### Indiana, North, Association Meets In Home of Whiting Lodge

The twelve Lodges of the Indiana North District Association held a most successful semi-annual meeting in the Home of Whiting Lodge, No. 1273, some time ago. The large gathering of Elks was made the occasion of elaborate decoration of the city streets, as well as of the Lodge quarters. At 11 A.M., before the District meeting was called, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Frank J. McMichael met with the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries in a helpful and constructive session, at which the interests and problems of the individual Lodges were thoroughly discussed. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, present as the personal representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, was in attendance at this meeting. At noon all the visitors, numbering more than 250, formed a parade and, headed by the uniformed bands of Gary and Hammond Lodges, Nos. 1152 and 485, marched to the Geneva House for luncheon.

At the District meeting in the afternoon the regular business of the Association was transacted and the invitation of Goshen Lodge, No. 708, to hold the October meeting in its city was accepted. In addition, a class of candidates was initiated in exemplary fashion by a group of officers representing the visiting Lodges. Under Good of the Order Mr. Nicholson made a telling and impressive address, and George L. Hasselman, Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association, present with a group of officers and members of Chicago Lodge, No. 4, also spoke.

### Past Exalted Rulers of Vancouver, Wash., Lodge Hold Meeting

At a recent regular meeting, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, had the pleasure of entertaining 24 of the 26 living Past Exalted Rulers of Vancouver, Wash., Lodge, No. 823, who had previously held their twenty-sixth annual banquet in Portland's dining-room. The Vancouver delegation, honor guests of the occasion, met seven of No. 142's Past Exalted Rulers, and one from McMinnville Lodge, No. 1283. So many past heads at a single regular meeting is an unusual occurrence.

### Allentown, Pa., Lodge Sponsors Crippled Children's Clinic

A dozen or more youngsters were operated on at the fifth annual surgical clinic held under the auspices of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130. These children comprised all the remaining

curable cases of the vicinity, the previous Elks clinics having taken care of upwards of a hundred little sufferers.

**Excursions to Grand Lodge Convention Arranged by Eastern Lodges**

Eastern Lodges and State Associations which have arranged for excursions to the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles include the Pennsylvania and Georgia Elks Associations, and Jersey City, N. J., Scranton, Pa., Queens Borough, Bronx, Brooklyn, Staten Island and New York, N. Y., Lodges. It is the understanding of THE ELKS MAGAZINE that, as long as transportation is available, any Elk in good standing and the members of his family may join any of these tours. For the information of those who may be interested we are publishing the following summaries of the trips planned. For further details, expenses, and so on, members should get in touch with the various committee chairmen, whose names and addresses are given below.

Full details of the tour arranged by the Pennsylvania State Association were printed in our April issue. Leaving from Pittsburgh at 9.30 P.M. on July 2, the special trains will make their first stop at Chicago, and from there will travel westward by way of Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, arriving in Los Angeles on July 7. After five days in the convention city the return trip will be started by traveling north to San Francisco, Portland, Ore., Vancouver and Victoria, B. C., and Seattle, Wash. From Seattle the trains will go directly to Gardiner, Yellowstone Park, when a four and a half day trip through the Park will be taken. The trip will be completed by way of St. Paul, Milwaukee and Chicago, finishing at Pittsburgh on July 24. For further information, write to John F. Nugent, 5819 Forbes Street, Pittsburgh; George J. Kambach, 1010 Berger Building, Pittsburgh, or Charles S. Brown, 323 City and County Building, Allegheny, Pa.

To those who have already been to the Pacific coast and would rather travel by a different route, the Pennsylvania State Association points out the special now being formed by Scranton Lodge. This trip is to be made partly by water. It leaves Scranton and goes, via Chicago, to Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City and San Francisco, on the way out, with stops at all the places of interest. Leaving Los Angeles, on July 13, it starts eastward across California, Arizona and Texas, with stop-overs in cities of those States, and with trips across the Mexican border; then on to New Orleans and by way of a steamer to New York. Those who are interested should write to Thomas A. Ryan, in care of Scranton, Pa., Lodge.

The Georgia State Association is conducting a "Walter P. Andrews Special" which will leave Atlanta at 4.20 P.M. on July 1, where Elks from Virginia and North and South Carolina have been invited to join the trip. At Montgomery the Georgians will be joined by delegations from Alabama and Tennessee, while a large Florida group will board the train at New Orleans. A day in New Orleans; one in El Paso, with a visit to Juarez, Mexico, and another at the Grand Canyon, are features of the westward trip. Stop-overs will be made on the way home at San Francisco, Salt Lake City and Colorado Springs, and Atlanta will be reached on July 19. For details write to William H. Beck, Jr., President of the Georgia State Elks Association, Care B. P. O. Elks Lodge, Griffin, Ga.

Members of Brooklyn, Staten Island and Bronx Lodges will take the trip arranged by the Panama Pacific Line. The westward journey will be made by train, leaving New York at 8.45 A.M., July 2. Stops will be made for sightseeing purposes in Chicago, Colorado Springs, Albuquerque, and the Grand Canyon, with arrival in Los Angeles on July 7. After the convention San Diego, Tijuana, Mexico, Riverside, the Yosemite Valley, the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, and San Francisco will be visited. On July 20, at San Francisco, the party will board the S. S. California for the return journey by sea. The travelers will enjoy the experience of passing through the Panama Canal, be entertained by Balboa and Cristobal Lodges; will visit Havana, Cuba, and arrive in New York on the morning of August 5. Reservations may be made for this tour at your local transportation

(Continued on page 70)



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**A TRUE BALL** ◀ ◀  
*and Guaranteed for LIFE*

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Its tough cover stands the rough and tumble, the topped iron shots, of round after round. Yet there has been no sacrifice of distance to achieve durability.

In the eyes of its makers the "U. S." Royal is more than a golf ball. It is an ambassador of good will. When you play it, and like it, every item in the United States Rubber Company line benefits by your good opinion. For this reason, if for no other, the "U. S." Royal has to be a superlatively fine golf ball. And it is.

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playing quality—the strongest guarantee ever put behind a golf ball:

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Try a "U. S." Royal—not simply because it has this life-time guarantee—but because it's a ball fine enough to warrant the guarantee—a ball that will bring you home a winner more often than any other you ever played.

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The perfect balance which the special "U. S." Royal method of construction assures is proved by the searching X-Ray test. The center of gravity is in the exact center of the ball.

Inside trueness is important in driving as well as in putting. Accuracy of flight and accuracy on the greens is impossible with a ball that has an egg-shaped or lop-sided center.

Compare the two X-Ray photographs at left.

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**WANT HAIR? SAY WHERE!**

**If I Can't Give It to You....  
I don't want your money**

By Alois Merke

**To Those Afflicted With Thinning Hair,  
Dandruff, Itchy Scalp**

**YOU** want HAIR . . . plus quick relief from scalp troubles! And in seeking both these things you demand:

*Reasonable assurance that you won't be fooled out of your money or take chances on injury to your scalp!*

Oh, I know what you're up against. For years I've been in touch with thousands of scalp patients. They all said the same thing: "We don't want rosy promises; all we ask is reasonable assurance of scalp safety and new hair."

Now follow me closely! I give you *infinitely more* than reasonable assurance. I give you this iron-bound guarantee—

**New Hair On Your Head in  
30 Days . . . Or You  
Keep Your Money**

And I give you this guarantee in writing! Besides, I positively assure safety to your scalp.

*I leave it to your good judgment.* How could I make such a guarantee if I didn't have absolute confidence in my treatment? Why, I'd be out of business in a week! I'd lose my reputation. I'd ruin the professional standing of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, a scalp research bureau established 13 years ago, and known from Coast to Coast, but I can safely guarantee new hair . . . or no cost. For patient research showed me what others either purposely ignore or just don't know.

**Falling Hair Cannot Be Stopped By Ordinary Surface Treatments!**

Leading dermatologists agree with me on that. Years of investigation taught us all that scalp troubles originate *below the scalp!*

**Simple as A . . . B . . . C**

Modern habits rob the hair of normal nourishment. Dandruff appears, itching begins. Soon roots weaken and hair falls out. But in countless cases those roots, far from being dead, are only temporarily inactive. Ordinary surface treatments can't reach them.

But my scientific treatment wakes these sleeping roots to active life. I get down **BELOW THE SCALP**, stimulating little blood vessels, rushing nourishment to the roots

themselves. That's why I can safely **GUARANTEE NEW HAIR . . . OR NO COST!**

**Don't Buy a "Pig in a Bag"!**

What a shame that so many dollars and hours are wasted on useless surface treatment. *Not only that.* Hair is actually removed and scalps injured by doubtful salves and tonics. If a man came up to you in the street and said, "Here's a tonic that'll grow hair!" . . . would you buy it? Of course not. You wouldn't know the maker, the ingredients, nor would you have any redress in case of injury. In other words, when you buy ordinary "hair-growers," you buy "a pig in a bag." You **GAMBLE!** Not only with scalp health, but with *your* hard-earned money.

**Thousands Know Me**

My treatment is based on scientific facts . . . facts that you can check up with your family physician or medical reference books. My treatment is backed by years of research, and the gratitude of thousands who invested a mere few minutes a day in my effective treatment.

Very important, too, I have the Merke Institute behind me, an ethical institution known everywhere for its accomplishments in growing hair. And last of all, I say in the strongest way I can, **I DON'T WANT A PENNY OF YOUR MONEY IF I FAIL TO GROW NEW HAIR.** I assume the burden of proof, not you!

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Address . . . . .  
City . . . . . State . . . . .

(My age is . . . . .)

**Under the Spreading Antlers**

(Continued from page 69)

agent's or by writing to Fred Bird, Tour Director, Panama Pacific Line, 1 Broadway, New York City.

Jersey City Lodge has arranged an all-New Jersey tour of thirty-three days which includes a visit to Alaska. Leaving Jersey City on July 1, the transcontinental trip will be made by way of Chicago, Kansas City, Colorado Springs, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, the Grand Canyon and San Diego, arriving in Los Angeles on July 8. At the close of the convention, the party will travel north with stop-overs at the interesting points mentioned in other itineraries, to Vancouver, B. C., where the special train will be side-tracked for nine days, while the *S. S. Princess Alice* takes the Elks on a cruise to Alaska. Stops will be made at Alert Bay and Prince Rupert, B. C.; Ketchikan, Alaska; Wrangel; Juneau, the Alaskan Capital; and at Skagway, from where a train trip will be made over the famous White Horse Pass. The following four days will be occupied by the beautiful 1,000-mile trip back to Vancouver. Returning to their train the travelers will journey home through Canada, stopping at the many famous beauty spots along the way, and arriving in Jersey City on August 2. For information address the Los Angeles Committee, B. P. O. Elks Lodge, Jersey City, N. J.

The itinerary of New York Lodge's tour is as follows: The special train will leave New York at 1 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, July 1. In Chicago on July 2 sightseeing and dinner will be enjoyed, with another brief stop-over in Kansas City on the following day. Short halts will also be made to allow the travelers to visit points of interest around Santa Fe and Albuquerque, N. M., and a full day will be spent at the Grand Canyon. Los Angeles will be reached on the evening of July 7. On the return trip visits will be made to the Yosemite National Park; the Mariposa Grove; San Francisco, for two days; Salt Lake City; Yellowstone Park and environs for five days; and Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak, reaching New York on July 29. Write to Peter F. McKenney, Chairman, 108 West 43rd Street, New York City.

Queens Borough Lodge's travelers will leave New York on July 1 and travel to Chicago via the Lehigh Valley route. The first real stop-over will be made at Colorado Springs, where the day of July 4th will be spent in sightseeing. The day of July 6th will be passed at the Grand Canyon. At San Bernardino, Calif., the following day, there will be an opportunity for a two-hour motor drive, and the party will reach Los Angeles that evening. The return trip will start on July 12, arriving on the evening of the 13th at the Yosemite Valley, where the next two days will be spent in sightseeing. July 16 will be spent in San Francisco, July 18 in Portland. Arriving in Seattle on the 19th, the party will enjoy a steamer trip on Puget Sound, visit Victoria, B. C. in the afternoon, and spend the night in Seattle. On July 21 the travelers will have opportunity to attend church services, sight-see, and be entertained by Missoula, Mont., Lodge. July 22, 23, 24 and 25 will be spent in the Yellowstone National Park. On the way east a day will be passed in St. Paul, the best part of a day in Chicago, and a full day at Niagara Falls. New York will be reached early on the morning of July 30. Write to Dr. John E. Kiffin, Chairman, 439 Seventh Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

**News of the Order  
From Far and Near**

Montclair, N. J., Lodge recently held a gala meeting when the degree teams of Passaic and Union Hill Lodges initiated a class in its Lodge room before a gathering of some 400 Elks.

William J. O'Brien was presented with a gold watch by his fellow members in Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge in honor of a quarter-century of continuous service as Tiler.

A special train will carry members of New York Lodge to Rochester for the annual convention of New York State Elks Association, and one of the finest bands in the western part of the State will lead the delegation in the parade.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge tendered a testimonial dinner to Past Exalted Ruler Charles

S. Hart at the Hotel Astor in New York City, a short time after Mr. Hart left office.

Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary on June 10.

When the cornerstone of the new Secaucus, N. J., Public School was laid, Exalted Ruler Carl Weitz presented a beautiful silk flag to the school on behalf of his Lodge, Union Hill, N. J.

More than 200 members of Everett, Wash., Lodge recently motored to the Home of Seattle Lodge for a gala meeting and entertainment.

The annual charity ball of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge was one of the most successful and brilliant affairs ever held in the Home.

The teams comprising the Bowling League of Troy, N. Y., Lodge, held their annual dinner a few weeks ago.

The recent Ladies' Night held by Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, was a great success.

Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge has gone on record as favoring the passage of the bill now before Congress to increase the pensions of Civil War veterans and their widows.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ralph C. Robinson was greeted at an interesting meeting when he paid his official visit to South Brownsville, Pa., Lodge.

Lynn, Mass., Lodge celebrated its fortieth anniversary a short time ago.

The bowling team of Bayonne, N. J., Lodge, champions of the Elks Metropolitan Bowling League, were the guests of honor at a dinner given by the League in the Home of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge.

Merced, Visalia, Modesto and Stockton, Calif., Lodges have been competing in the shoots conducted by the San Joaquin Valley Trapshooters' Association.

Just twenty years after his own installation, Past Exalted Ruler Elkan Morgenstern, of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, had the pleasure of charging his son, Arthur S. Morgenstern, with the duties of the head of his Lodge.

San Antonio, Tex., Lodge has opened its camp for under-privileged children and expects to entertain 500 youngsters for a stay of three weeks each during the summer.

Some sixty members of the House Bowling League of Wilkinsburg, Pa., Lodge, together with their guests, wound up the season with a delightful banquet in the Home.

Past Exalted Ruler Richard Burke, of La Fayette, Ind., Lodge, the first man ever to serve two terms at the head of this Lodge, had the pleasure of installing as his successor in office his son, Thomas Burke.

Ground has been broken for the palatial new Home of San Diego, Calif., Lodge.

When St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge installed its new officers for the year, its first three Exalted Rulers, Ripley B. Brower, elected thirty years ago; Fred Schilplin and Andrew Fritz, took part in the ceremony.

The new officers of Hampton, Va., Lodge initiated one of the largest classes of several years at the first meeting following their installation.

Westerly, R. I., Lodge's charity ball was a most successful affair.

The bowling team of Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge, won, for the second consecutive year, the championship of the Ithaca Bowling Association. Two league records were established by the winners, 3,118 pins in three games, and a single game high score of 1,093.

Wakefield, Mass., Lodge entertained the veterans at the Chelsea Soldiers' Home.

The Home of Lorain, O., Lodge was filled with visitors when it celebrated its sixteenth anniversary.

The officers and some seventy-five members of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge recently visited Newton Lodge, where the out-of-town officers initiated a class for their hosts.

Some eighty members and officers of Nutley, N. J., Lodge paid a fraternal visit to Belleville Lodge.

Pelham McGehee was installed as Tiler of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, some weeks ago, for his twenty-ninth consecutive term. Mr. McGehee

(Continued on page 73)



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**A** REAL fellow! A good mixer! That's the set-up for good spirits and conviviality!

So when friends mix together and life is a song—cap off the fun, open a glistening bottle of Silver King Fizz, bubbling over with life, eager to mix in.

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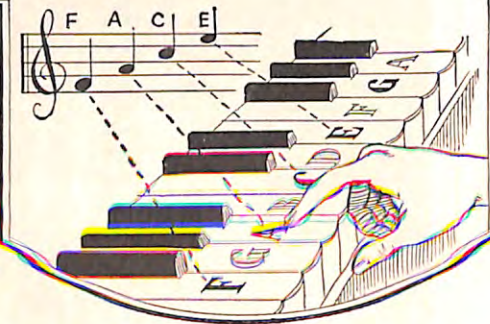
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| Harp                                | Sight Singing   |
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

believes that this is a record, and would like to hear from any Tiler having held the office longer than he has.

A goodly sum was added to the charity fund of Gloucester, Mass., Lodge as a result of its annual ball.

A Building Fund Campaign is being carried on by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge will conduct a great circus and summer festival from June 21 to July 4.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge is constructing an 18-hole golf course for the use of its members.

The charity ball of Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge was a gratifying social and financial success.

A fine turn-out of members was on hand for the annual banquet of Alameda, Calif., Lodge.

The newly organized drum and bugle corps of Wallace, Ida., Lodge made its initial appearance at the installation of the Lodge's new officers.

## Program of Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 39)

Burbank, San Fernando and Monrovia Lodges. Special trains will leave Subway Terminal at frequent intervals beginning at 1 P.M. Special round trip fare 25c.

In Charge—Transportation and Baggage Committee. Co-operating—Public Safety, Information, Reception, Aeronautical, Automobile Committees.

8 A.M. Trap Shooting Tournament at Los Angeles Gun Club.

In Charge—National Trap Shoot Committee. Co-operating—Information, Public Safety, Ladies' Reception Committees.

8 A.M. Finals of National Golf Tournament. In Charge—Golf Committee. Co-operating—Information, Transportation Committees.

9 A.M. Auto tours of Los Angeles, leaving a central point, including the principal points of interest in the city and Hollywood, the universities, Roosevelt scenic highway, Los Angeles Harbor, the Spanish Missions, the oil fields and the citrus groves.

In Charge—Automobile Committee. Co-operating—Information, Public Safety, State Societies Committees.

10 A.M. Drill contests in the Los Angeles Coliseum.

In Charge—Drill Team, Drum Corps and Band Contests Committee.

Co-operating—Escort, Public Safety, Transportation and Baggage, Music and Parades Committees.

10 A.M. Band contests, Westlake Park, opposite Elks Temple.

In Charge—Drill Team, Drum Corps and Band Contests Committee.

Co-operating—Escort, Public Safety, Transportation and Baggage, Radio Committees.

4 P.M. International Fashion Pageant and Lawn Fete to the ladies of Elksdom at Ambassador Hotel, by courtesy of the Retail Dry Goods Merchants Association of Los Angeles.

In Charge—Ladies' Reception Committee. Co-operating—Music and Parades, Public Safety, Entertainment, Electrical Decorations, Radio, Reception Committees.

4:30 P.M. to 5:30 P.M. Vesper Organ Recital, Lodge Room, Elks Temple, Westlake Park, by Sibley G. Pease, resident organist.

5 P.M. Massed band twilight concert in Pershing Square.

In Charge—Music and Parades Committee. Co-operating—Public Safety, Escort, Radio Committees.

9 P.M. Grand Ball for Grand Lodge officers, representatives, and their families in Sala de Oro, Biltmore Hotel.

In Charge—Entertainment Committee. Co-operating—Grand Lodge Committee, Decorations, Electrical Decorations, Music and Parades, Public Safety, Reception, Ladies' Reception, Radio Committees.

Thursday, July 11

Parade Day

10 A.M. Concluding Grand Lodge business (Continued on page 74)

## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

If your dancing partner chooses to fix her

garter... *be nonchalant*... LIGHT A MURAD.

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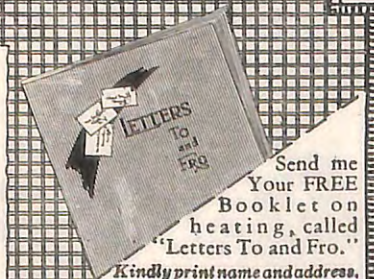
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Name.....  
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## Program of Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 73)

session. Sala de Oro, Biltmore Hotel. Installation of officers.

In Charge—Grand Lodge Committee.  
Co-operating—Public Safety Committee.

3 P.M. Grand Lodge Parade starting from Figueroa and West Adams Streets and terminating at the Los Angeles Coliseum, one of the world's largest stadiums, with comfortable seating accommodations for 80,000 persons. No charge of admission to this or any other special feature of entertainment to all visiting Elks and their families, who are non-residents of the State of California, on condition they are properly registered and equipped with coupon books.

In Charge—Grand Esquire and Music and Parades Committee.

Co-operating—Decorations, Public Safety, Grand Lodge, Transportation and Baggage, Auditing Committees.

4:30 P.M. to 5:30 P.M. Vesper Organ Recital, Lodge Room, Elks Temple, Westlake Park, by Sibley G. Pease, resident organist.

8 P.M. Spectacular electrical pageant in the Los Angeles Coliseum by the motion picture industry of Southern California. Electrically lighted floats, personal appearance of famous motion picture stars.

In Charge—Electrical Pageant Committee.  
Co-operating—Music and Parades, Public Safety, Grand Lodge, Transportation and Baggage, Automobile, Entertainment, Auditing Committees.

### Friday, July 12

#### Harbor Day

8 A.M. Excursion to Avalon, Catalina, "The Magic Isle," for Grand Lodge officers and representatives. Trips to the submarine gardens in glass bottom boats. Golf on famous Catalina Island courses. Visit to the world's largest aviary. Special train leaves 6th and Main Street Station 8 A.M. sharp. Reduced round trip, \$2.60.

Reception at Los Angeles Harbor and entertainment at Avalon by the San Pedro Lodge. Visits to United States battleships.

In Charge—Grand Lodge Committee.  
Co-operating—Information, Public Safety, Transportation and Baggage, Yachting, Aeronautical, Auditing Committees.

Long Beach Day—Visiting Elks and their families will be the guests of Long Beach Lodge. Deep sea fishing, swimming, boat trips in Long Beach Harbor, amusement concessions by courtesy to the visitors, auto trips, including Naples, and the geological wonder, Signal Hill. Special trains leave 6th and Main Street Station at frequent intervals beginning at 10 A.M. Special round trip fare 70c.

In Charge—Transportation and Baggage Committee.  
Co-operating—Public Safety, Information, Escort, Yachting Committees.

### Saturday, July 13

San Diego Day—Special Southern tour by train, automobile, airplane or steamship. Reception by San Diego Lodge, San Diego California Club and Chamber of Commerce. Auto tours embracing beautiful Balboa Park, naval establishments, army and navy aviation centers, including Lindbergh Field, Mission Beach, Coronado, open air organ recital in Balboa Park, visit to Ramona's marriage place, air circus, visit to old Mexico including picturesque Tia Juana and Agua Caliente, America's Deauville. Special greyhound races at Agua Caliente coursing track, concerts by the Royal Marimba Band and Spanish troubadours in El Patio Lindo, swimming in El Bano, fed by life-giving waters of Caliente Springs.

In Charge—Transportation and Baggage Committee.  
Co-operating—Grand Lodge, Public Safety, Information, Aeronautical, Music and Parades Committees.

Start of Elks' annual Honolulu trip, leaving Los Angeles Harbor at noon.

In Charge—C. G. Pyle.

## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 40)

new officers of seven of these Lodges. The ceremony, conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter G. Turley in the beautiful Home of Albuquerque Lodge, was witnessed by a large audience, including John R. Coen, of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, a member of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, whose address was unanimously declared to be one of the finest New Mexico Elks had ever been privileged to hear.

At the business sessions which preceded the installation, a constitution was adopted and the following officers elected to serve the Association for the coming year: President, Joseph L. Regensburger, Albuquerque Lodge, No. 461; Vice-President, Fred Miller, Roswell Lodge, No. 969; Secretary, Louis J. Benjamin, Albuquerque Lodge; Treasurer, R. P. Fullerton, Santa Fe Lodge, No. 460; Trustees, J. G. Phillips, Silver City Lodge, No. 413; H. T. Goldenberg, Tucumcari Lodge, No. 1172; F. G. Willmunder, Gallup Lodge, No. 1440.

Among the first acts of the reorganized Association were a resolution expressing appreciation of the untiring activity and devotion of District Deputy Turley in bringing the Lodges together; another thanking Mr. Turley and Albuquerque Lodge for their hospitality, and a third pledging the Association to take up with the Grand Lodge the matter of an Elks' Sanitarium in the State. A grand ball in the Home of Albuquerque Lodge brought the meeting to a close. Next year's convention will be in Las Vegas.

### New York

A DISTINGUISHED array of visitors is expected to be present for the public opening session on June 2 of the seventeenth annual convention of the New York State Elks Association at Rochester. Among the well-known guests expected are Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Presidents William Conklin, Howard R. Davis and Fred W. Maerke, of the New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio Associa-

tions respectively, and Walter P. Andrews, Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum.

The first business session will be held on the morning of June 3, followed in the afternoon by the ritualistic contest for the David Moses Cup and a program of entertainment. Business and a barbecue will fill the next day, while the closing session and the parade will mark June 5.

The Lodges to compete in the ritualistic contest, each named by the District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and the Association Vice-President as the best in its district, are Freeport, No. 1253; Ticonderoga, No. 1494; Onida, No. 767; Hornell, No. 364; Niagara Falls, No. 346. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James H. Mackin is chairman of the committee in charge of the contest.

Every indication points to a record-breaking convention in the birthplace of Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, and the home city of President D. Curtis Gano.

### Georgia

THE program of the annual meeting of the Georgia Association, held May 9 and 10 in Atlanta, included business sessions at the Biltmore Hotel; a ritualistic contest in the Home of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78; a theatre party and dance, and, as the closing event, a great barbecue at Lakewood Park. A detailed report of this meeting will appear in our July issue.

### Nevada

LAS VEGAS, Nev., Lodge, No. 1468, host to the annual meeting of the Nevada State Elks Association on July 4, 5 and 6, cordially invites all Elk trapshooters passing through its city on these dates on their way to the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles the following week, to stop off and take part in the shoot which is being arranged. There will be four prizes in the team shoot, forty individual trophies and special awards for women shooters. Lodge teams and individuals desiring to avail themselves of this hospitable offer should com-

municate at once with O. J. Potthoff, chairman of the trapshooting committee.

*New Jersey*

ASBURY PARK Lodge, No. 128, which will be host to the sixteenth annual convention of the New Jersey State Elks Association on June 20 and 21, has made elaborate plans for the entertainment of the 20,000 Elks expected to attend. The Committee in charge, headed by Past Exalted Ruler Dr. Thomas H. Pratt, is providing a long list of prizes to be awarded the Lodges having the best bands, best drill teams, largest attendance, most striking costumes, and so on, and keen competition is expected.

*North Dakota*

FOLLOWING a meeting of the Executive Committee of the North Dakota State Elks Association held at Fargo a few weeks ago, President William G. Owens announced the inauguration of the Association's work on behalf of crippled children. Harry W. Howatt, Executive Secretary of the International Crippled Children's Association, has been retained by the State Association to plan and organize the program, and to carry out its workings. Every interested organization in the State will be invited to join the North Dakota Elks in their efforts on behalf of unfortunate youngsters. Approval of the plan has been voiced by Gov. George F. Shafer and the Child Welfare Department of the Board of Administration.

*Pennsylvania*

THE Pennsylvania State Elks Association, which will hold its annual meeting at Sunbury, August 26-29, will maintain a headquarters room in the Grand Lodge Headquarters Building in Los Angeles during the convention. Every Pennsylvania Elk is urged to register at his State headquarters and to take full advantage of its services and facilities.

*Annual Conventions*

ANNUAL State Association conventions definitely scheduled for the next three months include the following:

- Idaho, June 18-19 at Wallace.
- Kentucky, June 3-5, at Paducah.
- Massachusetts, June 2-3, at Pittsfield.
- New Jersey, June 20-21, at Asbury Park.
- Nevada, July 4-5-6, at Las Vegas.
- New York, June 2-3-4-5, at Rochester.
- North Dakota, June 21, at Valley City.
- South Dakota, June 26-27, at Mitchell.
- Oregon, June 17, 18, 19, 20, at Klamath Falls.
- Utah, July 3-4, at Salt Lake City.
- Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia, August 19-20-21, at Hagerstown.
- Minnesota, August 22-23-24, at Red Wing.
- Pennsylvania, August 26-27-28-29, at Sunbury.



*Governor Carlton of Florida greets Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert*

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Financial Department  
**THE ELKS MAGAZINE**

**Bonds and Stocks Both**

By Paul Tomlinson

"SIT down, Mister Jasper."

Joseph White, vice-president of the Main Bank and Trust Company, looked at his caller over the tops of his eye glasses and motioned him to a chair.

"What's on your mind this morning?"

"A few questions, if you've got a few minutes." Mr. Jasper sat down and placed his hat on the desk beside him.

"More than a few if you need them."

"Well," said the caller, "I'm in the hardware business, as you know, and while I think I know something about hardware I don't pretend to have much knowledge of investing money. That's what I want to talk to you about."

"That's what I'm here for," said the banker cordially. "Is there anything in particular that's bothering you?"

"Yes, there is. I've been hearing a lot of talk lately about common stocks being better investments than bonds. Now I was always brought up to believe that bonds were the finest investments in the world and that common stocks were speculative. All this talk sort of bothers me and I thought I'd come in and talk things over."

"Fine," exclaimed the banker. "I think I can help you, too. You know the fundamental differences between bonds and stocks, of course."

"Bonds are secured, and stocks are not."

"That's true. A bondholder is a mortgagee really, a man who has loaned money; a stockholder is more like a partner who has put money into the business. Further than that though, and the thing that has caused most of the discussion as to their respective merits is that a bond yields a fixed rate of return, while the size of stock dividends depends upon the corporation's earnings."

Howard Jasper looked slightly puzzled.

"A 5 per cent. bond," the banker explained with a smile, "never pays more than 5 per cent. A man who buys a thousand dollar bond paying 5 per cent. will receive fifty dollars interest every year, no more, no less. The corporation may earn enough to pay 20 per cent. on its bonds, but it won't pay more than five. On the other hand, if the corporation earns only 3 per cent. for interest charges it must still pay five, even if the money has to be borrowed; if the interest is not paid the bondholders may foreclose the mortgage, and out of the proceeds take the cash due them."

"But the stockholders can't claim dividends?"

"Not unless they're earned. On the other hand, if earnings are high dividends are liable to be high too. A corporation must pay its bondholders, but only a fixed amount; it does not have to pay dividends, unless they are earned, and if there are no earnings the stockholders are entitled to no dividends whatsoever. But the size of dividends is limited only by the size of earnings and in theory at least could amount to five hundred, a thousand, two thousand per cent."

"The purchasing value of money enters into the discussion, doesn't it?"

"It does indeed. Here's the point there: everyone knows that with more or less negligible exceptions the cost of everything people need and want has been advancing in price for the past forty years or more. Now when we say a thing costs more than it did that is merely another way of saying that money won't buy as much as it used to. In other words, money is not worth as much as formerly."

"How does that affect investments in bonds?"

"Well," said the banker, "suppose that in 1909 you had bought a thousand dollar bond paying 5 per cent., or fifty dollars a year, interest. Your interest on that bond, in dollars, would be exactly the same today as it was twenty years ago, but if dollars will buy only half as much as formerly, then your income has really been cut in half, hasn't it?"

"I suppose it has," the hardware merchant

agreed. "But wouldn't the same thing apply to stocks and to dividends?"

"Not necessarily," said Mr. White. "If a stock paid the same rate of dividends now that it did twenty years ago it would, of course, but here's the point. As the value of money goes down—or if you prefer, as the cost of things goes up—a corporation gets more dollars for its products, and earnings available for dividends are correspondingly increased. In other words, a company's products sell for a price which compares with the value of money; if money is worth less it gets more dollars, and its earnings, in dollars, increase proportionately. Naturally its dividends also will increase."

"I think I see," said Mr. Jasper.

"Then you don't think much of bonds as investments, do you?"

"I never said that," the banker replied. "As a matter of fact many people think bonds are good things to buy right now. Money rates have been high and bond prices have gone down; if money rates come down—as they certainly will—bond prices will go up. Bonds, of course, are safer than stocks, too."

"How in the world can a hardware merchant be expected to know all about these things?"

"He isn't expected to know all about them," laughed the banker. "Bankers are, though, and when hardware merchants want advice about investments they are supposed to consult their bankers."

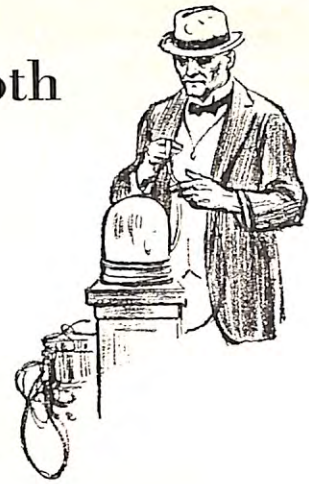
"What would you recommend, then?"

"You're trying to pin me down," said the banker, with a grin. "No one allows himself to be pinned down if he can help it. The fact of the matter is that conditions are constantly changing, and what will be good advice to-day may be bad advice a year from now. Furthermore, it is dangerous to try to adhere to any general rule of action."

He leaned forward on his desk. "Seriously, Mr. Jasper, I think the best way to invest your money is to secure the advice of an experienced banker with common sense. People argue that bonds are the best investments, and make out an excellent case; others argue with equal facility that stocks are much more satisfactory in the long run than bonds. The big bull markets of the past two or three years have made stocks the favorites of people who did not like them formerly, and have served to emphasize them at the expense of bonds. There are conservatives, however, who insist that stock prices will go down and bonds come into their own again."

"Who are right?"

"Ah," said the banker, "if we only knew, we'd all be rich. All one can do really is to use his best judgment. There is no gainsaying the fact that there is much to be said for common stocks. I know of an endowed institution whose trustees a few years ago would have held up their hands in horror if anyone had suggested that they invest in common stocks; bonds and mortgages were the only things they would consider, and low yield bonds and mortgages at that. Recently they have made it possible for their finance committee to invest up to 20 per cent. of their capital funds in common stocks. That shows the trend of the times, and personally I think it's a good thing. The danger is, of course, that when you say common stocks to



people some of them think that means any old common stock at all. Nothing could be more dangerous than that."

"You mean it is harder to pick the right common stock than the right bond?"

"Much harder. It is easier to secure definite information about bonds; their price is determined by money rates to a considerable extent, but also by the tangible assets pledged for their payment. Stocks, and especially during the past year, have been discounting future earnings, and future earnings are not the easiest things in the world to forecast. If they should prove disappointing there are going to be some disappointed stockholders."

"How about stocks and bonds both?" asked Mr. Jasper.

"A good idea, and what I was about to suggest. Bonds as a backbone of your fortune, stocks for larger income and profits."

"In what proportions?"  
 "I don't think that can be answered offhand. Everything depends upon the individual case. What may be good business for one may be very bad indeed for another, and unless you have all the facts it is impossible to make intelligent and helpful recommendations. If you are in no position to risk even the smallest part of your capital it is probable that your investments should be limited to bonds alone. In the majority of cases, however, it seems to me that

a proper mixture of bonds and stocks both should produce pretty good results."

"What about convertible bonds?"  
 "Often they prove excellent choices," said the banker. "They offer you security and also an opportunity for profit if the stock goes up. Yes, I think convertible bonds are very good indeed. Preferred stocks too are not to be overlooked. They are entitled to dividends before anything can be paid on the common shares, you know, and for that reason are safer. Of course they are not secured like bonds, but usually they yield more, and frequently are selected by people who wish to effect a compromise between the risk of common stocks, and the low yield of bonds. There are almost always pretty good preferred stocks to be had yielding 6 per cent. or more."

Mr. Jasper picked up his hat. "I'd like to talk with you again some time," he said. "Maybe you would be willing to look over my investments and give me some definite advice about what to do."

"Any time at all."  
 "I rather like your idea of bonds and stocks both."

"I like it myself," laughed the banker. "After all, they both have their points, you know, and in my opinion they both deserve a place in an investment scheme. Come in again and we'll get down to brass tacks."

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### Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 40)

served as toastmaster. In his speech Mr. Hulbert urged the Elks to assist in local welfare undertakings, mentioning particularly the hospital at Warm Springs where after-treatment is given to sufferers from the crippling effects of infantile paralysis. He also praised highly the condition and activities of Atlanta Lodge. The following day Mr. Hulbert, Mr. Andrews and Mr. McClelland made a tour of inspection of the Warm Springs Hospital, upon which the Grand Exalted Ruler expects to make a report to the Grand Lodge. Leaving Atlanta that evening, Mr. Hulbert reached New York the following day, April 11, and after a few days rest resumed his travels with a visit to Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, on April 17.

Many distinguished members of the Order in New York State attended the dinner given by Elmira Lodge that evening in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, in the ball-room of the Mark Twain Hotel, among them being President D. Curtis Gano, of the State Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Arthur G. Holland and Harry S. Nugent; State Association Vice-President Fred Mallory, and many Past District Deputies and Exalted Rulers of the district. Mayor David N. Heller welcomed the distinguished visitors to the city. Mr. Hulbert, of course, made the principal address of the evening, and the other speakers mentioned were Gano and several well-known members. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John T. Osowski was chairman of the committee in charge of the arrangements which included, besides the dinner, an excellent program of entertainment.

Leaving Elmira the following morning Mr. Hulbert, accompanied by a group of officers and past officers, proceeded to Watkins Glen to conduct the institution of the new Lodge there, as reported in detail in "Under the Spreading

Antlers." The next day, April 19, he performed a like office for the new Lodge at Bath, N. Y., an account of which ceremony is printed with the story of the Watkins Glen institution.

Four days later, on April 23, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the banquet which marked the fortieth anniversary of Danbury, Conn., Lodge. More than 300 Connecticut Elks gathered in the ball-room of the Hotel Green for the happy event. Among the many distinguished guests were Edward W. Cotter, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney; Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady; S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James F. Degnan; William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, and Mayor Anthony Sunderland of Danbury.

Exalted Ruler John P. Gilbert welcomed the visitors, and introduced Judge Martin J. Cunningham as Toastmaster. Judge Cunningham made a brief address and then presented Mr. Hulbert as the principal speaker of the evening. The Grand Exalted Ruler made an impressive speech on the ideals of the Order, and congratulated his hosts on the long and distinguished life of their Lodge. Others who then spoke were Mr. Phillips and Past Exalted Rulers John McGlynn and John J. Stone.

LEAVING Danbury the next morning the Grand Exalted Ruler set out for Holyoke, Mass., where he was to take part in the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of the Lodge there, stopping on the way for brief visits with Springfield, Westfield, Greenfield and Northampton Lodges. At Springfield, he, and Mr. Cotter, who accompanied him, were met at the station by a

(Continued on page 78)

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# Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 77)

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delegation which included Exalted Ruler Robert E. Cosgrove and Secretary Thomas F. McNally of the Lodge there; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. J. Garvey; Exalted Rulers James R. O'Donnell, James W. O'Brien, and Fred Dill, of Holyoke, Northampton and Westfield Lodges, and a number of Past Exalted Rulers and Past District Deputies of the region. The guests were entertained at a luncheon at the Hotel Kimball, where a large gathering of Springfield Past Exalted Rulers was on hand to do honor to the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Hulbert then made a brief stop at the Lodge Home and traveling by motor-bus, went on to Westfield Lodge, where he was greeted by a group of some fifty members. After an inspection of the handsome Home and a brief address in which he congratulated his hosts on the fine standing of their Lodge, he left for Greenfield Lodge. At Northampton, where the Grand Exalted Ruler made a brief call, more than 100 members were in the Lodge Home to greet him. After expressing a wish to visit the section again when he would have more leisure, Mr. Hulbert was forced to leave to keep his appointment in Holyoke.

Here he addressed more than 400 Elks who had come together for the anniversary banquet, which was the principal event of a three-day program. The following day, April 25, the Grand Exalted Ruler paid a visit to Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, the first ever to be made by a head of the Order on the occasion of a regular meeting. Entering the Home, escorted by Exalted Ruler Albert G. Schildwachter and Past Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly, Chairman of the Committee, the guest of honor was saluted by the Drill Team, drawn up at attention. A reception by the members and visiting Elks preceded a banquet to 150 invited guests. Seated with Mr. Hulbert on the dais at this event were Exalted Ruler Schildwachter; Fred A. Pope, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York Lodge and a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; James T. Hallinan, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck; Past Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly; and Albert Goldman, Commissioner of Plant and Structures, representing Borough President Henry Bruckner.

When the Grand Exalted Ruler entered the Lodge room, following the dinner, preceded by the Drill Team and Past Exalted Rulers as escort, he was received with enthusiastic applause. After an address of welcome by Mr. Schildwachter, the guest of honor was escorted to the rostrum from where he inspected the Drill Team, which gave an excellent exhibition of the manual of arms. The business of the meeting being disposed of, the remainder of the evening was given over to the guest of honor who, after being welcomed to the Borough of the Bronx by Mr. Goldman, made a most interesting address to the large gathering. Among other things Mr. Hulbert said that he understood that the fine Home had never been formally dedicated, and that he then and there did declare it fully dedicated to the purposes of the Order. At the close of the session a social hour and buffet supper were enjoyed, as the members expressed their appreciation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit.

On April 26 the Grand Exalted Ruler traveled to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., for a meeting with the Board of Grand Trustees. Arriving the next morning Mr. Hulbert's party, including Mrs. Hulbert, S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, and John J. Schmitt, well-known member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, went to the Home. All of the Grand Trustees, with the exception of Dr. Ralph Hagan, of Los Angeles, were present, as were also Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, Rush Holland, and Fred Harper; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett, now a member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; Walter P. Andrews, Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. Charles Stewart, of Frostburg, Md., Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board were in session for four days, during which time many building permits were issued; a number of applications for residence at the Home approved,

and other matters of importance taken up.

May 4 saw Mr. Hulbert in New Haven, Conn., for the dedication of the magnificent new \$400,000 Home of the Lodge there. The first event on the program was a banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler in the Hotel Taft, after which Mr. Hulbert and the other distinguished guests of the occasion, including Edward W. Cotter, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, inspected the handsome building. The formal ceremony of dedication was then conducted by the Grand Exalted Ruler and his staff, States Attorney Samuel E. Hoyt, Chairman of the Building Committee, turning over the golden key to the Home to Mr. Hulbert, who in turn presented it to Exalted Ruler Fred P. Grimley. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a most impressive address, lasting more than an hour, while other well-known members added their congratulations to New Haven Lodge on its fine achievement. There were delegations from New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut Lodges, many of whom brought presents to be placed in the new building. One especially moving episode was the presentation, on behalf of his regiment, of a beautiful silk altar flag, by Colonel Lewis L. Field, commanding officer of the famous 102 Infantry, Connecticut National Guard. When Colonel Lewis handed over the flag, the 2,000 Elks who were present solemnly bowed their heads in memory of those members of the regiment who had given their lives in battle.

**FOLLOWING** these formal ceremonies the great gathering of Elks enjoyed a buffet supper and an entertainment that lasted far into the night. A full description of New Haven Lodge's beautiful new Home will be published in our July issue.

The following day, May 5, Mr. Hulbert, as reported in detail in "Under the Spreading Antlers," motored from New Haven to Waterbury for the annual memorial services at the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach. Returning to New York that evening, his next visit was to Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge. On the way, Mr. Hulbert stopped for a brief visit at the Home of Freeport Lodge, where he was greeted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck, Exalted Ruler Harold Loonam, the Drill Team and other members. At Brightwaters, officers and members of Patchogue Lodge in automobiles met the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party and escorted him to the Home. Here a band concert welcomed the visitors. Attending the regular meeting of the Lodge that evening Mr. Hulbert was presented to the members by District Deputy Beck and, escorted to the dais by a committee of Past Exalted Rulers, made an address to the large audience that was broadcast from the Elks radio station. A large staff, including James T. Hallinan, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, and a number of Past District Deputies, Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of the district accompanied Mr. Hulbert on these visits.

At Albany the next day, Mr. Hulbert was met at the station by Exalted Ruler Hugh J. McKeon, Past Grand Trustee William E. Drislane, and the four automobiles of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Purple and White Fleet, which had arrived in the city a few hours ahead of him, and was escorted to the Lodge Home. After a brief reception the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Mr. Drislane, Mr. McKeon and the officers of the Lodge, journeyed to Memorial Grove, where Mr. Hulbert placed a wreath at the foot of the monument to the men of Albany who fell in the World War. A dinner was served upon the return to the Home, and was followed by a meeting in the Lodge room at which some 700 members and visitors occupied all the available space. On the rostrum with the Grand Exalted Ruler were Exalted Ruler McKeon, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George W. Denton, President D. Curtis Gano, of the New York State Elks Association, and Leo V. Roohan, Vice-President of the Association. In his address Mr. Hulbert praised highly the fine activities and condition of Albany Lodge. Others who spoke were Mr. Gano, Judge Daniel H. Pryor, and Attorney-General Hamilton Ward, a life member of Buffalo Lodge.

(Continued on page 80)

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This free book and the N. S. T. A. Demonstration Method have for twenty-two years been doing something people said could not be done. They have been making master salesmen—big producers, men who command high salaries, out of average, every-day fellows. "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship" has blasted for good the belief that a salesman has to be "born." The information contained in this little book has enabled man after man to attain the goal he has chosen. \$7,000, \$8,000 and \$10,000 a year salaries are common among N. S. T. A. graduates.

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## Visits by the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 78)

Returning to New York from the Albany meeting Mr. Hulbert spent a few days at home and then, on May 11, set out on a journey which took him through the States of Indiana, Wis-

consin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Iowa, and Illinois, bringing him back to Rochester on June 2 for the opening of the annual convention of the New York State Elks Association.

## The Elks Magazine Purple and White Fleet

(Continued from page 37)

Monday morning, May 6, the fleet left Buffalo, to which it had returned for the night, made a brief stop in Batavia, being greeted there by Exalted Ruler Thomas H. Dowd, Secretary Frank H. Homelius and others, and went on to Rochester, where the drivers were entertained at dinner by Exalted Ruler George L. Switzer, Secretary T. Edward Freckleton and a large delegation of Past Exalted Rulers, officers and members.

The next day, a short stop was made at Geneva, where Past Exalted Ruler L. H. Guard and Esteemed Leading Knight C. E. Lyon greeted the drivers. At noon the fleet arrived in Syracuse and was escorted to the Home of Lodge No. 31, where they were tendered a luncheon presided over by Mayor Charles G. Hanna, and attended by Exalted Ruler Charles M. Bedell, Jr., Past Exalted Rulers Charles M. Bedell, Sr., Edwin M. Wells, Miles S. Hencle, Secretary, and many other Lodge officers. Under a motorcycle escort to the city limits, the fleet next headed for Utica. Reaching the Home of Utica Lodge, No. 33 late, the drivers were welcomed by Secretary Amon W. Foote and, after a delightful dinner, met the official family of the Lodge, who held a special meeting for the occasion.

On the way to Schenectady from Utica, the fleet met Secretary Lambert G. Anderson of Herkimer Lodge, No. 1439 and Past Exalted Ruler D. H. Farrell, of Little Falls Lodge, No. 42. Arriving in Schenectady the drivers were welcomed in front of the new, uncompleted Elks Home by Exalted Ruler Claude V. Fish, Past Exalted Ruler Charles Fischer and the other officers of No. 480, who entertained them at luncheon at the local hotel. The fleet then proceeded to Albany, where it was met by an escort of motorcycles and decorated cars and conveyed to the Elks Lodge. In the leading car rode Past Grand Trustee William E. Drislane and Exalted Ruler Hugh J. McKeon. After a welcome at the Lodge, where they were greeted by Secretary Edward P. Hanlon, and many other prominent members of No. 49, the fleet met Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert at the railroad station as he arrived to pay his official visit to Albany Lodge, and escorted him to the Home.

En route to Poughkeepsie from Albany, the cars stopped a few minutes at Hudson Lodge No. 787, to chat with Exalted Ruler Franklin D. B. Smith and Secretary R. H. Marshall. At Poughkeepsie Lodge, No. 275, the drivers were met by Exalted Ruler Floyd A. Cotting, Secretary Frank M. Doran, and a committee of prominent Elks, and tendered a dinner in the Lodge Home. From there the fleet proceeded to Peekskill, where it was greeted by Exalted Ruler R. Vincent Boylan, Past Exalted Rulers D. Wiley Travis and Richard H. Rixon and Secretary Albert E. Cruger. After a short visit at the Home of Lodge No. 744, the cars paraded through the town and early the next morning headed for Ossining Lodge No. 1486. Its visit there having been unexpected, the fleet's stay was short and it went on to White Plains, arriving in time for a special luncheon in its honor given by the Lodge, No. 535. On this occasion the drivers were welcomed by Exalted Ruler Louis W. Kenney, Past Exalted Ruler Edward F. Fitzgerald, Secretary Edward A. O'Brien and other officers and members.

From White Plains, preceded by a motorcycle escort, the cars were conveyed to the Home of Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842, where they were welcomed by Exalted Ruler Charles Weber, Jr., Past Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher, Past Trustee Fred Merritt, Nunez Loring, Chairman of the Finance Committee, Herman Sunderman, Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Secretary Edward F. Bayer, and other officers. The drivers were given a dinner by the Lodge, and stayed there overnight.

On Friday, May 10, the Purple and White

Fleet arrived in New York, and prior to its official send-off by Mayor James J. Walker, of New York City, it proceeded to New Jersey to pay a call on Newark, Elizabeth, New Brunswick and Boonton Lodges.

It was entertained at luncheon by the officers of Newark Lodge, No. 21, among whom were Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, District Deputy Fred W. Bain, Exalted Ruler Frank A. Hahl, and other members of the Lodge.

The luncheon was also attended by Past Exalted Ruler George E. Fisher of Boonton Lodge, who proceeded with one of the cars to Boonton. The other three cars went from Newark to Elizabeth, where they were met by Past State President George L. Hirtzel, and entertained by the members of Elizabeth Lodge, No. 289, before proceeding to New Brunswick. At New Brunswick the fleet was met not only by the officers of the Lodge, but the city officials as well, among whom were Exalted Ruler Monroe W. Taylor, Secretary Edward Burt, and other New Brunswick Lodge officers.

The car which went with Past Exalted Ruler Fisher to Boonton was entertained there by Exalted Ruler Edward L. Bennett, Past Exalted Ruler J. W. Lysons, Secretary David D. Healion and other officers of Boonton Lodge, No. 1405, and after making a tour of the city returned to rejoin the fleet at Newark, which proceeded on its way to City Hall, New York, where at five o'clock, it was given its send-off for Los Angeles.

MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER very graciously came down and inspected the fleet, wished the drivers Godspeed, and gave them messages to Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert and to Mayor Cryer of Los Angeles, expressing the good wishes of the City of New York to the City of Los Angeles, and congratulating Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert on the success of a splendid administration, as well as pointing out the fact that as Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1, he would readily appreciate that the City of New York was more than ordinarily interested in this particular Elks Convention.

On Saturday the fleet visited No. 1 Lodge, and carried away with it a message from Exalted Ruler Abraham I. Menin and Secretary William T. Phillips, to the various Lodges throughout the country, conveying greetings from No. 1 to its sister Lodges. Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning were also present at the start of the trip from No. 1 Lodge, as well as the other officers and a great many members.

The fleet then proceeded to Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878, where it was entertained. A luncheon was served, presided over by Exalted Ruler Frank J. Rauch, who gave a very pleasant address of welcome, and presented each one of the drivers of the cars with a present from the Lodge. Exalted Ruler Rauch was followed by Past Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, who also made a short address and presented Past Exalted Ruler Fanning.

From there the fleet proceeded to Roosevelt Field, where it met the Purple and White Parks Airplane which had just landed from St. Louis, and which is to act as a liaison between the four cars on their transcontinental tour.

Large delegations from all of the Long Island Lodges were present at Roosevelt Field, having been gathered together through the courtesy and energy of District Deputy Peter Stephen Beck.

Another guest of honor at the field was Miss Elinor Smith, who greeted Lieutenant Edgar Schmid, the pilot of the plane, and who was presented with a bouquet of roses by Mr. Beck and the officers of Freeport Lodge, where she is a resident.

A tremendous crowd attended this event, after which the fleet proceeded on its way to Los Angeles, to be followed shortly by the Purple and White ELKS MAGAZINE Coast to Coast Parks Plane, PII.

# Russwin in Foreign Lands



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Architect—  
Leslie M. Perrott,  
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General Contractor—  
T. Shillito  
Russwin Representatives—  
Edwin Wood Prop., Ltd.



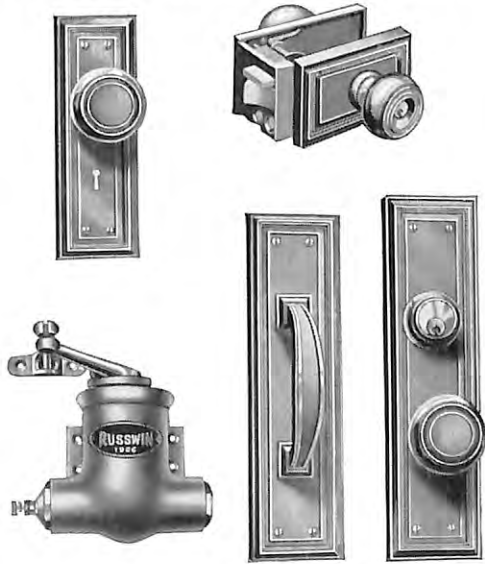
**PALACE OF JUSTICE**  
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Travaux Publics



**MITSUKASHIWA  
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