

# The Elks

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Magazine

SEPTEMBER, 1929



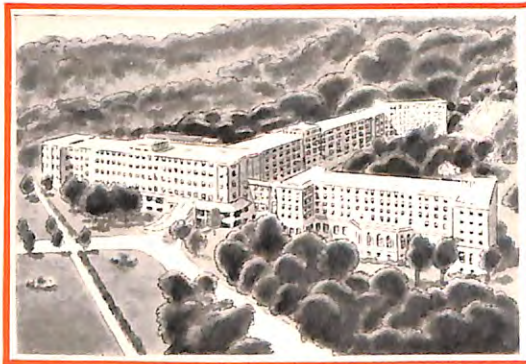
Haskell Coffin

In This Issue:

Features by Paul Annixter, Hoffman Birney, Jack O'Donnell, and others

# America's greatest Spa

brought  
to you  
in your own home!



**E**ACH year thousands of not-really-sick-but-not-really-well people make the pilgrimage to French Lick Springs, to drink the health-impregnated waters that abound here. Yearly the same people return to their homes, health and vitality restored by the magic of Nature's own medicine.

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at Aix, Vichy, Baden, Carlsbad, in Europe.

Unfortunately, a trip to French Lick Springs is not within the reach of all. And so, years ago, the medical staff at the spa decided to make the health-giving waters available to everyone.

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Eight  
 Number Four

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

## Features for September, 1929

Grand Exalted Ruler, Letter to Exalted Rulers . . . . .	4	Excerpts from the Annual Reports of the Grand Trustees and Grand Secretary . . .	23
The Throne Among the Winds, a story by Paul Annixter . . . . .	6	The Elks National Trapshoot . . . . .	24
<i>Illustrations by Paul Bransom</i>		The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles . . . . .	25
The Port of Missing Mail, an article by Jack O'Donnell . . . . .	10	Log of the Purple and White Plane, by Charles S. Hart . . . . .	28
<i>Drawings by Lui Trugo</i>		The Purple and White Fleet . . . . .	29
On the Screen . . . . .	13	Directory of Subordinate Lodges 1930-1931 (continued from August issue) . . . . .	37
The Canyon of Lost Waters—Part II, a colorful novel of the West by Hoffman Birney . . . . .	14	Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Order . . . . .	38
<i>Illustrations by Jerome Rozen</i>		Tricks of the Stage, an article by Phillip Emerson Wood . . . . .	62
Editorials . . . . .	18	A Thousand Million Dollar Loss, an article by Paul Tomlinson . . . . .	72
The Elks National Foundation . . . . .	20		
Report of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations . . . . .	22		
News of the State Associations . . . . .	22		

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# If YOU Were Down and Out



**A**ND I agreed to start you in a big, new, money-making business of your own—WITHOUT CAPITAL OR EXPERIENCE—a business in which I have helped other ambitious men and women double, triple and QUADRUPLER their earnings, would you jump at it? You BET YOU WOULD!

Well, you may not be down and out. But if you are earning A CENT LESS than \$100 a week—\$5,000 a year—here is your chance to break into real estate MY WAY—build a big-profit business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience. My free book tells the whole story. Get it now!

## From Failure to Success

I like to get hold of the down-hearted—the discouraged—the “has beens” and the “also-rans.” It gives me a big “kick”—a real thrill—every time I help a man or woman who felt they were failures. It’s easy enough to make successful men more successful. But give me the man who is struggling along—trying to make both ends meet—who has never had a real “look-in” on business success. The most fun I get out of life is turning such men into happy, contented, prosperous, independent business men. And I’m doing it right along! There’s E. G. Baum, past 50, lost his job as bookkeeper, sick, discouraged, down-hearted. I got Baum started and he cleaned up \$8,000.00 his first year. And J. M. Patterson. He’d just landed in Texas with a baby, a sick wife and only \$10.20 in his pocket. He started to use my Successful Real Estate System, and writes me that he will clean up \$20,000.00 in profits this year. Send for my free book. Learn how I am helping others—and how I can help you—win big business success.

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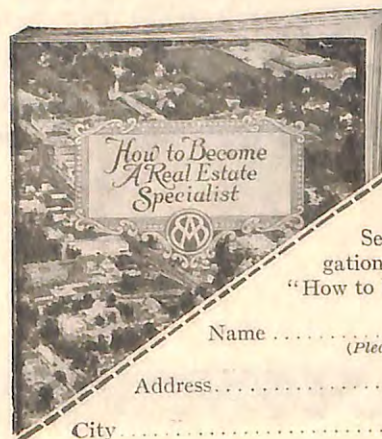
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Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

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

*Atlanta Biltmore Hotel,  
Atlanta, Georgia,  
August 7, 1929.*

*To the Exalted Rulers of the Subordinate Lodges,  
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:*

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

During my term as Grand Exalted Ruler, I shall deal with all the Subordinate Lodges as the "units of Elkdom," and will strive to accomplish, through the Exalted Rulers and their fellow officers, aided by all the agencies of the Grand Lodge, the perfect operation of every Subordinate Lodge, according to the laws, rituals, principles and ideals of the Order.

Brother Exalted Ruler, you are the chosen head of your Lodge, and I want to get in the closest and most cordial contact with you and your officers, for the purpose of mutual cooperation in our work for the welfare of your Lodge, hence I begin my administration by addressing this personal letter to you, and through you to the officers and all the brothers of your Lodge.

The total results of the Grand Lodge year must depend upon the several records of the Subordinate Lodges.

I hope you will read this letter to your Lodge, file it in your office for further consideration, and give it practical use from time to time. I am writing this letter in the truest spirit of brotherly love, and I hope you will so treat it during your term of office. Our wonderful Order is surely worthy of our deepest devotion and most intense service.

The Order of Elks is founded on eternal virtues; it is absolutely free from prejudice and narrowness, and it appeals to the hearts and lives of all good and true eligible American citizens.

My report to the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City will depend upon how you cooperate with me this year.

I am happy to say that our Order is wonderfully organized; the rituals are beautiful and complete; the Elks National Home is finely administered for the benefit of the aged and indigent brothers of our Order, whom we love and welcome; the wonderful Memorial Building in Chicago is nearing completion, which will be a living and perpetual inspiration to future generations; the Magazine is solidly established as the organ of our Order, and is absolutely indispensable to its growth and welfare; the laws and rituals have been completed, providing that the Subordinate Lodges may organize and sponsor Lodges of Antlers, which shall be composed of white boys between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one, which rituals and instructions may be had by writing to the Grand Secretary at Chicago, care Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. I earnestly urge all Lodges to establish under their supervision Lodges of Antlers.

Our Order is making plans on a large scale to care for crippled children and tubercular sufferers, and many other objects of charitable aid.

The Order of Elks has adopted and organized, as its supreme and perpetual plan upon behalf of national charity, the Elks National Foundation. The purpose is to accumulate a huge Endowment Fund, to be administered by Foundation Trustees, under the general supervision of the Grand Lodge, the corpus being held for administration by the Trustees, while the gross income must be spent for charity, not one dollar of which shall go to overhead expenses, the 100% of income going to the chosen objects of charities and beneficences.

Subordinate Lodges, State Associations and individuals may secure Founders Certificates by subscribing \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation, which may be paid for on the easy plan of \$100.00 cash, and the balance in instalments of \$100.00 per annum by Lodges and State Associations, and \$250.00 in cash and \$250.00 per annum by individuals, deferred payments bearing no interest. I am highly optimistic in regard to this Foundation and I feel confident that it will exceed our expectations.

I predict that within ten years this Fund will have reached the magnificent proportions of twenty million dollars or more, and that such an Endowment Fund will place Elkdom on the highest possible plane of potential service to national charities.

Brother Exalted Ruler, I urge you to go after a subscription from your own Lodge, your State Association, and from affluent Elks who could subscribe \$1,000 without financial hurt to themselves. All the money they give will go to charity, and the bread they thus cast upon the waters will doubtless return in the form of manifold blessings to those who give. Please keep me posted as to the results of your efforts, and send me addresses of brothers you think I should communicate with upon this subject. We should report more than a million dollars of subscriptions this year to the Foundation Fund. Brother John F. Malley, P. G. E. R., 15 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts is Chairman of the Foundation Trustees.

Our task now is to build up and perfect our Lodges from the inside; to make our Lodge work so good and so interesting that the brothers can not stay away from Lodge meetings; to perform our Elk functions so finely in our respective jurisdictions that the people will praise and love us; and to show ourselves so worthy that the best and most influential men in our midst will seek membership in our respective Lodges.

Brother Exalted Ruler, you are the *key man* in your Lodge, and if you serve loyally and aggressively it will mean large increases in your membership, which will solve your financial troubles (if your Lodge has any) and will largely increase your potentialities for charity. Won't you promptly *steam up your Lodge*, appoint large Committees on lapsations and new members, as provided by Section 134 B of our Grand Lodge Statutes, and work with me this year in a manner befitting a *high-powered Elk of ambition and determination*. *We do not want drives* but we do beg every Elk to go to work daily and constantly in all the affairs of the Lodges and the Order, and to bring into our Order men of character and standing whose names will ornament our Lodge rosters. We will easily pass the million mark in membership this year *if our Exalted Rulers will determine to do so*.

Please favor me with your views upon this letter, and I invite any correspondence you may deem desirable with my office from time to time. My address is Healey Building, Atlanta, Georgia.

Cordially and fraternally yours,

*Hatter P. Andrews,*

Grand Exalted Ruler.

# The Throne Among the Winds

By Paul Annixter

Illustrated by Paul Bransom



*A little over sixteen inches from claw to crown he stood—on those rare occasions when he was at rest—sixteen inches of winged disaster, intolerant, inscrutable, cruel*

HE WAS prince by blood, an assassin by calling, and a despot quite as a matter of course. He rode the tempests, dominated the storms, and his harsh, unutterably fierce scream woke echoes in the silent spaces between the splintered crags.

The more ignorant folk of the region seeing him in high sky, claimed he was some sort of eagle, but he was not. He was a very large falcon. Not a plain falcon, mind you, but a king falcon, which is the fiercest of all falcons—the Royal Peregrine, to give him his full official title.

A little over sixteen inches from claw to crown he stood—on those rare occasions when he was at rest—sixteen inches of winged disaster, swift with a swiftness beyond that of any other bird, armed with a daring and ferocity to match it; strong with almost the strength of a golden eagle; intolerant, inscrutable, cruel; haughty beyond any pride of human conception; wise with the more than earthly wisdom that comes from the soundless spaces beyond the clouds and the mountain-tops, and heaven alone knew how many years of grim piracy—such was Spare Wing, lord of all the feathered folk of that remote and forested region.

Almost without exception the dwellers there and thereabouts, human and otherwise, looked upon him with hate and animosity, and many were the schemes devised for his undoing, in particular by Donaldson, head keeper of the Havelin estates, to whom he seemed a veritable servant of the Evil One. Scarcely a man within a radius of fifty miles, for that matter, but had at one time or another gunned for Spare Wing, for he had nested among the black-gray seaward cliffs as long as most people could remember. But not one of their many bullets had displaced a single feather of the king falcon's livery. That fierce sheathed glance of his, which seemed not only to see

but to look clear through all objects from his height, was the all-seeing glance of an eagle—or a telescope. Man was the one enemy he had to fear, and even he was a negligible evil. He had watched his clan vanish from those parts until he and his mate alone remained, the last, and by the same token, the worst and craftiest of their breed.

Queerly, it was the young master of Havelin himself—he who had suffered most from the winged pirate's depredations—who had given him his name. The old feud that existed between these two had deepened yearly, as through the growing wariness and actual dearth of the birds of the region, the falcon came to feed more and more on fur than on feathers (fur largely poached from the Havelin estates). But despite this fact the master was unable to quell his actual admiration for the killer at times.

For years Havelin had missed no day in sweeping the blue arc of the sky above his game preserves in search of the slow graceful circling of scimitar-shaped motionless wings. For no matter what his grievances against Spare Wing, no one ever failed to thrill at sight of the falcon on the wing. And if the blue were empty for a day of that grim swift courser at his tacking and jibing a thousand feet or more above the forest, young Havelin felt an actual lack, as if something were missing from the scenery. He would not have admitted as much even to himself, but the falcon had become in some way like the uttered word of the ancient woods, the lakes, and the solitary granite-crested cliffs he loved, amid which his family seat had been situated for two centuries.

IT WAS his oft-repeated study of the peregrine's flight that had given rise to the name—that power of the falcon kind of soaring up and up in vast ascending spirals until he was a mere speck in the blue, all without a single wing-beat to lend him impetus. Such magic and effortless motive-power is the prerogative of the royalty of the air alone, the falcons and eagles; it is still one of the mysteries of flight. The secret lies in the exceptionally hard, smooth surface nature has given to the falcon's feathers, and a miraculous quality of each flight feather for adjusting itself to the wind, so that the pressure of the air itself supplies the momentum.

This had long intrigued Havelin. He had studied and watched the magic of it times beyond number, as the falcon, simply tilting one wing, sailed into the eye of the wind, swept back again with an ever-increasing impetus as he mounted swiftly—all without a visible effort. On a few rare occasions Havelin, from some hilltop, had seen the old pirate pass at close range, heard the hissing of air through his stiff feathers



## *A Rider of Tempests Disputes The Mastery of His Kingdom With Man and Sends Him to Defeat*

as he "stooped," so close that he had been able to see between the parted wing-feathers, and catch the downward dip of the depressed head, the hard, unwinking, tameless stare of the black-gold eyes as they stabbed into him with a swift inscrutable challenge.

Most remarkable about all these amazing evolutions to Havelin was the fact of the exceeding sparseness of the old falcon's wings compared to other and less finished fliers. Those wings, long, narrow, pointed, were shaped and balanced with an infinite economy as to weight and bulk. Tough as steel and supple as whalebone, they possessed a strength that enabled their owner to breakfast in one country, dine in another, sup in a third, and be home again at bedtime, while their amazing flexibility reacted ever to the perfect angle of deflection. Glimpsed aloft in one of his hurtling "stoops," their hard feathers were contracted to the narrowness of scythe-blades. It was thus that the highly appropriate name of Spare Wing came into being, and stuck.

And so, though Havelin was the sworn enemy of Spare Wing, though he had actually made a bargain with himself to kill the bird, and had instructed his keepers to gun for him at all times as a matter of principle, it is highly probable that the young master would have known a sense of loss were the feud to reach its consummation. Something would have been lacking in the splendor of the solitudes he loved. Certain it is that he took a grim satisfaction in the increasing evidence of the old falcon's sagacity, that his one fear on the matter was that some other gunner would get Spare Wing first; something of personal prerogative having been built up in that lasting warfare. After all it is the zest of the chase and the pitting of wits, rather than the kill, that intrigues your true sportsman. And Havelin was the true sportsman. If he lived to be a hundred and was able to sight a rifle, he would still be the true sportsman. It was in the Havelin blood.

AT THE time in which Spare Wing first comes under our notice, he was perched moveless as a graven image upon an up-thrusting pinnacle of rock fifty feet above the granite ledge whereon he and his fierce spouse had their nest. His powerful shanks, heavily feathered almost to the foot, gave the impression of the loose, swashbuckling pantaloons of a pirate of olden days, a caricature that was further carried out by the curved markings on either side of his hooked beak that looked like the lines of a curling black moustache. Beneath, his cruel, over-size feet showed, covered with ridged yellow armor, their black curving talons that were capable of slashing through

the toughest hides, clutched firmly into the crevices of the rock. His extremely long wings, whose tips reached down below the end of his tail, were folded about his haughty figure like a blue-black mantle.

This was the old king's favorite throne—the highest point in all his far-flung kingdom, where even on the stillest days of summer the wind was never failing. There one invariably saw him at the hour of sunrise and of vespers; and there his royal consort, though she could have given him over an inch as to size, was never, never known to perch.

From under fierce jutting brows Spare Wing was watching the coming dawn across the tumbled wooded valleys and the distant steely arm of sea that composed his kingdom. Dawns beyond number he had watched thus from his throne, with the same strange ardor and fascination that marked his attitude today. It is a universally avian habit, this greeting of day; with Spare Wing it was a passion that increased with encroaching age.

Below him in the nest, mere shallow excavation in the hard dirt of the ledge, his big wife was beginning to stir. She was younger than he and slept less fitfully. Nothing but death might keep the eye of any falcon closed after the dawn pink flushed the East, but in her was not that tremulous yearning of the old king to preen his plumage in the first faint wash of light.

Behind a bank of grape-hued cloud and mist which seemed to rest on the tips of the distant pine spires, streamers of pale rose flickered and waned, like great sentient feelers from below the rim of the distant sea. Then a shaft of yellow pulsed up from the eastern horizon, changing to a fiery carmine, permeating all in a moment, even the dank mists, with the spreading glow of red. Still it was minutes more before the burnished rim of the sun itself appeared.



*Far up in the high sky began then the weaving of breath-taking spells over forest, cliff and grassy hill. The queen, having mounted to within a hundred feet of her lord, turned into a hurtling steel-gray streak that slashed across the heavens like a shot projectile*



For a space the silence on the heights was absolute, save for the faint hollow echo of a waterfall in one of the lower valleys, which seemed only to intensify the stillness. Then far down amid the dark woods, much too far for any save one of the raptors to see, a pair of red squirrels emerged from a hole in a gnarled limb and sat squeaking testily as they waited the descending light from the heights. A flicker darted momentarily between tree-trunks and began a half-hearted boring for grubs. Miles beyond, and faint, came the first chorus of jays sounding their raucous *reveille*.

NONE of these movements among his people escaped the old peregrine's prism binocular gaze, though his arrogant eyes set in their burnished yellow field, might have been polished stones, so hard and immovable were they. Those eyes more than anything else stamped him as a regal bird.

Another minute and the spectacle of sunrise was complete, its red and golden splendor bathing the old king on his morning throne. Slowly he drew himself erect with stiff rustlings of his wing feathers, but for minutes more he maintained his rapt attitude, as one hypnotized by the beauty and vastness of the scene below. Then, casting a piercing, startling glance on every side of him, he launched outward and upward and planed silently away over the yawning gulf. Far, far below the twittering, cheeping, warbling morning jubilee of birds was silenced, suddenly as by the turning off of a switch. A thousand pairs of beady bright eyes turned upward simultaneously, a thousand tiny forms flicked quickly to cover.

The master of their feathered realm was on the wing.

A few quick dashing thrusts of his pinions, and Spare Wing mounted swiftly into the vast pristine stillness of the upper air. Within a minute he was swallowed up in that soundless solitude he loved and of which he seemed a part, veritably another world than any earth-bound mammal knows—a silent void of empty cloud miles wherein no faintest whisper lived, except for the press and hum of wind against his stiff wing-feathers. Here he swung for a space of minutes, encompassing the blue dome in the mighty circles that comprised his regular dawn patrol. You or I could have seen nothing of earthy ways beyond an indefinable smudge from such a height, but to his razor sight not a detail, not a movement of the smallest of his subjects was lost. But now all action among the earth folk was swathed in silence, utter and complete; not even the ghost of an echo of sound reached the king at his cloudy height.

Presently his shrill harsh scream zig-zagged earthward with the effect of forked

lightning, a sound filled with arrogance and impatience, for the temper of the king was the untrammelled temper of the despot. Not till then did his imperial spouse leave off her preening and climb slowly to meet him. As she took off from the eyrie on wide wings, two tiny living things could have been seen in the warm hollow wherein she had nestled—resting upon moss and tufts of grass. Two mites of warm gray-white plush. They were her two newly hatched chicks, and in them was vested all the worry, care and anxiety of the royal house of Peregrine.

Far up in the high sky began then the weaving of breath-taking spells and mazes over forest, cliff and grassy hill. It started with a race, but a race such as has no equal outside the falcon clan. The queen having mounted to within a hundred feet of her lord, suddenly uttered a high shrill cry and turned into a hurtling steel-gray streak that slashed across the heavens like a shot projectile. With a yelp, my lord gave chase, following her every turn and twist as if he were towed behind at the end of a wire, and at a speed that would have turned even a swallow giddy. Old the king might be, but he was never in finer fettle. Up and up the mad race mounted till they were lost to sight in the flaming eye of the sun. Then with an abruptness that looked like suicide, the female closed her wings and fell earthward like a hissing wedge. Fell is a poor word, she shot like a living feathered barb, and the king shot after her, the wind screaming like the devil's pitch-pipe through his wing feathers.

Had they gone mad up there, and fallen to battle? Was he about to annihilate her with his death-dealing stoop? There, they had struck, merged into one ragged blot against the sky! But no. In the very instant of imminent catastrophe, with only

six inches separating her from oblivion, the female had calmly ducked her head, executing a magical tail-spin, and let the old king go hurtling past like a meteor.

Breaking out of that she banked sharply, with a creditable tumble, and resumed her soaring, while he hissed down then up again with the impetus of his gigantic "stoop," returning on an arc to weave dizzy mazes around and under and over the hen-bird till the eye ached and the senses reeled with watching it. All this was merely play; their morning habit of stretching their wings in aerial revel before beginning the day's work.

PRESENTLY the female had enough and with a sharp, whining scream that sounded like "Killeee! Killeee!" announced that she had had her work-out and was ready for the hunt. She must do business, and quickly, for there were her waiting young to think of. Gently she broke formation and planed down over the forested lower slopes of the hills, leaving Spare Wing to course the heights alone like a trim Fokker out on a lethal patrol.

It was the imperious female who always made the first kill. A hush fell over the hillsides as her ominous shadow slid over the tops of the trees. Presently she was seen to dip from sight beneath the forest roof, as if sliding down some invisible wire, and slackening nothing of her speed, went threading her way through the gloom of the interlaced branches, whereafter the manner of her soundless, zigzag going became too mazy to follow. Big bird that she was, nearly two inches longer than her royal mate, yet never a twig or a branch touched she amid the green gloom, for her judgment was a thing of magic and diablerie and her wings were under the most infinite control.

A fat hare either foolhardy or lured to



careless ease by the dense bracken which surrounded him, went from this life like a snuffed candle a few moments later, and never knew what thing it was that gripped him about the middle. The huntress had simply dropped a monstrous claw like a grappling-hook as she swept by, drew the kicking prize up under her body and two minutes later was sitting on the home ledge carving the hapless catch into serviceable joints for consumption with her black tiger-claw of a beak. Thereafter she returned to her young, and sat motionless for the next two hours, except for the abrupt twisting of her neck.

Some time passed before there was sight or sign of the king. His patrol had carried him far afield that morning, for thanks to his fearsome prowess, the remaining bird life of the region rarely showed itself above the tree-tops. But Spare Wing had a passion for killing from on high, and seldom stooped to the harrying ground-flight practised by his mate. Like the young master of Havelin, he preferred to wait and get his quarry cleanly on the wing.

Half the morning passed and still Spare Wing had exacted no tribute from among his people. Even his henchman, Aquila, the fish-hawk, whom he had suffered for two years to tyrannize over the surrounding waterways, was not at his hunting today, for the very good reason that he had been shot by keeper Donaldson the day before, for his wasteful piracy.

Wrath beginning to rise within Spare Wing, the gleam of his agate eyes faintly pointed with red, he fell presently to pacing the heavens in great half-mile ellipses, uttering harsh wild screams to calm the infirmity of his imperial spirit. Obviously this was an off day for him.

Suddenly far below him, just above the

black-green mantle of the forest, two speeding gray forms appeared, swooping in wide gay circles above the trees. They were a pair of gray mourning doves from the flock of twenty or more kept at Havelin manor. They were likewise close to the abode of his enemy. Therefore Spare Wing continued his spiral circles, apparently oblivious. At length the dove pair drew farther and farther away from the manor house in their antics. Spare Wing suddenly dropped down the wind for four hundred yards like a half spent projectile to a point directly above the travelling pair. Then he hardened his feathers, pressed them close to his body, and partly folding his pointed wings, swooped earthward.

In the same moment both doves were apprised of the descending doom as his swift shadow touched the treetops. Stark terror gripped both birds on the instant and the pair shot forward and downward until the wind tore through their feathers in a high-pitched vibrating hum.

SEEING that the desperate spurt of the doves would carry them beyond reach of his swiftest stoop, Spare Wing leveled off the incredible steepness of his descent. Then opening his wings he drove with short fierce thrusts of his long pinions after the pair, the lust of the chase blazing now in his black contracted pupils, which were fixed inexorably on the darting forms ahead.

The rise and fall of his wings seemed heavy and slow compared with the hurtling doves, yet they swept through a high-speed curve which, like a racing engine, has the maximum of power and the minimum of resistance to every revolution. Within a moment the gap between him and the fugitives lessened. Then the effortless flight of the falcon gained its full momentum,



which had been computed by young Havelin at something over one hundred and fifty miles per hour, and the wildly whirring doves seemed to be standing still, so swiftly did he overhaul them.

One of the doves seeing the shadow of death almost covering his own, swerved suddenly away at right angles with a broken whistling cry. Without attempting to pursue him, the falcon sped after the other bird, who shot straight onward toward the trees and the not now distant manor house below. Swooping now like a meteor and quite as fast, Spare Wing closed his great yellow feet for the death blow. The gap between the two lessened with incredible rapidity; then the straight flight of the dove and the sharply angled descent of the falcon coincided in a flash, which if it hadn't been dark might have been lightning.

A thud, a burst of feathers, the hissing of powerful wings. The very speed of that bullet-like impact would have blasted life out of the dove like a bolt of lightning, but Spare Wing's aim had been true to a hair. With scarcely abated momentum he went zooming down and up again with the impetus of his own "stoop," clearing the tallest hemlock by a safe margin, talons deep buried in the vitals of his prey.

Five minutes later the king was thoughtfully regarding the still warm body of the dove which he had dropped beside the home nest, not far from his brooding spouse, as if he had no further use for it. This was a bit of court etiquette that was never lacking with regard to the feeding of this royal pair. Always the king brought all catches home to the eyrie and laid them down for the queen to sample if so inclined. Rarely did the lady fail to snatch a few tid-bits from the choicer portions with her serviceable carver, just to sweeten it, so to speak; but not infrequently she hopped bodily upon the prey and made way with the better half, like today. And not infrequently also, that courtesy of the king's seemed a grudging affair, liable to break down, also like today. But it never quite broke and it had never been known to fail. Caste, they say, will always tell.

AS IT happened, that killing of the mourning dove was remarkable for several things besides the breath-taking speed of the finish, chief among them being the little showers of dove feathers that eddied downward through the branches and settled not ten feet from keeper Donaldson where he

(Continued on page 52)





## The Port of Missing Mail

By Jack O'Donnell

Drawings by Lui Trugo

ONE of the fastest mail distributors in New York's main post-office was tossing letters into an assortment of mail bags, each marked for a different section of the country. There was perfect synchronization between fingers, eyes and brain. He flipped the missives into their proper sacks with machine-like speed and evenness. Suddenly there was a break in the rhythm of his movement. In his hand he held an envelope addressed:

Down  
John  
Me.

He studied the missive a few seconds, gave a negative shake of his head, tossed the letter into a box marked "Miscellaneous" and went on with his work. In a sense he was acting the part of a physician. In that capacity he had come upon a "sick" letter which might eventually wind up in Uncle Sam's "morgue"—the dead-letter office. It had three chances of "living." The specialists in the directory service might diagnose its ailment and save it from a visit to the "Nixie ward," or hard-reader division of the postal "hospital"; but should the hard readers fail to find out what was wrong with it nothing under heaven could save it from going to the operating-room in the dead-letter office where it would be cut open and its insides thoroughly examined for a clew which might lead to its restoration to "health." If this operation failed the letter would die and be cremated just as 21,000,000 other missives were cremated last year.

Let's follow this "case" and see what happened to it.

When it reached the directory-service division where postal employees have directories of four hundred of the principal cities of the United States and foreign countries to aid them in correcting misdirected mail, the "patient" was examined. The "Me" on the letter's face might mean Maine. A search through the *Dictionnaire des Bureaux de Poste*, a huge volume published by the French postal authorities and containing the name of every post-office in the world, failed to reveal a town in Maine named John. They tried Missouri with the same result. They exhausted every means at their command to discover what the sender of that letter meant when he wrote:

Down  
John  
Me.

Eventually they shook their heads, sadly let us hope, and tossed the patient into the box labelled "Nixie" into which goes all mail matter not addressed to a post-office, or addressed to a post-office without the name of the State being given, or otherwise so

incorrectly, illegibly, indefinitely or insufficiently addressed that it cannot be transmitted. The Nixie men, or "hard-readers," as they are called in the postal service, are the swivel-chair detectives of the postal department. They solve more mysteries in one day than Sherlock Holmes or his creator ever dreamed of in their mythical or actual lives.

When the "sick" letter was ushered into this department it was just one jump this side of the morgue, or dead-letter office. If the "hard readers" couldn't find out what was wrong with it the next step would be to put it under the knife as a last resort to find out what ailed it. Fortunately, however, this sick letter fell into very capable hands. The first specialist who examined it detected signs of a peculiar ailment known as "Puzzleitis," a disease given to letters by certain individuals who have a passion for inventing addresses which they believe Uncle Sam's sleuths cannot decipher. They were the bane of the hard-readers' existence until postal authorities in Washington made a ruling to the effect that employees did not have to attempt to decipher puzzle addresses unless they desired to do so for their own satisfaction.

IT SO happened on this day, however, that the hard-readers were well caught up with their work so could devote a few minutes to the solution of this case. The Down John Me letter fell into the hands of William P. Adams, seventy years young, and as keen a detective as ever read an address. Bill looked at the letter, leaned back in his swivel chair, puckered his brow for about the length of time Gene Tunney was on the canvas after Dempsey socked him out in Chicago, whistled, came back to an even keel, took his pencil and wrote on the face of the envelope:

John Underdown,  
Andover,  
Maine.

Then to make sure he was right he asked the directory-service division to see if there was a man named John Underdown listed in that city and State. In a few minutes the report came back that there was. Hearing this Bill Adams just grinned and went on with his routine work which consists of deciphering approximately 1,200 written mysteries daily.

How did Bill Adams solve that mystery? Easy—according to Bill. Here's the way he explained it to me:

"You see, the John is under Down? Yes? Well get it phonetically—John Underdown. Now, if John under Down

gets us John Underdown, it stands to reason that there's another trick to give a clew to the name of the town. I say to myself—looking at the address—John is under Down and over Me or Maine. Get that? *And over Maine.* Perfectly simple, John Underdown, Andover, Maine."

The "hard-readers" of the dead-letter division work in a strange world of humor and tragedy. They have an uncanny ability to outguess the letter-writing guessers. They have stored in the backs of their memories names of strange places, oddly named streets, purely local designations for certain sections of certain cities. To them the solution of a written mystery is just part of the day's work. Only occasionally do they get a "kick" out of outguessing a guesser. That's when they meet a new and difficult problem. But the mysteries they unravel, and the methods they employ in arriving at a solution would amaze the average layman.

Letters of foreign origin which eventually find their way into the dead-letter office are almost sure to have New York somewhere on the face of the envelope although the addressee may have written his correspondent that he lives in Arizona or Florida. The hard-readers explain this by saying that practically everybody in the civilized world has heard of New York; many believe New York is America, and that if the letter reaches New York it is sure to be delivered to the addressee. The result is that thousands of letters come in addressed to Paducah, N. Y., Louisville, N. Y., and even Chicago, N. Y.

The similarity in appearance of the letters N. Y. and N. J. and Me. and Mo., also is responsible for many letters reaching the Nixie division. Another reason why 1,797,917 more letters were received at the dead-letter office last year than the year previous is the fact that some of the postal districts of London are designated by letters and numerals. Thousands of letters originating in England and intended for persons living in district N 7 London are forwarded to this country annually because N 7 so often looks like N. Y. when hurriedly or carelessly written.

A peculiarity about Italians writing to friends in this country is that they seem to think all that is necessary on an envelope is the addressee's name, street number and America.

One day recently a letter reached the Nixie division addressed to Joe Pesano, 31-33 North Square, U. S. A. No State, no city mentioned. Where to find Joe Pesano in a country with 120,000,000 inhabitants, with no more to guide one than "31-33 North Square" would stagger most of the high-powered detectives of this country. But it didn't feeze the swivel-chair

sluths in the dead-letter office. One of them picked up the letter, glanced at the address, saw that it originated in Italy, recalled that there was a big Italian settlement called North Square in Boston, scribbled Boston on the face of the envelope, and sent it on its way. Eventually the letter was delivered to the addressee.

If the writer gives the hard-reader half a chance—if he will give the Nixie men just a little clew to what he is guessing at, the hard-reader seventy-five times out of a hundred will do the rest. He knows that, when a letter is addressed to John Smith, Kerry Patch, U. S. A., the addressee lives in that section of St. Louis, Missouri, called Kerry Patch. South of the Slot means but one city—San Francisco; Gas House District, means New York City; the Loop, Chicago. But, when the sender of a letter drops it into the mail box with nothing on it but a postage stamp—and thousands of them do every month!—the only hope that letter has of escaping destruction is that the writer has written his name and address on whatever is enclosed.

**A**T THE end of the last fiscal year Uncle Sam found that 1,010,866 letters containing money or other valuables had gone to the "operating table" in the dead-letter office. In these letters were \$113,066.18 in money, \$5,184,311.56 in drafts, checks, money orders, et cetera, and \$20,644.81 worth of postage stamps, or a total of \$5,327,022.55. Practically all of the drafts, checks, and money orders were returned to the sender, or forwarded to the addressee. Money orders always are returned to the person who sent them even when the addressee's name is found inside the letters. This is done because in many cases the addressee, not receiving the money when expected, lodges a complaint either with the government or with the sender, and while the letter has been going through the dead-letter office routine another order may have been issued.

The postal authorities are able to return only about 60 per cent. of the money inclosed in dead letters or found loose in the mails. Last year, for instance, after every effort was made to find the senders or address of letters containing money, Uncle Sam profited in the sum of \$40,870.75, the amount left over out of the \$113,066 inclosed in dead-letter mail.

The sums inclosed in these letters range

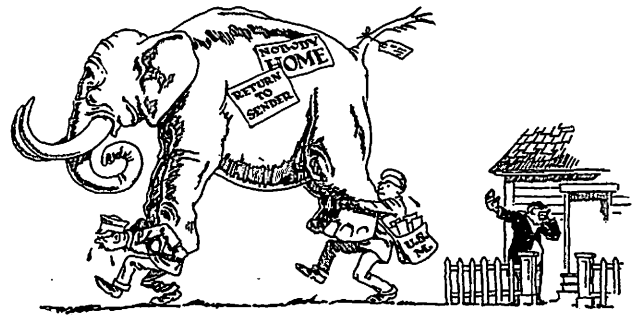
all the way from five cents to \$500. Seven out of ten of them are pathetic. Some are tragic; some have their comic sides. Letters from mothers to their sons and daughters predominate. The average sum found in the "mother" missives is \$2. One signed Mother and Dad contained a twenty-five-cent piece and a hint of tragedy. Obviously it was in answer to a plea for assistance sent by a wayward son who had gone to New York from his home in the West. Mother and Dad commiserated with him over his ill-luck in the Eastern metropolis, beseeched him not to carry out his threat of ending it all in the East River, and related how glad they were to forego the satisfaction of "supper" in order that they might send him the enclosed quarter.

Their sacrifice had been in vain. In their haste to come to the lad's assistance the parents had neglected to place his street address on the letter, simply addressing it to him at New York City. Had the boy called for mail at the general-delivery window he would have received the letter and the quarter which might have tided him over a critical day or night.

"Dearest Girl" didn't receive a birthday greeting and a dollar which "Mother" sent because Mother neglected to designate a post-office on the envelope.

Lots of "conscience" money finds its way to the dead-letter office. This is quite understandable. Sometimes it takes five or ten years for remorse to attack the conscience of a man or woman who has stolen from an employer, a friend or a business concern. In that length of time almost anything can happen such as death, removal, or complete disappearance. And "conscience" letters, of course, never contain the sender's name or address. When the time comes to make restitution the person making it merely puts the money in an envelope and sends it to his victim's last-known address.

What postal authorities believe were a series of conscience letters were received at the New York post-office the first six months of 1928. Every week during that period a registered letter containing a five dollar bill, was received at the main post-office addressed to a woman who had died in 1927.



In registering these letters the sender gave a fictitious name and a fictitious address, making it impossible for the postal authorities to notify him of the addressee's demise.

As there seemed no end to the letters, William Gutsell, Superintendent of the Inquiry Department of the New York post-office, eventually decided to put a stop to them by notifying the sender "in person." Examination of the cancellation stamps revealed that the letters were mailed at the Grand Central station every Saturday noon. Mr. Gutsell put watchers near the registry wicket in the big railway terminal with instructions to ask the sender to come to the main post-office if and when he registered his next letter.

These watchers watched in vain, however, for the next letter that came was mailed at the Wall Street station. The following week Mr. Gutsell had watchers at both stations and they were rewarded by catching their man just as he was mailing the twenty-fifth letter of the series. He offered no objection to accompanying them to the main post-office, but once there he maintained a sullen silence regarding the letters. It was explained to him that the woman to whom he had been sending five dollars a week for six months had died almost a year before the first letter of the series had been received. Naturally, the postal authorities thought he would offer some explanation of why he had been sending these letters anonymously, but he didn't.

**W**HEN told that the woman was dead he merely nodded, saying, "So she's dead, eh? Well—thank you. Good-day," and walked out, taking with him the twenty-five letters and the \$125.

Anybody that knows anything about the effect post-Volstead liquor has on the memory of those of us who still like a highball at nightfall will sympathize with the chap who is responsible for one of the unsolved mysteries of the dead-letter office.

It was while this gentleman was making whoopee in a mid-Western city that his sense of caution came up for air and asserted itself. Taking from his pocket a fistful of crumpled bills which totalled a considerable sum he wrapped them up in a sheet of paper on which he had written to himself, complimenting himself upon his foresight in sending to himself in New York the inclosed bills. Placing bills and letter in an envelope he wrote his name on the envelope and sent it to General Delivery, New York. There it remained for the usual length of time—thirty days—after which it was sent to the dead-letter office where it still is waiting for him to call.

I purposely refrain from naming the city from which this letter was sent, and the amount inclosed, fearing there might be a rush of claimants, because mailing money to oneself seems to be a form of sport indulged by a great many After Volstead drinkers. But, if these lines come under the eye of the right person, he will know (maybe)



how much he sent, from where he sent it, and where to recover it.

Employees of the Nixie Division have come to expect almost anything in the course of a day's work. They have been asked to re-unite an artificial leg and its owner, a toupee and its natural resting place, and, not so long ago, there came to the hard-readers a little tin box which contained the ashes of somebody who had quit this earth. The box, of the kind used by crematories, bore neither the sender's nor the addressee's name. Search for a clue revealed the name of the crematory from which it had been mailed. From crematory officials the name and address of a man who had accompanied the body to the establishment, were obtained. When postal authorities called at this address they were told that the man had been a temporary boarder there, but that he had left without leaving a forwarding address.

**WORRIED**, the postal authorities again appealed to the crematory to make a further search of their records for the man's address. Luck was with the postal division this time. The search revealed that the man had left a second address, in far-off California. On the theory that this was the address which had been lost from the tin box they forwarded the ashes to the man at that point, where they were duly delivered.

Residents of Pennsylvania probably will recall the time they were solicited by two enterprising promoters for subscriptions to a fund with which to "buy a suitable present for Boise Penrose," who was then a powerful factor in Pennsylvania politics.

The promoters of this proposition managed to get from Penrose's admirers approximately \$15,000. But in so doing they used the mails to send out their appeals for money, and this, the postal authorities decided after receiving many complaints from Pennsylvanians, was not according to Hoyle. An investigation followed, and while it was in progress the promoters, living up to the letter if not the spirit of their proposition, went forth and purchased a huge bronze elephant which they sent to Senator Penrose by parcel post.

The Senator, innocent of any knowledge of the promoters' scheme, and justly indignant when he heard of it, refused to accept the "present" when it was delivered to him. When it was returned to the promoters they, fearing prosecution if they accepted it, also refused the elephant. Eventually, the "suitable gift" was sent to the dead parcel office in New York where it was later auctioned off for \$15. It is on the records of the post-office department as "The Penrose elephant."

If you will be guided by the experience of these swivel-chair sleuths you will be very careful to examine all the cards you received last Christmas and New Years. Examine especially the novelty cards for these may contain money as well as a printed message or wisecrack.

Last Xmas the hard-readers found thousands of dollars in these novelty cards. Some were concealed in "umbrella" cards on which were printed the words "Christmas Greetings and hopes this will be helpful on a rainy day." Examination of the cards disclosed that in the folds of the "umbrella" money often was hidden.

Another card that appeared often among the "dead" was one in which the senders inclosed a bank note with only the engraved face of George Washington showing in a cut-out frame. Underneath was printed "With Best Wishes For a Happy Christmas I Am Sending You A Picture of Our Greatest American." The casual observer would give these cards a glance and toss them on the pile with other greeting cards never suspecting that the picture of our first President was engraved on a bill.

Recognized crooks, crooks who haven't yet been found out, and persons who are crooks at heart but hide it under a cloak of respectability, all contribute to the troubles of Uncle Sam's swivel-chair sleuths.

Hardly a day passes that guns, knives, brass knuckles, contraband drugs and stolen property are not found, unaddressed, in the mail boxes of the nation. Years ago, when the dead-letter office was young, the frequent presence of guns in mail boxes puzzled postal authorities. It became such a serious problem after the enactment of the Sullivan law which makes it a penal offense to carry a gun without a license, that the postal officials took the matter up with the New York police.

It so happened that the man they first approached on the subject was a seasoned officer, a graduate from the ranks, up through the detective department. He laughed and said: "The crooks are making Uncle Sam the Patsy. Here's how those guns, knives, brass knuckles and dope get into your mail boxes: One of our men is 'tailing' a crook. The crook discovers an officer is shadowing him and if he has a rod—a gun—or dope or anything else incriminating on his person he ducks around the first corner he comes to and looks for one of those big mail boxes. Into this he drops the gun or whatever contraband article he has on his person. Of course he doesn't stop to attach his return address!"

Before the Sullivan law went into effect in New York State these articles were sold at the public auctions which are held in the main post-office every three months, and at which all the undeliverable and unclaimed mail, or insured or uninsured, registered and parcel-post merchandise is sold to the highest bidder. Last year Uncle Sam's revenue from these auctions was \$108,108.45.

The crooks who haven't yet been found out—men who prey upon the unsuspecting, trusting souls whose names adorn the "sucker lists" of the shady business world—help swell the volume of letters that go to the dead-letter office. Rarely does one of these commercial vultures have his name or his

firm's name printed or written on the outside of the envelope. He omits this detail because he doesn't want to arouse the suspicion of a prospect before said prospect opens the letter and reads the honeyed promises contained therein. Thousands of these sucker-list addresses no longer have any value, the persons to whom they once belonged having moved, or disappeared, leaving no forwarding address. Letters addressed to this large class eventually are sent to the dead-letter office.

Realizing that if every letter writer in the country would have his name printed on the upper left-hand corner of the envelopes sent out there would be little or no necessity for keeping alive a department that costs Uncle Sam millions of dollars annually, the post-office department long ago made, and is still making, a determined effort to get all business houses to place a return card on their mail matter. To-day practically every business concern of standing in the United States has complied with this request. There are some notable exceptions, however, and among these are some of the biggest corporations in America. Gas and electric companies in many cities and States refuse to comply with the government's request so far as it relates to dunning letters. They maintain that many persons who owe them money upon receipt of letters bearing their trade mark deliberately write "Moved—address unknown" or "Deceased" and put them back in the mail.

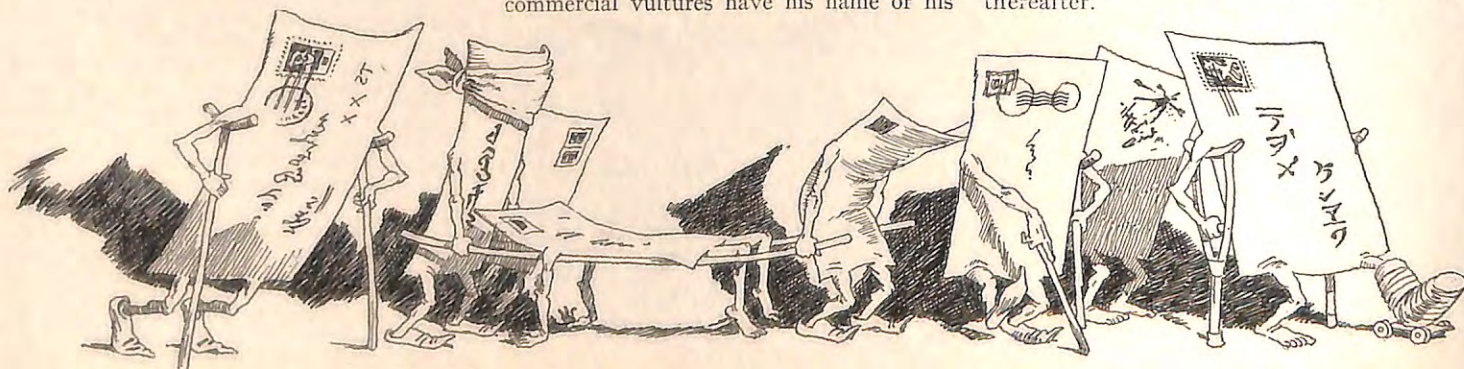
**WITH** the mushroom growth of night clubs, roadhouses, and other resorts where philandering men are prone to go without wife's consent or knowledge, the post-office department encountered another class that opposed the return-address stamp on mail matter.

"What! Put the name of the Sucker Palace on our bills to the gentlemen who patronize our place? I should say not!" said one well-known night-club proprietor. Why, such a procedure would start a hundred divorces right here in New York. No sir! No return address on *my* stationery!"

With all their other troubles it seems unfair for the lovelorn to throw additional problems in the way of the hard-readers. Why, for instance, should a young chap who fell in love with the muchly married Peggy Joyce's photograph write her every day for two months, merely placing on the envelope: Miss Peggy Joyce (Please deliver), Personal!

"Please deliver! my eye!" exclaimed the Nixie group when half a dozen of these letters had piled up in the dead-letter office. Employing some heroic method the department got in touch with Miss Joyce, delivered the accumulated mash notes and asked for instructions about those that were to come.

"In the ash can!" was Miss Joyce's verdict. And in the ash can they went thereafter.



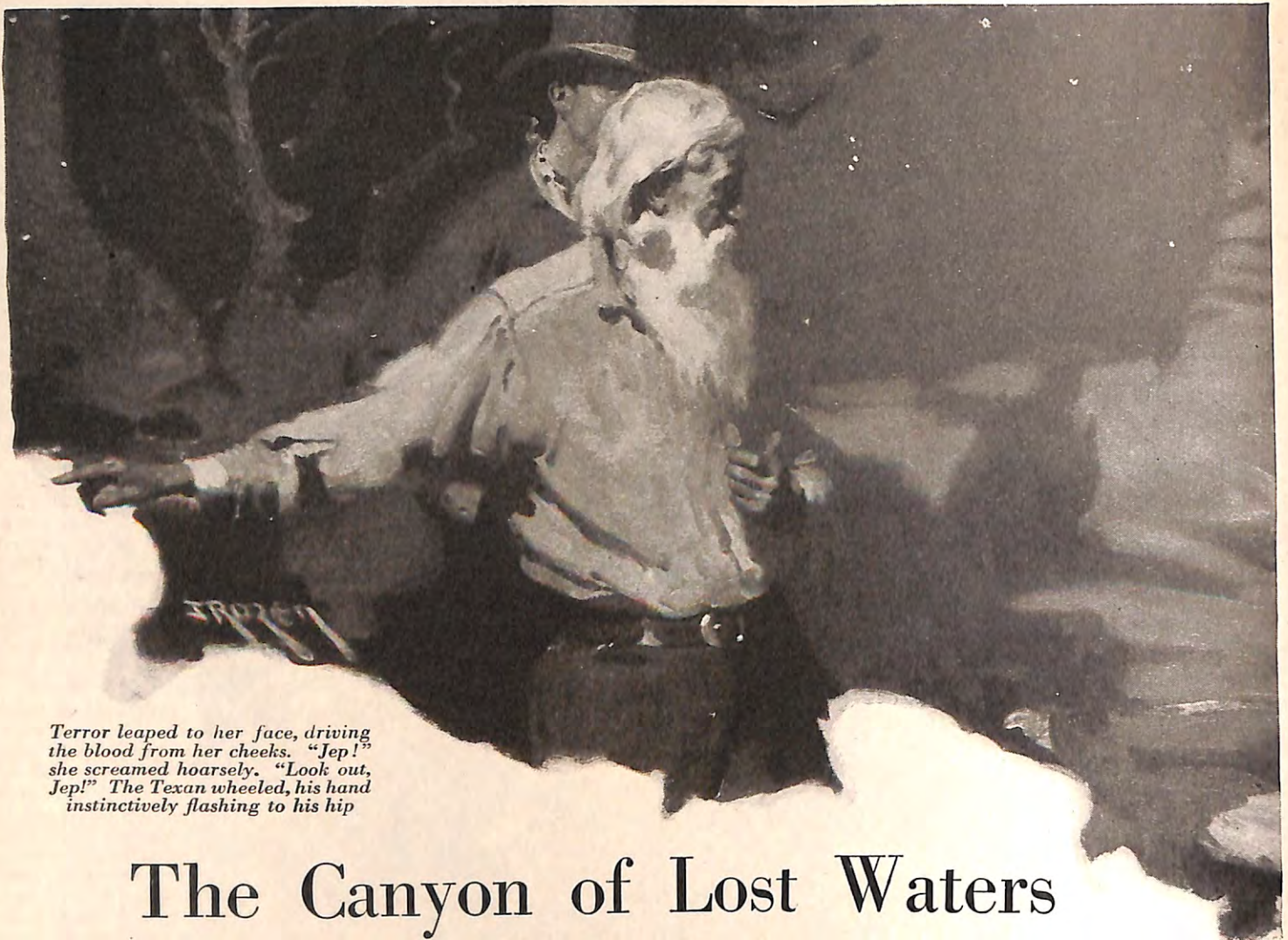


FLORENCE VANDAMME

### George Arliss in "Disraeli"

**T**HIS most famous of Mr. Arliss's stage characterizations is now being translated to the talking pictures with a supporting cast that will include the beautiful Joan Bennett, Florence Arliss, his wife, and David Torrence. Its fall release will be preceded by his screen appearance in "The

Green Goddess," a recent stage success. After a vacation in England, Mr. Arliss will open a new stage play in Los Angeles so as to remain near his base of screen activities. The name of the play has not yet been announced, nor are his plans in regard to the New York stage known—E. R. B.



*Terror leaped to her face, driving the blood from her cheeks. "Jep!" she screamed hoarsely. "Look out, Jep!" The Texan wheeled, his hand instinctively flashing to his hip*

## The Canyon of Lost Waters

### Part II

By Hoffman Birney

Illustrated by Jerome Rozen

**D**URING the long evenings Burton's sharp old eyes rarely left the Texan. He watched every gesture, listened to every word, as Starr talked to Dolores. It was evident that the wandering horse-breaker was not trusted and that Navajo Dick's greatest fear was that he would lose his daughter—lose her to the first stranger from that hated outside world with whom she was thrown in contact.

Once only did the patriarch hint at the fear that was in his heart, and then by allegory. One evening at sunset he came upon Jep walking behind the house. The square shadows of the two sentinel buttes lay in sharp black outline on the ground before them and the old man checked his stride a moment to gaze upward at the monoliths.

"They look like statues that somebody has put up there," Starr observed; "saints, maybe, watchin' over the house. I've seen lots of Mexican houses with a niche in the wall where they kept a statue of a saint."

"The Indians say," Burton began without preamble, "that many years ago there was a maiden, a daughter of a chief of the tribe that lived in this valley. A man came in from the outside—the son of a chief of a neighboring tribe or perhaps another clan. He courted her, wanted to take her as his wife and carry her away from the canyon. But her father and the elders refused to permit it. Such a marriage was contrary to the tribal laws and was also against the law of the gods, and in those days the gods took a very active personal interest in the affairs of men.

"But the young people thought their love

for one another was greater than the laws of the tribe or of the gods. They determined to run away and one night the chief's son came to the hogan while her parents slept and imitated the hoot of an owl. The girl had been expecting the signal and she stole out and joined him and they started away from the village.

"They learned the gods do not sleep. In those days, the old men say, this entire canyon was green and fertile for miles to the southward. As the young people ran away a certain little god who took a particular interest in their case dried up the water ahead of them and raised the canyon walls to the height they are to-day. When the elopers saw the red cliffs closing in on them they became frightened, retraced their steps, and tried to leave the valley by the northern route. But the little god closed the hills together there, too, and the water-fall sprang out of the rocks and barred their path.

"Then they knew that escape along the course of the river was impossible. They turned and started to climb the canyon walls. The little god was angry, very angry. He could control the water and the rocks but they could climb more swiftly than he could place obstacles in their path. So he turned them to stone, the chief's daughter and the man, as they climbed the cliff. And so angry was the little god at their defiance of the law that a maiden of the tribe must marry a man of the tribe that he turned himself into stone, too, and placed himself between them so they could never again embrace one another!

"And there they stand to-day, as the old man will tell you—" he swung a long arm toward the cliff where the two square buttes with the little nubbin of rock between them were all purple-red in the last rays—"there they stand: the chief's daughter, *the man from the outside world*, and the little god!"

He paused for a long moment and then laughed easily.

"It is only a legend, of course; a legend to account for some odd but purely natural rock formations, but—" and he paused again—"it is interesting as showing how traditions persist and how jealous an isolated tribe is of any tampering with its womenfolk!"

**B**URTON knew that the girl loved the valley even as he loved it. He did not fear that she would leave as the other settlers had, discontented, eager for the contacts and mild excitements and interests of the little frontier towns. But he knew too that she stood on the threshold of womanhood, her eyes turned frankly and receptively toward life; and that she was not, as yet, in love with the man to whom he had pledged her, Joe Stedman.

Jep found Stedman a puzzle. The man's attitude, when he was with Dolores, was one of a somewhat restrained but intense adoration. At the same time he seemed never to seek her company and, should Starr open a conversation with her, was quick to yield his place at her side. He rode the ranges and combed the gloomy sheer-walled canyons of Head Mountain for the ponies that Jep was breaking, and in the evenings, sat and talked in low tones with Burton. When the old man's eyes





turned toward his daughter and Starr the ranger's somber black orbs also rested on the couple.

Jep was fully aware of this constant espionage but was unconscious of its passionate intensity; ignorant of the fact that the austere old man bitterly regretted having given him employment but that his pride would not permit him to seek release from a bargain once made.

To the north of the house, skirting the fragrant alfalfa fields, ran the Acequia Madre—the "Mother Ditch"—tapped from the blue waters of the Lost River and supplying all the lesser canals that led through the orchards and cultivated areas. A bench had been placed on the bank in the shadow of a tall clump of box elder and Jep formed the habit of sitting there after the evening meal, listening to the murmur of the rushing current and lazily rolling one cigarette after another until it was bed-time. And there, uninvited and innocent of any thought of a

clandestine appointment, Dolores frequently joined him.

Very rarely did she spend more than twenty minutes or half an hour on the bench, running swiftly back to the house with no word of farewell when she thought Stedman or the grim old man might miss her. But in those stolen moments the Texan told her something of the outside world as he knew it—the world of cowcamps, of roundups in the mountains of New Mexico and Arizona, and on the rolling plains of the Panhandle, or trail herds, and the bawling cows and calves in the railroad shipping pens, of border hamlets, of county fairs and the crew of clear-eyed, reckless youngsters that gathered for the riding, roping, and bull-dogging events and for the wild-horse races.

The stars blazed in the purple skies and winked from the rippling surface of the *acequia*. The rocky walls, curtains of jet against the purple of the spangled heavens, seemed to draw more and more closely about

them as he told her tales of lands and life that were, to the girl of Hidden Waters, as foreign and fantastic as the recitals of a Marco Polo.

And there one evening Burton came upon them.

The old man was silent in his anger but far more terrible than if he had expended the emotion in shouted invective. Behind him, hands in his pockets and his dark face utterly expressionless, lounged Stedman.

"Go to the house!" he commanded. The girl, a slim white shadow in the gloom, slipped away through the darkness.

Burton raised his hand and in imperious gesture ordered Jep to precede him. He and Stedman stalked closely behind the cowboy, standing in the doorway of the room until Jep had touched a match to the lamp. Then they turned away and Starr heard the grate of a key in the lock. Angered, he leaped across the apartment and drove his foot against the solid panels. They were unyielding and he hurried to the cupboard, fumbling for the gun that had hung there since his arrival in Aguas Perdidas. A bullet would shatter the lock and he would have it out, right now, with the autocratic ruler of the lost valley and his morose prospective son-in-law. The .44 was gone!

Jep whistled softly, his fury subsiding quickly before his common sense.

"Huh!" he reflected. "The old jasper

is on the prod for fair! I don't think much of bein' locked up like a six-year-old kid that's been caught in the jam closet but damn if I see much sense in bustin' out right through that door right now—not when he has all the artillery!"

He twisted a cigarette with steady fingers—hoping that Burton was watching through the window—kicked off his boots and outer clothing and rolled into the bed, sleeping like a happy baby until dawn.

He was roused by an insistent rapping on his door. When he turned the knob he found the bolt had been released and the old Navajo, Ne-che-ne, standing before him.

"Chinneahgo," said the Indian tersely. "Grub. Dick say you come."

A substantial breakfast was on the table. Jep ate alone but as he pushed back his plate, Burton appeared in the doorway.

"A horse for you is at the door," said the patriarch. "I will ride with you."

"Say, listen here a minute—" began the Texan hotly, but Burton deliberately turned away.

"There is nothing you can say that I wish to hear," said he dramatically, stalking from the house.

"Go to th' devil an' have it your own way!" Jep shouted. "I wouldn't talk to you for a sou' of dobie dollars!" He whistled "The Chisholm Trail" defiantly as he followed the old man to where the horses were tied.

**BURTON**, with never a backward glance, led the way through the oasis, up the trail beside the waterfall, past the grave of his wife, across the plateau, and to the foot of the Crimson Cliffs that like a flaming red arm stretched about the head of the canyon. Here he paused for a moment, staring straight ahead at his horse's ears, then urged the animal on up the steep trail that angled back and forth from ledge to worn ledge to the summit of the escarpment. At the crest he ordered the Texan to dismount.

"Get down! Leave on your saddle the chaps and spurs you have borrowed for use here."

As Jep obeyed, Burton looked him over coldly and critically; then, from the cantinas behind his own saddle, lifted the blued .44 on its broad belt and a canvas bag that clinked suggestively. He dropped them at the younger man's feet.

"Here is the money you have earned by your work with the horses," he announced, "and here is the weapon which men of your type consider so necessary. You are far better off than when you came to Aguas Perdidas. You're alive and strong and you were brought here at death's door."

"There—" and he swung a stalwart arm—"is the north. Thirty or thirty-five miles from where you stand is the San Ignacio and beyond that river are ranches and other men like you. I know them—" he paused bitterly—"Patten and Goss and men of their stamp! Go to them! Get out—and never show your face in Aguas Perdidas again!"

Jep could scarcely believe his ears.

"Afoot—you're settin' me afoot!" he gasped, his voice husky with the horror of the born horseman at being dismounted in the waste places.

Burton inclined his head gravely, a judge pronouncing sentence, while the Texan stared at him dumbly.

Only a Westerner would have appreciated the terrible severity of that sentence, would have comprehended the depths of the savage desire for vengeance that could inflict it. The prospect of facing thirty miles of desert, thirty miles of shifting sand,

of the clutching thorns of cactus growths, and of blazing sun; of facing those miles afoot, without food or water, and with feet cased in the most useless gear ever devised if walking were necessary—the tight-fitting, high-heeled riding boots of the cowboy—that prospect would make any man shudder. Starr took an angry step toward the impassive Burton.

"Well, damn your soul to sizzle!" he cursed. "A Chiricahua Apache wouldn't hardly do that to his worst enemy!"

The old man's reply was to bend from his saddle and pick up the dangling reins of the pony the other had ridden. Jep glanced down at the gun in his holster in his hand. It was unloaded.

He whirled on his high heels and strode down the slope.

He tramped steadily for the best part of a mile, his high-heeled boots sinking uncomfortably in the loose soil. Before him lay the line of a dry wash and as he paused to trace its course for a convenient crossing he heard, clear on the still air, the softly whistled notes of a song. He checked his stride and listened attentively. There it was again—the quavering, lugubrious strains of "Sam Bass." No Indian would whistle that, he knew—and he had taught Dolores Burton the melody and one or two of the printable verses of the cowboy classic! As he gazed eagerly about him the whistle died away in an infectious giggle.

Wrapped in a "maiden's blanket" of red and black on a white ground, shod with moccasins, her golden hair coiled in a Navajo knot at the back of her head, Burton's daughter was seated on the smooth sand in the bottom of the wash, effectually screened from observation by the steep banks. Starr scrambled down to her side.

"Good Lord, girl!" he exclaimed almost roughly. "How did you get here?"

"I walked, Jep! Father was very angry last night—" Jep nodded, grinning in recollection.

"He still seemed a little lathered up when I kissed him good-by just now," he remarked. "Go ahead."

She laughed again.

"Well, he told me last night that he was going to send you away from Hidden Waters—going to take you to the head of the canyon and there put you afoot. Joe was outside my window but one of the girls opened my door for me and I got out and slipped away ahead of you and father and climbed the cliffs. Then I ran—goodness, Jep, how I ran!—down here."

Starr squatted on his heels, cowboy fashion, beside her. The simple statement

touched him profoundly. He knew that the girl must have left the big 'dobe house long before dawn, climbed the steep dangerous trail in darkness, and then, by the first light, hurried to this hiding-place. Man-like, he masked his emotion with brusqueness.

"Gosh, you had no call to do all that, Dolores. Think of the chances you were takin'! It wasn't worth it!"

"It was to me," she replied. "I wanted to say good-by to you, Jep, and besides, if father was going to set you afoot I wanted you to have these."

Her eyes were bright with excitement over her defiance of Burton as she produced from beneath a corner of the blanket a small package of food, a two-quart canteen of water, and a pair of Navajo moccasins.

"I don't know if these will fit you or not," she apologized. "They don't usually unless they're made especially for you, but I got the largest I could, thinking they'd at least be better to walk in than your boots."

He pulled off his boots, wriggling his toes gratefully, and drew on the soft, henna-stained moccasins. Their soles were of rawhide, guaranteeing protection against the hot sand and sharp burrs, and the high tops fastened about his ankles with silver buttons.

"Lord, honey," he exulted, "they fit just right! I—I just don't know how to thank you for all this, Dolores. I'll make the river fine now. But tell me, what're you goin' to do?"

"I'll be all right. I'll go back by a foot-trail that is shorter than the way you came and go to the hogan where we stopped that first day we rode to the falls. Father can find me there."

"And Joe?" queried Jep. "How about him?"

For an instant her face clouded.

"Joe will do whatever father tells him to," she announced. Then, her little fist closing unconsciously—"He'd better do as I say, too!"

"**ARE** you in love with that hombre, Dolores?" asked Starr quickly. "Are you goin' to marry him?"

The blue eyes darkened. Almost instantaneously she was Burton's daughter, child of the grim old patriarch who, with an iron hand, ruled the hidden canyon.

"You haven't any right to ask such a question!" she flared.

Jep prisoned her hand in his own.

"I'm goin' to take the right," he grumbled. "I want to know!"

She made no effort to release her fingers. For a long three minutes she sat in silence, her eyes fixed on one of the yellow Mariposa lilies that nodded in the faint breeze on the sandy bank opposite.

"I can't remember exactly when it was that father first told me he wanted me to marry Joe. It was a long time ago. Jep, you asked me if I loved him. That question angered me. I was quick. But the only answer I can give is that I don't know—I don't know what love is."

"It's a cinch you don't love him then!" interrupted the Texan sulkily. "If you did, you'd know it!"

She did not appear to hear him.

"But I think I am going to marry him. He frightens me sometimes, but he is loyal—loyal to father and to the land of the sky-blue waters!"

He rose, threw the strap of the canteen over his shoulder, and picked up his boots and the food.

"You're a plumb queer mixture," he told her, "but I reckon girls are made that





way. I'm—I'm goin' to shove on for the river now—but I'll never forget you, Dolores."

She stepped slowly toward him, raising to him a face utterly unschooled in any concealment of emotion.

"Will you ever come back, Jep?"

"I don't know, Dolores. Dick—your father—he sure seemed to mean what he said when he warned me off his range, but somehow or other I don't think this place has seen th' last of Jep Starr."

"I hope you can come back some time."

There was an utterly unconscious formality in the phrase, a hint of matter-of-fact politeness that the Texan found vaguely irritating.

"And pay a polite visit to you and Joe?" he countered, giving vent to a jealous anger he could not define.

She stamped her moccasined foot in the sand. Tears leaped to the blue eyes.

"I don't know!" she cried passionately. "I don't know! You have no right to say that!"

*Suddenly Jep realized that the fanatical old patriarch was praying. The deep tones rumbled like summer thunder. From the tail of his eye Jep saw the silent Stedman bow his head above the folded hands that rested on the saddle-horn*

"But you're goin' back to him," Starr persisted brutally, "and you'd better be startin' pretty pronto. Your father will be fit to be tied if he finds out you been here talkin' to me. Good-by!"

He gripped her hand fiercely and turned away. At the opposite bank of the arroyo he hesitated. The girl's eyes were fixed on his retreating figure. He sensed the intensity of her gaze and turned again, striding back across the wash.

"Go on back to Aguas Perdidas," he half shouted, "and take this with you."

He seized her face between his palms and, stooping quickly, kissed her, once, on the red lips. She twisted away from him, her blue eyes darkening. The man hesitated, staring at her as the jealousy that

had surged up into his heart died away.

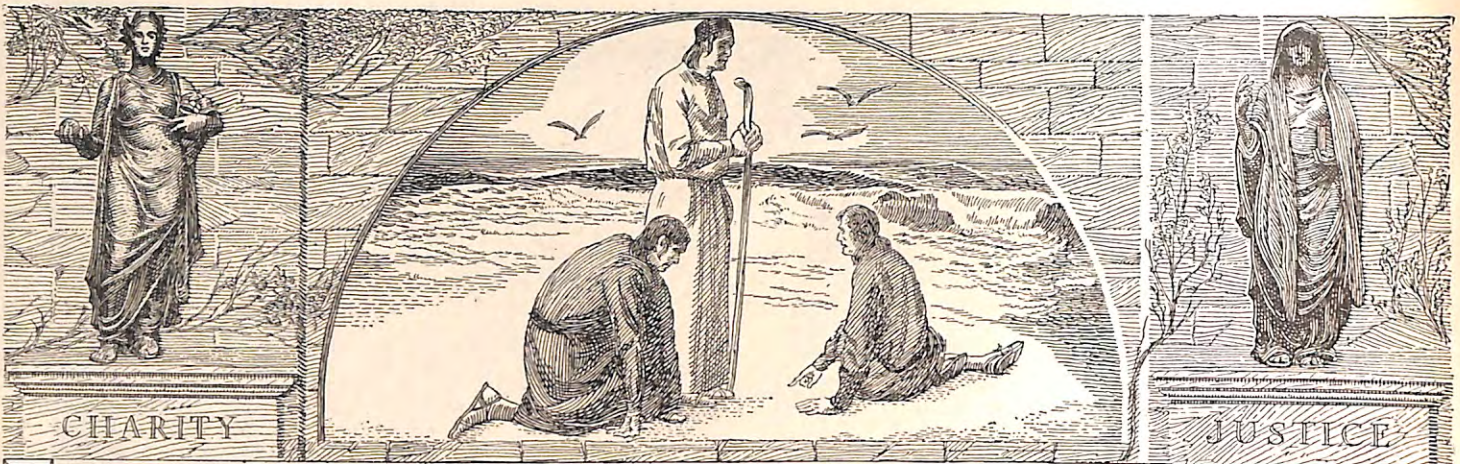
"Dolores—" he began, and was suddenly aware that she was gazing beyond him at the steep bank of the arroyo. Terror leaped to her face, driving the blood from her cheeks.

"Jep!" she screamed hoarsely. "Look out, Jep!"

The Texan wheeled, his hand instinctively flashing to the useless, unloaded gun at his hip. As he pivoted the slender noose of a riata dropped as swiftly as a striking snake about his shoulders. At the other end of the line Joe Stedman, his fine dark eyes gleaming, was "dallying" the already taut rope about the horn of his saddle and drawing his trained cowpony backward with a firm hand on the heavy bit.

A little to one side of his henchman Richard Burton, bare-headed, his white hair and long beard rippling in the gentle breeze, sat his motionless pony like the statue of a mounted prophet of Biblical history. So absorbed had Starr and the

(Continued on page 55)



## EDITORIAL

### DEGREE TEAMS

THE enactment by the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles of an amendment to the statute relating to the exemplification of the initiation ritual, will quite certainly result in a marked improvement in that important ceremonial in many Lodges. Section 118 now provides that any subordinate Lodge may authorize the appointment of a standing Degree Team, who may be called upon by the Exalted Ruler, in his discretion, to conduct the initiation of candidates.

The regular officers are still required to memorize their respective parts, under a more readily invoked penalty; and the duty and responsibility still rests upon them to perform all the ritualistic work. But any Lodge, that wishes to do so, may provide for a specially selected team to relieve the officers with respect to the initiation ceremony whenever the Exalted Ruler deems it advisable.

It is a well recognized fact that many officers who are otherwise splendidly equipped for their duties, are not good ritualists, even though they be letter perfect. And the ceremonial lacks impressiveness when in the hands of such officers. The new amendment permits the assignment to that duty of members who are peculiarly qualified for it.

In every Lodge there are members who would take pride and pleasure in such an appointment and who are able to meet its obligations with fine dignity and effectiveness but who may not be available as elective officers. By calling them to this congenial service the Lodge will not only insure an effective rendition of the ritual, that will create the desired impression upon the initiates, but it will also secure the interested activity of an additional number of its members, a result that is much to be desired in most of the Lodges.

Of course, the provision is not intended to displace officers who are capable and efficient in the performance of this particular duty. It is only intended to meet cases where the special need exists. And an intelligent exercise of the

authority conferred will add tremendously to the pleasure and attractiveness of Lodge meetings, and will prove an effective stimulus to attendance.

Altogether the amendment is an important and constructive piece of legislation.

### IS YOUR CITY MARKED?

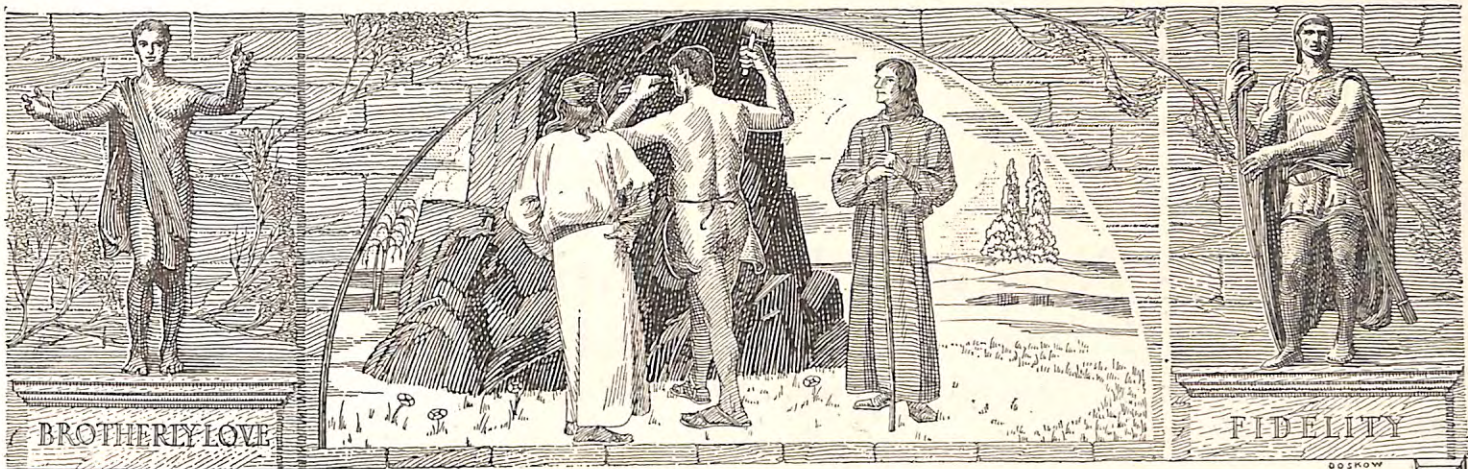
TRAVEL by aircraft has become almost a commonplace incident. The whir of the motors of speeding planes is apt to be heard over any town at any hour of the day or night. The conquest of the air, as a mechanical feat, has been accomplished. And the chief aim of those interested in the development of aviation, is to make flying more and more safe.

Many claims have been advanced as to its relative safety now, as compared with other modern methods of transportation. But the fact remains that there are many elements of danger yet to be overcome or guarded against. One of these is the peril that arises when, due to varying causes, the aviator has lost his bearings and is seeking some recognizable landmark, to guide him on his way to safety.

Because of the constantly increasing number of aircraft, flying into every section of the country, distinguishing ground signs, which will advise the flyer of his whereabouts, the compass bearings and the direction of the nearest landing field, become all the more important. And their erection becomes an increasingly valuable contribution to the safety of aviation.

The movement throughout the Order of Elks, fostered by the Grand Lodge itself, to secure the provision by each subordinate Lodge of such a landmark in its city, is distinctly constructive. It is a worthy effort to perform a real public service. It is easy to understand what an accomplishment it would be if all the Lodges in the Order would undertake this particular task in their respective communities; for it would mean approximately fifteen hundred such landmarks, each one of which may at any moment be the means of preventing a catastrophe.

The painting of the name of the city on the



Club House roof, or upon some other available space, with the regulation direction markers, is not an expensive undertaking. It is well within the means of every Lodge. And it is hoped that the response to the appeal will be so general that it may be justly accounted another fraternal achievement of national scope and significance, to be credited to the Order of Elks.

#### THE REAL NEED

THE financing of any benevolent project is usually the least difficult feature about it. Money is quite generally available to meet any appealing demand for it. But the real need is for personal, individual interest and activity on the part of those who have a definite obligation with relation to the matter.

Every Lodge of the Order is faced with local calls for aid to worthy charities and community activities. The very purpose of its existence and maintenance, in very large measure, is to respond promptly and generously to those calls. But this response cannot always be adequately made by mere contributions of money.

There is no thought of belittling generous donations to worthy causes. They are essential, of course. But Elks have a peculiar relationship to such matters. By virtue of their membership, they are under special obligations which can only be met by a personal interest, and an individual readiness to perform any required service that is reasonably within their power.

We are too apt to forget this; and are too prone to leave to others the performance of such duties which really should be shared.

If we would give more thought to this suggestion as to our Elk obligations, the amounts of money available for fraternal activities might not be materially increased; but the effectiveness of those activities would be tremendously enhanced. The human touch of individual, personal service is the real need in every organization undertaking humanitarian work. It is a real need in our own Order.

#### PROSPECTIVE DELINQUENTS

THE Grand Lodge Statutes provide that the annual dues to the subordinate Lodges are to be paid semi-annually on the first days of April and October; and that any member owing one year's dues may be dropped from the rolls. As the dues are payable in advance, the member failing to pay on the specified date becomes immediately delinquent and liable to forfeiture of his membership, even before the year has elapsed for which he is in arrears.

As the date now approaches for the payment of the second installment, the suggestion seems timely that the lapsation committees of the several Lodges have an opportunity to perform a very effective service before that day arrives. If they would secure from the Secretary the names of those already in arrears for the first period, and would personally call the attention of the delinquents to the serious consequence of further inattention to the matter, many would be stimulated to protect their membership by prompt payment.

It is true that the Secretary is required to perform this duty, and formal notice by registered mail is a prerequisite to action by the Lodge to enforce the forfeiture. But it is well known that the influence of a personal visit from brothers who are performing that service because of fraternal interest is much more likely to secure results than even the most urgent of formal official communications.

A member who is in arrears for six months has already given evidence of his prospective complete delinquency. This should invite special attention to his case in anticipation of further default, rather than after it has occurred.

A little preliminary work at this time may prevent the loss of many desirable members through thoughtless inattention. Exalted Rulers should see that their respective Lapsation Committees are really functioning during this particularly important period.

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

15 State Street  
 Boston, Mass.  
 August 3, 1929

To ALL ELKS—Greetings:

**T**HE Trustees of the Elks National Foundation were exceedingly gratified by the enthusiastic reception accorded their first report to the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles on July 11th last. The interest of the delegates in this great philanthropic movement of our Order was manifested in most substantial form by voluntary pledges of funds in the names of subordinate Lodges, State Associations and individual members made from the floor of the Convention. The subscriptions, some large, some small, some to be paid at once, some spread over a period of five years in accordance with the donor's dictation, came so fast that even the official stenographer could not make an accurate tabulation. So far as the record permits, we report the subscriptions as follows (the figures in parentheses are the annual payments on the totals subscribed):

*State Associations*

California State Association, \$1,000 (\$200).

*Lodges*

Cleveland, No. 18, \$1,000; Columbus, Ohio, No. 37 (C. W. Wallace), \$1,000; Albany, N. Y., No. 49 (W. E. Drislane), \$1,000; Stockton, Calif., No. 228 (J. J. Schiffner), \$1,000; New Albany, Ind., No. 270 (M. C. Thornton), \$1,000 (\$200); Walla Walla, No. 287, \$1,000 (\$200); Breckenridge, Tex., No. 1480 (N. J. Manney), \$1,000 (\$200); Great Neck, No. 1543, \$1,000 (\$200); Mount Kisco, No. 1552, \$1,000 (\$200); Huntington, N. Y., No. 1565, \$1,000 (\$200); Seattle, No. 92 (Dave Beck), \$1,000.

*Individuals*

W. E. Drislane, Albany, N. Y., No. 49, \$1,000; Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Vt., No. 924, \$1,000 (\$250); A. W. Swanson, Everett, Wash., No. 479, \$1,000; Peter Stephen Beck, Freeport, N. Y., No. 1253, \$1,000 (\$250); Thomas L. Hughes, Indianapolis, No. 13, \$1,000; Clayton J. Heermance, New York Lodge, No. 1 (for his daughter, June Collyer), \$1,250 (\$250); Lawrence H. Rupp, Allentown, Pa., No. 130, \$1,000; David Sholtz, Daytona Beach, Fla., No. 1141, \$1,000 (\$100); Joseph G. Buck, Trenton, N. J., No. 105, \$1,000; Scott H. Cook, Lakewood, Ohio, No. 1530, \$500 (\$100); John R. Coen, Sterling, Colo., No. 1336, \$500 (\$100); Fred Rhoads, Paris, Ill., No. 812, \$500 (\$50); Louis Rotter, Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878, \$500; Chauncey Yockey, Milwaukee, No. 46, \$250 (\$50); Ed. S. Russell, Wenatchee, Wash., No. 1186, \$250 (\$25); T. A. Leathley, Panama Canal Zone, No. 1414, \$250 (\$50); Max Lindheimer, Williamsport, Pa., No. 173, \$250 (\$50); Dave Beck, Seattle, Wash., No. 92, \$250; N. J. Manney, Breckenridge, Tex., No. 1480, \$250 (\$50); Bernard F. Dickmann, St. Louis, No. 9, \$250 (\$50); Thomas J. McKeon, Duluth, Minn., No. 133, \$200

(\$20); F. D. Willoughby, Aspen, Colo., No. 224, \$200 (\$20); Mifflin G. Potts, Pasadena, Calif., No. 672, \$125 (\$25); O. C. Hopkins, Petaluma, Calif., No. 901, \$125 (\$25); James H. Gibson, Houston, Tex., No. 151, \$125 (\$25); Michael H. Moore, Redondo Beach, Calif., No. 1378, \$125 (\$25); M. C. Thornton, New Albany, Ind., No. 270, \$125 (\$25); J. E. Swansen, Klamath Falls, Ore., No. 1247, \$125 (\$25); A. G. Fish, San Diego, Calif., No. 168, \$100 (\$20); A. H. Brandt, Berkeley, Calif., No. 1002, \$100 (\$20); J. P. Gribbin, Gallup, N. M., No. 1440, \$100 (\$20); George W. Epps, Richmond, Va., No. 45, \$100 (\$20); J. L. Reed, Sr., Tampa, Fla., No. 708, \$100 (\$20); E. D. Seward, San Pedro, Calif., No. 966, \$100 (\$10); Floyd E. Thompson, Moline, Ill., No. 556, \$100 (\$20); Norman M. Vaughan, Oklahoma City, Okla., No. 417, \$100 (\$20); H. D. Maynard, Alameda, Calif., No. 1015, \$100; N. A. Kent, Olney, Ill., No. 926, \$100 (\$20); P. P. Correll, Tucson, Ariz., No. 385, \$100 (\$20); J. K. Tuttle, Fresno, Calif., No. 439, \$50 (\$10); Joseph B. Callanan, Knoxville, Pa., No. 1196, \$50 (\$10); Edward Birmingham, Lynbrook, N. Y., No. 1515, \$50 (\$10); George T. Shanley, Webster City, Ia., No. 302, \$50 (\$10); L. J. Dafini, Riverside, Calif., No. 643, \$50 (\$10); J. C. Ramsey, Taft, Calif., No. 1527, \$50 (\$10); Fred L. Strickler, Inglewood, Calif., No. 1492, \$50 (\$10); Leon L. Dwight, San Pedro, Calif., No. 966, \$50 (\$10); Charles L. Magee, Taunton, Mass., No. 150, \$50 (\$10); Frank J. Lonergan, Portland, Ore., No. 142, \$50 (\$10); E. L. Thompson, Daytona, Fla., No. 1141, \$50 (\$10); Charles E. Mason, Waukegan, Ill., No. 702, \$50 (\$10); Victor D. McCarthy, Redondo Beach, Calif., No. 1378, \$25 (\$5); P. H. Jones, Monrovia, Calif., No. 1427, \$25 (\$5); John F. Howard, Los Angeles, Calif., No. 99, \$25 (\$5); James E. McCormick, Modesto, No. 1282, \$25 (\$5) (Brother McCormick also pledged himself to raise among his friends \$100 a year for five years); Rudolph Wegelin, Birmingham, Ala., No. 79, \$25 (\$5).

Brother R. R. Risher, Woodlawn, Pa., Lodge, No. 1221, pledged himself to raise \$5,000 among the Lodges of Pennsylvania, West.

We request any one who made a subscription which is not herein recorded, to notify the Chairman of the Board at once, in order that announcement may be made in the next issue of the Magazine. We request that each of the subscribers listed above, who has not already done so, send us written confirmation of the subscription, together with a check for the first payment.

The following list of previously received subscriptions and their donors, is reprinted from our first annual report to the Grand Lodge, made in Los Angeles in July:

*Fully Paid Individual Subscriptions for Honorary Founders' Certificates*

Joseph T. Fanning, Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, \$1,000; Robert S. Barrett, Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, \$1,000; George C. Pumphrey, Washington,

D. C., Lodge, No. 15, \$1,000; J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. Dak., Lodge, No. 1046, \$1,000; Raymond Benjamin, Napa, Calif., Lodge, No. 832, \$1,000; C. E. Broughton, Sheboygan, Wisc., Lodge, No. 299, \$1,000; W. W. Mountain, Flint, Mich., Lodge, No. 222, \$1,000;

Murray Hulbert, New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, \$1,000; Charles E. Pickett, Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, No. 290, \$1,000; John K. Tener, Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, \$1,000; Edward Rightor, New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, \$1,000; William M. Abbott, San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, \$1,000; J. E. Masters, Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, \$1,000; John G. Price, Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, \$1,000; William H. Atwell, Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71, \$1,000; Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, \$1,000; John F. Malley, Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, \$1,000; O. L. Hayden, Alva, Okla., Lodge, No. 1184, \$1,000.

**Subordinate Lodges Which Have Subscribed \$1,000 for Honorary Founders' Certificates and Which Have Paid at Least \$200 on Account Thereof**

New York Lodge, No. 1, \$1,000; San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, \$1,000; Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878, \$1,000; Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485, \$1,000; Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515, \$200; Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, \$1,000; Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, \$1,000; Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858, \$1,000; White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535, \$400; Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120, \$1,000; St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, \$1,000; Derby, Conn., Lodge, No. 571, \$1,000; South Bend, Ind., Lodge, No. 235, \$1,000; Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, No. 62, \$1,000; Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, \$1,000; Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1458, \$200; Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, \$1,000; Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, \$1,000; West Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 1537, \$1,000; Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151, \$200; Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, \$1,000; Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge, No. 794, \$1,000; Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, \$200; Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, \$1,000; Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, \$200; Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, \$500; Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, \$200; Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, No. 707, \$200; Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1543, \$200; East Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 630, \$1,000; Olean, N. Y., Lodge, No. 491, \$200; Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110, \$200; Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, \$200; Evanston, Ill., Lodge, No. 1316, \$200.

**State Associations Which Have Subscribed \$1,000 for Honorary Founders' Certificates and Which Have Paid at Least \$200 on Account Thereof**  
 Pennsylvania, \$2,500; New Jersey, \$1,000; Washington, \$200.

**Miscellaneous Contributions to Elks National Foundation—Individuals**

Edward Stephen O'Connor, Utica, N. Y., Lodge, No. 33, \$25; Joe Hart, Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, \$5; Robert R. Risher, Woodlawn, Pa., Lodge, No. 1221, \$5; Harry M. Smith and Mark A. Lenke, \$5; S. C. Reichard, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge, No. 109, \$10; J. Poujade, Reno, Nev., Lodge, No. 597, \$7; Phil S. O'Neil, Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, \$100; J. F. Pierson, Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge, No. 646 (pledges \$5 per annum), \$5; Samuel Ullman, New York, Lodge, No. 1, \$100; Henry Gund, La Crosse, Wisc., Lodge, No. 300, \$100; Milton Lehman, New York Lodge, No. 1, \$50.

**Subordinate Lodges**

Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, No. 339, \$100; Philipsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 1173, \$25; Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1323, \$50; Huntingdon, Pa., Lodge, No. 976, \$25; Central District of Pennsylvania, \$250.

The following Lodges and State Associations have notified the Board of formal votes passed authorizing subscriptions.

**Subordinate Lodges**

Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, \$1,000; Ossining, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1486, \$1,000; Beacon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1493, \$1,000; Grand Forks, N. Dak., Lodge, No. 255, \$1,000; Staten Island Lodge, No. 841, \$1,000; Mount Kisco Lodge, No. 1552, \$1,000; Huntington, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1565, \$1,000; Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, \$1,000; McKeesport, Pa., Lodge, No. 136, \$1,000.

**State Associations**

New York, \$1,000; Massachusetts, \$1,000; Florida, \$1,000; Arizona, \$1,000; North Dakota, \$1,000; South Dakota, \$1,000; Utah, \$1,000; Nevada, \$1,000; Georgia, \$1,000; Iowa, \$1,000.

In our annual report, we stated "there is reason to believe that the members of the Order are not only willing but eager to have placed before them a method by which each may make voluntary pledge according to his means. Therefore, we shall have printed in THE ELKS MAGAZINE a form of subscription card which a member may use to send to the Foundation Trustees such contribution as he desires, and to indicate the amount which he will send in each year for the next five years." The demonstration at the Grand Lodge Convention was so spontaneous and genuine that it confirmed the opinion expressed in our report, and made us certain that we had decided upon a method of procedure which will meet with the approval of the members of the Order, and will be productive of excellent results. You will find the subscription card in this issue of the Magazine, in position convenient for detachment. We ask you to consider the tremendous building power of a small sum each year over a term of five years from every member of the Order, and then to take such action as your generous impulses, your personal circumstances and your enthusiasm for the project may prompt.

Fraternally,

**ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES**

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

**Elks National Foundation  
 SUBSCRIPTION**

I, ..... of ..... Lodge No. ....  
 hereby subscribe the sum of ..... Dollars (\$ ..... ) to the Elks National Foundation  
 of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, payable in annual install-  
 ments of ..... Dollars (\$ ..... ) each, and I enclose herewith my check  
 for ..... Dollars as the first payment.

.....  
 Signature

.....  
 Address

.....  
 Date

*Make check payable to Elks National Foundation and mail to John F. Malley, Chairman, 15 State Street,  
 Boston, Mass.*

# Report of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations

*Approved by the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles*

**Y**OUR Committee on State Associations met at Chicago, Illinois, on Saturday, September 22, and Sunday, September 23, 1928; and also by order of Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, met at New York City on February 15, 1929, and accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler on his official visit to New York Lodge on the following Sunday evening.

"Your Committee attended the meetings of the following Lodges:

"Danville, Illinois; Robinson, Illinois; Mt. Vernon, Indiana; Gary, Indiana; Evansville; Indiana; Washington, Indiana; Anderson, Indiana; Crawfordsville, Indiana; Indianapolis, Indiana; Terre Haute, Indiana; St. Louis, Missouri; East St. Louis, Illinois; Olney, Illinois.

Also attended the New York State Association meeting held at Rochester, New York on June 2-3-4, 1929, and the Mississippi State Association meeting held at Gulfport, Mississippi, on June 19, 1929.

"Your Committee on December 27, 1928, mailed the following request:

"December 27, 1928.

"DEAR BROTHER—

"You will shortly receive from the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge a request for the appointment in your association of a Lapsation Committee which will cooperate with the District Deputies and Lodges in your State along lapsation lines.

"This is an important matter and I urge upon you the appointment of such a committee, composed of members who will function and cooperate with all Lodges in your state, seeing that each has an active Lapsation Committee. This work offers an excellent opportunity for all State Associations to perform a real service not only to themselves and the Lodges of their state, but to the Order in general and will be of great help in up-building our membership throughout the country.

"I would suggest that the members of this committee be named, one from each division of your state, and that each District Deputy be sent a list of the members so that he may cooperate with the member from his division.

"Sincerely and Fraternally yours,

WILLIAM E. HENDRICH,  
LOUIE FORMAN,  
RICHARD J. DECKER,  
"State Association Committee.

"Your Committee also on January 9, 1929, mailed the following questionnaire to the President of each State Association:

"8-9 Court House,  
Terre Haute, Ind.,  
January 9, 1929.

"Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ President,  
\_\_\_\_\_ Association of Elks,

"DEAR BROTHER—

"I am sending this questionnaire with the request that you fill it out at once and return to me. The Elks National Foundation Committee needs this information for its first report and looks to me to furnish it.

"Is your State Association committed to:

1. Scholarship Foundations? \_\_\_\_\_
2. Care of Crippled Children? \_\_\_\_\_
3. Under-privileged Child Work? \_\_\_\_\_

4. Blind, Crippled, and Tubercular? \_\_\_\_\_
5. Big Brother Welfare? \_\_\_\_\_
6. Other Welfare Work? (state kind) \_\_\_\_\_
7. Number of Elks Lodges in your State? \_\_\_\_\_
8. Number Lodges belonging to State Association? \_\_\_\_\_

"I repeat that it is necessary that this questionnaire be filled out and returned at once. The time is short before the next National Convention in Los Angeles.

"Sincerely and Fraternally,

WILLIAM E. HENDRICH,  
LOUIE FORMAN,  
RICHARD J. DECKER,  
"State Association Committee.

"Your Committee on January 15, 1929, in compliance with Section 232 Grand Lodge Statutes, mailed to the Secretary of each State Association the following letter:

"8-9 Court House,  
Terre Haute, Ind.,  
January 15, 1929.

"\_\_\_\_\_ Secretary—Elks Association,

"DEAR BROTHER:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Please forward this information as early as possible.

"Sincerely and Fraternally yours,

WILLIAM E. HENDRICH,  
LOUIE FORMAN,  
RICHARD J. DECKER,  
"State Association Committee.

"Impressed with the importance and possibilities of State Associations the Committee is very gratified to be able to report an increase of six (6) in the number of active Associations during the year and of these, three were new organizations, as follows: Maine, New Hampshire, and Mississippi; and three, New Mexico, North Carolina, and Missouri were Associations reestablished last year, making this year a total of forty-two (42).

"The foregoing and encouraging result, the Committee recognizes, results very largely from the deep and earnest interest that Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert has taken in this work, the vigorous and inspiring appeal that he has made to the members of the Order in these states now added to the list, and to the unusual and effective power of leadership and organization that he has shown.

"The following is a list of the State Associations:

Alabama	Maryland	North Dakota
Arizona	Massachusetts	Ohio
Arkansas	Michigan	Oklahoma
California	Minnesota	Oregon
Colorado	Mississippi	Pennsylvania
Florida	Missouri	South Carolina
Georgia	Montana	South Dakota
Idaho	Nebraska	Tennessee
Illinois	Nevada	Texas
Indiana	New Hampshire	Utah
Iowa	New Jersey	Virginia
Kansas	New Mexico	Washington
Kentucky	New York	West Virginia
Maine	North Carolina	Wisconsin

"Wherever there are Elks Lodges united in a State Association, you have the fellowship and contact of the subordinate Lodges. You have the sphere of influence and the efficiency and the accomplishment of the ideals for which the organization stands. But we need more than the State Association. We must have an objective, a purpose, an ideal. We must have a reason for existing greater than that of just meeting once every year and shaking hands and enjoying good fellowship. That is part of it, but it is not enough. Your Committee is firm in the belief that the welfare activities of the various State Associations is the instrumentality of creating a new interest in the Order. The Committee has insistently recommended to the newly organized Associations, and to those that have not set up a state-wide program, that after a thorough survey they adopt one certain objective and concentrate upon the activity that would have the farthest reach to humanity. However, the promulgation of this program should neither conflict with nor supersede the local activities of the subordinate Lodges.

"The reports of the proceedings published and circulated by most of the Associations are to be commended. Your Committee suggests, however, that these reports be published not later than sixty days after the Annual Convention.

"THE ELKS MAGAZINE is to be congratulated upon the department devoted to State Associations. The Committee urges the Associations to avail themselves of this opportunity of acquainting Elksdom with their activities and accomplishments.

"Your Committee called a meeting of the Presidents, Past Presidents, and Secretaries of the State Associations to meet at 4 P. M., on Monday, July 7, 1929, at the Biltmore Hotel. The meeting was called to order at 4 P. M. Twenty-five State Associations were represented.

"Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley spoke in detail of the National Foundation and its relation to State Associations. Brother Joe Buch, Past President of New Jersey State Association, delivered an inspiring address on Crippled Children, followed by Brother George Hasselman, Secretary of the Illinois State Association. President Phillips of the New York State Association, President Owens of the North Dakota State Association and Past President Downs of the Texas Association delivered short addresses.

"The Committee acknowledges the receipt of communications of the Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert and copies of the reports of the District Deputies.

"We desire to express our hearty appreciation for the courtesy and cooperation extended this Committee by officers of the State Associations."

## News of the State Associations

### Oregon

**W**ITH a registration of more than 1,500, and the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews within a few days of his election to leadership of the Order, the four-day convention of the Oregon State Elks Association held at Klamath Falls on July 17, 18, 19 and 20 was thoroughly successful. An elaborate program of entertainment, unsurpassed at any State Association meeting held this year, provided four full days of activity for both men and women visitors. Sight-seeing, theatre, card, and dancing parties; golf and trapshooting tournaments; water sports; horse racing; boxing bouts; band concerts; a parade and a monster barbecue, were some of the

events provided for the pleasure of Oregon Elks and their friends.

A parade of the bands and drum corps on the evening of the first day opened the festivities, and was followed by the ritualistic contest and a ladies' theatre party. At the formal opening ceremonies at the Home of Klamath Falls Lodge, No. 1247, on the following morning, Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews made the principal address, which was received with a tremendous ovation. The session was called to order by John C. Boyle, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, and Mayor Tom Watters made a speech of welcome. Mr. Andrews was then introduced by Frank J. Lonergan, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Past President of the State Association. Joseph G. Buch, chairman of the

Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, followed the Grand Exalted Ruler and explained the work being done by the New Jersey Lodges for unfortunate youngsters of the State.

The barbecue at the fair grounds was held the following noon, after the morning business, and the afternoon was rounded out with horse racing, baseball, athletic events and dancing. Later, the convention grand ball was held. On the morning of Saturday the 20th, the final business session was held, and the new officers elected. They are: President, Perry O. DeLap, Klamath Falls; First Vice-President, J. L. Tucker, Astoria; Second Vice-President, E. H. Jones, Baker; Third Vice-President, Dr. W. T.

(Continued on page 74)



# Facts from Annual Reports

Submitted to the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles, Calif., in July

## From the Report of the Board of Grand Trustees

### Elks National Home

THE Elks National Home, which is the one great outstanding work being carried on by our Order at this time, has just passed through the most successful year of its existence.

Situated as it is, in the foothills of the famed Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, it is an ideal spot for men who through age or misfortune have been compelled to retire from active life to spend their declining years. Many of these brothers are among the early founders of the Order in their several communities and to-day are reaping the reward for services given the Order in the past.

The grounds, which have always been beautiful, have this year been further beautified by the addition of numerous flower gardens, so that within the next few years the Elks National Home grounds will be one of the beauty spots of Virginia.

The buildings are all in most excellent repair. During the year, every part of the old buildings has received a coat of paint and numerous other small repairs have been made as they became necessary. It is surprising, however, how few repairs have been necessary on the old buildings after thirteen years service, and as time passes it is more evident than ever that those who are responsible for the erection of the original buildings received full value for the money expended.

The only thing which happened to mar a perfect year at the Home was a "Flu" epidemic from which the Home suffered in January and February of this year. Early in January, a number of residents were affected and these cases continued until the majority of the residents at that time were affected in some way. The hospital was full to overflowing for almost three months, requiring the services of a number of extra nurses and doctors, as well as much extra expense in every department. No expense was spared, however, and everything possible was done, but in spite of all the efforts of both Superintendent Scott and Home Member Cotter of the Board of Grand Trustees, who came to the Home and spent ten days, nineteen deaths occurred which could be traced directly to the "Flu." Most of the men who died during this time had reached the age when they were unable to recover from the effects of this dreadful disease, and a number of those who did recover are still suffering from after-effects.

At the present time there are 271 residents in the Home and eleven applicants have been favorably passed on by the Board of Grand Trustees and notified to come to the Home at any time. In the present building there will be, after these applicants all arrive, twenty-two vacant rooms and at the present rate at which applications are coming to the Board these rooms will be filled during the next Grand Lodge year, making it necessary at that time to begin new buildings, if the Order is to continue this wonderful Institution.

The Board wishes again to call the attention of Subordinate Lodges to the necessity of using more caution in sending brothers to the Home whose physical condition is clearly not within the Law governing the Home, which states that the Home is not in any sense a hospital or infirmary and that brothers making application must be at all times able to feed, clothe and bathe themselves without the help of an attendant, and in every other way be able to take care of their daily wants. The Home has been in the past, and is at this time, burdened with a number of cases who require hospital attention almost on their arrival here. Several of these cases must undoubtedly be returned to their Lodges this year, thereby causing great embarrassment to the Board of Trustees and to the brothers who will be returned to their Lodges.

In another part of this report will be found a list of entertainments given at the Home during

the past year. These entertainments and social sessions have been made possible through the generosity of a number of Lodges and individuals, who have contributed to the Entertainment Fund during the year. In addition to the entertainments given at the Home, theatrical and circus companies are especially kind in inviting the residents to attend their performances, whether they are showing in Bedford, Lynchburg or Roanoke. Both Lynchburg and Roanoke Lodges have been very kind to the residents during the year, showing them much attention in the way of entertainments, etc. Special credit should be given Roanoke Lodge for their efforts in behalf of the Home and residents. Their annual picnic given at the Home each year, as well as their Christmas entertainment, are looked forward to by the residents as two of the most enjoyable days of the year.

Christmas this year was the most enjoyable ever experienced at the Home. Superintendent Scott sent out a special letter to each Lodge, calling attention to the fact that they had a brother or brothers in the Home who should not be forgotten at Christmas time. Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert also made mention of this in his Christmas circular and these appeals brought wonderful results, as, with very few exceptions, every man in the Home was remembered in some way by his Lodge, thereby bringing happiness to the residents at a season which might otherwise have been rather sad.

It is most gratifying to the Board that even with the large increase of residents during the year and with the very great additional expense occasioned by the "Flu" epidemic, they are able to report to the Grand Lodge a substantial decrease in the per capita cost of maintenance.

### Maintenance of Home

The total outlay by the Grand Lodge for operating the Home:

Amounts to.....	\$121,077.73
Add—Inventories at beginning.....	4,226.85
	<hr/>
	\$125,304.58
Less—Inventories at close.....	5,569.16
	<hr/>
	\$119,735.42
Less—Sale of supplies.....	1,091.11
	<hr/>
Net total outlay.....	\$118,644.31

To arrive at the per capita cost of maintenance in compliance with the Grand Lodge Statutes, the following items must be deducted:

Equipment maintenance.....	\$1,308.49
Building maintenance.....	3,735.34
Ground maintenance.....	1,073.00
Insurance.....	551.89
	<hr/>
Total deductions.....	\$6,668.72

Leaving basis for Lodges' proportion..... \$111,975.59

The amount collected from Lodges for the past fiscal year amounted to \$37,451.73. (Subordinate Lodges pay one-third of the per capita cost, based as above, on each brother maintained at the Home.) This collection reduces the total cost of \$118,644.31 to a net cost of \$81,192.58.

On May 31, 1929, there were 271 resident brothers at the Home, an average of 260 for the year, and the average cost per resident for the year ended that date was \$430.68.

The following table shows the average number of residents for the past five years, with average maintenance cost of same:

1925—Average number of residents, 191.....	\$472.88
1926—Average number of residents, 204.....	451.35
1927—Average number of residents, 208.....	480.65
1928—Average number of residents, 220.....	444.23
1929—Average number of residents, 260.....	430.68

### From the Report of the Grand Secretary

IN HIS annual report for 1928-29, the Grand Secretary, J. Edgar Masters, submits the following data on Grand Lodge Finances: The

total income of the Grand Lodge for the year ending May 31, 1929, amounts to \$566,643.08; expenses amount to \$527,714.40, showing a net gain of \$38,928.68.

Current assets, \$480,712.26; invested in bonds, \$24,072.00; fixed assets, \$1,009,187.23; making the total assets of the Grand Lodge, \$1,513,971.49.

During the year there was transferred and turned over from the Reserve Fund of the Grand Lodge to the Elks National Foundation Trustees \$50,000.00, face value, New York City bonds, and \$50,000.00 cash. This was done under authority of a resolution adopted at the Miami Session of the Grand Lodge, as found on page 218 of the Proceedings for 1928. It should be noted that when the New York City bonds were purchased a premium of \$6,693.75 was paid on them, making the total cost to Grand Lodge of the bonds turned over, \$56,693.75.

### Subordinate Lodge Finances

Reports filed in this office show that the subordinate Lodges of our Order had at the beginning of the year just closed cash assets of \$5,382,621.34. During the year they received from all sources \$29,792,625.40, and expended \$30,194,164.06, leaving their cash balance as of March 31, 1929, \$4,981,082.68. These reports show the total assets of subordinate Lodges to be \$100,412,844.19.

### Charitable, Welfare and Patriotic Work

At the Grand Lodge Session in Miami, by an amendment to Section 31 of the Statutes, the Grand Secretary was directed to secure, compile and publish data, information and statistics concerning the activities of subordinate Lodges. Acting upon that authority, the Grand Secretary furnished to the Secretaries of subordinate Lodges proper blank forms for their use in reporting the charitable, welfare and patriotic activities of their respective Lodges. It is pleasing to state that, with very few exceptions, the subordinate Lodge secretaries furnished in detail the information requested. Below is a list of subordinate Lodge activities, together with total moneys expended for same:

Summer Camps, Outings, etc.....	\$109,750.60
Milk, Ice and Fuel.....	28,732.68
Crippled Children.....	183,526.19
Medical Aid.....	118,594.65
Hospitals.....	116,746.06
Miscellaneous Charities.....	188,388.05
Aid to Needy Families.....	348,599.45
Thanksgiving Baskets.....	68,119.27
Christmas Baskets.....	801,258.20
Boy Scouts.....	81,498.76
Girl Scouts.....	7,423.79
Big Brother Work.....	37,955.48
Playgrounds, including prizes.....	35,006.37
Scholarships, Text Books, etc.....	32,676.62
Red Cross, Salvation Army, etc.....	100,254.97
Veterans' Relief.....	19,906.20
Flag Day, Constitution Day, etc.....	110,592.25
	<hr/>
Total.....	\$2,449,179.79

Detail of subordinate Lodges' charitable, welfare and patriotic activities has been assembled and immediately after the Grand Lodge Session an analysis of this work, in book form, will be mailed to each subordinate Lodge of the Order.

This year's report shows that there are, altogether, 146 Lodges with a total membership of over 1,000. The largest Lodge in the Order is Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, with a membership of 16,961.

There are seven other Lodges with memberships of from 5,000 to 10,000 namely: Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2, 10,600; Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99, 6,631; New York, N. Y., No. 1, 5,898; Queensborough, N. Y., No. 878, 5,740; Boston, Mass., No. 10, 5,601; Newark, N. J., No. 21, 5,662; Buffalo, N. Y., No. 23, 5,549.

Four Lodges have memberships between four and five thousand: Detroit, Mich., No. 34, 4,902; Jersey City, N. J., No. 211, 4,716; Seattle, Wash., No. 92, 4,499; Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5, 4,115.

(Continued on page 70)



Above is a group of the sportsmen and women taking part in the Elks National Trapshooting Championship. At the right is The Elks Magazine trophy, and on the left the President's Cup



# The Elks National Trapshoot

THE fifth annual Elks National Trapshooting Championship was contested on July 9 and 10, at the traps of the Los Angeles Gun Club. Conducted under the auspices of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, in connection with the 65th Grand Lodge Convention, this event was again one of the outstanding attractions of the crowded and busy week.

The first event on the program was 100 targets at 16 yards, in which were decided the Elks national singles championship; the Elks ladies' championship; the Lodge team championship; and the selection of members for the Elks State teams. When the last shot had been fired it was found that Henry Pfirrmann, of Los Angeles, had broken 99 x 100 to win the championship, and the diamond watch fob emblematic of it. Frank Troeh, W. L. Ford, and Vic Petry each scored 98 x 100 to tie for second place. Mrs. Gus Knight won the ladies' event with 94 x 100, and Mrs. C. Wayne Mills was second with 91 x 100. Two beautiful trophies presented by "Hy" Everding, founder and Honorary President of the Elks National Trapshooting Association, were awarded the winning ladies. The Lodge team championship and THE ELKS MAGAZINE cup were won by Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, with Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, but two points behind. Scores in the Lodge team race were as follows: Phoenix—Mullin, 97; Mills, 91; Watson, 93; G. Peter, 96; Eden, Sr., 96. Total, 473. Long Beach—G. Smith, 96; Reid, 94; Bixby, 92; Hatch, 94; Alyea, 95. Total, 471. Petry, of the San Francisco Lodge team and W. Ford, shooting for Merced, Calif., Lodge, tied at 98 for high gun

in the team shoot. In the shoot-off the former won and was awarded a diamond fob.

The Elks national doubles championship, the next event on the program, was won by O. N. Ford with the good score of 48 x 50. G. Peter, 47 x 50, was the runner-up, followed by F. Troeh, 46 x 50, and H. Pfirrmann, 45 x 50.

The state team shoot at 100-16 yard targets on the second day was won by the California Elks. The scores were H. Pfirrmann, 98; Petry 98; Prior, 96; W. Ford, 95; Bungay, 94. Total, 481 x 500. Petry defeated Pfirrmann in the shoot-off for high gun in this event, scoring 24 x 25.

The Elks national handicap at 100 targets, 16 to 25 yards, followed. Starting from the lowest, the yardage trophies were won as follows: J. Gray, 92; Slater, 90; G. Gillett, 95; Mrs. Mills, 93; J. Gallagher, 92; G. Young, 95; W. Reid, 93; T. Edens, Sr., 87; F. Troeh and G. Peter, 86. Troeh won on a toss-up. Gillett, at 19 yards, and Young, at 22 yards, tying for the national championship, shot it off, with the former winning.

Pfirrmann and Troeh tied on 197 200-16 yard targets. The former won in a toss-up. Petry had the longest run in the 200-16 yard targets—109 straight.

Henry Pfirrmann won the all-around championship on 350 targets, with 331, thereby winning the Charles S. Hart President's cup. Petry was second with 330. Mrs. Mills won the ladies' handicap championship with the sound score of 93 x 100, from 20 yards. Mrs. Knight was the runner-up with 85 x 100 from 21 yards. R. L.

Fraker won the professional all-around championship on 350 targets. Petry won the position of all-around runner-up.

Troeh won high over all on the 800 targets shot at during the four days of the combined Elks and Los Angeles gun club shoots, 761 x 800, George Peter, runner-up, 746 x 800. Mrs. Knight was high over all ladies, with 615 x 700, Mrs. Mills runner-up.

THE California State Elks Association Championship events were also shot at this time. The results were as follows:

California State Elks Class Championships, Class A, Ralph Alyea, Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, 145 x 150; runner-up, O. N. Ford, Monterey Lodge, No. 1285, 144 x 150. Class B, J. Robinson, Merced Lodge, No. 1240, 143 x 150; runner-up, J. Sanchey, Whittier Lodge, No. 1258, 142 x 150. Class C, Ben Dear, Alhambra Lodge, No. 1328, 142 x 150; runner-up, Louis T. Milburn, Merced Lodge, 139 x 150. Class D, E. D. Cochran, Santa Maria Lodge, No. 1538, 134 x 150; runner-up, John M. Gray, Santa Maria Lodge, 133 x 150.

In the 5-man team shoot Long Beach Lodge and San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, tied at 239 x 250, and in the shoot-off the Long Beach gunners won the championship. San Bernardino Lodge, No. 836, last year's winner, was second with 231 x 250.

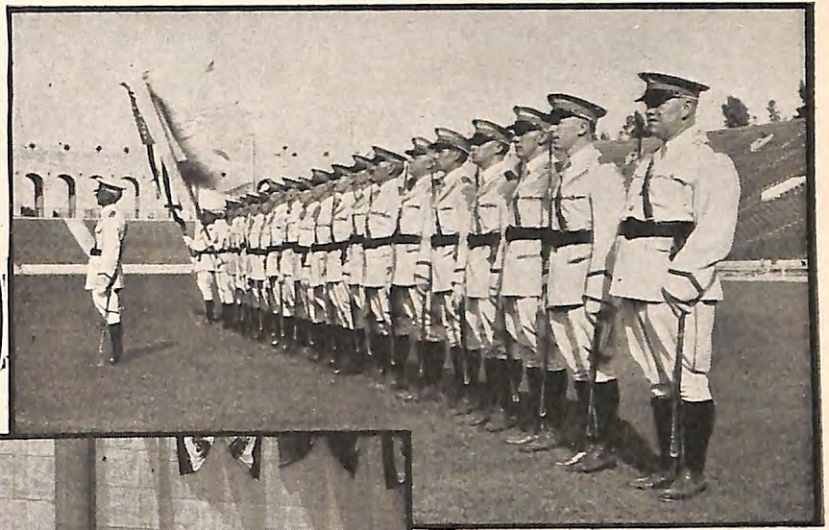
In the 2-man race Long Beach Lodge, represented by Gus Smith and Ralph Alyea, again won, 99 x 100, with the Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, team, Henry Pfirrmann and Guy Houghtaling, scoring 97 x 100 for second place.



T. Edens, Sr., G. T. Peter, H. G. Watson, C. W. Mills and W. E. Mullin made up the championship team of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335



PHOTO BY ART STREIB



WIDE WORLD

Above is the drill team of Oakland Lodge, which won the Class B contest and then beat San Francisco for first honors



KOPEC PHOTO CO.

In the circle are the group on the speakers' stand welcoming the arrival of the Elks Magazine Purple and White Fleet and airplane. Left to right: Exalted Ruler Edward Gibbs, of Los Angeles Lodge, Robert E. Clift, driver of Car No. 1, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, and second from right, Mayor John C. Porter, of Los Angeles

General view of the Purple and White Fleet and Monocoach, at their welcome in front of Los Angeles Lodge

# The Social Side of the 1929 Grand Lodge Convention

## The Story of a Memorable Week in Los Angeles

ONE thing is certain and that is this: any time the Elks of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, invite the Grand Lodge to hold the Annual Convention in their city, the Order can take it for granted that every promise set forth in the invitation will be handsomely fulfilled.

This statement, written after the close of the 1929 Convention in Los Angeles, is a spontaneous tribute to the energy, ability and fraternal devotion of the officers, past and present, and the members of Los Angeles Lodge, and, in particular to those who served on the Executive Committee and the various sub-committees of the Convention Committee of the Lodge. The

gratitude of the Order is also due to the officers and members of the other California Lodges, who cooperated splendidly with the host Lodge, and to the individuals and business firms who, through their generous voluntary contributions, enabled the Los Angeles Lodge Convention Committee to carry out their elaborate plans for the entertainment of the visitors.

The Executive Committee was headed by Carl E. McStay, General Chairman, J. J. Doyle, Vice-Chairman and Monroe Goldstein, Executive Secretary. The Chairmen of the Sub-committees were as follows: Aeronautical, Walter J. Kays; Antlers, George F. Bradley; Auditing, Dewitt H. O'Brien; Automobile,

Casey E. Brain; Church, Rev. Joseph A. Sullivan; Concessions, Lem Goldwater; Decorations, J. C. Haggarty; Drill Team, Drum Corps and Baby Contests, Capt. A. H. Woodbine; Electrical Decorations, Carl Heinze; Electrical Pageant, Jack L. Warner; Entertainment, Robert S. Weaver; Escort, Albert Vignolo; Fraternal Societies, Leo D. Daze; Golf, Ike Wentworth; Grand Lodge, J. J. Doyle; Hotel Accommodations, Harry C. Fryman; Information, Charles H. O'Connor; Ladies' Reception, Paul D. Robinson; Music and Parades, Harold Wm. Roberts; National Trap Shoot, P. E. Peterson; Public Safety, Ralph J. Scott; Publicity, C. G. Pyle; Radio, Harry M. Owens; "99" Greeters,



Here is the drill team of San Francisco Lodge, winners of first place in the Class A contest for teams of more than twenty-four men



SCHLINTZ

The band of Appleton, Wis., Lodge, winner of first place in Class B

Here is one of the gaily decorated and illuminated floats entered in the electrical pageant by Los Angeles Lodge

KEVSTONE PHOTO



Jess Wood; Registration, Frank W. Akers; State Association, W. E. Simpson; State Societies, Andrew Vaughn; Medical, J. Clifford Mendonse; Transportation and Baggage, Howard Lang; Bowling, C. J. LaRue; Yachting, Dr. J. Park Dougall; Laundry and Cleaning, B. C. Crawford; Banquet, Sidney Hodemaker.

All of the above deserve great credit for their good work, which was reflected in the smoothness and efficiency with which the various features of Convention Week were conducted. It seems just, however, to single out, for special mention, General Chairman McStay, Vice-Chairman Doyle, Executive Secretary Monroe Goldstein, Grand Trustee Ralph Hagan, Exalted Ruler Edward A. Gibbs, Past Exalted Ruler C. G. Pyle, Deputy Grand Esquires Charles J. O'Hara and Harry Leonhardt and Casey E. Brain, Chairman of the Automobile Committee. These gentlemen were indefatigable.

Because of its splendid hotel facilities, its equable climate and the wealth of opportunities it offers for outdoor recreation, Los Angeles is an unsurpassed convention city. With beaches, golf clubs, tennis courts and fine motor roads all within easy reach, it is easy for any visitor to indulge in his favorite pastime. And it was made easier than ever for the visiting Elks through the good offices of the Convention Committee, who had seen to it that all the resources of the locality were made available to them.

On Friday and Saturday, July 5 and 6, the Grand Lodge officers past and present, and subordinate Lodge delegations began arriving in the city, where they were met by the band, the White Squadron and the Greeters of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, who took charge of their baggage and escorted them to their hotels. The official Grand Lodge headquarters was in the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel, an establishment remarkably well suited to convention purposes. Here it was that Grand Lodge registration took place, that the Grand Lodge officers, committees and commissions had their conference rooms, and the Grand Lodge itself assembled for its business sessions. Having registered and attended such preliminary meetings as may have been called, the Grand Lodge officers and committeemen utilized most of Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday in availing themselves of the various forms of recreation open to them. On Sunday there was trapshooting at the Los Angeles Gun Club, in competition for the



Above, right to left, Russell Thompson, of Glendale Lodge, winner of the Elks National Golf Championship, with Chairman Ike Wentworth of the Golf Committee, and Dick Russell, of Huntington Park Lodge, runner-up

The beautiful John J. Doyle golf trophy, won by Russell Thompson for Glendale, Cal., Lodge

Southern California Championship. On that day, also, the Annual Convention of the California State Elks Association opened in the Lodge Room of the magnificent temple of Los Angeles Lodge. In the afternoon there were concerts in the various parks by visiting bands and glee clubs.

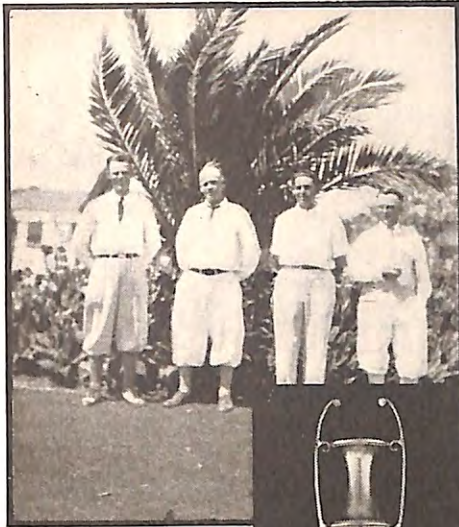
During the first few days not only were Grand Lodge officers and members arriving, but large numbers of other Elks and their families, come from all parts of the country by train, boat and automobile, to enjoy the social festivities of convention week. For them the Convention Committee had arranged a program full to overflowing with things to do and see. All any Elk visitor had to do was to register at the General Registration Headquarters, whereupon he was given, metaphorically speaking, the keys to the city.

One of the most interesting events of Monday, July 8, the official welcoming of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Purple and White Fleet, was described in our August issue. Another interesting event was the start of the Elks National Fifty-four-Hole Golf Tournament, which began with eighteen holes of medal play on the Sunset Fields course. The same day saw the inauguration of an Elks Sweepstakes Bowling Tournament and the playing of a Southern California Elks Championship baseball game. There were also motor tours to various points of interest, and the holding of the second session of the meeting of the California State Elks Association. In the late afternoon, as on every afternoon,



WEAVER PHOTO

The celebrated band of Santa Monica Lodge, which won first prize in the Class A contest with a score of 94.8



Los Angeles Lodge golf team, winners of the team championship, left to right: Frank Deleot, Guy E. Hanson, Milo M. Marchetti, Dr. C. K. Manhart

The fine cup above, donated by Carl A. Von Malmberg, was also won by Russell Thompson, Elks National Golf Champion for his Lodge

there was a Vesper Organ Recital in the Lodge room of the Elks Temple by Sibley G. Pease, organist of Los Angeles Lodge.

The Convention was officially opened at the Public Session, held Monday evening, July 8, in Philharmonic Auditorium, and already described in our last month's issue. After this session a public reception to the Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Lodge officers was held at the Biltmore Hotel.

On Tuesday, when the business sessions of the Grand Lodge began, there was great activity outside as well as inside the convention hall. For this day the golf tournament was continued, the Elks National Trapshoot was started, and the Band and Drill Team Contests were held. The results of the trapshooting are told elsewhere in this issue. The drill and band contests attracted thousands of spectators and auditors, the former at the Los Angeles Coliseum and the latter in Westlake Park, opposite the Elks Temple.

There were two classes of drill teams, those numbering more than twenty-four men—Class A—and those of twenty-four or under—Class B. The team of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, commanded by William Green, won first honors in Class A, defeating that of Detroit Lodge, No. 34, commanded by Henry Wartosky. In Class



This picture of the Los Angeles Coliseum, taken during the electrical pageant, gives a splendid idea of the manner in which the scene was illuminated

The prize winning float entered in the pageant by First National—Vita-phone pictures



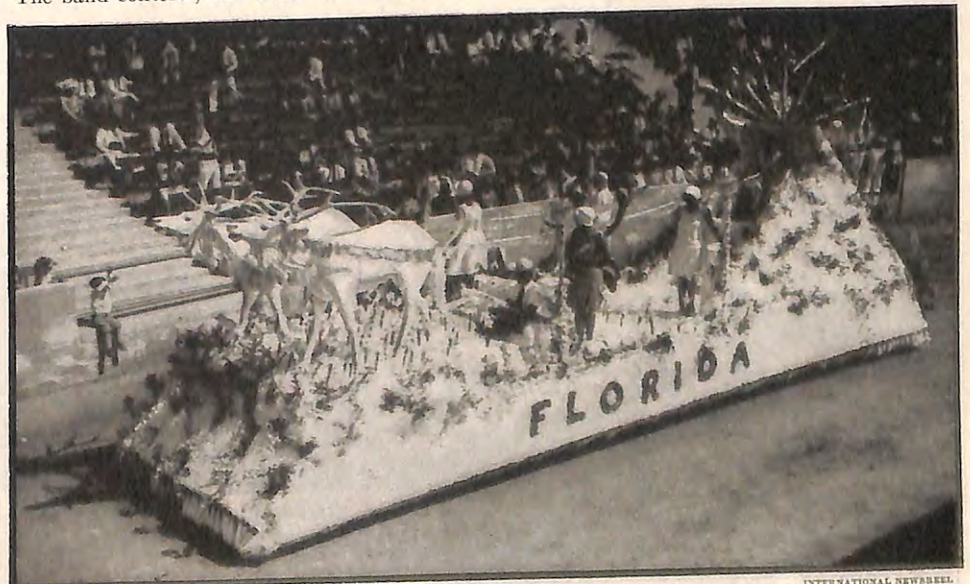
B, the team of Oakland, Cal., Lodge, No. 171, commanded by Col. E. G. Hunt, was first, defeating last year's prize-winning team from Buffalo Lodge, No. 23. The two class winners then drilled again in competition with one another, with the result that the Oakland team won the national prize. Following the competitions, an exhibition drill was put on by the famous Zouaves of Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113, under the leadership of Capt. William Sparks. The Jackson Zouaves, five times winners of the national drill-team contests at other Elks Conventions, did not compete. But all through convention week at Los Angeles they gave exhibitions of their amazing formations and were one of the big successes of the reunion.

The band contests, also made up of bands of

two classes, those having thirty-five or more men and those having less, were as usual a popular feature. First prize in Class A was awarded to the band of Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, with a percentage of 94.8, that of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, being second, with 90.1. In Class B, the band of Appleton, Wis., Lodge, No. 337, was first, with a percentage of 97, followed by Everett, Wash., with 95.8, Stockton, Cal., with 82.5 and Pasadena, Cal., with 78.2. Pictures of the winning bands and the winning drill teams are published herewith.

During the afternoon of Tuesday, many of the visitors went to Redondo Beach, Venice, Ocean Park and Santa Monica, in all of which resorts varied attractions were available to them. Redondo Beach Lodge, No. 672, and Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, both kept open house. That evening Los Angeles Lodge entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Lodge officers and

(Continued on page 73)



This beautiful float was judged most beautiful in the parade, from outside California



FREDERICK BURKETT

Exalted Ruler Eldon J. Rader and other officers of Sacramento Lodge greet plane  
A view of the southwestern mountain country en route to Los Angeles



M. L. COHEN CO.

At Oakland Airport, Exalted Ruler Oliver Kehrlein and officers meet plane and car



FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS, INC.



NATIONAL PHOTO PRINT CO.

The officers of El Paso Lodge assembled to meet the plane



Exalted Ruler Carl L. Shipkey and officers of Santa Barbara Lodge

# Log of the Purple and White Plane

Story of The Elks Magazine's Monocoach Flight to Los Angeles Convention

By Charles S. Hart

"HIT her on the Nose" Smitty and I were standing in the bright sunshine of an early June morning at Cicero Field, listening to the humming of the Wright J-5 as it warmed up preparatory to taking us on our next hop from Chicago to Omaha. Smitty being Lieut. Edgar C. Schmid of the Thirty-fifth Air Corps and "Hit her on the Nose" being flying jargon among aviators for a pilot who has the navigating ability in cross-country flying to hit a town on a bee line.

Our Purple and White Monocoach glistening in the morning sun looked good for any altitude and for any distance which might be required of it in the long haul across southern deserts and western mountains. After various vicissitudes of forced landings and delayed arrivals from New York to Chicago, we did not think it advisable to risk the journey from there on in the plane which we had used up to that time and through the courtesy of the Mono Aircraft Company, we were using one of their newly designed monocoaches, which had a seating capacity for four, entirely enclosed and plenty of room for baggage—a sturdy craft equipped with the same type motor that had taken Lindbergh overseas.

Everything was in readiness. Smitty said, "Let's go" and humming "California Here I Come," we took off westward over the smokestacks of southwest Chicago for a vision of

America which is only accorded those who go by air. A revelation of the greatness of our country, its natural wealth and the grandeur of its plains and mountains seen under the most favorable conditions and the landings made pleasant by the hospitality of Elks in every city where we stopped.

Aurora is soon on our right and beneath, golf courses, brown ploughed fields and green squares of carpet dappled in the sunlight by scudding clouds overhead. Flying due west, we follow the section lines through the "uninterrupted navigable ocean that comes to the threshold of every man's door," and at noon came down at Moline. Don Luscombe, who superintended the making of our plane, came out to look us over—the mechanics found the Monocoach functioning perfectly so we took off again for Omaha, arriving about three in the afternoon where we were met at the airport by a reception committee consisting of Secretary Walter Nelson, Past Exalted Ruler W. W. Carmichael,

Harry Jones, George Begerow and other officials of Omaha Lodge No. 39. A great lodge and royal hosts.

We next stopped at Lincoln Municipal Airport where we were met by Dr. Arthur E. Wood, L. B. Skold, Virgil H. Freeman, and other officers of No. 80. After a delightful luncheon we visited the magnificent new Capitol Building and called on the Governor. Then on to Fairbury, the home of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain. There being no airport in Fairbury, we parked the Monocoach in a field where it was guarded during the night by a freckled-faced boy, the living image of Whittier's poem, equipped with an Army blanket, one bottle of water, a box of crackers, and the ground for a bed, while the hardy flyers availed themselves of all the comforts of a beautiful home.

We next headed south for Kansas City where weather conditions made it necessary to stay over Saturday, a layover made most pleasant by J. C. Cartella, Exalted Ruler, E. L. Biersmith, Secretary and other officers of Kansas City Lodge.

Sunday morning still rainy and cloudy. We are getting behind in our schedule and decide to take off for Oklahoma City by way of Wichita. The ceiling is low and the visibility bad. I

(Continued on page 70)



Left, Exalted Ruler Arthur E. Wood and officers of Lincoln Neb., Lodge and above, Past Exalted Ruler W. W. Carmichael, and officers of Omaha Lodge, and right, Exalted Ruler John D. Carter, of Fort Worth Lodge, greeting the fliers





Members of Sweetwater, Tex., Lodge, No. 1257, give a hearty welcome to the purple and white car

Officers and members of Lodge No. 1372 greet the fleet driver and his car at Eastland, Tex.



The fleet car and driver arrive at Abilene, Tex., Lodge, No. 562, and are met by a group of hospitable members

The entertainment committee gives a warm reception to the fleet car at Ranger, Tex., Lodge, No. 1373



The reception committee of Lodge No. 1379 welcomes the purple and white car at Cisco, Tex.

Officers and members of Beaumont, Tex., greet the fleet driver at the Home of Lodge No. 311



R. L. CAMPBELL

# The Purple and White Fleet

## Concluding Chapters of Epic Coast-to-Coast Tour

AS REPORTED in the story of the Grand Lodge Convention published in our August issue, the four Studebaker roadsters of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Purple and White Fleet, and the Monocoach airplane by means of which Business Manager Charles S. Hart kept in constant contact with the drivers, were officially received in Los Angeles on July 8, with elaborate ceremonies. The following account gives the details of the visits of the cars and their drivers, from the points at which we were forced to leave them in last month's story, to the completion of their long and successful trips.

Car No. 1, piloted by Robert E. Clift, after the extensive entertainment in Portland, Ore., reported in our last issue, headed for Oregon City. The Magazine's representative was met on the road by Exalted Ruler Donald J. Ryan, of Lodge No. 1189, accompanied by a party of ten cars and three motorcycle officers and escorted toward town. On the way they were joined by a group of cowboys and cowgirls on horseback, and the augmented party paraded through the city. A fine, cordial reception awaited Mr. Clift at the Lodge Home, where he met and talked with a number of officers and members. At Salem, Ore., the following day another warm welcome awaited the traveler. Here he met W. H. Paulus, Exalted Ruler of Salem Lodge, No. 336; Past District Deputy F. T. Wrightman; Past Exalted Ruler F. W. Durbin, and others, and called upon Governor Patterson at the Capitol. Reaching Albany Mr. Clift met, and lunched with, Exalted Ruler W. W. Stuart; Past District Deputy P. A. Young; Harry B. Cusick, President of the Oregon State Elks Association, and several other officers and past officers of Lodge No. 359. A spectacular street parade and the most cordial kind of welcome marked Mr. Clift's stop in Eugene. At the Home of Lodge No. 357 Exalted Ruler Clarence E. Lombard; District

Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. R. McKy, Secretary George E. Wood, and a large group of officers and members were on hand to greet him. Reaching the beautiful Home of Roseburg Lodge, No. 326, the traveler found Exalted Ruler Edward George Kohlhagen; Past Exalted Rulers Dean B. Bubar and W. S. Fisher, and others ready with a courteous welcome. He took lunch with them and explained the purpose of his visit. At Medford Mr. Clift called at the Lodge Home where he met and talked with Past Exalted Rulers T. E. Daniels, C. C. Lemmon, and W. H. McGowan; Esteemed Leading Knight C. T. Baker, and others of Lodge No. 1168.

Crossing the state line into California, on the last leg of his journey, Mr. Clift stopped first at Eureka Lodge, No. 652. A motorcycle escort accompanied him to the Home, where he met and chatted with Exalted Ruler Lynn A. Vietor; Secretary W. R. Boice; Past Exalted Rulers Fred A. Petersen and Will N. Speegle, and others, with whom he lunched. At Santa Rosa he met Exalted Ruler Frank J. Corrick; Secretary Walter H. Nagle; Past Exalted Ruler Robert Madison, and a group of members of Lodge No. 646. Continuing to Petaluma he was met outside the city by an escort of cars and conducted to the Home of Lodge No. 901. Here he met and was entertained at lunch by a reception committee which included Exalted Ruler William A. Bidleman; Secretary H. A. McAskill and Past Exalted Ruler E. S. Tomasi. At San Rafael a group of some forty Elks of Lodge No. 1108 was on hand to meet Mr. Clift. He had been escorted to the Home from the county line by the captain and two officers of the Highway police. Heading the reception committee were Joseph E. Collins, Exalted Ruler; Hugh J. McGinnis, Secretary; and Past Exalted Rulers Joseph W. Fallon; Charles A. Redding, and George B. Sargent. At the beautiful Home of Oakland Lodge, No. 171, a

splendid welcome greeted the Magazine's representative. Among those whom Mr. Clift met and lunched with were Exalted Ruler Oliver Kehrlin; Secretary E. H. Grandjean; and Past Exalted Ruler D. A. Sinclair. Crossing the bay by ferry to San Francisco, Mr. Clift was met at the dock by a large delegation from No. 3, including a personal representative of Chief of Police William J. Quinn, whom he had met in Portland. Among the Elks on hand were Exalted Ruler Albert S. Reedy; Secretary Arthur J. Mangin; Past Exalted Ruler Oliver D. Flahaven, and members of the Hospitality Committee. An escort was provided for a drive around the city before calling at the Lodge Home. Here an informal reception was held and Mr. Clift explained his visit to a large group of members. He later had a brief talk with Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott. At San Jose, his next stop, the driver was welcomed by Loyal Knight R. M. Ralph; Secretary A. V. Schubert; and Past Exalted Rulers Fred Schumacher and George B. Deter, of Lodge No. 522. He also called upon the City Manager at City Hall. Exalted Ruler Paul Pioda and Secretary L. E. Johnson of Salinas Lodge, No. 614, met the driver in their city and extended a hearty welcome, as did other members. At San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322, Mr. Clift talked with Exalted Ruler Theodore M. Maimo; Secretary Edward N. Kaiser; Past Exalted Rulers W. T. Shipsey and W. B. Martin, and a group of other officers and members. At Santa Barbara, his last stop before arriving in Los Angeles, Mr. Clift met with a warm welcome from Exalted Ruler Carl A. Skipkey; Secretary Samuel J. MacKinnon; Past Exalted Ruler S. A. McFarland, and a group of officers and members.

George L. Alpers, driving Car No. 2 of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Purple and White Fleet, after his enjoyable visit to Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, pushed on to Boulder Lodge, No. 566, where



Members of Raton, N. M., Lodge, No. 865, turn out in goodly numbers to give a warm reception to the fleet driver

A large group of officers and members of Lodge No. 955 welcome the purple and white car at Douglas, Ariz.





TELEGRAPH PHOTO-EARLEY

A warm welcome is accorded the purple and white driver by the reception committee and members of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12

The driver of the fleet car (below) is welcomed in front of the club house of Youngstown, Ohio, Lodge, No. 55



Milton, Pa., Lodge, No. 913, puts on gala dress to receive the fleet car and its driver



A large delegation from Petersburg, Va., Lodge, No. 237, greets the Elk car

Springfield, Ill., Elks en masse (below) take the purple and white car bodily into the lobby of the handsome home of No. 158



CUSICK

Many members give an enthusiastic welcome to the fleet driver when he arrives at the Home of Frankfort, Ky., Lodge, No. 530



OSGOOD PHOTO

The purple and white car arrives at Galesburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 894, in time to share its festive welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler

Many members of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, (below) give enthusiastic welcome to the fleet driver

MARTIN'S PHOTO SHOP



The entertainment committee and members meet the Elk car at Springfield, Ohio, Lodge, No. 51



The purple and white car in front of the Home of Lodge, No. 291, greeted by members of Vincennes, Ind.

The welcome to the fleet driver at the Home of Paris, Ill., Lodge, No. 812 (below)



BID WHITING

Members of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, come out in force to greet the Elk car



ANDERSON

Members of Lodge, No. 26, greet the purple and white car warmly at Kansas City, Mo.

The Exalted Ruler and his young son (below) welcome the fleet driver at the Home of Des Moines, Iowa, Lodge, No. 98



The fleet driver greeted by members of Columbia, Mo., Lodge, No. 594, in front of their Home



POWELL STUDIO

Many Members of Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge, No. 673, welcome the purple and white car

At Sedalia, Mo., Lodge, No. 125, a large delegation gave the Elk car enthusiastic welcome (below)



DAUGHERTY PHOTO

The fleet driver is greeted at Gary, Ind., by officers and members of Lodge, No. 1152





The purple and white car arrives at Indiana, Pa., Lodge, No. 931

Officers and members of Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32, receive the fleet car



The fleet driver is welcomed by a large delegation at Chillicothe, O. Lodge, No. 52



Members of Webb City, Mo., Lodge No. 861, turn out in force to greet the purple and white car

The fleet car photographed beside the Elk statue at Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46



Officers and members of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, welcome the fleet driver



The fleet car and driver are welcomed at Galveston, Tex., by the reception committee of Lodge No. 126

day the Purple and White car was met by ten automobiles, carrying the uniformed team of Rawlins Lodge, No. 609, and escorted to the Home, where a fine turn-out of members was on hand to greet it. Among those who greeted the traveller and later took him out to the little mountain town of Saratoga for a freshly caught trout supper, were Exalted Ruler Dave L. Rusk; Secretary Charold S. Ahl; James A. Sheahan, Past Exalted Ruler, and several other officers and members. After enjoying the hospitable entertainment of the Rawlins Elks, Mr. Alpers next stopped at Rock Springs, Wyo., where he was the guest at a Sunday night supper of Exalted Ruler J. F. Davis; Secretary A. H. Anderson; Past Exalted Ruler C. A. Outsen; Mayor O. C. Bunning, and some twenty other members, whom he addressed on the plans and purposes of the Magazine. At Salt Lake City, Utah, a welcoming committee from Lodge No. 85, headed by Leo L. Levin, met the Magazine's representative, and entertained him during his stay in the city. A luncheon was held for him, attended by the Exalted Ruler; Secretary J. Edward Swift; Past District Deputy Eugene Kelly; the chair officers and all the Past Exalted Rulers in town, some fifteen or twenty altogether. Following a sight-seeing tour of the city, Mr. Alpers continued to Ogden, Utah, where Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Thomas, Secretary Charles F. Gilman, and some twenty members of Lodge No. 719, greeted him. A pleasant feature of his stay was a trout and chicken dinner in Ogden Canyon. Pushing on to Logan Lodge, No. 1453, the Purple and White car was met outside of the town by the Exalted Ruler, accompanied by a large delegation. After a parade through the city, a banquet was given in honor of the visitor, which was attended by most of the municipal officials. Mr. Alpers spent the evening at the Home, where an impromptu meeting took place in the Lodge room. At Pocatello, Idaho, the visitor found most of the members away, attending the State Association Convention at Idaho Springs. However, Exalted Ruler Robert E. Watson of Lodge No. 674 was on hand to welcome him, as was District Deputy R. W. Jones, who returned from the Convention to act as host. Mr. Watson accompanied Mr. Alpers to Black-



The purple and white car is received by members of Fort Worth, Tex., Lodge, No. 124

foot, where Blackfoot Lodge, No. 1416, was co-operating with the American Legion in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the coming of the railroad. Mr. Alpers was escorted to the scene of the celebration, where he drove the Purple and White car around the track, in view of 10,000 persons. He was then introduced over the loud speaker by Exalted Ruler J. A. Stewart, and later made a short talk over the radio. Other prominent members who greeted the traveller included Past Exalted Rulers Guy Stevens and J. F. Garvin. At Idaho Falls Mr. Alpers was entertained at luncheon by Exalted Ruler G. H. Telford, Past Exalted Ruler Parley E. Rigby, Mayor Clark, and a dozen other members of No. 1087, when the representative gave a talk on the Magazine. He later attended a regular meeting of the Lodge. At Burley, the driver was the luncheon guest of Frank B. Parke, and some twenty-five other members of No. 1384, to whom he explained the purpose of his call. At Twin Falls Mr. Alpers spent the evening in the Home of Lodge No. 1183, in company with Exalted Ruler R. E. Bobier, and Past Exalted Ruler and State Association Vice-President Charles D. Thomas. At Boise Lodge, No. 310, a reception committee composed of Exalted Ruler Judge Raymond L. Givens; Secretary E. W. Johnson; Past Exalted Ruler P. G. Flack; Loyal Knight F. S. Herr, and Treasurer Charles W. Barbour, greeted the visitor. After visiting the Lodge Home he was the supper guest of Judge and Mrs. Givens, and on the following morning was joined at breakfast by Secretary Johnson. Mr. Alpers then made a mid-morning stop at the Home of Nampa Lodge, No. 1389, where he was greeted by Exalted Ruler Don McKee; Secretary W. G. Adams; Mayor



The fleet driver gets a hearty welcome from members of Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1448



Officers and Members of Madison, Wis., Lodge, No. 410, receive the purple and white car



The fleet car is warmly received at The Dallas, Ore., by officers and members of Lodge No. 303



Members of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge No. 385, welcome the fleet car and its driver

The purple and white car arrives at the home of Bisbee, Ariz., Lodge No. 671



A large group from Pueblo, Colo., Lodge No. 90, give a warm reception to the purple and white car



The fleet driver is greeted at Rocky Ford, Colo., by members of Lodge No. 1147



Members of Santa Fe, N. M., Lodge No. 460, give a hearty welcome to the purple and white car and its driver



The entertainment committee and members of Florence, Colo., Lodge No. 611, receive the fleet driver



Members of Gallup, N. M., Lodge No. 1440, welcome the driver of the fleet car



The fleet driver arrives at the home of Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge No. 408



Officers and members of Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge No. 660, welcome the purple and white car



A delegation from San Diego, Calif., Lodge No. 168, receives the fleet driver



A committee from Winslow, Ariz., Lodge No. 536, meet and welcome the purple and white car



The fleet car greeted at Burley, Idaho, Lodge No. 1384, by members of the lodge



Members of San Rafael, Colo., Lodge No. 1108, turn out in force to greet the fleet car



Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge No. 335, gives a warm reception to the fleet driver



George H. Meffan, and a number of other members. At Caldwell he was the guest at a large luncheon party sponsored by Exalted Ruler Nicholas Ney and Secretary S. Earle Boyes. Crossing over into Oregon, Mr. Alpers visited Baker, where Lodge No. 338, had the American Legion Band out to meet him. He spent the evening at the Home with Exalted Ruler G. H. Chandler; Secretary C. R. Butson, and Past Exalted Ruler William C. Kelly. The following morning he made an unscheduled call on La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 433, where Exalted Ruler C. L. Berry; Secretary W. R. Winters, and several other members held an impromptu reception. Going back over the line into Idaho again, Mr. Alpers was met ten miles out of town by Exalted Ruler A. P. Henzell, of Lewiston Lodge, No. 896, who presented him with baskets of the famous cherries grown in the region, and escorted him to the Home. The following day the Magazine's representative addressed some seventy-five members and friends at a luncheon. Walla Walla, Wash., was his next destination, and on the way he was met by a motorcade of ten cars which, headed by the Mayor and a motorcycle escort, conducted him to the Home of Lodge No. 287. Here Mr. Alpers was presented with the keys to the city and with a large bouquet of roses by Mrs. L. L. Rosenfelt on behalf of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association. A parade was then formed. In the evening he was guest of honor at a large banquet, at which, among those present were Exalted Ruler Carl J. Brecht; Secretary Louis B. Romine, and District Deputy William Metz. Heading next for Yakima the Purple and White car was met at Sunnyside by Exalted Ruler George E. Clark; Secretary T. R. King; Past Exalted Ruler I. T. Bounds, all the chair officers and the Esquire, of Lodge No. 318. After lunching at Sunnyside the party motored the remaining forty miles to Yakima where Mr. Alpers was a supper guest at the Lodge Home, and afterwards attended a regular meeting. At Pendleton, Oregon, the next day the driver was greeted by a reception committee headed by Past Exalted Ruler A. L. Koeppen, of Lodge No. 288. After parading around town, photographs of the car and driver, surrounded by Indians and cowboys, were taken in front of the Lodge Home. At a dinner arranged for him Mr. Alpers spoke on the purposes of his visit, some of those who heard him being Mr. Koeppen, Secretary W. F. Glass, a number of the officers and a good-sized group of members. Exalted Ruler Earl W. Gordon, Secretary Dean T. Goodman, Leading Knight L. Van Marter and Loyal Knight Paul M. Gemmel, of Heppner Lodge, No. 358, with true western hospitality, had driven the 60 miles to Pendleton to meet Mr. Alpers and conduct him to their Lodge. On arrival in Heppner a parade was formed, after which the visitor was honor guest at a luncheon in the Lodge Home, attended by some forty members. Leaving Heppner the Magazine car was met on the Columbia River Highway by Exalted Ruler W. H. Wilhelm and Past Exalted Ruler C. S. Knight, of The Dalles Lodge, No. 303, who escorted him to the Home where a large reception was held, presided over by Secretary W. L. Crichton. At Bend Lodge, No. 1371, Mr. Alpers was received by Exalted Ruler Harry Swanson; Secretary Wilson H. George; Past Exalted Ruler Judge T. E. J. Duffy, and others, with whom he dined. The next morning Mr. George escorted the Purple and White car, accompanied by District Deputy Harry A. Struppler of Idaho North, to Crater Lake National Park, where they were met by a delega-

The reception committee of Santa Rosa, Cal., Lodge No. 646, welcomes the purple and white car

tion from Klamath Falls Lodge, No. 1247, including Past Exalted Ruler Perry O. De Lap, who has since been elected President of the Oregon State Elks Association. After lunching with the Bend and Klamath Falls members, Mr. Alpers continued his journey to the latter place, where he dined that evening in the Home of No. 1247, with Exalted Ruler J. C. Boyle, Secretary F. D. McMillan and a dozen other Elks.

The following evening the Magazine's ambassador of good-will stopped overnight at Yreka, Calif., where, there being no Lodge in the town, the driver was entertained by Sam H. Gillette and G. Doggert, members of Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 944. Pushing on to Redding Lodge, No. 1073, the next day Mr. Alpers was received by Secretary M. E. Luton. Arriving at Chico Lodge, No. 423, the car was met by Secretary J. S. Brown and Past Exalted Ruler R. C. Hurst, who arranged a swimming party for the pilot, and later dined with him. Reaching Marysville Lodge, No. 783, on July 4, the car and driver took part in the holiday festivities at the new Home, and in a street parade. Mr. Alpers then lunched with Past Exalted Ruler Walton M. Langdon and a group of members. At Marysville to meet the Purple and White car was a committee from Sacramento Lodge, No. 6, headed by Exalted Ruler Eldon J. Rader and Secretary Walter Leitch. Arriving in Sacramento Mr. Alpers was the guest of J. J. Jacobs at his home, where a cooling dip in Mr. Jacob's swimming pool was enjoyed. The driver then dined with the committee members. The following morning a special breakfast presided over by Secretary Leitch was given for Mr. Alpers. Paying a brief call at Stockton Lodge, No. 218, the traveller met Exalted Ruler George S. Ferguson and Secretary T. P. Bonney. Stopping at Modesto Lodge, No. 1282, for another brief visit the car was greeted by Exalted Ruler H. R. Windus. At Merced Lodge, No. 1240, Secretary E. D. Johnson entertained the visitor during the evening. At Fresno Lodge, No. 439, a reception committee headed by Secretary S. J. Ashman and Past Exalted Ruler C. H. Staples, and including a number of the officers, greeted the car and entertained the pilot at luncheon. At Bakersfield Lodge, No. 266, Mr. Alpers was met by a reception committee, and taken for a swim in the Lodge pool before attending a dinner in his honor at the St. Francis restaurant. Included in the party were Exalted Ruler R. J. Vedon, and a number of well-known members.

The third car of the Purple and White Fleet, driven by John H. Hamilton, after visiting with St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, where the driver met and talked with Exalted Ruler H. A. Hamilton, Secretary Jules Bertero and Past Exalted Ruler B. F. Dickmann, next headed for Jefferson City, Mo., Lodge, No. 513. Mr. Hamilton met Exalted Ruler James C. Bacon of the Lodge and then pushed on to pay brief visits at Fulton Lodge, No. 1231, Mexico Lodge, No. 919, and Columbia Lodge, No. 594.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE representative paid his next call on Sedalia Lodge, No. 125, where he was greeted by Exalted Ruler P. V. Harris, Secretary J. W. Reid and others and addressed some 70 members at a regular meeting of the Lodge. The car then traveled to Kansas City, Mo., where the driver called on Lodge No. 26.

From Kansas City, Mr. Hamilton went on to Fort Scott, Kans., where he was warmly greeted by Exalted Ruler W. L. Johnston, at the Home of Lodge No. 579. At Pittsburg Lodge, No. 412, his next stop, the driver met Exalted Ruler

The fleet car greeted at Flagstaff, Ariz., by members of Lodge No. 499



A committee of members of El Centro, Calif., make the fleet driver welcome at the home of Lodge No. 1325

The purple and white car arriving in front of the home of San Antonio, Tex., Lodge, No. 216



The fleet car and driver photographed in front of the home of Dodge City, Kans., Lodge, No. 1406

A delegation from Lodge No. 461 greets the fleet driver at the home of Albuquerque, N. M.



Members of El Paso, Tex., Lodge, No. 187, turn out in force to welcome the fleet car

A committee welcomes the fleet car at the home of San Jose, Calif., Lodge, No. 522



Officers and members of Lodge No. 322, receive the purple and white driver at San Luis Obispo, Calif.

The purple and white car is met by members of Lodge No. 794 at Santa Ana, Calif.



Members of Globe, Ariz., Lodge, No. 489, come out in force to meet the fleet driver

A hearty reception is given the driver of the fleet car by Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6



The fleet car greeted at Santa Barbara, Calif., by members of Lodge No. 613

The fleet car photographed in front of the home of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, No. 80



A large group from Lodge No. 836, turns out to welcome the purple and white car at San Bernardino, Calif.



The driver of the fleet car is greeted at the home of Fort Morgan, Colo., Lodge, No. 1143



A large group of members of Lodge No. 1186 receive the fleet car at Wenatchee, Wash.

The purple and white car arrives at the Home of Miles City, Mont., Lodge, No. 537



The fleet driver is welcomed at Spokane, Wash., by members of Lodge No. 223



The entertainment committee and members of Lodge No. 331 greet the fleet driver at Wallace, Idaho



The entertainment committee of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, welcomes the purple and white car at the Home of Lodge No. 1254



The fleet car arrives at the Home of Lamar, Colo., Lodge, No. 1319



Representatives of Bozeman, Mont., Lodge, No. 463, turn out to receive the fleet car



A large group from Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838, gives a hearty greeting to the fleet driver



A delegation from Canon City, Colo., Lodge, No. 610, welcomes the purple and white car



The fleet driver is received at Colorado Springs, Colo., by the reception committee of Lodge No. 309



Members of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, turn out in force to greet the fleet driver



The fleet car photographed in front of the Home of Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge, No. 896



Members of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, give a hearty welcome to the purple and white car



The reception committee of Ellensburg, Wash., Lodge, No. 1102, receives the fleet car



R. J. Nesch and lunched with a group of the members. Crossing the line into Missouri again, Mr. Hamilton, headed for Joplin Lodge, No. 501, was met on the road by a delegation of members headed by Exalted Ruler Karl P. Goodrich and Secretary W. L. Stein. Escorted into town by a motorcycle officer, the visitor and his hosts paraded through the streets. Pushing on to Webb City Lodge, No. 861, the Magazine's representative called at the Home, where he met a few of the members.

Setting out for Coffeyville, Kans., Lodge, No. 775, the Purple and White car hit a bad spot in the road and overturned, painfully injuring Mr. Hamilton, and doing considerable damage to itself. The driver was taken to a hospital, where it was found his injuries would need several weeks of treatment. Victor Lazo, of THE ELKS MAGAZINE staff, was pressed into service as relief driver, and after the car was repaired continued across Kansas, making his first stop at Coffeyville. Here he visited at the Home of Lodge No. 775, and was warmly welcomed by a group of officers and members. His next call was on Independence Lodge, No. 780, where he was received by practically the full complement of officers, headed by Exalted Ruler H. D. Cook and Secretary William Harrison.

At Wichita and Hutchinson Lodges, Nos. 427 and 453, Mr. Lazo was greeted with hospitality and interest, and was the recipient of thoughtful attentions from the members. Continuing on to Dodge City Lodge, No. 1406, and calling at the Home, he met Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler B. B. Hunter, President of the Iowa State Elks Association, who was to relieve him at the wheel. Making its last Kansas stop at Garden City Lodge, No. 1404, the Purple and White car was given a hearty reception by officers and members, before crossing into Colorado.

At Lamar, Colo., Lodge, No. 1319, Mr. Hunter was accorded a warm welcome by Exalted Ruler John Alexander, Secretary Charles H. Wooden and others who escorted him to dinner at the Hotel Ben Mar. Eight of those present were Past Exalted Rulers of the local Lodge, and following the repast the party adjourned to the Home where Mr. Hunter talked on the purpose of the visit. The next day the car was met by a welcoming committee of Elks from La Junta, Colo., Lodge, No. 701, at Old Fort Lyon, which is midway between La Junta and Lamar and is now used as a United States Veterans Hospital. The delegation under the leadership of Exalted Ruler L. P. Strain and Secretary W. C. Sporleder accompanied Mr. Hunter to Kit Carson's old home, visited the hospital where 21 members of La Junta Lodge are employed in various departments, and then escorted the driver to a dinner at the Fred Harvey restaurant in La Junta. Fourteen members of the local Lodge were present, including 7 Past Exalted Rulers. The Purple and White Fleet car was joined the next day, about 3 miles from Pueblo, by Exalted Ruler L. E. Accola, Secretary Thomas Andrew and a number of members of Lodge No. 90, together with a detail of police, who escorted Mr. Hunter back to Pueblo for a street parade which wound up at the Home, and a well-attended dinner given in his honor at the Congress Hotel. The driver addressed the members, who had shown him every consideration during his stay.

The driver's next port of call was Florence Lodge, No. 611, where he talked to a number of members and was shown over the Home. There Mr. Hunter met Exalted Ruler A. C. Mink, Secretary W. H. McKinstry and others from Canon City Lodge, No. 610, who piloted him to the latter Lodge, where he met a number



The fleet car and driver photographed with members of Lodge No. 1374 at Chehalis, Wash.

of the members. The party then took him up the Rockies to the Royal Gorge and back over the Skyline Mountain route to a rainbow trout dinner at the hotel. The next morning, in company with Secretary McKinstry, the driver was shown through the Colorado penitentiary and then headed for Colorado Springs Lodge, No. 309, where, on his arrival that evening, he found Exalted Ruler Irl Foard, M. E. Stubbs, Secretary for 23 years, all the chair officers and several members waiting to greet him and escort him to a dinner on the top of Cheyenne Mountain. The next morning the same party of local Elks joined Mr. Hunter at his hotel and took him to the top of Pikes Peak, stopping on the way back, half-way down the mountain, for a chicken dinner at noon. The driver was then shown the Garden of the Gods, and after a most enjoyable and stimulating visit made his departure. He next called on Victor Lodge, No. 367, where he talked with several members and was shown the fire in the fireplace of the Home which is kept perpetually burning. Mr. Hunter then visited with the members of Cripple Creek Lodge, No. 316, and saw the Lodge's fine collection of elk and other animal specimens. On his way to Walsenburg Lodge, No. 1086, the driver was met outside the city by Exalted Ruler Harvey Starbuck, Secretary F. W. Shafer and others who served as escort. Mr. Hunter attended a regular meeting of the Lodge, at which 9 candidates were initiated, followed by a buffet lunch and enjoyable social session.

At Raton, N. M., Lodge, No. 865, the driver was greeted by Exalted Ruler T. F. Smith, Secretary W. D. Pierson and others who entertained him at a banquet. In Las Vegas, with its picturesque background of Mexicans, Indians and cattlemen, the driver met and talked with Exalted Ruler L. W. Ilfeld, Secretary R. M. Gaut, Past Exalted Ruler E. E. Huyck and several others of Lodge No. 408. Nearing Santa Fe, Mr. Hunter was met by Exalted Ruler R. P. Fullerton, Secretary Ben L. Martinez, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. J. Turley, other officers and members and the Mayor and Chief of Police who accompanied him on a street parade to the Home of Lodge No. 460, where he was accorded a rousing reception and was guest of honor at a banquet at the De Vargas Hotel. Exalted Ruler Fullerton welcomed him on behalf of the Lodge and speeches were made by District Deputy Turley and the Mayor. The following morning, in company with a party headed by Exalted Ruler Fullerton, the driver was taken 40 miles to see the ruins of the cliff dwellers and to visit several Indian pueblos. A delegation of officers and members of Albuquerque Lodge, No. 461, including Exalted Ruler C. L. Berndtson and Past Exalted Ruler F. B. Kimberlin, the Chief of Police and two motor-cycle policemen, met the car several miles out of town where it was held up for over an hour waiting for water, due to heavy rains, to recede from a gully which it had to cross. The car and driver were then enthusiastically paraded through the streets of Albuquerque to the Home and then to the Harvey House, where Mr. Hunter was guest at a dinner. Following the banquet the driver gave a talk on his visit at the country club and remained over night in the Home as the Lodge's guest. The next morning he was shown many points of interest in and around the city by Past Exalted Ruler Kimberlin, and then headed for Gallup Lodge, No. 1440. Some 26 miles from the latter place, at an Indian pueblo and trading post, a number of Gallup members in Indian costume greeted Mr. Hunter and escorted him to the Lodge and

Members of Olympia, Wash., Lodge, No. 186, give a hearty welcome to the fleet driver



The purple and white car arrives at the home of La Grande, Ore., Lodge, No. 433

A fine reception is given the fleet driver at Oregon City, Ore., Lodge, No. 1189



The fleet car photographed at the Home of Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479

At Lodge No. 1168, the fleet driver is received by the welcoming committee of Medford, Ore.



Officers and members of Pendleton, Ore., Lodge, No. 288, turn out to greet the purple and white car

Eureka, Cal., Lodge, No. 652, turns out in force to give a hearty welcome to the purple and white car



A delegation of members from Roseburg, Ore., Lodge, No. 326, greet the fleet car

Prominent members and visitors of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, receive the fleet driver



The purple and white car photographed with members of Lodge No. 336, in front of their home at Salem, Ore.

The reception committee of Yakima, Wash., Lodge, No. 318, greets the purple and white car



Officers and members of Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge, No. 267, turn out in force to welcome the fleet car

The fleet car is greeted by members of Corvallis, Ore., Lodge, No. 1413



Officers and members of Lodge No. 297 give a hearty welcome to the fleet driver at the Home of Dubuque, Iowa



A large representation from Eugene, Ore., Lodge, No. 357, receives the purple and white car

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Lodge No. 138 sends its reception committee to welcome the fleet car to Temple, Tex.



A large gathering of members of Lodge No. 1069 greet the purple and white car at Port Arthur, Tex.



The fleet driver and his car photographed at the Home of Belton, Tex., Lodge, No. 1131



The fleet driver is greeted by members of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336



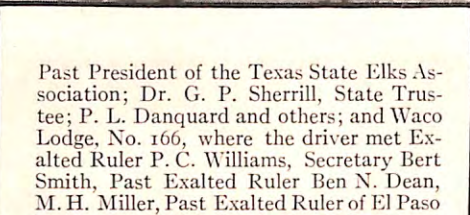
The purple and white car is received by members in front of the Home of Loveland, Colo., Lodge, No. 1051



The reception committee welcomes the fleet at Kearney, Neb., Lodge, No. 984



Officers and members of Racine, Wis., Lodge, No. 252, greet the fleet driver



Past President of the Texas State Elks Association; Dr. G. P. Sherrill, State Trustee; P. L. Danquard and others; and Waco Lodge, No. 166, where the driver met Exalted Ruler P. C. Williams, Secretary Bert Smith, Past Exalted Ruler Ben N. Dean, M. H. Miller, Past Exalted Ruler of El Paso Lodge, a number of the chair officers and members who showed him through the beautiful Home. At Dallas, Texas, Lodge, No. 71, the driver was warmly greeted by Exalted Ruler Louis G. Mindrup, Secretary W. R. Dudley, Jr., Past Exalted Ruler W. A. Smith and others, and then pushed on to Fort Worth and was joined at the city limits by Exalted Ruler John D. Carter, Secretary John F. Ryan and several others from Lodge No. 124, who acted as his escort to the Home where he was greeted by Past Exalted Ruler C. F. Hines and many of the members. At noon of the following day the car stopped at Ranger Lodge, No. 1373, and was received by Secretary Otis R. Brady, Past Exalted Rulers Harry A. Logsdon, J. B. Heister and A. M. Jameson, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and several others of the membership. The driver made a brief visit with Eastland Lodge, No. 1372, and met Secretary J. L. Cottingham, Past Exalted Rulers Oscar Wilson and E. N. Francis and several staff officers, after which he set out for Cisco Lodge, No. 1379, and had an enjoyable visit with Exalted Ruler Hugh White, Secretary C. H. Fleming, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler B. S. Huey, Past Exalted Ruler H. I. Stock, Mayor J. M. Williamson and others of the reception committee. Later the driver was taken to see the new \$1,500,000 bridge and dam which is some 5 miles from the city limits. Mr. Cunningham's next call was Abilene Lodge, No. 562, where he talked with Exalted Ruler H. H. Griffith, Secretary D. R. Marshall and Esquire J. G. Weir and then drove on to arrive at Sweetwater Lodge, No. 1257, for an enjoyable luncheon with Exalted Ruler Gus Farrar, Past Exalted Rulers L. M. Watson and W. R. Bishop and several officers. The car made its last stop in Texas at El Paso Lodge, No. 157, where the driver received a welcome from Exalted Ruler William J. Moran, Secretary T. B. Phillips, Past Exalted Rulers Jack Burke and G. L.



The fleet car photographed at the Home of Watertown, Wis., with members of Lodge No. 666

a dinner given in his honor at the Harvey Hotel. During his visit the driver met Exalted Ruler J. P. Gribbin and many other local Elks. At Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge, No. 499, the next stop, the driver talked with Exalted Ruler F. L. Decker, Secretary T. L. Rees, Past Exalted Ruler Ed S. Miller and Esteemed Lecturing Knight Grover Hutson. Exalted Ruler Decker had planned on entertaining the driver at dinner but was suddenly rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation for appendicitis. Some 5 miles outside of San Bernardino, Calif., Mr. Hunter was met by Exalted Ruler W. F. Holmes, Secretary J. F. Hosfield, a group of members and two motorcycle policemen, who piloted him to an enjoyable luncheon at Lodge No. 836, where he received a hospitable reception. Another detail of police escorted the driver out of town when he left for Los Angeles and the Grand Lodge Convention.

The fourth car of the Purple and White Fleet, piloted by William Cunningham on the southernmost route, after visiting with San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, headed for Austin and was cordially met outside the city by a group of Elks from Lodge No. 201, who escorted the driver to the Home for a smoker which was given in his honor following the Lodge's Flag Day exercises. During his stay Mr. Cunningham met Exalted Ruler Joe B. Knight, Secretary C. B. Anderson, Past Exalted Rulers J. W. Graham, J. W. Brady, Henry Werdlandt and Tom Atlee, and a representative group of chair officers and members. The next day the driver called on Belton Lodge, No. 1131, and spoke with Secretary A. L. Monteith and Past Exalted Ruler R. B. James; Temple Lodge, No. 138, where he was greeted by Exalted Ruler Joe W. Harris, Secretary H. G. Schultz, Past Exalted Rulers P. L. Downs,

Arnold and many others. The following day THE ELKS MAGAZINE representative made the first of his Arizona calls at Douglas Lodge, No. 955, visiting the Home and talking with Exalted Ruler G. S. Cowdon, Secretary I. B. Ward, Past Exalted Rulers W. J. Reay, D. C. O'Neil, and others, afterwards heading for Bisbee, where he addressed the members of Lodge No. 671. Here he met Exalted Ruler Howard Hampston, Secretary J. A. Kelly, Past Exalted Rulers M. J. Cunningham and J. P. Connolly, other local Elks. His third call was at Tucson Lodge, No. 385, where he joined a party of the members headed by Exalted Ruler William E. Taylor, Secretary W. Sullinger, Past Exalted Rulers M. H. Starkweather and C. H. Webber, who urged him to accompany them on a fraternal trip to Nogales Lodge, No. 1307, which was celebrating its birthday with a barbecue and initiation. At Nogales, after a drive of over 60 miles, the driver was warmly received by Exalted Ruler Louis Lewin, Secretary Victor J. Wager and several other officers of the Lodge there, and participated in a general good time of the membership. A group of some 40 members, including Exalted Ruler T. W. Howe, Secretary J. F. Mayer and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred W. Curtis, were present to greet the car and driver at Globe Lodge, No. 489, where Mr. Cunningham told the assemblage of the purpose of his visit. About 20 miles from Phoenix, the next scheduled stop, the car was joined by a police and membership escort from Lodge No. 335, which piloted Mr. Cunningham to the city for a rousing reception and fine dinner at the Hotel Westward Ho. Among those who entertained the driver, took him on a sightseeing tour and for visits to the homes of

(Continued on page 69)



The fleet car is welcomed at Asheville, N. C., by members of Lodge No. 1401



The reception committee of Lodge No. 1316 welcomes the fleet driver to Evanston, Ill.



The fleet car arrives at the Home of Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858

# Directory of Subordinate Lodges

## For the Year 1929-30

Compiled by J. E. Masters

Grand Secretary, Chicago, Illinois

(Continued from August issue)

### Key to Meeting Nights

After each secretary's name in this directory you will see a number. Each number signifies the night or nights of the month on which the Lodge holds regular meetings. The key to these numbers is printed herewith:

- 1—Mondays.
- 2—1st and 3rd Monday.
- 3—2nd and 4th Monday.
- 4—Tuesdays.
- 5—1st and 3rd Tuesday.
- 6—2nd and 4th Tuesday.
- 7—Wednesdays.
- 8—1st and 3rd Wednesday.
- 9—2nd and 4th Wednesday.
- 10—Thursdays.
- 11—1st and 3rd Thursday.
- 12—2nd and 4th Thursday.
- 13—Fridays.
- 14—1st and 3rd Friday.
- 15—2nd and 4th Friday.
- 16—Saturdays.
- 17—1st and 3rd Saturday.
- 18—2nd and 4th Saturday.
- 19—Sundays.
- 20—1st and 3rd Sunday.
- 21—2nd and 4th Sunday.

*Greensburg, Ind., No. 475*—Roy H. Beeson, Exalted Ruler; Charles H. Ewing, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
*Greensburg, Pa., No. 511*—John A. Weaver, Exalted Ruler; J. Ross Foust, Secretary—9.  
*Greenville, Miss., No. 148*—W. B. Wilkes, Exalted Ruler; J. L. Reid, Secretary—3.  
*Greenville, Ohio, No. 1130*—J. Lendall Williams, Exalted Ruler; Elmer W. Schwartz, Secretary—1.  
*Greenville, Pa., No. 145*—L. R. MacDermott, Exalted Ruler; John D. Cutler, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
*Greenville, S. C., No. 858*—C. F. McCullough, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Riley, Secretary—4.  
*Greenville, Texas, No. 703*—H. P. Block, Exalted Ruler; Barney W. Fields, Secretary—4.  
*Greenville, Conn., No. 1150*—William C. Rungee, Exalted Ruler; Arthur F. O'Neill, Secretary—5.  
*Greenwood, Miss., No. 854*—J. H. Pettey, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Metcalfe, Secretary—6.  
*Greybull, Wyo., No. 1431*—J. R. Douglas, Exalted Ruler; N. E. Loveland, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
*Griffin, Ga., No. 1207*—Joseph P. Persons, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Elton Tingle, Secretary—1.  
*Grinnell, Iowa, No. 1266*—Howard Edwards, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Gardner, Secretary—5.  
*Gulfport, Miss., No. 978*—Peter T. Bugna, Exalted Ruler; R. E. Seay, Secretary—5.

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*Hackensack, N. J., No. 658*—Dr. Samuel T. Hubbard, Exalted Ruler; Hugh V. Keenan, Secretary—8.  
*Hagerstown, Md., No. 378*—D. Warren Seibert, Exalted Ruler; Ross F. Kountz, Secretary—6.  
*Hamilton, Ohio, No. 93*—C. W. Simpson, Exalted Ruler; Charles Howald, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
*Hammond, Ind., No. 485*—William Cappel, Exalted Ruler; Wm. L. Young, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
*Hampton, Va., No. 366*—Roland D. Cook, Exalted Ruler; Thomas L. Sclater, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
*Hancock, Mich., No. 381*—Charles O. Oliver, Exalted Ruler; Eldred C. Wivell, Secretary—12.  
*Hanford, Cal., No. 1250*—Clark Clement, Exalted Ruler; Harry Kimball, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
*Hannibal, Mo., No. 1198*—Art J. Mulvihill, Exalted Ruler; Wm. A. Lauer, Secretary—1.  
*Hanover, Pa., No. 763*—G. Malden Beard, Exalted Ruler; A. S. Ruth, Secretary—12.  
*Harrisburg, Ill., No. 1058*—Scerial Thompson, Exalted Ruler; Geo. B. Lee, Secretary—12.  
*Harrisburg, Pa., No. 12*—Carl B. Shelley, Exalted Ruler; Albert J. Mehring, Secretary—12.  
*Harrisonburg, Va., No. 450*—Raymond Webster, Exalted Ruler; J. Robert Switzer, Secretary—10.  
*Hartford, Conn., No. 19*—Clinton L. Chapin, Exalted Ruler; John A. McKone, Secretary—7.  
*Hartford (White River Junction), Vt., No. 1541*—P. J. Kaney, Exalted Ruler; George B. Savery, Secretary—12.  
*Hartford City, Ind., No. 625*—Dr. Frank R. Peters, Exalted Ruler; William B. Rosenbaum, Sr., P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
*Harvey, Ill., No. 1242*—Joseph W. Chapman, Exalted Ruler; Raymond J. Steuart, Secretary—Meets first four Wednesdays.  
*Haskell, Texas, No. 1158*—P. A. Womble, Exalted Ruler; C. E. Braye, Secretary—1.  
*Hastings, Neb., No. 150*—L. A. Bratton, Exalted Ruler; Geo. V. Helmann, Secretary—15.  
*Hattiesburg, Miss., No. 500*—R. A. Fowler, Exalted Ruler; J. G. Neno, Secretary—5.  
*Haverhill, Mass., No. 165*—Elmer P. Miett, Exalted Ruler; Robert H. Quinby, Secretary—5.  
*Haverstraw, N. Y., No. 877*—Edmund H. Lawler, Exalted Ruler; Charles D. Engle, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
*Haute, Mont., No. 1201*—H. H. Dolliver, Exalted Ruler; F. W. McCarthy, Secretary—6.  
*Haute de Grace, Md., No. 1564*—Harold E. Cobourn, Exalted Ruler; S. R. De Frese, Secretary—4.  
*Hazard, Ky., No. 1504*—J. A. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Chas. O. Ibrig, Secretary—5.  
*Hazleton, Pa., No. 200*—Harry T. Davis, Exalted Ruler; Thomas H. Richards, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
*Helena, Ark., No. 650*—Peter A. Deisch, Exalted Ruler; S. H. Hurst, Secretary—11.  
*Helena, Mont., No. 193*—Joseph S. Bossler, Exalted Ruler; R. A. Gibbons, Secretary—6.  
*Hempstead, N. Y., No. 1485*—William F. McMahon, Exalted Ruler; Malcolm Graham, Secretary—13.  
*Henderson, Ky., No. 206*—E. N. Williams, Exalted Ruler; Chas. Murray, Secretary—10.  
*Henryetta, Okla., No. 1330*—Grover L. Bynum, Exalted Ruler; J. S. Holcombe, Secretary—5.  
*Heppner, Ore., No. 358*—Earl W. Gordon, Exalted Ruler; Dean T. Goodman, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
*Herington, Kans., No. 1433*—H. J. Mertel, Exalted Ruler; A. M. Varner, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
*Herkimer, N. Y., No. 1430*—Grover C. Ingersoll, Exalted Ruler; Lambert G. Anderson, Secretary—9.  
*Herrin, Ill., No. 1146*—Clyde Brewster, Exalted Ruler; Link Perrine, Secretary—8.  
*Hibbing, Minn., No. 1022*—Geo. Healy, Exalted Ruler; Thos. P. Evans, Secretary—3.  
*Hickman, Ky., No. 1294*—A. W. Hale, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Reed, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
*Highland Park, Ill., No. 1362*—Archie Abercromby, Exalted Ruler; Lloyd L. Larson, Secretary—15.  
*High Point, N. C., No. 1155*—Owen Reese, Exalted Ruler; D. H. Milton, Secretary—12.  
*Hillsboro, Ohio, No. 361*—Chas. W. Swartz, Exalted Ruler; Sigel W. Mullenix, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
*Hilo, Hawaii, No. 750*—John M. Cannon, Exalted Ruler; Percy H. Bayly, Secretary—3.  
*Hinton, W. Va., No. 821*—L. P. Welfley, Exalted Ruler; W. B. Jordan, Secretary—4.

*Hobart, Okla., No. 881*—Chas. W. Harter, Exalted Ruler; C. E. Liggett, Secretary—14.  
*Hoboken, N. J., No. 74*—Harold Alsberg, Exalted Ruler; Justin B. Fash, Secretary—14.  
*Holland, Mich., No. 1315*—Walter Sutton, Exalted Ruler; John E. Kiekintveld, Secretary—5.  
*Hollister, Cal., No. 1436*—Frank C. Sparling, Exalted Ruler; Walter Keene, Secretary—4.  
*Holly Springs, Miss., No. 1009*—Robert McMechan, Exalted Ruler; John M. Mickle, Secretary—10.  
*Holyoke, Mass., No. 902*—James R. O'Donnell, Exalted Ruler; James J. Murray, Secretary—5.  
*Homestead, Pa., No. 650*—M. J. Schaff, Exalted Ruler; W. L. Walton, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
*Honolulu, Hawaii, No. 616*—Paul O. Smith, Exalted Ruler; W. N. Hanna, Secretary—13.  
*Hood River, Ore., No. 1507*—M. C. Carter, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Aldridge, Secretary—10.  
*Hoosick Falls, N. Y., No. 178*—Wm. F. Holsapple, Jr., Exalted Ruler; A. C. Brownell, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
*Hope, Ark., No. 1109*—Dr. T. L. McDonald, Exalted Ruler; Talbot Feild, P. E. R., Secretary—1.  
*Hopkinsville, Ky., No. 545*—F. C. Cull, Exalted Ruler; W. F. Garnett, Secretary—4.  
*Hoquiam, Wash., No. 1082*—B. E. Harris, Exalted Ruler; Dean S. Palmer, Secretary—4.  
*Hornell, N. Y., No. 364*—Harold F. Lieb, Exalted Ruler; John E. Cullinan, Secretary—8.  
*Hot Springs, Ark., No. 380*—Dr. Thos. N. Black, Exalted Ruler; G. E. Hogaboom, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
*Houlton, Me., No. 835*—Dr. P. L. B. Ebbett, Exalted Ruler; Albert K. Stetson, Secretary—5.  
*Hauma, La., No. 1193*—M. L. Funderburk, Exalted Ruler; H. J. Thibodaux, Secretary—6.  
*Houston, Texas, No. 151*—Thomas W. Hopkins, Exalted Ruler; Courtney Hutchison, Secretary—4.  
*Hudson, Mass., No. 959*—William J. McNally, Exalted Ruler; Peter M. Courtemanche, Secretary—5.  
*Hudson, N. Y., No. 787*—Franklin D. B. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Richard H. Marshall, Secretary—2.  
*Hudson, Wis., No. 640*—J. E. Newton, Exalted Ruler; E. L. Jones, Secretary—8.  
*Hugo, Okla., No. 1170*—J. J. Barrett, Exalted Ruler; H. M. Pardue, Secretary—9.  
*Humboldt, Tenn., No. 1098*—P. R. Malone, Exalted Ruler; R. W. James, Secretary—1.  
*Huntingdon, Pa., No. 976*—Jay W. Hazlett, Exalted Ruler; C. H. Hatfield, P. E. R., Secretary—2.  
*Huntington, Ind., No. 805*—J. R. Cartwright, Exalted Ruler; Homer Hardy, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
*Huntington (Huntington Bay), N. Y., No. 1505*—Raymond H. LaClair, Exalted Ruler; Einar E. Winding, Secretary—8.  
*Huntington, W. Va., No. 313*—O. T. Stafford, Exalted Ruler; E. C. Reckard, Secretary—10.  
*Huntington Park, Cal., No. 1415*—Royal L. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Charles G. Hedgcock, P. E. R., Secretary—13.  
*Huron, S. D., No. 444*—E. C. McKenzie, Exalted Ruler; N. S. Jamison, Secretary—14.  
*Hutchinson, Kans., No. 453*—E. F. Dooley, Exalted Ruler; C. F. Clark, Secretary—14.  
*Hyannis, Mass., No. 1540*—Emil W. Rodin, Exalted Ruler; Wvylle J. Keveney, Secretary—

### I

*Idaho Falls, Idaho, No. 1087*—G. H. Telford, Exalted Ruler; W. T. Pettinger, P. E. R., Secretary—4.

*Idaho Springs, Colo., No. 607*—F. H. Leach, Exalted Ruler; John Mollard, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
*Illion, N. Y., No. 1444*—R. J. Fuller, Exalted Ruler; J. F. Meehan, Secretary—5.  
*Independence, Kans., No. 780*—H. D. Cook, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Harrison, Secretary—12.  
*Indiana, Pa., No. 931*—William G. Blaine, Exalted Ruler; Roy S. Stephens, Secretary—5.  
*Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13*—V. M. Armstrong, Exalted Ruler; W. G. Taylor, Secretary—13.  
*Inglewood, Cal., No. 1402*—Gail S. Hamilton, Exalted Ruler; G. S. Hamilton, Secretary—10.  
*Iola, Kans., No. 500*—Will H. King, Exalted Ruler; Melvin Fronk, Secretary—7.  
*Ionia, Mich., No. 538*—Geo. R. Banhagel, Exalted Ruler; Henry Gardner, Secretary—11.  
*Iowa City, Iowa, No. 590*—Claude E. Reed, Exalted Ruler; F. B. Volklinger, Secretary—8.  
*Iron Mountain, Mich., No. 700*—Ray E. MacAllister, Exalted Ruler; Daniel P. Alessandri, Secretary—5.  
*Ironton, Ohio, No. 177*—Peter A. Burke, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Mittendorf, Secretary—11.  
*Ironwood, Mich., No. 1278*—R. E. Savage, Exalted Ruler; Mathew A. Koppick, Secretary—Meets first and last Wednesdays.  
*Irrington, N. J., No. 1245*—Herman E. Fritche, Exalted Ruler; Percy A. Miller, Secretary—10.  
*Ishpeming, Mich., No. 447*—C. Harlow Starks, Exalted Ruler; Earl Leiminger, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
*Ithaca, N. Y., No. 636*—J. C. Latanzi, Exalted Ruler; E. C. Collier, Secretary—3.

### J

*Jackson, Mich., No. 113*—William Sparks, Exalted Ruler; J. F. Harrison, Secretary—1.  
*Jackson, Miss., No. 416*—Ellis Engel, Exalted Ruler; L. M. Darnall, Secretary—14.  
*Jackson, Ohio, No. 466*—Ivan L. Barton, Exalted Ruler; George S. Gast, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
*Jackson, Tenn., No. 192*—Addison Johnston, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Barber, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
*Jacksonville, Fla., No. 221*—Wm. T. McDaniel, Exalted Ruler; Geo. E. Munde, Secretary—8.  
*Jacksonville, Ill., No. 682*—Denham Harney, Exalted Ruler; H. A. Williamson, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
*Jamestown, N. Y., No. 203*—F. J. McCulla, Exalted Ruler; G. R. Broadberry, Secretary—11.  
*Jamestown, N. D., No. 905*—Harry C. Miller, Exalted Ruler; Geo. T. Richmond, Secretary—15.  
*Janesville, Wis., No. 254*—Frank W. Fisher, Exalted Ruler; Robert R. Conway, Secretary—5.  
*Jeannette, Pa., No. 486*—John A. Cook, Exalted Ruler; Charles T. Myers, Jr., Secretary—5.  
*Jefferson City, Mo., No. 513*—Jas. C. Bacon, Exalted Ruler; C. H. Buchanan, Secretary—6.  
*Jeffersonville, Ind., No. 362*—James W. Sweeney, Exalted Ruler; Charles A. Vawter, Secretary—3.  
*Jennings, La., No. 1085*—L. L. Richard, Exalted Ruler; H. L. Boudreaux, Secretary—9.  
*Jerome, Ariz., No. 1361*—J. W. Daniel, Exalted Ruler; R. H. Cunningham, Secretary—1.  
*Jersey City, N. J., No. 211*—Daniel P. Powers, Exalted Ruler; William J. Culver, Secretary—1.  
*Jersey Shore, Pa., No. 1057*—C. M. Schoendorfer, Exalted Ruler; F. E. Liminger, P. E. R., Secretary—2.  
*Jerseyville, Ill., No. 954*—R. Clyde Chappell, Exalted Ruler; Leslie D. Day, Secretary—5.  
*Johnsonburg, Pa., No. 612*—W. W. Hewitt, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Duffy, Secretary—12.  
*Johnson City, Tenn., No. 825*—W. M. Royal, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Applegate, Secretary—12.  
*Johnstown, Pa., No. 175*—Herbert Luscombe, Exalted Ruler; Albert G. Hornick, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
*Joliet, Ill., No. 206*—Norman A. Macdonald, Exalted Ruler; Howard F. Hewlett, Secretary—6.  
*Jonesboro, Ark., No. 498*—P. M. Latourette, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Weaver, Secretary—10.  
*Joplin, Mo., No. 501*—Karl P. Goodrich, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Stein, Secretary—10.  
*Junction City, Kans., No. 1037*—James Sanderlin, Exalted Ruler; J. H. Hughey, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
*Juneau, Alaska, No. 420*—E. M. Goddard, Exalted Ruler; M. H. Sides, Secretary—7.

### K

*Kalamazoo, Mich., No. 50*—Leo J. Wykkel, Exalted Ruler; Arthur E. Green, Secretary—10.  
*Kalispell, Mont., No. 725*—H. C. Karow, Exalted Ruler; J. M. Montgomery, P. E. R., Secretary—3.  
*Kane, Pa., No. 329*—Lester M. Cook, Exalted Ruler; Arthur G. Folke, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
*Kankakee, Ill., No. 627*—L. H. Soucie, Exalted Ruler; G. R. Peterman, Secretary—8.  
*Kansas City "Wyanotte", Kansas, No. 440*—P. W. Croker, Exalted Ruler; G. A. Rively, Secretary—14.  
*Kansas City, Mo., No. 26*—Joseph C. Cartella, Exalted Ruler; E. L. Biersmith, P. E. R., Secretary—13.  
*Kaukauna, Wis., No. 962*—R. H. McCarty, Exalted Ruler; N. M. Haupt, Secretary—12.  
*Kearney, Neb., No. 984*—Guy N. Henninger, Exalted Ruler; Walter W. Lancaster, Secretary—14.  
*Kearny, "Arlington", N. J., No. 1050*—Thomas A. Flynn, Exalted Ruler; Geo. A. Senior, Secretary—1.  
*Keene, N. H., No. 927*—Earl M. Gilbo, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Ryan, Secretary—Meets every other Thursday.  
*Kelso, Wash., No. 1482*—Chas. F. Robinson, Exalted Ruler; Geo. E. Secord, Secretary—10.  
*Kendallville, Ind., No. 1194*—J. D. Pfeiffer, Exalted Ruler; C. R. Wert, Secretary—7.  
*Kenosha, Wis., No. 750*—Elmer H. Pedley, Exalted Ruler; John N. Fonk, Secretary—12.

(Continued on page 42)



### *District Deputy Beck Institutes Huntington, N. Y., Lodge*

ON SATURDAY evening, June 29, in the presence of a large gathering of Elks from New York, Brooklyn, Queens Borough, Glen Cove, Freeport, Hempstead, Lynbrook and Bronx Lodges, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck formally instituted Huntington, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1565, in the auditorium of St. Patrick's Parochial School. Among the features of the occasion were the addresses of William T. Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association and member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, and James T. Hallinan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and a large class initiation conducted by the State ritualistic champions, the officers and degree team of Freeport Lodge, No. 1253, who were headed by Past Exalted Ruler Arved L. Larson.

Following the general assembly, and the ceremony of opening the Grand Lodge of Emergency, conducted by Mr. Beck, the new Lodge was formally instituted. Then followed the initiation of a class of fifty-seven candidates by the Freeport Lodge officers. With this ceremony completed, the presentation of the charter members for formal reception into the Lodge was accomplished. The election of officers ensued and their subsequent installation took place with Past Exalted Ruler Herman J. Schoenfeld of Patchogue Lodge, No. 1323, occupying the chair. Raymond La Clair is Exalted Ruler and Einar Winding, Secretary.

With Mr. Beck again presiding, a group of past and active officers of Freeport, Queens Borough, Glen Cove and Lynbrook Lodges presented an altar flag, a flag on staff, a set of station markers, and a set of gavels to the newly instituted Lodge. The gifts were accepted by Exalted Ruler La Clair to the accompaniment of much applause. Mr. Phillips then delivered an eloquent and fitting address upon the history of the Order and pointed out how Huntington Lodge may fit into the subordinate Lodge family and render service to the community, the State and the nation. Mr. Hallinan in a brief talk complimented the officers and members and wished them every measure of success in their new venture.

Resolutions were adopted at the services under terms of which application for membership in the State Association will be made and also a founder's certificate in the Elks National Foundation Fund acquired for the Lodge. The hospitality of the Huntington membership was then extended to all visitors and a buffet luncheon was served, followed by a social hour in which greetings were exchanged and good wishes showered upon the Exalted Ruler and his associates of No. 1565.

### *New Philadelphia, O., Lodge Home is Dedicated*

Large numbers of Elks of the district were in attendance, and a contingent of dignitaries of the Order, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, took active part when the new \$65,000 Home of New Philadelphia, O., Lodge, No. 510, was dedicated with elaborate cere-

monies and appropriate fitness on Flag Day. Along with Mr. Price other honor guests were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Samuel G. Austin and Charles A. Booth; President Fred W. Maerkle and Secretary Harry Hale of the Ohio State Elks Association; and Past Presidents John Sherry and James Cooper.

The festivities began in the afternoon with an address of welcome to the visitors by Mayor W. F. Hurst, the response by District Deputy Austin, and the initiation of a class of fourteen candidates, by Exalted Ruler L. R. Click and his staff, who were the recipients of high praise for their ritualistic work. Then, in the presence of a large audience of visitors and townspeople, the Lodge was serenaded in the public square by the High-School band of seventy-five pieces, which also executed a number of intricate drill movements. A banquet with covers laid for 200 members and guests followed at 6:30, and brief talks were made by the honor guests of the occasion, who were introduced by toastmaster A. L. Limbach, chairman of the Phidelk Co., the organization which was formed within the Lodge to take charge of the building project.

The dedication services were conducted in the beautiful and spacious new Lodge room that evening by a staff of the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers, headed by Past District Deputy A. C. Andreas, who received the keys of the building from Mr. Limbach and in turn presented them to O. F. H. Kaserman, of the Board of Trustees. Features of the dedication were an inspiring address by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Price and the singing of the Elks Glee Club of Canton Lodge. The events of the day were fittingly closed with a social session in the new Home for the members and visitors.

The new Home of New Philadelphia Lodge is a handsome, two-story grey brick structure with a basement. Four columns support a portico at the front, and at one side of the building an arched extension leads out from an entrance and covers the drive which runs back to a spacious, slagged parking place at the rear. On the first

*This handsome building  
is the new Home of Port  
Angeles (Naval), Wash-  
ington, Lodge, No. 353*



floor of the Home are the men's and ladies' lounge rooms, colorfully decorated and furnished, and the secretary's room. On the second floor is the fine, large Lodge room with its ceiling of blended colors and balcony for the use of an orchestra, and a smoking and social room. In the basement is the banquet room complete in every detail, the kitchen and cold storage room, and the heating plant.

### *Detroit, Mich., Lodge Gives Beach Outing to Children*

Having been offered the use of two large cottages on Woodland Beach, Lake Erie, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, accepted and promptly gathered together some thirty-six children from needy families and along with two matrons and a swimming instructor, transported the party by motor trucks to the beach, where for ten days the youngsters had the time of their lives with boating, bathing, long hikes inland and along the lake shore, a club-house dance and entertainment. Donations of clothing and shoes took care of the youngsters who were in need of such articles. Seventeen of the children had never seen a lake or river before and five had never been in the country.

The foundation work on the new Home of Detroit Lodge is proceeding steadily and will be completed soon. Owing to high water conditions this year and the fact that they may occur again, the foundations of the new Home are being specially constructed to meet with this problem.

### *District Deputy Dailey Installs Son as Head of Aspen, Colo., Lodge*

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Dailey, Sr., installed the officers of Aspen, Colo., Lodge, No. 224, he had the great pleasure of charging his son, Charles Dailey, Jr., with the duties of the Exalted Ruler of his Lodge. The Two Daileys are great favorites



in their Lodge and their fellow members made much of the happy and unusual event.

Mr. Dailey, Sr., a prominent newspaper editor and publisher, joined the Order thirty years ago, being initiated into Creede, Colo., Lodge, No. 506. Going to Aspen the following year to start a new morning newspaper, he soon demitted to No. 224, which he has three times served as Exalted Ruler, in 1911, 1920 and 1921. Mr. Dailey, Jr., following in his father's footsteps, filled all of the chair offices before his elevation to the Exalted-Rulership, in which he is setting a splendid record.

**Washington, N. J., Lodge Instituted By District Deputy Van Minden**

In the presence of large groups of members from the other Lodges of the district, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Rene P. F. Van Minden, assisted by the officers of Phillipsburg, Lodge, No. 395, instituted Washington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1503, on June 24.

The first event on the program was a dinner in honor of Judge Van Minden and other dignitaries of the Order, among whom were Frederick A. Pope, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; President Edgar T. Reed of the New Jersey State Elks Association; District Deputy Judge Fred W. Bain; Past District Deputies Jacob Vreeland and Jesse H. Rubert; Charles Wibiralski, since elected Sergeant-at-arms of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and Charles Boyd, Past Exalted Ruler of Dover Lodge. Following this came a parade to the Washington Theatre for the formal ceremonies of institution, installation of the officers and the initiation of a class of twenty-one candidates who, with thirty-three former members of Phillipsburg Lodge, made up No. 1503's charter list. The first Exalted Ruler of the New Lodge is former State Senator Robert B. Groat, and the Secretary is Robert McCoobery. Following the first business meeting a banquet and social session were enjoyed.

A fine residence has been acquired as a Home for the Lodge and everything points to a successful career in the Order, with prospects of a membership of at least 300 in the course of the next year.

**Crippled Children's Outing of Millville, N. J., Lodge**

The crippled children's outing staged this year by Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, was the largest ever attempted by the local Elks. Under an escort of state police the children, accompanied by their parents, nurses and friends and an Elks committee, made a swift motor journey to Wildwood-on-the-Sea, stopping en route at Cape May Court House for a brief ceremonial at the grave of E. S. Culver, late Mayor of Wildwood, who had in life been a staunch friend of underprivileged youngsters. The bath houses and various concessions about the boardwalk such as rides, slides and other amusements, were thrown wide open to the Elk charges for the day. Following dips in the cooling surf and a generally joyous time an elaborate dinner was served them at the Hotel Biltmore at which Mayor Robert G. Pierpont, who was present with the party throughout the visit,



*The dedication of this Home of New Philadelphia, O., Lodge, is reported in these columns*

presented a key of welcome to Eugene Gallaher, chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the Lodge. Other brief talks were made by State Senator Albert R. McAllister, City Commissioners J. Roy Oliver and Wilbert J. Simmerman, and Larry Chalmers of the Cape May County Board of Freeholders. The entire event was a great success and with the distribution of gifts the guests were motored safely to their homes in the early evening.

**Ashland, Ky., Lodge Active in Work for Crippled Children**

Of the numerous organizations which cooperate with the Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission none is more helpful or active than Ashland, Ky., Lodge, No. 350. There are two hospitals in Ashland where disabled children are treated, the Stephenson Hospital and Clinic and the King's Daughters Hospital. To both of these the Ashland Elks contribute moral and financial support. An adequate sum of money is regularly set aside by the Lodge for this work, and whenever anything is needed for the twenty-five or thirty youngsters being treated in the two hospitals the response from No. 350 is prompt and generous.

**District Deputy Mory Institutes Westwood, N. J., Lodge**

In the presence of more than 400 Elks from the eighteen Lodges of New Jersey, Northeast, Westwood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1562, was formally instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis Mory, on June 4. Following the ceremonies which made No. 1562 a unit of the Order, the election and installation of the officers were held. William A. Kinsley is the first Exalted Ruler and W. R. Hackbarth the Secretary.

William Conklin, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, since elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight at the Grand Lodge convention in Los Angeles, addressed the large gathering, congratulating the new Lodge and outlining the work of the Order in the State. Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney also spoke briefly. At the close of the ceremonies the officers and distinguished guests were escorted to the Lodge Home for dinner, while at the Odd Fellows' Hall, where the exercises had been held, an entertainment and supper were enjoyed by the members and their visitors. Later there was a general gathering at the Home, where congratulations and best wishes were extended to the new Lodge.

**Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge Host To 2,000 Youngsters at Picnic**

At the first annual children's picnic given by Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, some 2,000 youngsters of the city disported themselves at Ramona Park. Nineteen trolley cars picked up the excited children, gathered at the Lodge Home, and headed by the Elks band, conveyed them to the park. Here games and contests of all kinds were held, refreshments served, and free use of all the amusement devices provided for the little guests, after the flag raising ceremony and the playing of the Star Spangled Banner had held the great gathering at attention. Edward J. Mazurkiewicz, head of the Lodge's Big Brother activities, and George Powell, general chairman of the picnic committee, were in charge of the successful affair.

**Hartford, Vt., Lodge Marks First Anniversary with Family Party**

Two hundred and twenty-five persons attended the family party with which Hartford, Vt., Lodge, No. 1541, celebrated its first anniversary. Held, through the hospitality of owner Harry Sargent, a member of Claremont, N. H., Lodge, No. 879, at his pavillion on Lake Mascoma, N. H., members of No. 1541, accompanied by their families, came from scattered towns and villages in the two States for the festivities. The program included an old fashioned get-together picnic, dancing and six acts of vaudeville. Hartford Lodge, young as it is, is most active in the affairs of the Order, and is a leader in the charitable, civic and social activities of its community.

**Lowell, Mass., Lodge Aids In Relief Fund Work**

The fund for the benefit of the families of a recent disaster in Lowell, Mass., was augmented to the extent of \$700 when an interesting program of boxing and other entertainment was

*(Continued on page 70)*

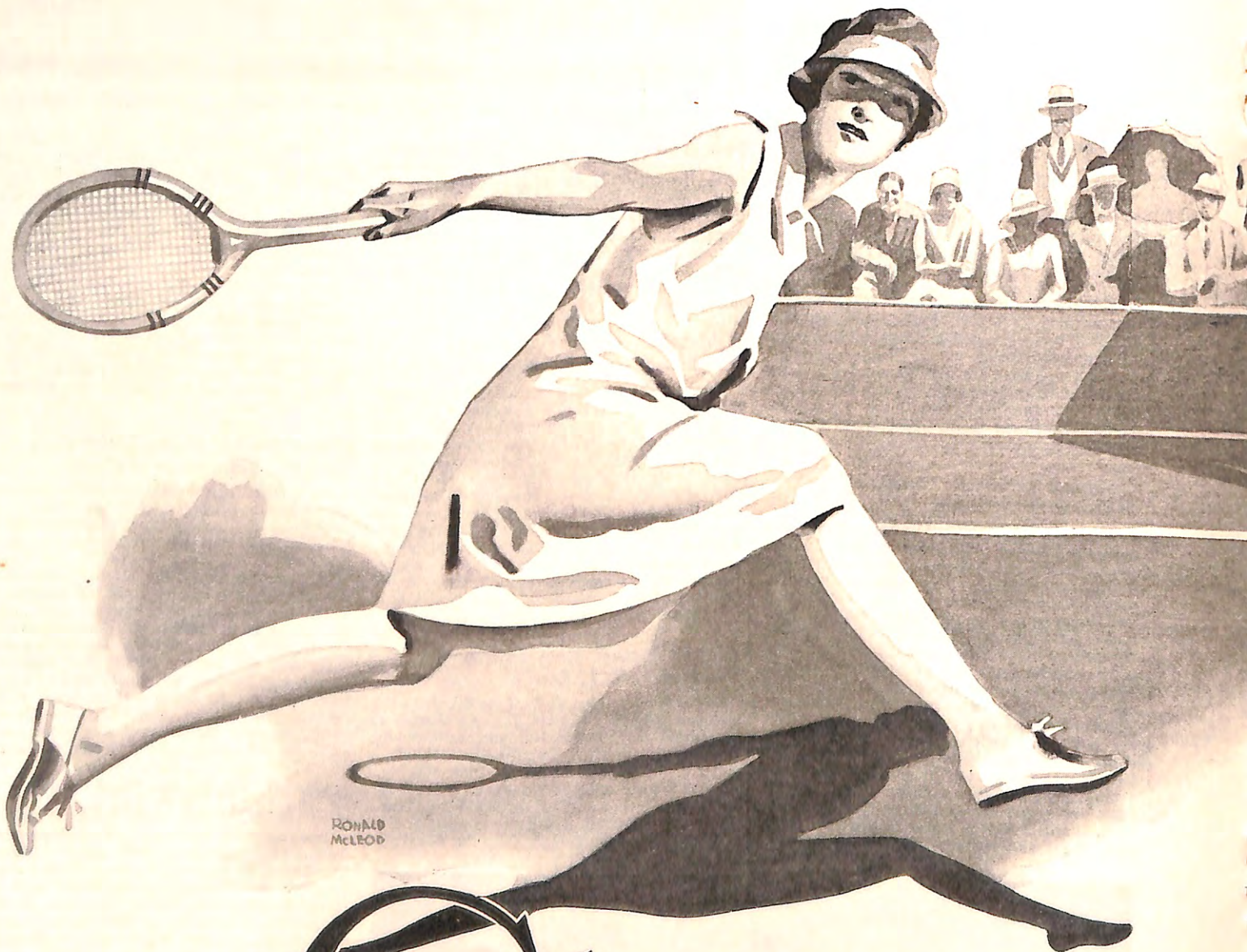


*The ritualistic team of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, state champions for the second year*

JERREY OBSERVER

...on the court it's

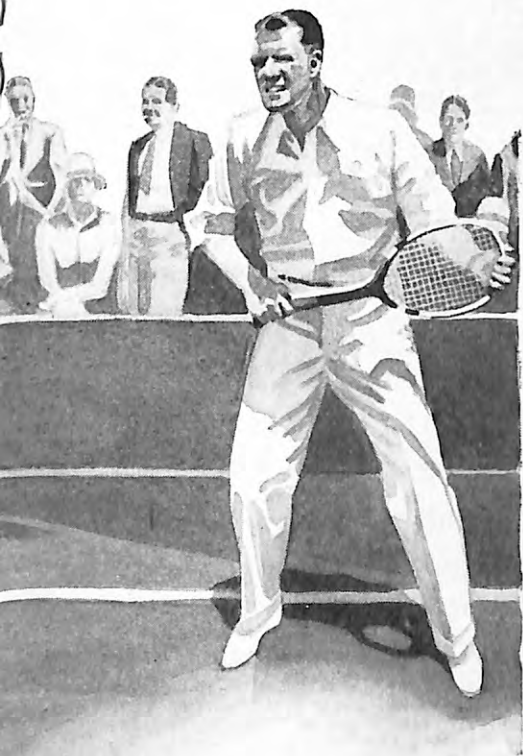
**FLASH!**



**Chester**

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, . . .

# ...in a cigarette it's TASTE!



A MAN once had four reasons for not buying a certain article. The first reason was no money—so the other reasons didn't matter.

Likewise, *any* two reasons will do in choosing a cigarette, if taste is *one*!

In other words, taste is what really counts—and taste certainly comes first in Chesterfield. Every tobacco type, every tobacco quality, is chosen for the *taste* it can add . . . Turkish for aroma, Virginia for satisfying character and mildness, Burley for "rounding out" the blend.

The tobaccos in Chesterfield are not only blended, but "cross-blended." This extra step, developed by our own scientists, produces a natural flavor and aroma in Chesterfield, with a freedom from irritation and harshness, that ordinary blending cannot approach.

*Good taste*—could any *ten* other reasons equal that?

TASTE *above everything*

# erfield



MILD...and yet  
THEY SATISFY

. . not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED



# The Elks are reaching skyward

## 1,500 Lodges = 800,000 men

A resolution adopted at the B. P. O. Elks 65th National Convention:



"Whereas the promotion of safety in air travel is a movement of great public necessity to which THE ELKS MAGAZINE and many Lodges of this Order have given attention and practical assistance; and

"Whereas, the action taken by several Lodges of our Order, in having painted upon the roofs of some large building the name of the city, the name and the number of the Lodge and the points of the compass in letters and characters visible to aviators, has met with the commendation and approval of President Hoover, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of State, and other leaders in this movement.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved, That the Grand Lodge express its approval of all Subordinate Lodges that have heretofore adopted such method of identifying to aviators the city in which the Lodge is situated; and be it further resolved,

"That the Grand Lodge recommends that all Subordinate Lodges give their attention and aid to this public work to the end that every city where an Elks Lodge is situated is properly marked for identification and by this means lend the force of our fraternity to greater safety in air travel."

### The Nation's Prominent Men Endorse the B. P. O. Elks National Air Marker Plan

"The proposal of The Order of Elks to provide markings for 1,500 locations is constructive and will be of real value. . . ."

"The development of aviation is of the greatest importance to our country and I am pleased indeed to know the Plan will be presented to the Elks at their National Convention."

"There can be no doubt about the value of air-marked communities to air navigation, and its encouragement in the manner you have indicated is thoroughly commendable . . . you will have served aviation in a very constructive way."

"I cannot praise too highly the airmindness of your benevolent Organization. It is my hope that your city and town identification campaign will meet with the unqualified success which it surely merits."

  
Sec. of War.  
Sec. of Commerce.

"I am glad to advise my entire approval of this Plan and I feel that its adoption by the Elks would be an exceedingly beneficial step toward the promotion of safety of aviation in the United States."

"As Secretary of the Navy allow me to commend the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks on the splendid movement which they have undertaken. I trust that immediate steps will be taken to carry out this splendid work."

  
Sec. of Navy.

IT IS characteristic of the Elks to put their good resolutions promptly to work.

In the short time since the above resolution was adopted more than a score of lodges have marked their cities for the convenience of aerial travelers and the number reporting progress in this work is increasing every day.

The marking of our cities is one of the great needs of aviation and the fulfilling of that need will be a very real contribution to its development.

NOTE: For information about air machines, flying schools, airports, aerial equipment, etc., address

### THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Aviation Department

Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

Chicago - - Illinois



A fine example of B. P. O. Elks standard aerial marker—the work of Wheeling, West Virginia, Lodge, B. P. O. Elks, No. 28.

Award of merit signed by Col. Lindbergh and given by Daniel Guggenheim Foundation to Elks Lodges that mark cities in B. P. O. Elks National Air Marker Plan.

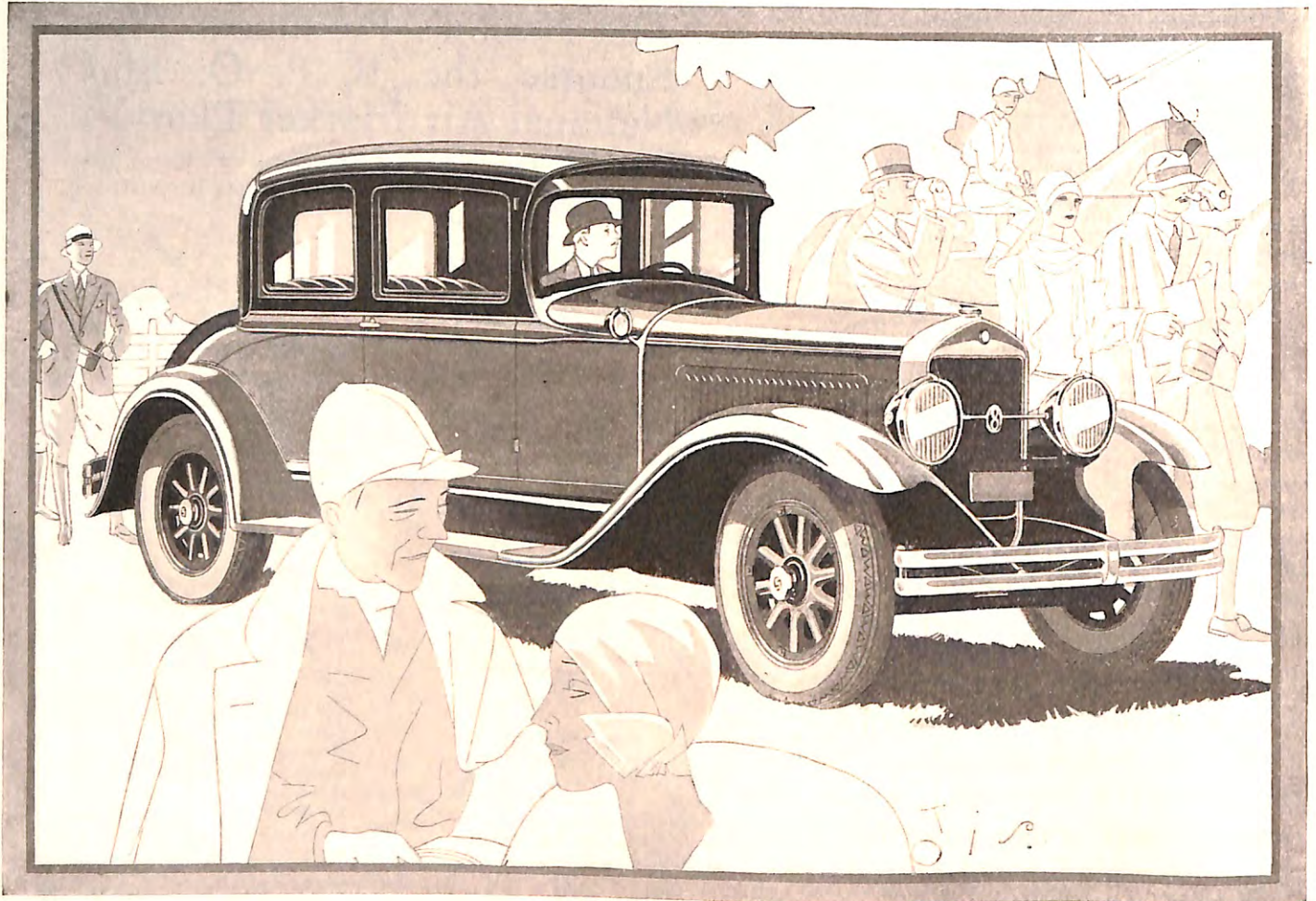
**Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics**

This is to Certify that Cumberland Maryland has completed the work of identification for the service of aerial navigation thus contributing to the establishment of a nationwide system of transportation by air.

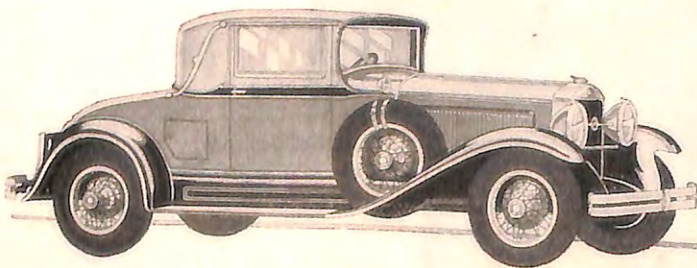
In recognition of this achievement this certificate is presented to Cumberland Lodge B.P.O. Elks No. 63 by the directors of the fund.

# OUT OF ITS SPIRIT GREW ITS STYLE

*The youthful, clean-lined vigor of Studebaker's coachcraft was inevitable....and is irresistible!*

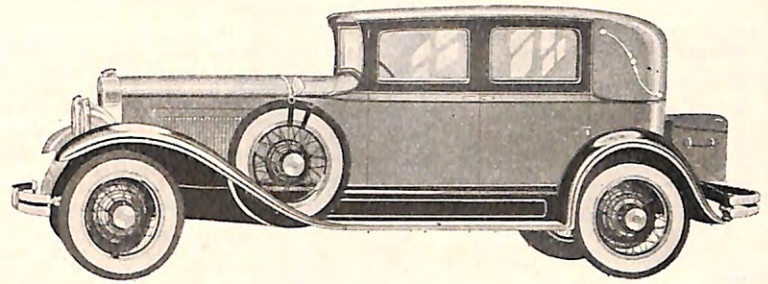


*The Commander Victoria for four provides individual chairs for driver and companion; lounge seat for two extra passengers. Sociability is furthered, without crowding. Upholstery is of soft, fleecy mohair. Luggage compartment in rear. A very popular Studebaker for professional or personal social usage. Commander Eight Victoria, \$1475; Commander Six, \$1325.*

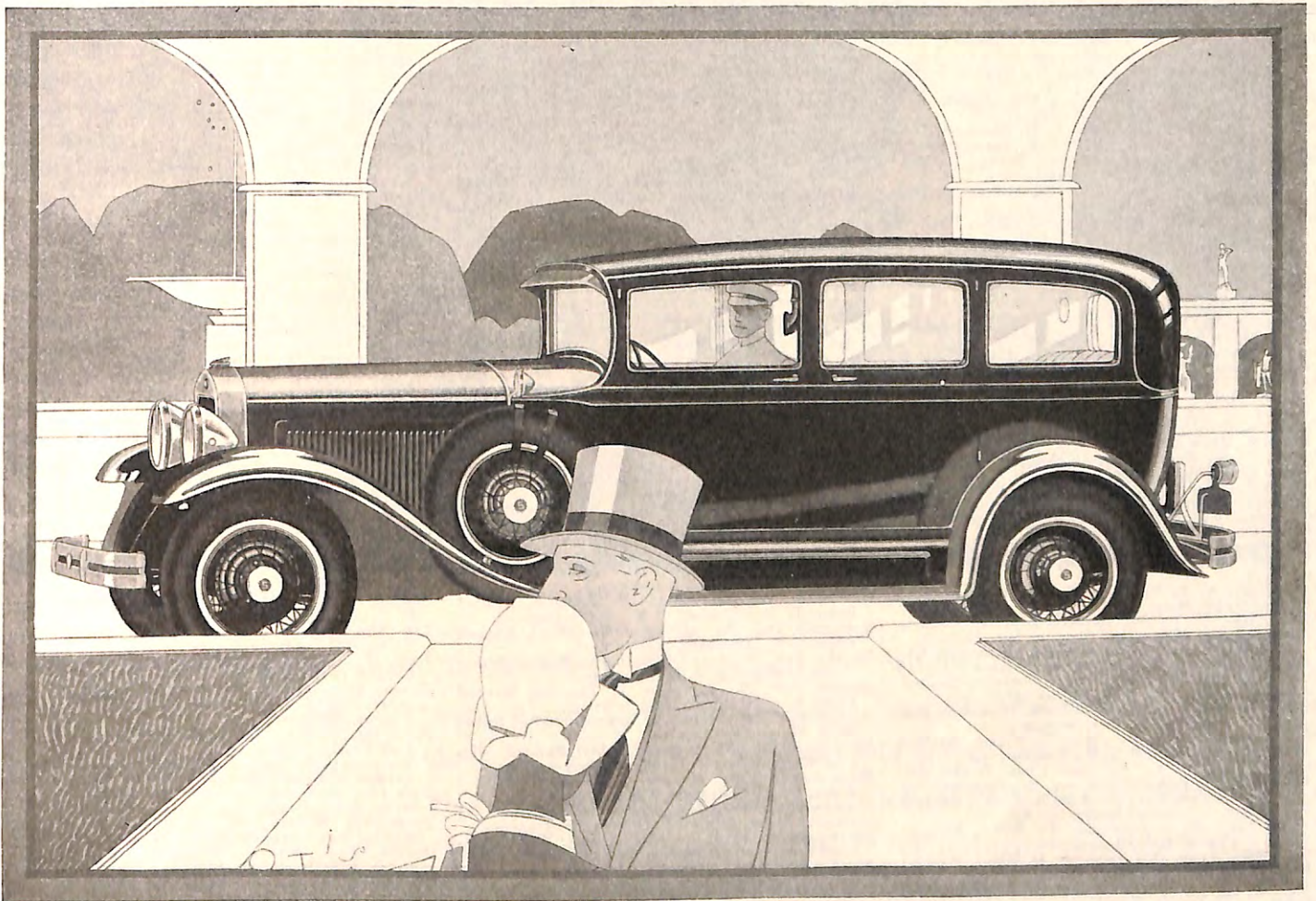


*The Commander Convertible Cabriolet for four—an open roadster or closed car, just as you wish. Two are seated in the lounge and two in the commodious rumble. Windows may be raised or lowered with top up or down. Six wire wheels and trunk rack are standard equipment. Priced at \$1595 for the eight, \$1445 for the six.*

THERE is no sham to the look of tireless fleetness borne by these great motor cars by Studebaker, Builder of Champions. These spirited cars hold undisputed every official stock car record for speed and staying power. ☞ With such inspiring performance to quicken their imaginations, is it to be wondered that Studebaker designers were able to create the masterpieces of coachcraft which today wear so proudly the shield of Studebaker? ☞ Nor is youth alone served, though world champion swiftness and keen-tuned style would seem to



*The President Eight Brougham, somewhat more companionable and smarter than the conventional Sedan, provides ample roominess for five. Upholstery of broadcloth or mohair. Folding center arm rest in rear seat. Individual has-socks replace usual foot rest. Six wire wheels and fitted trunk are standard. Priced \$2195.*



favor those young in spirit. Travel ease, too, of a sort unknown until pioneered by Studebaker, is due to ball bearing spring suspension and powerful hydraulic shock absorbers. ☞ With such excellence at One-Profit prices, recognition has been swift . . . as expressed in Studebaker's world leadership in the sale of eight-cylinder cars.

*The President Eight State Limousine, most luxurious and impressive of Studebaker's fifty-nine models, offers the utmost in comfort and dignity. A movable glass partition isolates the driver's compartment when desired. Upholstery is broadcloth or mohair, with front in genuine Morocco grain leather. Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers. Six wire wheels and luggage rack are standard. Priced \$2350.*

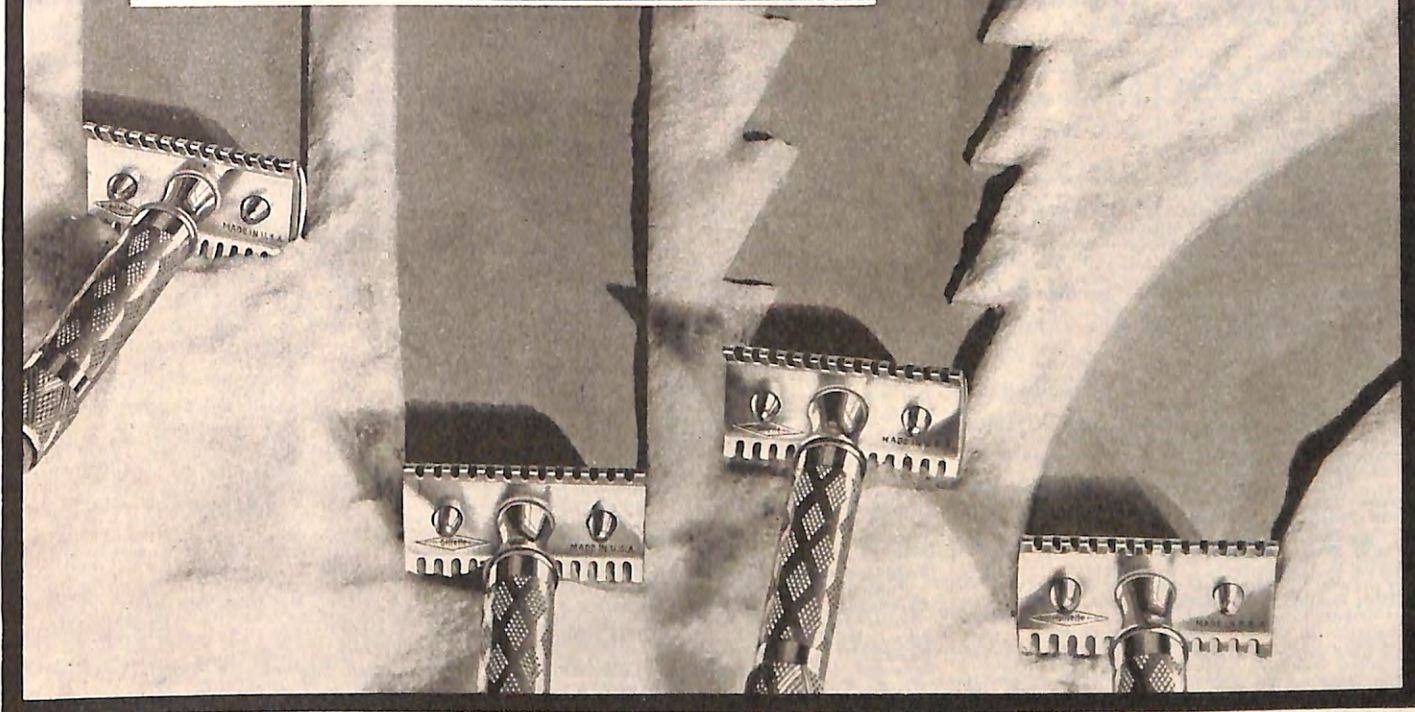
*All prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires, extra*

**STUDEBAKER**  
*Builder of Champions*





A smooth shave  
*depends upon the correct stroke*  
 Which do you use...?



**E**IGHT out of ten American men shave with a Gillette Razor, and probably not more than half of them use the correct diagonal stroke shown at the extreme left.

But they all judge a shave on its face value, and they find the value *there*, in every Gillette Blade, no matter what stroke they happen to use. Gillette has put it there—designed the blade to meet all possible changing conditions.

In the past ten years the Gillette plant has invested

\$12,000,000 in blade improvements alone. Today the work is done by amazingly skilful machines—adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch. And the

*King C. Gillette*



**T**HE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette.

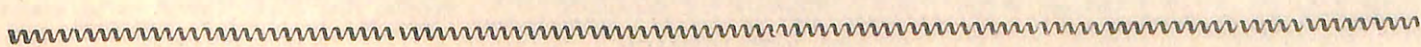
This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

product of these machines is tested and re-tested by a long line of inspectors who get a bonus for every blade they discard.

Tomorrow morning slip a fresh Gillette Blade into its holder. Lather well and use the correct diagonal stroke. Let the world's best blade in the world's best razor give you the best of all possible shaves. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.



**Gillette**



# Directory of Subordinate Lodges

(Continued from page 46)

*Petersburg, Va.*, No. 237—C. Bernard Smith, Exalted Ruler; J. Harry Bailey, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
*Petoskey, Mich.*, No. 626—Edmund S. Dean, Exalted Ruler; John R. Ulberg, Secretary—4.  
*Philadelphia, Pa.*, No. 2—Harry S. Goldstein, Exalted Ruler; F. Ralph Yocom, Secretary—Meets second and third Tuesdays.  
*Phillipsburg, Pa.*, No. 1173—Wm. M. Reilly, Exalted Ruler; T. D. Dornblaser, Secretary—9.  
*Phillipsburg, N. J.*, No. 305—Walter E. Lifer, Exalted Ruler; Jess H. Rubert, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
*Phoenix, Ariz.*, No. 335—Benton Dick, Exalted Ruler; John W. Wagner, Secretary—10.  
*Pine Bluff, Ark.*, No. 140—James P. McLaughy, Exalted Ruler; Mack Hunter, Secretary—4.  
*Piqua, Ohio*, No. 523—H. C. Speelman, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Kroger, Secretary—5.  
*Pittsburg, Cal.*, No. 1474—Hugh H. Donovan, Exalted Ruler; Fred W. Ford, Secretary—11.  
*Pittsburg, Kans.*, No. 412—R. J. Nesch, Exalted Ruler; W. R. McCormick, Secretary—11.  
*Pittsburgh, Pa.*, No. 11—John A. Freyvogel, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Liebler, Secretary—9.  
*Pittsfield, Mass.*, No. 272—John F. Bulger, Exalted Ruler; Edward X. Connell, Secretary—11.  
*Pittston, Pa.*, No. 382—Max G. Nelson, Exalted Ruler; John D. McNulty, Secretary—6.  
*Plainfield, N. J.*, No. 885—George L. Feaster, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Causbrook, Secretary—7.  
*Plainview, Texas*, No. 1175—Chas. R. Ivey, Exalted Ruler; Bo Sexton, Secretary—4.  
*Plaquemine, La.*, No. 1308—T. W. Dardenne, Exalted Ruler; Arnold Fourroux, Secretary—Meets fourth Thursdays.  
*Platteville, Wis.*, No. 1460—C. H. E. Wheeler, Exalted Ruler; Roland C. Harvey, Secretary—11.  
*Plattsburg, N. Y.*, No. 621—Dr. Alphonse L. Senecal, Exalted Ruler; Ralph L. Signor, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
*Plattsburgh, Neb.*, No. 739—R. P. Westover, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Holmes, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
*Plymouth, Mass.*, No. 1476—Frederick J. Wareham, Exalted Ruler; Edward W. Bradford, Secretary—2.  
*Pocatello, Idaho*, No. 674—Robt. E. Watson, Exalted Ruler; A. E. Zener, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
*Pomona, Cal.*, No. 780—F. C. Froehde, Exalted Ruler; C. C. McKey, Secretary—8.  
*Ponca City, Okla.*, No. 1522—Guy B. Belford, Exalted Ruler; S. Clay Harkness, Secretary—11.  
*Pontiac, Ill.*, No. 1010—J. B. Pierce, Exalted Ruler; J. S. Marshall, Secretary—9.  
*Pontiac, Mich.*, No. 810—Thomas J. Brady, Exalted Ruler; Thomas P. Gillette, Secretary—12.  
*Poplar Bluff, Mo.*, No. 580—Geo. W. Knoll, Exalted Ruler; Ben W. Sayre, Secretary—8.  
*Portage, Wis.*, No. 675—Wm. J. Eulberg, Exalted Ruler; B. L. Alderman, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
*Port Angeles, "Naval," Wash.*, No. 353—James M. Babb, Exalted Ruler; Ray L. Haynes, Secretary—10.  
*Port Arthur, Texas*, No. 1060—Paul B. Davis, Exalted Ruler; L. B. Fisher, Secretary—9.  
*Port Chester, N. Y.*, No. 803—Clarence A. Greve, Exalted Ruler; E. Carleton Coffin, Secretary—6.  
*Porterville, Cal.*, No. 1342—J. Frank Hallford, Exalted Ruler; Geo. C. Murphy, Secretary—11.  
*Port Huron, Mich.*, No. 343—Joseph H. Woodrow, Exalted Ruler; James N. Brown, Secretary—15.  
*Port Jervis, N. Y.*, No. 645—Gumaer Benedict, Exalted Ruler; John W. Bierlein, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
*Portland, Ind.*, No. 768—M. T. Jay, Exalted Ruler; Austin H. Williamson, Secretary—10.  
*Portland, Me.*, No. 188—Leon H. Jeffers, Exalted Ruler; H. D. Ferris, Secretary—3.  
*Portland, Ore.*, No. 142—Harry M. Niles, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Spaulding, Secretary—10.  
*Portsmouth, N. H.*, No. 97—Irene M. Jette, Exalted Ruler; Chas. H. Amhoff, Secretary—12.  
*Portsmouth, Ohio*, No. 154—John W. Stir, Exalted Ruler; O. B. Maiter, Secretary—9.  
*Portsmouth, Va.*, No. 82—L. T. Corell, Exalted Ruler; J. Grover Mayo, P. E. R., Secretary—1.  
*Port Townsend, Wash.*, No. 317—Harry T. Osborne, Exalted Ruler; C. F. Christian, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
*Pottstown, Pa.*, No. 814—Roy Binder, Exalted Ruler; Harry A. Holloway, Secretary—2.  
*Pottsville, Pa.*, No. 207—Fred J. Buck, Exalted Ruler; John J. Cantwell, Secretary—3.  
*Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*, No. 275—Floyd A. Cotting, Exalted Ruler; Frank M. Doran, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
*Pratt, Kans.*, No. 1451—Basil McManaman, Exalted Ruler; Forest E. Link, Secretary—6.  
*Prescott, Ariz.*, No. 330—Frank E. Flynn, Exalted Ruler; O. H. Jett, Secretary—4.  
*Price, Utah*, No. 1550—Dean Holdaway, Exalted Ruler; J. Bracken Lee, Secretary—7.  
*Princeton, Ill.*, No. 1461—Frank Higgins, Exalted Ruler; Leroy W. Johnson, Secretary—2.  
*Princeton, Ind.*, No. 634—Thomas N. Adams, Exalted Ruler; Rollin Maxam, Secretary—7.  
*Princeton, Ky.*, No. 1115—Phillip Stevens, Exalted Ruler; J. B. Lester, Secretary—11.  
*Princeton, W. Va.*, No. 1450—Sam E. Props, Exalted Ruler; W. M. Poston, Secretary—14.  
*Providence, R. I.*, No. 14—Ambrose H. Lynch, Exalted Ruler; Harry W. Callender, Secretary—8.  
*Provo, Utah*, No. 840—J. Edwin Stein, Exalted Ruler; Wm. E. Andrews, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
*Pueblo, Colo.*, No. 90—L. E. Accola, Exalted Ruler; Thomas Andrew, Secretary—7.  
*Pulaski, Va.*, No. 1067—John R. Hall, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Cave, Secretary—13.  
*Punxsutawney, Pa.*, No. 301—Clyde A. Allen, Exalted Ruler; H. T. Jack, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
*Putnam, Conn.*, No. 574—Lionel H. Charron, Exalted Ruler; George H. Lewis, Jr., P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
*Puyallup, Wash.*, No. 1450—Paul A. Peterson, Exalted Ruler; Dana T. Robinson, P. E. R., Secretary—13.

Frank J. Rauch, Exalted Ruler; Jas. D. Moran, Secretary—4.  
*Quincy, Fla.*, No. 1111—Sol. Friedman, Exalted Ruler; E. H. Jernigan, Secretary—10.  
*Quincy, Ill.*, No. 100—Thomas J. Gillespie, Exalted Ruler; S. F. Bonney, Secretary—5.  
*Quincy, Mass.*, No. 043—Alfred P. J. Pinel, Exalted Ruler; John J. O'Hara, Secretary—6.

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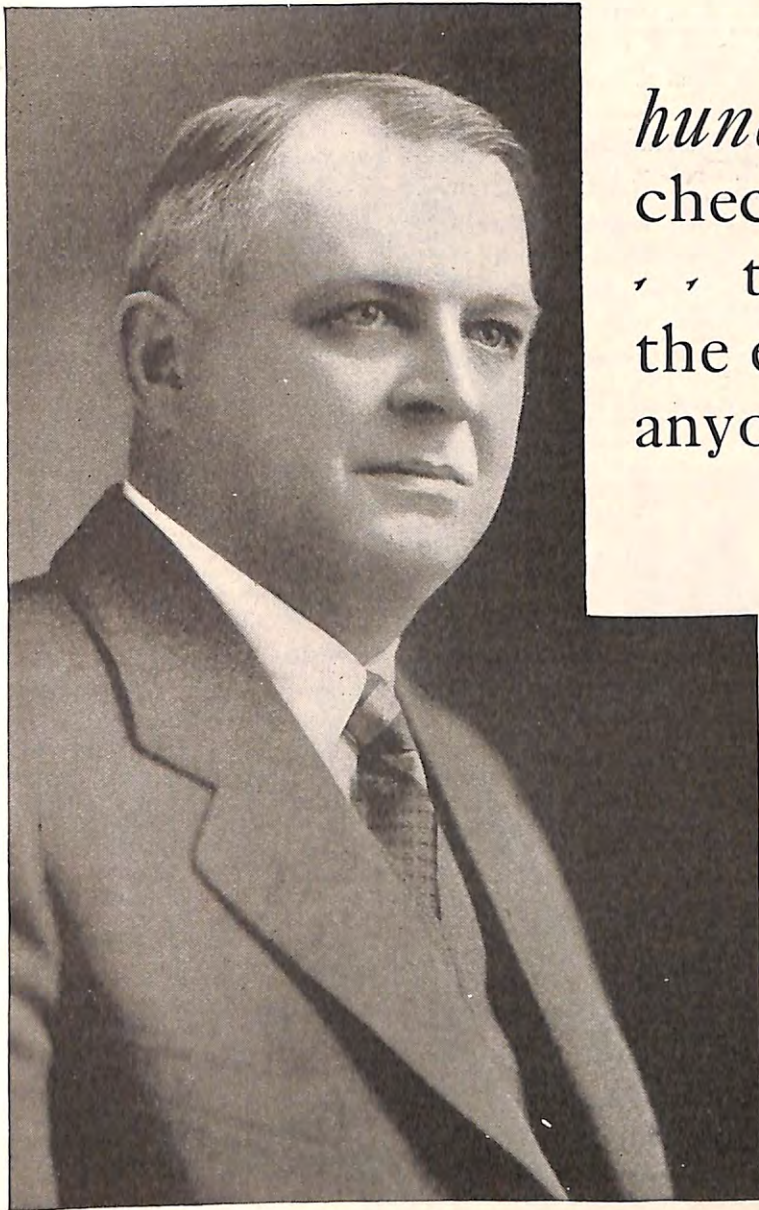
*Racine, Wis.*, No. 252—E. J. Zinnen, Exalted Ruler; Harry Moorman, Secretary—9.  
*Rahway, N. J.*, No. 1075—John J. Hoffman, Exalted Ruler; Samuel R. Morton, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
*Raleigh, N. C.*, No. 735—W. F. Moody, Exalted Ruler; D. L. Hatch, Secretary—6.  
*Ranger, Texas*, No. 1373—A. N. Harkrider, Exalted Ruler; Otis R. Brady, Secretary—13.  
*Rand City, S. D.*, No. 1187—C. LeRoy Doherty, Exalted Ruler; C. I. Leedy, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
*Raton, N. M.*, No. 865—Troy Smith, Exalted Ruler; W. D. Pierson, Secretary—12.  
*Ravenna, Ohio*, No. 1076—R. L. Hendee, Exalted Ruler; H. S. Luikart, P. E. R., Secretary—14.  
*Rawlins, Wyo.*, No. 609—Dave L. Rusk, Exalted Ruler; Harold S. Ahl, Secretary—4.  
*Raymond, Wash.*, No. 1292—Lester H. Owens, Exalted Ruler; C. E. Meredith, Secretary—4.  
*Reading, Pa.*, No. 115—J. C. Mumma, Exalted Ruler; Chas. E. Speidel, Secretary—15.  
*Red Bank, N. J.*, No. 233—John F. O'Neill, Exalted Ruler; Andrew R. Coleman, Secretary—12.  
*Red Bluff, Cal.*, No. 1250—C. E. Wetter, Exalted Ruler; U. Lilly, Secretary—3.  
*Reidling, Cal.*, No. 1073—A. E. Wheeler, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Luton, Secretary—12.  
*Reidlands, Cal.*, No. 583—H. Cleo Burris, Exalted Ruler; Lee Dague, Secretary—7.  
*Red Lodge, "Beartooth," Mont.*, No. 534—Roy E. Reed, Exalted Ruler; Gus B. Foltz, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
*Red Oak, Iowa*, No. 1304—H. I. Hohanshalt, Exalted Ruler; Carl J. Remley, Secretary—2.  
*Redondo Beach, Cal.*, No. 1378—Chris Schaeffer, Exalted Ruler; A. T. Larson, Secretary—4.  
*Red Wing, Minn.*, No. 845—Harry J. Barghusen, Exalted Ruler; Harvey M. Johnson, Secretary—6.  
*Reno, Nev.*, No. 507—Henry W. Dyer, Exalted Ruler; Joseph H. McCormack, P. E. R., Secretary—Meets first and third Saturdays May to October, first and third Fridays, October to May.  
*Remova, Pa.*, No. 334—Robert O. Raymond, Exalted Ruler; M. C. Coleman, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
*Revere, Mass.*, No. 1171—Louis B. Sensale, Exalted Ruler; Edward H. Homer, Jr., P. E. R., Secretary—20.  
*Reynoldsville, Pa.*, No. 510—Wm. J. Delaney, Exalted Ruler; E. C. Reed, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
*Rhindlander, Wis.*, No. 508—M. V. Boyce, Exalted Ruler; Jas. M. Caldwell, Secretary—11.  
*Rice Lake, Wis.*, No. 1441—A. W. Webster, Exalted Ruler; B. F. Prince, Secretary—15.  
*Rich Hill, Mo.*, No. 1026—Harold F. Hallam, Exalted Ruler; C. F. Krieger, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
*Richmond, Cal.*, No. 1251—C. Walter Cole, Exalted Ruler; Ed. Dale, Secretary—4.  
*Richmond, Ind.*, No. 640—Earl Keisker, Exalted Ruler; Frank McCurdy, Secretary—12.  
*Richmond, Ky.*, No. 581—John E. Sexton, Exalted Ruler; T. C. O'Neil, Secretary—10.  
*Richmond, Va.*, No. 45—W. C. Cosby, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Harwood, Secretary—7.  
*Ridgefield Park, N. J.*, No. 1506—Clifton A. Orcutt, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Williams, Secretary—8.  
*Ridgewood, N. J.*, No. 1455—William O. English, Exalted Ruler; Robert B. Murphy, Secretary—9.  
*Ridgway, Pa.*, No. 872—F. J. Eagen, Exalted Ruler; H. A. Thompson, Secretary—2.  
*Riverside, Cal.*, No. 643—Alvin D. White, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Bowden, Secretary—2.  
*Roanoke, Va.*, No. 107—M. L. Masinter, Exalted Ruler; H. E. Dyer, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
*Robinson, Ill.*, No. 1188—J. B. Crowley, Jr., Exalted Ruler; C. H. Lowe, Secretary—10.  
*Rochelle, Ill.*, No. 1501—Emmett P. Hayes, Exalted Ruler; Rob't Dail, Secretary—3.  
*Rochester, Minn.*, No. 1091—Jay P. Dibble, Exalted Ruler; Eugene Schwarz, Secretary—9.  
*Rochester, N. H.*, No. 1393—Albert P. Connell, Exalted Ruler; John A. McInerney, P. E. R., Secretary—Meets second Wednesdays.  
*Rochester, N. Y.*, No. 24—George L. Switzer, Exalted Ruler; T. Edw. Freckleton, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
*Rochester, Pa.*, No. 283—Wm. A. Wehr, Exalted Ruler; Robert Hurst, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
*Rockford, Ill.*, No. 64—Arthur D. Logan, Exalted Ruler; Charles F. Brown, Secretary—3.  
*Rock Hill, S. C.*, No. 1318—W. R. Simpson, Exalted Ruler; H. W. Robinson, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
*Rock Island, Ill.*, No. 980—Marx M. Harder, Exalted Ruler; L. M. Titterton, P. E. R., Secretary—2.  
*Rockland, Me.*, No. 1008—Thomas J. Foley, Exalted Ruler; Wallace E. Spear, Secretary—3.  
*Rock Springs, Wyo.*, No. 624—J. F. Davis, Exalted Ruler; A. H. Anderson, Secretary—4.  
*Rockville, Conn.*, No. 1350—Joseph Lavitt, Exalted Ruler; M. J. Cosgrove, Secretary—12.  
*Rocky Ford, Colo.*, No. 1147—Paul Edwards, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Sellar, Secretary—4.  
*Rogers, Ark.*, No. 1223—Z. L. Reagan, Exalted Ruler; Joseph H. Jones, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
*Rome, N. Y.*, No. 1268—J. F. Box, Exalted Ruler; A. L. MacMaster, Secretary—11.  
*Roseburg, Ore.*, No. 326—Edw. Geo. Kohlhaugen, Exalted Ruler; Ira B. Riddle, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
*Roswell, N. M.*, No. 069—Clarence E. Hinkle, Exalted Ruler; R. W. Kisker, Secretary—6.  
*Royal Oak, Mich.*, No. 1523—Casper Schroff, Exalted Ruler; Jay B. Merritt, Secretary—9.  
*Rumford, Me.*, No. 862—W. W. Gogins, Exalted Ruler; Frank S. Levi, Secretary—6.  
*Rushville, Ind.*, No. 1307—E. R. Casady, Exalted Ruler; C. S. Green, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
*Russellville, Ark.*, No. 1213—R. L. Smith, Exalted Ruler; C. N. Ganner, Secretary—1.

*Ruston, La.*, No. 1134—W. S. Moore, Exalted Ruler; Sanders Baskin, Secretary—10.  
*Rutherford, N. J.*, No. 547—Edward J. Shedney, Exalted Ruler; Chas. H. Seeger, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
*Rulland, Ut.*, No. 345—Arthur R. McGuirk, Exalted Ruler; John J. Cocklin, Secretary—12.

## S

*Sacramento, Cal.*, No. 6—Eldon J. Rader, Exalted Ruler; Walter Leitch, Secretary—4.  
*Saginaw, Mich.*, No. 47—William E. Moore, Exalted Ruler; William F. Jahnke, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
*Salamanca, N. Y.*, No. 1025—Herbert A. Colf, Exalted Ruler; Chas. A. Crouch, Secretary—11.  
*Salem, Mass.*, No. 700—Charles K. McGlew, Exalted Ruler; Charles A. Currier, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
*Salem, Ohio*, No. 305—James R. Kesselmir, Exalted Ruler; Jas. R. King, Secretary—10.  
*Salem, Ore.*, No. 336—Wm. H. Paulus, Exalted Ruler; Harry J. Wiedmer, Secretary—10.  
*Salida, Colo.*, No. 808—Fred F. Everett, Exalted Ruler; Jean L. Pearce, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
*Salina, Kans.*, No. 718—R. T. Humbarger, Exalted Ruler; H. A. Walker, Secretary—15.  
*Salinas, Cal.*, No. 614—Paul L. Pioda, Exalted Ruler; L. E. Johnson, Secretary—7.  
*Salisbury, Md.*, No. 817—Frank W. Coulbourn, Exalted Ruler; Joseph H. Livingston, Secretary—9.  
*Salisbury, N. C.*, No. 609—D. W. Plyler, Exalted Ruler; J. M. Miller, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
*Salt Lake City, Utah*, No. 85—E. W. Browning, Exalted Ruler; J. Edward Swift, Secretary—7.  
*San Angelo, Texas*, No. 908—George F. Jones, Exalted Ruler; L. J. Mattingly, Secretary—9.  
*San Antonio, Texas*, No. 216—Jack R. Burke, Exalted Ruler; Grover G. Collins, Secretary—1.  
*San Bernardino, Cal.*, No. 836—William F. Holmes, Exalted Ruler; Jack F. Hosfield, Secretary—1.  
*San Diego, Cal.*, No. 168—Will M. Tompkins, Exalted Ruler; Richard C. Benbough, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
*Sandpoint, Idaho*, No. 1376—J. H. Christ, Exalted Ruler; H. R. McCann, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
*Sandusky, Ohio*, No. 285—Wm. J. O'Brien, Exalted Ruler; George J. Doerzbach, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
*San Fernando, Cal.*, No. 1530—George H. Fuller, Exalted Ruler; A. E. Eldredge, Secretary—4.  
*Sanford, Fla.*, No. 1241—A. S. Peck, Exalted Ruler; S. Runge, Secretary—9.  
*Sanford, Me.*, No. 1470—Clarence H. Thyngh, Exalted Ruler; Harold K. Lord, Secretary—12.  
*San Francisco, Cal.*, No. 3—Albert S. Reedy, Exalted Ruler; Arthur J. Mangin, Secretary—13.  
*San Jose, Cal.*, No. 522—Clarke E. Saunders, Exalted Ruler; A. V. Schubert, Secretary—10.  
*San Juan, Porto Rico*, No. 072—Wm. P. Kramer, Exalted Ruler; Fred E. Cook, Secretary—2.  
*San Luis Obispo, Cal.*, No. 322—Theo. M. Maimo, Exalted Ruler; Ed. N. Kaiser, Secretary—4.  
*San Mateo, Cal.*, No. 1112—W. L. Meussdorfer, Exalted Ruler; Herbert Gibsen, Secretary—7.  
*San Pedro, Cal.*, No. 066—Geo. E. Jamar, Exalted Ruler; Robert R. Snodgrass, Secretary—1.  
*San Rafael, Cal.*, No. 1108—Jos. E. Collins, Exalted Ruler; Hugh J. McGinnis, Secretary—11.  
*Santa Ana, Cal.*, No. 704—Fred. Newcomb, Exalted Ruler; E. R. Majors, Secretary—6.  
*Santa Barbara, Cal.*, No. 613—Carl A. Shipkey, Exalted Ruler; Samuel J. MacKinnon, Secretary—4.  
*Santa Cruz, Cal.*, No. 824—A. J. Pettidier, Exalted Ruler; B. F. Brisac, Jr., P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
*Santa Fe, N. M.*, No. 460—Reese P. Pullerton, Exalted Ruler; Ben L. Martinez, Secretary—15.  
*Santa Maria, Cal.*, No. 1538—R. H. Bardin, Exalted Ruler; G. H. Stewart, Secretary—10.  
*Santa Monica, Cal.*, No. 906—H. W. Brown, Exalted Ruler; Charles J. Colo, Secretary—10.  
*Santa Rosa, Cal.*, No. 646—Frank J. Corrick, Exalted Ruler; Walter H. Nagle, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
*Sapulpa, Okla.*, No. 1118—H. H. Boulton, Exalted Ruler; Gus L. Corey, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
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(Continued on page 50)



BRUCE A. CAMPBELL

*Former president of the Illinois State Bar Association. Delegate-at-large to several National Democratic Conventions. He is one of Illinois' leading attorneys, and has been a member of the Illinois Legislature.*

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**T**ALK ABOUT SLEEP to men you know. Then notice the condition of their health. You will find that the healthier ones are getting sleep of good quality . . . sound, unbroken sleep!

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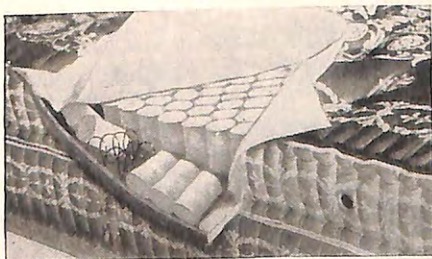
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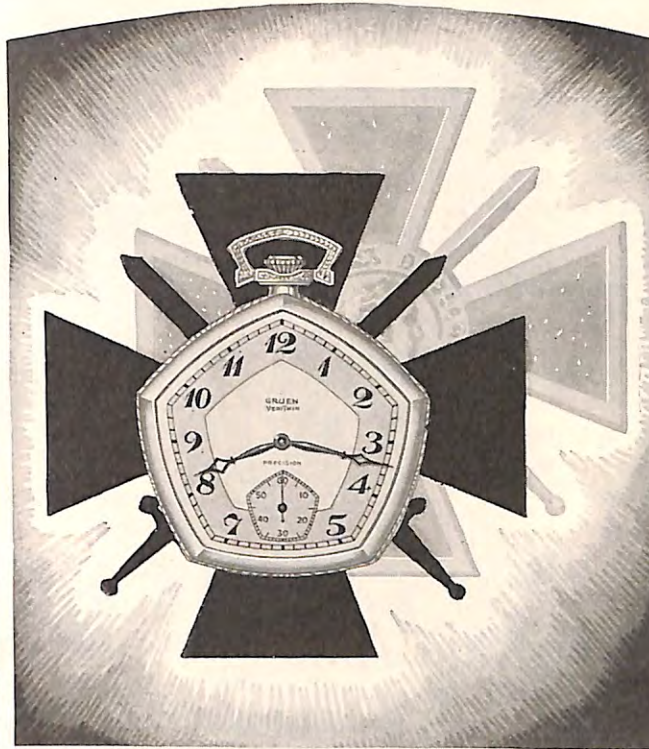
(Continued on page 52)

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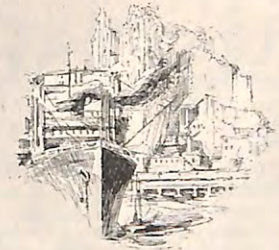


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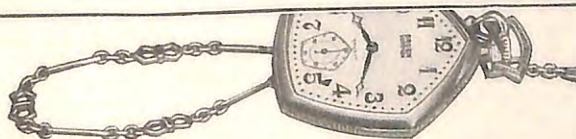


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## The Throne Among the Winds

(Continued from page 9)

stood amid the leafy shadows, straining upward for a glimpse of the killer. He stood furthermore, less than a hundred yards from Havelin manor at the time. These things Donaldson reported to young Havelin, which combined with the events of the afternoon, marked a vital page in Spare Wing's parlous career.

With the wild things as with men, there are streaks of light and shadow, luck and stress. For days or months events will run in set monotonous fashion. Then fate or nature, or whatever it is that rules the wilderness, sees fit to form a center of events about a certain actor or locality, and event spells one thing only in animal-land—adversity.

THE great happening of this eventful day occurred about midafternoon. Spare Wing's off-day was the cause of it. Else he would never have lost his temper. Else he would never have killed out of pure devilry, which is the sole prerogative of man.

At two o'clock, after roosting some three hours beside his mate, with a veil drawn over his arrogant eyes, Spare Wing was once more scanning the paths of the air like a black-masked highwayman from his stronghold. He was hungry again, in fact, exceedingly peckish, the portion of the dove he had eaten, though furnishing a toothsome morsel, had only stilled his immediate pangs.

In the glare and heat of mid-day a faint and fainter charnel odor was now noticeable about the eyrie, wafting upward from the piles of rock rubble below the nest. It came from the hecatomb of bones and bills, claws and vertebrae of the slain that flanks the eyrie of every falcon pair the world over. It was the kingly Fetor that for a quarter mile round was a warning and ring-pass-not for all the smaller dwellers of the wild, while to the peregrines themselves it spelled home. Just now it served to whet the old king's appetite, and presently with a yelp he launched upward again and sought the sky.

A stiff sea-wind had risen at mid-day, making aerial hunting most uncertain, particularly a "stoop" from on high. Therefore Spare Wing soon descended to within a hundred feet of the tree-tops and took recourse to another mode of hunting of which he was past master. This was a low, undulating, owl-like flight on silent, scarcely moving wings, designed to startle all the more timid of his game from covert by the suddenness of his appearance. Now and then he would bring up, hanging head into the wind, and hover motionless for a space, except for faintly waving pinions. These tactics were un-failing with all ground-running game birds, keyed to the dull cunning of humans.

Presently a muffled booming note caught his ear, coming faint and far from a distant

hillside. It sounded a second time on a gust of wind. Ruffed grouse, beyond a doubt. Furthermore, that triumphal and vigorous drumming apprised Spare Wing that this cockbird was not alone. A fair and admiring audience was beyond question hard by.

Now if Spare Wing had a single failing it was for this royal British game. Swerving sharply he zoomed over the trees in the direction of the sound, and a minute later things began to happen which were not upon the program as originally intended.

As the falcon planed low to reconnoiter, his quick eye caught a faint stirring amid a thicket of gorse. A muffled thunder of whirring wings smote suddenly upon his ears, then two brown balls rose rocket-like from the ground beneath, and slightly behind him, flashing toward the gloom of the nearby woods. Two other partridge whirred up an instant later.

Spare Wing almost turned a somersault as he banked air, veering round to the chase with the speed of an express train. Then like a flash he left off, shot upward almost vertically, straining his muscles almost to the cracking point in his desperate endeavor. In that instant he had seen another movement. A tongue of flame leapt from the thicket, a spiteful, ping report resounding through the woods. Spare Wing felt a snicking blow on his left wing, a queer sharp shock that made him falter a moment in his wing strokes, then as the quick numbness passed he shot again skyward with strong fierce thrusts till he became but a speck the size of a butterfly in the zenith.

There he swung in short angry circles almost out of sight of the ground, but with his fierce eyes following every movement of the men below.

It so happened that young Havelin shared that passion of Spare Wing's for grouse, and thus it came about that afternoon that each should cut in on the other's hunting. From on high Spare Wing looked down and recognized his old enemy. He saw him together with keeper Donaldson and two dogs walk slowly across an open glade. Then all stopped abruptly as another flight of grouse swept upward from the thickets. These scattered in every direction then pitched downward again to the ambush of the grass. All, that is, but two.

Havelin sank suddenly to one knee, raising the long black tube he carried, and which Spare Wing feared above all things, and the sharp "Ahem!" of the report rose clean cut to where the falcon floated. In the same moment two of the brown birds collapsed in air and tumbled crazily to earth.

Exactly ten seconds later the utterly unprecedented occurred. Havelin had risen to his feet, his face still elate with that difficult shot,

and was moving toward the fallen birds, when the air above him was riven with a menacing hiss of wings that sounded in his very ears. He jerked back with a startled glance aloft as a swift shadow swept the ground before him and something like a feathered javelin fell, nay rather, shot down from the sky. It seemed hardly to touch the grass, but it rose with almost equal velocity, and the fallen partridge was clutched in its trenchant talons as it disappeared like a rocket above the nearby trees.

Spare Wing, for it was he, climbed to the stone parapet of his castle some five minutes later with heavy beat and proud, and a scream of triumph that made the piled cliffs ring. And well might he scream for his beak and his talons were red with the life of a tribute stolen from the very hands of man, the Greatest and Cruellest, in a moment of pride and daring. Thrice luscious was that banquet to the old pirate, because of the mode of its pillage, and when he and the madame had finished and wiped their notched beaks clean, his wild harsh scream ricocheted a second time among the rocks, apprising all who heard that the king was replete and the remainder of that day would rest from his labors.

Thus out of pure devilry was this prince of slayers led to overstep himself by the most unforgivable sin in all the wild, the theft of another's rightful prey. This is ever a grave offense, but let that other be a human and dire calamity surely follows.

YOUNG Havelin, though ever eager to learn some new thing pertaining to the wild, had been dumfounded over the incident of the ruffed grouse. He had recognized, fleeting though the moment was, his enemy the peregrine, and realized that the old robber had at last shown him a bit of high-handed piracy the equal of which he had never before seen, nor ever would again. The rest of that afternoon he had mulled over the matter, which to his mind partook of the miraculous.

Finally, after long turning the incident over in his head, the injured pride of the hunter came uppermost. It was as if Spare Wing had perversely and deliberately connived at his belittlement. Too long, Havelin saw, had he held the old falcon in the light of friendly enemy—allowing faint satisfaction to tinge all his chagrin at the tales that came in of the robber's sagacity. Now the old bird had overstepped all bounds; he was a thing to be stamped out like any parasite—his mate as well. Such was Havelin's decree, made in coldness, as he studied the peregrines's eyrie that evening through his binoculars. He might have stopped to laugh at the personal turn that suddenly made Spare

(Continued on page 54)



# They Thought I Would Be "Scared" Stiff —But I Swept Them Off Their Feet!

MY friends had always called me a shrinking violet—they said I was actually afraid of my own shadow. And so when I volunteered to speak before a giant mass meeting in behalf of my lifelong friend, Tom Willert, who was running for Mayor, they looked at me in amazement. In fact, some of them actually tried to persuade me to give up the idea, hinting that I would do Tom more harm than good.

The night of the meeting four or five of my most intimate friends collected on the platform. They frankly told me that they had come to see the slaughter — to watch me make a fool of myself. As I walked toward the speaker's table I could hear them whispering and laughing among themselves at my coming downfall. One of them had even bet \$5.00 that I wouldn't last three minutes.

And then came my little surprise. For I proceeded to sweep that great audience off its feet—I actually made them stand up and cheer me. Once when I was stopped by applause I glanced behind me and got a glimpse of my friends sitting open mouthed with amazement.

After it was all over they crowded round me and demanded to know how on earth I had been able to conquer my terrible timidity—my awful clamishness—so miraculously.

Smilingly, I told them how I had suddenly discovered a new easy

method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I gave them a brief description of the way in which I had learned to dominate one man or an audience of thousands—how to say just the right words at the right time, how to win and hold the attention of those around me, how to express my thoughts simply and clearly, yet in a pleasing, interesting and amusing way. And they were actually dumbfounded when I told

them that I had accomplished all this by simply spending twenty minutes a day in my own home on this most fascinating subject.

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## The Throne Among the Winds

(Continued from page 52)

Wing's prowess so sinister, but that is something the all-powerful human rarely does.

Next morning, therefore, while the mists still shrouded the valleys and the falcon pair were racing up and down the sky at their morning revel, Havelin and keeper Donaldson were already at work scaling the sheer rock wall to the peregrines' lookout. It was a difficult and perilous task, for old Spare Wing knew a thing or two about placing an eyrie to checkmate humans. That throne of his, set high among the winds, was flanked by almost perpendicular walls of rock on every side—in fact, no man in all that country-side had ever been known to scale it. But Havelin was not one given to idle boasting; he had come armed with ropes, hooks and climbing-irons. He knew the peregrines' habits of old. While the two birds were away on their early patrol he meant to ensconce himself on or near the eyrie—the one way of securing a death shot at such enemies.

So it was that Spare Wing when he returned home some two hours later, found calamity awaiting him.

A daring dottrel, that hook-winged, high-speed catcher of insects, had led him a merry death-dance for ten miles across the sky. Finally he had done business with this prospect and swept homeward with the prize, mewing his strident victory yelp. But no sooner had he come in sight of home than he became aware of a strange "feeling" connected with the eyrie. Only a feeling, mind you, some unaccredited guardian instinct, but it came via that wilderness wireless without which all wild things would soon be extinct.

The king was on the point of swooping with tightly closed wings as was his custom, in a mad dive that would end a foot or two above the lip of the home ledge amid a breath-taking banking of air. But in the middle of his first rush he checked himself and flashed sharply aside. His mate was off the nest and was winding nervous mazes above the eyrie, a grim and frightening intensity in her attitude and in her silence.

Then the king saw for himself and went rocketing up the sky in great cork-screw twists, his angry scream ringing down the wind.

A man was crouching just below the ledge of the eyrie. Nay, two men, for another appeared forty feet below him, clinging to a narrow shelf in the rock wall. Moreover, they were both deadly still, and when men crouch still like the wild cat on a stalk, death is afoot, and Spare Wing knew it well.

**I**T was as he hurtled back and forth on a mad quarter mile course above the eyrie, that his piercing golden eyes marked the shameful climax. A single rifle stabbed loud against the echoing rocks; then he saw his mate fling up her wings in an odd kind of way and pitch earthward like a lead plummet amid an eddy of grayish feathers. She was dead before she struck the ground. The king knew that, for he was no fledgling. He had lived to see two other mates killed in a similar fashion.

Havelin—he it was who clung just below the eyrie—watched breathlessly for a space the slow circling of the old falcon, his weapon ready to hand as he waited for his enemy to swing down just a little closer. His long feud was almost over. This poacher, this bloody-clawed slayer of game and song-birds who had so long eluded his rifle, was about to pay his debt. Fiercely intense, Havelin saw that given but a hundred feet more leeway he would not miss.

Twice as Spare Wing swept close in his dizzy gyres of flight, Havelin braced himself and fired quickly, then swore with vexation as the pirate shot upward like a bullet, as if perfectly aware of the momentary danger.

Meantime his precarious position on the cliff face was becoming painful. He began to climb. It was dangerous going, those last few feet; there were no footholds except those the elements had carved in the face of the rocks, but Havelin was not one to easily give up an objective. Slowly he angled up the cliffside above a stark drop of two hundred feet.

Then it was that Spare Wing did a thing which is given to but one male falcon in a hundred—and so far as record goes, no female—

to do. He launched an attack on these humans. Wheeling suddenly he swooped upon Havelin, claws gripping, beak snapping in a rocket-like rush. Donaldson's shout warned Havelin an instant before the riven air hissed in his ears. Flinging one arm over his eyes he ducked cringing and without shame. There was a sound like someone cracking nuts, which was the falcon's beak; something raked Havelin fiercely across the scalp and when Spare Wing rose from his stoop he carried the master's cap in his great armored talons. That cap was good for nothing whatever inside of thirty seconds. Glancing up grimly Havelin watched while the cap floated downward in torn strips. Again he squandered two more shots, but to no avail. Donaldson below him, was equally hand-capped, with Havelin directly within his range.

Spare Wing poised exactly above the two and was plainly aiming for another stoop. Havelin's face lost a shade of color as he waited for it. Again the great bird half-shut his pinions and shot downward with a rush and a scream like some tremendous feathered barb. Trenchant talons lacerated Havelin's neck and shoulders again, stabbing through his clothes like points of fire. Shielding his eyes he gasped for breath under the buffeting of the great wings. The old pirate's attack touched the superb heights of valor; the situation, in fact, was wholly unequalled in Havelin's career as a hunter—a psychological element in the stark ferocity of that onslaught that was wholly unnerving. Besieged as he was, and knowing the superior craft and resource of these men-creatures, the old bird was daunted by not so much as a feather. There was no fear in his fiber.

Havelin, looking up in that sheathed and fearless glance, appreciated all this, yet not for anything was he going to drop his score against the marauder now. As Spare Wing drew off for a second time, he covered the final fifteen feet to the ledge of the eyrie—an effort that cost him more than he ever admitted afterward. His nerves were actually jangling as he drew himself up on the ledge. And then his eye fell on the nest and the fledglings—the cause of that grim offensive, and understanding broke over him.

Below and around lay the panorama of landscape he had always loved, and it was as if a voice out of these rare heights spoke to him, condemning him for what he had climbed up here to do. The silence, the remote height and the buffeting squalls of seawind belling up the rocky walls, seemed all in league with the old falcon—a part of his domain.

He had killed the mother bird. If he shot the male it meant the murder of the fledglings as well. Before heaven and nature he was not a butcher. Suddenly in the rare silence with the sun and sky watching, he knew he could not go through with this petty plan of vengeance. All his instincts of fair play rose up and he saw that in the eyes of nature the old falcon had the same right as he to live and perpetuate his kind.

"You win again, old man," he muttered, a queer expression on his lean face. "A minute ago I'd have let you have it without batting an eye, and crowded over your stuffed carcass, but you've turned the tables on me."

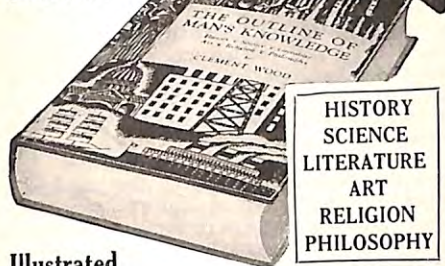
Thus, having betrayed himself as a philosopher as well as a sportsman, Havelin let himself over the ledge again, this time by means of his rope, his gun now slung over his shoulder to the everlasting amazement of keeper Donaldson.

Spare Wing, watching that retreat from above, wondered, doubtless gloried in the victory, for the rare silence surrounding his lofty throne, was rent by a piercing scream—a scream that seemed bursting with triumph.

That evening the old falcon was to be seen as usual, a still and graven figure on his watch tower, enthroned in the ruby, gold and saffron splendour of the setting sun. Behind him his nestlings squabbled lustily over their meal. Far below, through the immutable peace and stillness of the vesper hour, the last faint requiem of the day birds, his subjects, floated upward like a token to his departed mate. Perhaps the old king mourned her as he brooded there, none can say; for his eyes, the hard, inscrutable eyes of all wild things which humans never fathom, showed no sign.



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## The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 17)

girl been that they had failed utterly to hear the almost noiseless approach of the unshod horses across the soft sand.

Jep clawed frantically at the loop that had drawn tight about his body, pinioning his arms, at the elbow, firmly to his side; but before he could even thrust a finger beneath the braided strands the retreating horse had jerked him against the steep sandy wall of the arroyo and, still moving, dragged him, kicking futilely, up the six-foot bank to the more level ground. Stedman, his thin lips set in a harsh line, swung from the saddle and ran forward, knowing that he could rely on the horse to keep the riata taut. From his belt he jerked a two-yard length of soft rope—the "pigging-string" that no cattleman or cowboy rides without. As swiftly and dexterously as though working against time in a calf-tying contest he whipped the cord around Starr's ankles before the Texan could struggle to his feet.

DOLORES had climbed out of the arroyo and fascinated, had watched Stedman "hog-tie" the Texan. From where he lay Starr could see that Burton was holding himself in restraint only by the greatest effort. An artery, congested by his rage, throbbed steadily in the white skin of his temple above his bushy eyebrows. He ignored Jep completely, fixing his steel-blue eyes on his daughter. Stedman, coiling his long riata with methodical care, remounted his pony and rested his folded hands on the high saddle-horn, outwardly as calm as though such events were of daily occurrence.

Burton swallowed twice before he spoke. So angry was he, and so intense was the physical effort to control that fury, that his first words were as thick and inarticulate as those of a drunken man.

"What have you to say for yourself, Dolores?" he mumbled.

The girl faced him bravely, her tiny feet in their henna-colored moccasins planted squarely together, her slender arms folded on the rough blanket that wrapped her body.

"Nothing," she announced simply. "You were doing a great wrong. I tried to right it. That is all."

Her father swung from his saddle, dropping the reins to the sand, and advanced a slow, deliberate step toward her. She stood her ground.

"You have lived your life in Lost Waters," he told the girl. "You have been shielded from the outside world. You know nothing, thank God, of its wickedness, its sordid struggles, its hatreds and bickerings and its jealousies. Are you throwing yourself away on the first man from that world with whom you come in contact—giving yourself to a worthless drifting cowboy?"

"I don't know what you mean when you say 'throwing away,'" she replied. "I thought you had done a great wrong. I brought him the food and water and the moccasins that you should have given him before sending him away. That is all, except that he—he kissed me!"

"He kissed you!" he shouted. "You—you allowed him! And you say you do not know what it means to throw yourself away!"

For a moment his rage seemed to overpower him. Disjointed phrases poured from his lips. Starr caught such words as "cheap," "promiscuous," "a roaming cowboy," "a man drawn here by his lust for gold"—and then suddenly realized that the fanatical old patriarch was praying. The deep tones rumbled like summer thunder. From the tail of his eye Jep saw the silent Stedman bow his head above the folded hands that rested on the saddle-horn.

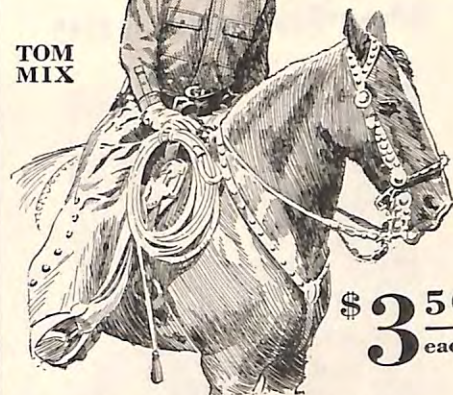
"Oh, God," implored the ruler of the lost canyon, "guide me to do what is right in this hour of trial. Thou alone knowest the weight of the cross I have borne; Thou knowest the quality of the hot, worldly, blood that flows in the veins of this my daughter. Thou hast said, O Lord of Hosts, 'if thy right hand offend thee cut it off.' Guide me and help me, Jehovah, as Thou hast in the past."

The deep voice was silent. Jep Starr felt  
(Continued on page 56)



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# The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 55)

rising within him an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh. It seemed unreal, posed, the carefully-rehearsed mouthings of an actor in a traveling melodrama. But he knew it was very real indeed to Navajo Dick. The old man, his beard bristling, was again addressing his daughter.

"You have broken all the laws of your home," he told her. "You have forfeited the right to be called my daughter. You have 'set your feet in strange paths' deliberately and with full knowledge of the certainty of my righteous anger. Always I have sought to shield you as a girl, a daughter, should be guarded. You have stepped beyond the bounds of that protection with the impetuous waywardness of a thoughtless boy. Your punishment will be the punishment that would be meted out to a disobedient son, not to a daughter."

So might Moses have flayed the Israelites for their worship of the golden calf, or the iron-hearted Cromwell denounced a delinquent follower before the walls of Drogheda. The old man spoke again.

"One thing more I have to ask you, Dolores, do you love this man—this gold-seeking stranger?"

The girl's reply was instant and courageous. "Just now he told me that I did not know what love was, father. But I do know this—I do not love any other!"

She was standing quite close to Burton, her delicate face raised valiantly toward his craggy bearded countenance. The effect of the straightforward statement upon the old man was instant and terrible. His great hands swung above his head, poised there a moment in an almost Jovian gesture, then shot downward, the open right palm striking cruelly against the girl's cheek. The sheer force of the impact drove her to her knees. The print of her father's long, strong fingers slowly rose in four scarlet lines against the white skin. Though beaten down, crouching at his feet, she did not cower. Her blue eyes still faced him courageously.

Stedman moved uneasily on his horse, crossing and recrossing his hands, but gave no other sign that he had witnessed the blow. Jep Starr twisted back and forth, the cords biting deep into his flesh as he strained against them. Cow-camp oaths tumbled from his lips as he fought to free himself and get his hands on this old man who had deliberately struck a girl.

"You skunk!" he cried, half sobbing in his fury, "you damned dirty coward! You're too old for me to lick by yourself but let me loose and I'll take on the pair of you with my bare hands—you and that yellow-bellied Stedman that stood by and let you do it! Oh, you—you—"

Burton paid no heed to his ravings. His eyes were closed as, face turned to the sky, he stood over the daughter he had struck down.

"Be Thou my Judge, Lord!" he intoned solemnly. "The blame and the shame are mine if this punishment is not a deserved one."

Tenderly he lifted his daughter to her feet. As she rose Burton touched his lips to the golden hair. The marks of his fingers were still sharply distinct on her white cheek but her father paid no attention to them. As easily as though she were a baby he lifted her in his long arms and swung her to the saddle of the pony he had ridden. He took the dangling reins in his hand and, without a glance at the man on the ground, strode off along the back trail toward the Lost Canyon. Stedman, who throughout the entire affair had spoken no word, touched his mount lightly with the spur and fell in behind.

Twisting himself awkwardly to a half-sitting position Jep Starr watched the three figures grow gradually smaller to disappear at last over the lip of naked red rock at the head of the trail into Aguas Perdidas.

V

**P**RECISELY an hour after Burton had led his daughter and the faithful, silent Stedman back into the hidden canyon a Navajo rode down the sandy slope, dismounted from his pony, and passed the keen edge of his knife

across the lashings that bound the Texan's wrists and ankles. The Indian either did not or would not speak a word of English, but Jep made no effort to question him.

The time that had passed since Burton and his daughter had left him had been fruitful of thought. He had twisted and flopped himself into the scanty shade of a clump of low sage and had there, forgetful of his cramped position or the sharp pains in his wrists and ankles, mentally reviewed the entire scene.

Navajo Dick was all wrong, of course. Jep knew that he had not betrayed the hospitality rather grudgingly granted him at Aguas Perdidas. Nor had he been drawn to the lonely, peaceful canyon by a greed for the yellow metal the secret of which the old man guarded so jealously. He was not in love with Dolores, nor was the fair-haired girl in love with him. Her positive declaration to her father had not meant that.

But—and he hated himself for admitting it—there was *something* on the old jasper's side!

By the time the Indian appeared the Texan, by such indirect reasoning, had convinced himself that he was responsible, as Dick had said, for the blow that the girl had received. He had lost none of his hatred for the implacable, unreasoning old man. Nor could he forget easily how Stedman had roped him and trussed him up like a calf—an impotent witness to the scene. He promised himself that some day he would square the account.

The Navajo rode away and Jep, rubbing his cramped wrists, slid down the steep bank into the arroyo. His cowboy boots lay there beside the canteen and the package of food Dolores had brought him.

An idea was forming at the back of Jep's brain. Alone in the arroyo with the mute evidences of the girl's solicitude he faced the problem of how he should make amends, how atone for the results of that treason.

A few yards up the slope toward the Crimson Cliffs a stunted, twisted pinon fought for existence in the sandy, sterile soil. Jep strode to the tree and carefully hung the canteen and the food to a dead branch. Then, sitting beneath it, he drew the comfortable moccasins from his feet and replaced them with the high-heeled boots. He'd make the trip across that terrible expanse of desert as Burton had decreed—foodless, waterless, and shod with the tight footgear of the cowboy! That had been his sentence. He'd accept it.

For a moment he contemplated hanging the moccasins beside the canteen. Then, prompted by the same sentimentality that had impelled him to remove them, he thrust them inside his shirt, glancing guiltily over his shoulder to be certain the action was not observed.

He felt better somehow as soon as he had done these things. He even whistled as he turned his back on the tree and its emblematical burden and marched away into the sand-dunes, the shifting dust-clouds, and the shimmering curtains of heat waves that lay to the northward.

He followed the procedure he had originally decided upon, lying up through the heat of the day and, with evening, setting out again and marching steadily through the night, aided by the light of a moon that turned the desert into a silvery-gray sea, across which the shadows lay in inky pools.

A cowboy, setting a post in a short line of drift fence at the head of a trail leading down to the stream was his first intimation that he was approaching the more settled areas. The man was obviously disgusted with a task that could not be performed from the back of a horse and dropped his shovel with alacrity as Starr approached, settling back against the leaning post to roll the inevitable cigarette. He eyed the Texan closely, missing no detail of his limping walk, his battered boots, or the condition of his clothing, damp and bedraggled from his swim across the San Ignacio.

"Howdy," Jep responded to the man's greeting. "Where am I, can you tell me, and how's chances of landin' a ridin' job in these parts?"

The other deliberated, thoughtfully running his tongue along the edge of his cigarette.

"Well, this here range is the Slash-X. The house lays about three miles over yonder and yuh'll find Patten, the boss, there. Gimme a hand with this here post and I'll pack yuh in. That hoss of mine'll carry double without puttin' up no fuss."

Jep held the post while the man re-set it, aided in the stringing of the new wire, and then climbed up behind the saddle of a dun pony that stood nearby.

"What is this Slash-X—cow outfit?" he asked.

"Yes. Cows an' hosses. Patten owns it—Sam Patten. Goss is the foreman. You've maybe heard of him—'Butcher' Goss."

Patten and Goss! The names Burton had used in pronouncing his sentence of exile! Jep thought it wiser to disclaim familiarity.

"There's th' boss now," the youth observed. "Him an' Goss both. Patten is th' tall feller."

Patten was a man well beyond middle age, tall, thin, slightly stooped, and dyspeptic in appearance. A drooping, straggling gray mustache added to his melancholy demeanor and failed to conceal his thin lips or the jagged tobacco-stained teeth. He wore a faded, shabby jumper and pants and a .45 sagged in a worn holster on his right side.

GOSS was in every way his employer's antithesis. He was short, scarcely more than five feet six inches, but immensely broad. His head seemed to be set directly on the broad shoulders which bulged and strained his cotton shirt. He rolled slightly as he walked, thick legs bowed and heavy hairy hands dangling low against his fat thighs. His face was that of a javelin boar, lustful, gluttonous. The resemblance to the wild hog of the border was heightened by tiny pig-like eyes that lurked in sockets sunk between heavy brows and puffy, flushed cheeks. A week's growth of curly sandy beard bristled on his thick lips and heavy chin. He too was armed and Jep noticed that he straightened slightly and dropped his hand casually to his belt as he recognized a stranger. Starr addressed himself to Patten.

"Hirin' any hands?" he asked.

The other spat reflectively.

"That depends," he drawled at last. "I got most as many as there's any work for. How did yuh come in here?"

"Walked," answered Jep, telling the same story he had related to the cowboy. "Hoss played out on me crossin' th' desert."

"They do that sometimes," said Patten speculatively. "Had yuh been workin' down in those parts?"

"I been breakin' bronks f'r Navajo Dick Burton."

The rancher's face blackened. Goss, too, bent forward suddenly, his heavy shoulders hunching, his hand jerking toward the square butt of the gun at his thigh. Patten's thin lips writhed back from his stained teeth as he shook a half-closed fist angrily under Jep's nose.

"Yuh have, have yuh?" he snarled. "Yuh been workin' f'r Navajo Dick an' then have th' gall t' come up here! Yuh shore got one hell of a nerve. There's no place at th' Slash-X f'r any of Burton's trash. Git off—an' git right now!"

Starr's eyes narrowed. He pushed Patten's hand to one side and stepped closer to the angry man.

"I'll git, all right," he snapped. "This ain't the only ranch along the San Ignacio. But go easy on what you're callin' me. I ain't never got used to takin' it. I'm no man of Burton's. D'you think I'd have any love for that old devil that put me afoot on the desert without food or water?"

Patten's tenseness unconsciously relaxed. He studied Jep sharply for a moment and the Texan saw that behind the indolent pose and slovenly attire was a shrewd, calculating mind. Patten, Starr decided at that moment, was a man to be reckoned with, either as friend or foe.

"I'll listen to yuh," said the rancher at last. "Me an' Al here have our reasons f'r not thinkin' a heap of Dick Burton. Good enough reasons f'r me t' hop in th' way I did when yuh said yuh come from his place. Savvy? Now, if yuh've a mind to, speak y'r piece."

The apology, although not direct, was certainly sufficient. Jep briefly outlined the cir-

(Continued on page 58)

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## The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 57)



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cumstances that had brought him to Aguas Perdidas, the job that had been offered him, and, finally, his unceremonious deportation.

"How did he come t' do that?" Patten demanded quickly.

"He just went off at half-cock—never gave me a chance to open my mouth. He got a notion that I was shinin' up a little too much to his daughter, and marches me out to the head of the trail and tells me to git."

Goss turned his heavy head toward Patten. "He's shootin' straight," he confirmed. "Yuh know how Dick always was ready t' swaller his head where his women were concerned!"

They laughed as though at a shared secret, and the rancher turned back to Starr.

"If yo're gunnin' f'r Dick Burton, young feller," he said, not unkindly, "yuh've come t' a pretty good place. I reckon I can use a hand. We'll fix yuh up with a saddle t'morrow an' give yuh a chance t' fill it."

Jep nodded curt acceptance.

"Right now," he remarked, "I'd like a chance to get these boots off an' put some gall-cure on my heels. Reckon I could find some use for a bunk, too."

"Shore yuh could," exclaimed Patten heartily. "That was a regular 'Pache trick old Dick pulled on yuh. Go on in th' house an' tell old Limpy I said yuh was hired an' f'r him t' show yuh a place to bunk."

HE RELAXED into his customary morose indifference as Jep climbed through the fence of the corral and walked toward the house, a rambling, dilapidated structure, partly of frame and partly of 'dobe bricks, from which the plaster was scaling in unsightly patches. Women seemed to have no place at the Slash-X. A negro in a battered derby hat and a grimy apron stood in the kitchen door cursing, in the soft, slurring accents of Georgia, a half-grown Mexican boy who was picking over a pan of chili beans. The black shook his head when Starr inquired if he were "Limpy."

"Yuh'll find him in th' house," he stated.

Jep pushed through the swinging door and entered a disordered living-room. Chairs and stools fashioned from packing boxes, sawn kegs, and split logs were ranged against the wall, and the middle of the chamber was occupied by an immense table of hewn planks, its surface scarred with numerous dents and scratches, littered with papers, loose tobacco, pistol and rifle cartridges of various calibers, and several packs of filthy cards. The table's entire perimeter, to a depth of four inches, was charred to a rich mahogany brown by thousands of cigarettes that had been dropped there to burn unnoticed. An elderly man was hunched in a chair at one end of the table, thumbing a deck of cards and studying the layout of a game of solitaire that was spread before him.

"Are you the fellow they call 'Limpy?'" Jep inquired. "Patten told me to find him."

The man never turned his head. He counted out three cards from the deck in his hand, laid them face upward before him, and then suddenly seized them and tore them into a dozen pieces.

"Damn it all seven times!" he swore in high-pitched, cackling tones. "If there's one deck in this place that's got two sevens of clubs or only three queens in it I'm dead sure t' get hold of it. I've lost a hundred an' thirty dollars t' myself in th' last hour. Wonder if some son-of-a-biscuit rigged th' pack on me?"

For several seconds he speculated profanely as to the identity of the possible mischief-maker, cursing with every breath he drew.

"—an' if I c'd be sure who it was I'd clip his ears an' turn th' edges under!" he concluded. "What part of Texas do you hail from, young feller?"

Starr laughed. The old fellow had neither changed his tone nor turned his head, but it was obvious that Jep's question had not gone unnoticed.

"I was born in San 'tone, dad," he admitted, "and raised down in the Brazos bottoms. Patten said for me to find a fellow called Limpy and tell him I was hired."

"An' if yuh call me 'dad' agin, I'll take a six-shooter an' run yuh clear t' th' Colorado!"

snapped the veteran. "What yuh tryin' t' make me out t' be—old?"

He shoved back his chair and, with surprising agility, leaped into the air, twisting his body as he jumped and throwing one withered leg across the other so deftly that he spun around twice before his feet again touched the floor. He continued the conversation as though there had been no interruption.

"So Sam said f'r yuh t' tell Limpy that yuh'd been hired. Well, an' what of it? What of it, I said? What's a Texas boy doin' here, anyhow—rangin' with these dad-burned lop-ears?"

"What part of the old state do you come from, dad?" Jep asked.

"Dad' agin, dad-burn it," screeched the other, turning on Starr a face wrinkled and puckered like a ripe persimmon. "I was born in San 'tone, too; weaned in th' Panhandle, an' grew th' first ring on m' horns in th' Big Bend of th' Rio Grande. My daddy lost two older brothers in th' Alamo fight an' a cousin at Goliad, an' he wouldn't let us kids set down t' th' supper table les'n we'd brought him in a Mexican's scalp! There ain't no men like him nowadays, even in Texas. He knew how kids should be raised! I cut my teeth on th' front sight of his old .36 cap-an'-ball!"

Limpy drew Starr down a long 'dobe-paved corridor that opened from the living-room, ushering him into a tiny apartment furnished with a single bed, a built-in cupboard, and a chair.

"There ain't no bunkhouse here at th' Slash-X," the veteran explained. "Patten got some fool notion about every man havin' his own room, so when he built this here place he fixed it that way—stringin' 'em out 'long both sides th' hall. You c'n have this here one."

After supper Patten drew Jep to one side. Goss produced a bottle of whiskey—a regular nightly occurrence, Starr afterward discovered—and he and the ranch owner drank steadily while they talked to the Texan. The three punchers—Beldon, Green, and Carson—played "Red Dog" at the opposite end of the long table, the dealer slapping the cards down loudly at each shout of "Hit me!" Limpy Laird dozed by the empty fireplace.

"We been talkin' things over," Patten began, including Goss in a comprehensive wave of his hand, "an' if you feel like givin' our game a whirl, there's a job here for yuh. Forty a month an' found—with a chance, maybe, t' cut in on somethin' better. What d'yuh say?"

"Job part of it's all right," replied Jep, "but maybe you'd better tell me more about that other thing. What is it? I ain't—" he hesitated, for the subject was a very delicate one—"I ain't much of a hand at swingin' a wide loop."

Patten laughed with entire good humor.

"Rest easy, young feller. There's no rustlin' goin' on around here. Ain't many others usin' this range, but what neighbors there are we get along with fine.

"Point's just this. We ain't a big outfit, an' really ain't got range work enough for more'n the three useless punchers we're carryin' now. But you got special qualifications. We can use a man that's been workin' in Aguas Perdidas, an' that's what we want t' talk t' you about."

Jep rolled himself a cigarette and settled back more comfortably in his chair. It looked like a long session. He was glad he'd taken off his boots and worn the soft moccasins Dolores had given him.

"Let 'er ride," he commanded.

"Well," Patten began, "there's lots better ranges than th' Slash-X in this part of th' country. Me an' Goss could've had 'em, but we didn't want 'em. We had our reasons f'r wantin' t' git in as close as we could t' Navajo Dick. Tell me, how long was yuh in there—in th' canyon?"

"Bout a month."

"Did yuh ever notice anything funny about Dick an' th' way he lived?"

Jep laughed.

"Lord, 'course I did. He's as loco as they come. I figured he was 'off' jest like a sheep-herder gets. If he hadn't been, would he have run me off the way he did?"

Both Patten and Goss nodded agreement.

"How many other men has he got in there now?"

"If you mean white men," Starr replied, "there's only one—a fellow named Stedman. There's a bunch of Injuns, though."

Again the rancher nodded.

"Wasn't so long ago he had quite a few folks livin' there, but they couldn't stand f'r his notions. Now, tell me, while yuh were workin' f'r him did yuh hear any talk about—" he leaned forward and dropped his voice to a whisper—"about gold?"

"I got a pretty good hunch he's got gold there—if that's what you mean," Jep answered, "and that he's scared pink that he might lose it. That was another of his notions about me—he thought I was after it."

"But," he added, truthfully, "I ain't got no more idea than a jack-rabbit as to *where* it comes from. There's a thousand canyons 'tween his place and the mountain, and it might be in any one of 'em. But it's there!"

"I knew it," Patten exclaimed. "That's all we wanted—some disint'ested party to prove up our suspicions. Now, young feller, you'll get th' yarn, an' mebbe it'll show yuh a few more things about this old hombre that turned yuh loose on a thirty-mile walk."

"Dick Burton and Al Goss and I used t' be pardners. We worked out of Texas with th' trail herds long 'fore you were born. There wasn't nothin' in th' west we didn't take a whirl at. We hunted buff'lo, tried some minin', an' run a gamblin' house an' a saloon. We was in Dodge City an' Abilene an' Tombstone an' Leadville when they was he-man's towns. One day we'd be sittin' pretty with dollar cigars in our faces—th' next we'd be lucky if we knew where breakfast was comin' from. An' I ain't makin' no bones about it—we turned some pretty sharp corners one time an' another. But everybody did in them days, an' we shot square with each other. We were *pardners*."

"Well, we busted up. Good reasons an'—an' no hard feelin's. Th' country was fillin' up, an' me and Al wanted t' push on to California. Dick, he was older than we were, an' I reckon he was gettin' tired of jackassin' 'round. Besides—he'd got married. We thought he was too old f'r that sort of foolishness, but he up an' did it one time when we wasn't lookin'! Yuh know—or mebbe yuh don't—that gettin' married plays hell with pardnerships. So we busted up."

"Now, here's what happened."

He paused to pour himself another drink, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and proceeded.

"WE'D been gettin' th' breaks pretty good an' had a pretty fair bank-roll. We were goin' t' split it three ways—same as we always had—an' Al an' me take our cut an' go on t' California. But Dick Burton says 'No!'

"I won't be movin' on," he says, 'an' you fellers will. I've struck a little place down south of the San Ignacio, in th' Navajo country. There's fine water there, an' lots of grass. I'm goin' t' go back t' raisin' cattle an' hosses. You keep th' money, an' I'll jest call that place my share of th' pardnership."

"He goes on t' tell us some more about this Lost River, but me an' Al had th' itchin' foot. We had no notions about settlin' down in a God-forsaken place like that an', besides, th' three of us were bustin' up anyways. So we was quick enough t' take th' *dinero* an' sign a paper Dick had drawn up in which we gave up all claim t' this canyon of his."

"It's takin' me a long time t' git down t' th' case cards, but yuh got t' know all this so yuh'll understand what comes next. Here's th' point—Dick Burton bought us off f'r a couple of thousand measly dollars an' all th' time he knew he was walkin' into a fortune. He knew there was gold there, an' he kept it all f'r himself. Me an' Al Goss ain't puttin' up no claim t' be lily-white angels, but I'm askin' yuh, Texas, what kind of a skunk is a man that'll throw down his pardners!"

He smote his clenched fist sharply into his palm as he spoke. His voice rose in righteous fury. Jep Starr knew the sacredness with which the old-timers regarded their partnerships, knew that throughout the West a "handshake agreement" was as binding as any note that could be

(Continued on page 60)



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# The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 59)

executed. This same man, Richard Burton, had condemned him without opportunity to open his mouth in his own defense, and had sentenced him to a punishment more severe than the piratical one of marooning a man on an uninhabited island.

"When you called him a skunk you didn't say half of it!" he asserted. "I ain't been tryin' to make a case for Burton. I know what he is, all right, so go ahead with the story. How did you get on to the gold business?"

He received a fleeting impression that Patten and his foreman exchanged a swift glance, but the thought was quickly dispelled as the rancher went on smoothly:

"You can't keep a thing like that quiet. News travels. An' then, too, Dick was a fool. Smarter'n a steel trap in some things, and dumber'n a locoed hoss in others. He didn't move in there for a couple of years after we left th' country. He made a couple of trips—packin' in supplies an' stuff, I reckon—but he didn't move in for keeps till some time later. Then he took a bunch of people in with him. Had a notion they'd build their own town in there an' none of 'em ever have anything more to do with th' outside world. Yuh seen them empty houses?"

Jep nodded.  
 "But—" and Patten laughed harshly—"yuh didn't see any of th' people. They couldn't stand it.

"Now right there was where Dick was a fool. He bought them all off, same as he had me an' Goss, makin' 'em sign a complete quitclaim to any right or title in that canyon. An' he paid 'em off in gold dust! 'Course he gave 'em a slick story that it came from way up in Colorado but no man with brains enough to come in out of th' wet would take any stock in that kind of yarn. Th' story got around and it was only a question of time 'fore it got to me an' Al."

He showed his stained teeth in an evil smile and reached for the whiskey bottle. Jep did not waste much time considering the matter. Already he hated the grim, dominant patriarch of Aguas Perdidas and learning these new facts, this treachery towards men who had trusted Navajo Dick, merely augmented his hatred. True, Goss and Patten were dissolute, illiterate, unkempt proprietors of an out-at-heels cattle ranch, but the West does not set great store by standards of cleanliness or education as measuring-sticks for the judgment of men as men. The two impressed the cowboy as "square shooters" and he asked no more.

"You got as much—or more—reason to carry a war-talk to him as I have," he remarked. "What're you figurin' on doin'?"

Patten stared darkly into the shifting pool of amber light on the table where the rays of the lamp passed through the brown glass of the whiskey bottle.

"You'll find out," he said at last. "We ain't in the claim-jumpin' business, me an' Al Goss, but you can spread your bets across th' board that we're goin' to get what belongs to us! We've talked a plenty f'r one night an' t'morrow's another day. Let's go t' bed."

### VI

AS JEP followed the other men from the house the following morning a mounted Navajo, leading a second horse by a long riata of braided rawhide, trotted slowly across the corral. The Indian halted before the group and swept them, one by one, with his grave eyes.

"Hoh!" he grunted at last, indicating the Texan with a quick motion of his extended hand. "Kleea-klashine Hosteen!"

Jep recognized the long-drawn nasal syllables of the name the Indians had given him following his conquest of the unruly black colt. He nodded to the Indian, a young man he had seen frequently about the rambling 'dobe house in the canyon of Hidden Waters. The youth swung his palm toward the led horse. Cinched to the animal's back was the prize saddle, the gorgeous, silver-bedecked trophy Starr had won at Trombone and cached in the rocky cliff by the dry desert waterhole. He ran forward eagerly.

"Ha-di?" he inquired. The word for "where" was one of the few Navajo expressions he had

picked up at Aguas Perdidas and he was trusting to inflection to convey the thought that he wanted to know whence the saddle-had come.

"Toh-dochlishe boco," the man answered, using the Navajo phrase for "Canyon of the Sky-blue Waters," and added: "Dogistlani." The last words—"The Bearded One"—referred to Burton but Jep did not recognize them.

A note was tied by a cord to the silver-plated horn and he tore it off with eager fingers. It was written in a large and unformed boyish scrawl.

"Your outfit," he read, "was brought in by the Indians who found it where you said you left it when your horse died by the dry water-hole. We are sending it to you by bearer. J. Stedman."

The Navajo grinned, tightened the braided riata, dug his moccasined heels into the lean ribs of his own mount, and disappeared before anyone had even missed him.

"Well, Jep," drawled Patten, his finger following the lines of lettering on the silver plate, "it don't look like you was bluffin' none. Yuh got t' be a top rider t' get away with a thing like this."

He seemed to have forgotten for the moment his congenital misanthropy and was almost friendly.

"No particular call f'r you t' ride this mornin'," he went on. "Take this fancy hull of yores over t' th' saddle-room an' then come up t' th' house. I want t' talk t' you."

Patten was waiting in the untidy living-room when Jep pushed through the door. Goss, sullen as ever, lolled in another chair, his booted feet hoisted to the cigarette-charred rim of the long table.

"I'm glad Dick sent that saddle back to you," Patten began abruptly. "Comin' th' way it did, with that note from Stedman an' all, it was better'n anything yuh said yesterday as proof yuh weren't runnin' a sandy on us."

"I wasn't runnin' no sandy—," began Jep hotly.

"Who th' hell said you were?" retorted Patten coolly. "I just said that was proof yuh wasn't. Now, listen here. Me an' Goss ain't been in Hidden Waters f'r a good many years—f'r th' reasons we told yuh last night. We can sure use a man who's fresh from there; one who knows th' trails, where th' fences lay, and just what would be th' best time t' drop in on 'em.

"We talked it over again last night an' figgered we'd give Dick a couple of weeks t' git over missin' you or lookin' for yuh t' come back an' then ride over there—th' whole gang of us. He's got only one white man there an' you know how much good Injuns are when it comes t' shootin'. Ain't none of 'em could hit a flock of feather pillows. We'll just pull in there fast, makin' all th' noise we know how to scare th' Injuns, and then git out th' same way, takin' Dick along with us.

"We'll bring him back here an'—" he paused meaningly—"I reckon we'll be able to make him see things our way and loosen up with th' inf'rimation on where that gold comes from."

"How about Stedman?" inquired Starr.

"Well—" Patten turned and spat over his shoulder into the fireplace—"we really hadn't thought about him—much! There may be some shootin' an' if Mr. Stedman got in th' way of a slug it'd be just too bad, wouldn't it?"

"Uh-huh," agreed Jep, not particularly displeased and not at all shocked. He felt little sympathy for the man who had sat motionless on his horse while Burton had struck down Dolores. "Burton's daughter will be there too, you know. Have you figured on her?"

Patten jerked his thumb toward Goss, who grunted as he heaved his thick legs down from the table.

"I'm goin' t' take care of her!" the foreman exclaimed. "I been owin' plenty t' Navajo Dick f'r a long time, an' I reckon th' best way of payin' him off is to drop a loop over that filly an' take her off in th' hills f'r a little *pasear!* I got a cabin out there where there won't be nothin' t' bother us an'—"

An instant later he was sprawling on the floor as Jep Starr's fist with every ounce of his sinewy strength behind it crashed full on his

foul mouth. Blood streamed over the rider's knuckles from where the majordomo's teeth had gashed them, but he paid no attention to it as he stepped back swiftly against the wall and dropped his hand to the butt of the gun that hung at his side.

The ribald laugh with which he had greeted his foreman's sally died on Patten's lips.

"What th'—" he began.  
 "Just that," snarled Jep furiously, his bleeding fingers on the black stock of the gun. "You keep out of this. I don't give three whoops in merry hell what you do to Burton. I'm with yuh on it. But that girl of his is a damn decent, straight little kid. She saved my life—an' there ain't no polecat goin' to lay his tongue to her th' way he did just now!"

HE GLARED down at the prostrate Goss who was spitting blood from his torn lips and mouthing inarticulate curses. Through Jep's mind there raced the recollection that the gun he fondled so belligerently was still in the unloaded condition in which Burton had returned it to him—but now that he had started he would have to see the thing through.

"Before you git up," he hissed at Goss, "you can say you take all that dirt back! If you don't I'll beat it out of you with this here gun! Speak up!"

The majordomo, his face black with rage, stared up into Starr's face, a face aflame with the zeal of crusading youth ready to give battle for a righteous cause. He shot a quick glance toward his employer, but Patten's face was stonily non-committal.

"Mebbe I made a mistake—" he began poisonously.

"I reckon that's good enough!"  
 Jep bent over him, jerked the gun from the holster at the foreman's side, and kicked it beneath Patten's chair. Goss rose, pressing his shirt-sleeve gingerly against his battered lips.

"You're fired!" he mumbled thickly. "Git a hoss and git out! Yuh got th' drop on me now, but if I ever cross trails with yuh again be ready. There ain't no man goin' t' lay his hand on me an' git away with it!"

"Oh, yes, there is!"  
 Patten's interrupting voice was silky-smooth and Jep, in spite of his tension, noticed and marveled at the menacing strength that suddenly appeared in the ordinarily lazy, drawling accents. The rancher was smiling.

"You deserved all you got, Al Goss. Had it comin' to yuh four ways from th' jack. Starr told us last night that girl saved his life and he had all th' right in th' world to climb yore frame when yuh made that crack about her. He ain't fired, either. I'm boss here an' don't you forget it f'r a holy second!"

He turned quickly toward the Texan.  
 "That last goes for you too, Starr," he snapped. "The girl won't be touched. Bank on that! Now you two forget this business right now. Man that opens it up again will have me to reckon with."

He jerked his head toward the door in quick dismissal and as Jep left the room pushed Goss back into the chair he had occupied before the encounter.

"You keep your oar out of this, Sam Patten," the foreman began as the door slammed behind the departing rider. "I'm goin' t' kill that smooth-faced—"

"Yuh ain't goin' t' do nothin' of th' kind," contradicted the rancher calmly—"at least not yet! Don't be a triple-plated fool all your life, Al. Ain't I pulled yuh out of enough jams that your waggin' tongue got yuh into without you spoilin' th' best play we ever had?"

Goss subsided, grumbling, and Patten continued:

"I've got that *chico* all steamed up, Al. He's ready to go in there with a gun in each fist an' a bowie-knife in his teeth and bring Burton out by th' back of his neck. Well, you fool, let—him—go! Afterwards there'll be time enough to rub him out. I'll take care of that myself, just to prove my heart's in th' right place, but now we need him."

"You leave him t' me," demanded Goss. "I'll look after him, an' th' girl too!"

"All right." Patten's acquiescence seemed weary and somewhat disgusted. "You always was half-witted where women was concerned. All I say is: don't bring her here. I've learned

(Continued on page 62)



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## The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 61)

my lesson—same as Dick learned his—and I ain't goin' to have any females 'round this place!"

In the corridor Limpy Laird threw his thin arms around Jep's shoulders and then did an enthusiastic, silent-footed war-dance toward the outer door.

"Dad-burn my dad-burned hide, son," he shrilled as soon as speech was safe, "I seen th' whole dad-burned business. I was comin' in t' git my cigareet papers—not knowin' anybody was in there. Th' door was jest off th' latch an' through th' crack I seen an' heard 'Butcher Al' open his mouth an' put his foot in it. Boy, yuh shore got th' kind of guts that makes Texas what it is. Limpy Laird's your friend whenever yuh want t' call on him—an' there's been generals an' governors that were proud of bein' called friends of mine! F'r a second 'r two, son, I shore thought yuh was goin' t' have t' kill him!"

Jep shook his head. The relapse from the nervous excitement of the clash had left him strangely weak. He felt as he had when he had first tried to walk at Aguas Perdidas and steadied himself by a hand on the old man's shoulder.

"No chance of that, dad," he said slowly. "I didn't have no shells in my gun."

"No—shells—in—your—gun?" gasped the veteran incredulously. "By th' seven sacred saddle-blankets of Sam Bass, boy, d'yuh mean t' tell me yuh bluffed 'Butcher' Goss with an empty gun?"

"Uh-huh. It was empty when Navajo Dick Burton handed it back to me and he didn't give me the shells. I never thought to ask anybody here for a load. I remembered it when—when I went after it. After that there was nothin' to do but carry the bluff through!"

Limpy collapsed dramatically to the ground at Jep's feet, writhing back and forth in a paroxysm of silent merriment.

"Jest wait," he gasped, "wait till I tell th' boys 'bout this! They'll rawhide Goss clear off th' ranch."

"NO THEY won't!" interrupted Starr sharply. "You ain't gonna tell 'em. You got to keep your mouth shut about this whole business, Limpy."

The veteran sat on his heels and considered. "Mebbe yo're right," he admitted at last. "Yes, I reckon you *are* right. Patten might calm Goss down all right as things are, but if Al ever saw that everybody knew about it he'd have t' go after yuh t' save his own face. Not that he'd like it a little bit, but he'd have to."

"What do you mean, he wouldn't like it?" inquired Starr. "He was servin' notice on me in there when Patten took a hand."

"Shore he was. But that was mostly talk. You'd smacked him down, an' he was on th' prod plenty. But if he had come after you, son, you'd never have known it. 'Butcher' Goss wants th' breaks t' be in his favor—th' more of 'em th' better!"

"Yes?" Jep was paying only desultory attention, but Limpy ran on happily.

"Shore. How d'yuh think he got th' name of 'Butcher'? He never worked in no meat

market! He was a deputy sheriff in Shinarump County an' was sent t' bring in some Piutes that'd killed a few calves. He brought 'em in, all right—five of 'em, stacked like cord-wood in th' bottom of a buckboard. Had a long story 'bout how they'd jumped him an' how he'd got all five of 'em—fannin' two guns. They'd killed his hoss, too, he said.

"That last was true—leastways th' hoss was dead. But th' real story leaked out a little at a time, long after. Al overlooked one bet. There was a woman in th' wickiup where them Injuns were. She was scared green, and burrowed herself down in some blankets. He never looked inside, an' she shook her hoofs back into th' mountains an' carried th' story to th' old men. They won't talk to a white man less'n they trust him, yuh know, and by th' time they did talk—t' old John Allen down at Bragg City—it was too late t' do anything. Hard t' get a jury t' convict a man on Injun testimony. I remember once an Apache—"

"What had he done, Limpy?" interrupted Jep.

"Why, th' squaw said they were all asleep around th' camp an' he picked 'em off from back of some rocks about forty yards away. Jest like killin' sheep! Al's as good a shot as ever threw a gun—don't f'rget that f'r a minute—but when he was made they left out th' stuff that makes a man stand up an' swap lead fifty-fifty with another feller in anything like an even break.

"He was a hero f'r a while, but when he killed Joe Walker they made it so hot f'r him that he pulled out of th' Shinarump country 'tween two days. Cut Joe down with a shotgun, he did, right in front of Smith's corral. There was twelve buckshot in Joe in a place yuh could cover with one hand. Claimed he was drunk an' noisy an' resisted arrest! That was a sweet charge t' bring in Shinarump on a Saturday night! But Goss has never been north of th' Colorado since!"

Limpy rose to his feet and cocked his battered hat jauntily over one eye.

"That'll give yuh Mr. Goss' number, son," he observed, "but jest take it from th' old man an' don't start no plays with Sam Patten unless yo're plumb ready t' see 'em all th' way through! Pick Goss a dozen times 'fore yuh lock horns with Sam. He was born hatin' himself an' every other thing in th' world. He's poison, worse'n a black scorpion. Some day, not now, I'll tell yuh what soured him against everything. He don't know I know th' story, or he'd have my hide nailed on th' fence in thirty seconds."

"Right now I'm goin' t' git yuh some shells f'r that cannon of yores. Jest 'cause yuh was lucky once don't mean yuh'll be that way all th' time!"

He rose and, dragging his injured leg behind him, limped toward the house. Jep walked to the corral, threw his prize saddle on a pony, and rode out into the rolling hills and sagebrush-covered "benches" that shouldered back from the San Ignacio toward the distant blue crests of the mountains.

He wanted to be alone—to solve the problem with which the unexpected clash with Goss had so suddenly confronted him. Jep was no thinker.

His active outdoor life and his scanty education precluded that. Patten had calmly, and with a surprising lack of passion, sketched the history of Richard Burton, still further lowering the opinion in which the Texan thought he held the autocratic old ruler of the hidden canyon. Burton, Jep told himself, had no right whatever, according to the inflexible code of Western partnerships, to keep for himself the yellow metal that he had discovered in that lovely oasis.

But Dolores—could he enter Aguas Perdidas as a member of a raiding party and subject her to the menace of Goss. In spite of Patten's vows, his seeming friendship, his rebuke of Goss for the threat, Jep had little belief that, should the attack be made, Dolores would not be harmed. He couldn't stand for it—but what could he do?

He turned the slowly plodding horse and rode back to the ranch house. Patten had spoken of time—of giving Burton a week or ten days to forget Jep's departure and to "quit expecting him back." During that interval, some solution would present itself.

He found, to his surprise, that Green, Belden, and Carson, the three punchers already employed, saw a rather sinister connection between his sudden departure from Aguas Perdidas and the promptness with which he had been placed on the Slash-X payroll. Aware of their employer's enmity for Burton, they immediately classified Jep as a professional gunman—a hired killer—and they accorded him the respectful, rather formal, aloofness adopted toward that evil profession.

Goss appeared to have obeyed Patten and to have dismissed from his mind all recollection of the violent quarrel he had had with the Texan. Always surly, rarely talkative, Jep could observe no distinction in the morose foreman's treatment of him and of the other men on the ranch.

Once Limpy Laird thrust his wrinkled face into Jep's room as the Texan was undressing.

"A rattler," he observed abruptly, "most gen'rally gives a feller fair warnin' 'fore he strikes. That Goss'll stand a heap of watchin'!"

He withdrew as suddenly as he had entered.

The raid upon Aguas Perdidas seemed indefinitely postponed. Patten never mentioned it to Jep, nor did he make any effort to add to the confidences he had imparted on the night of the younger man's arrival. He seemed to have forgotten the Texan together with his desire for vengeance upon Burton. He announced his departure for Bragg's Ford, fifty miles east on the San Ignacio, to transact some business, and by that statement informed Jep that at least another week must elapse before any expedition would move upon the hidden canyon.

Patten had been gone two days when Jep, returning from an eventless ride across the range with Beldon, entered the corral to find Goss waiting for him.

"How yuh feelin', Texas?" the foreman grunted. "There's a little bay hoss in yonder that I'd sure like t' see yuh top off."

He grinned evilly and jerked his thick thumb toward an adjoining enclosure. As he stooped to peer between the wide planks that formed the fence Jep was conscious of the sharp-drawn intake of Beldon's breath behind him. He turned, but the puncher's face was an expressionless mask. Goss was staring at the man with a curious, flat blankness in his tiny eyes.

(To be continued)

## Tricks of the Stage

By Phillip Emerson Wood

IN ONE of the dressing-rooms of a certain New York theatre recently, two actors were approached by an inquiring reporter. His inquiries had to do with the amiable art of stage-trickery. "Half-hour" having been called, the actors were busy with making-up and dressing for the evening's performance—one, a middle-aged and model husband in real life, transforming himself into a profligate youth of the time of the Renaissance; the other, in reality a bachelor of considerable youthful reserve, becoming a medieval father with the gout and twelve children—but actors are never too busy to talk shop, and on this occasion their conversation was prodigal.

"It's all tricks," said one, blithely, flourishing a stick of grease-paint as though to color his

contention, "from the overture to the final curtain. Make-up itself is a magic through which one can acquire everything from the bloom of youth to an octogenarian's wrinkles; and wardrobe, which begins with the loin-cloth of the savage and ends with the brocade of the sophisticated dandy, is a legerdmain of infinite possibilities. After which, come the innumerable tricks of carriage, voice, gesture, facial expression and inflection that go to make up the finished characterization of any part. Some say acting's an art; some say it's a science. I claim it to be a combination of the two, and that the combination itself is sheer trickery. Moreover, I'll offer

proof. Take, for a starter, Sir Henry Irving.

"Irving—perhaps the greatest of all English actor-managers—was a master-trickster: I played with him, so I guess I should know. Why, he even carried one trick so far as to establish a stage tradition—at the same time almost ruining an entire generation of actors! At a certain period in his career, then, the great tragedian sustained an injury to one foot. It proved to be a permanent injury, furthermore, causing him to limp or to drag his leg. This, obviously, was a serious handicap to an actor. But Sir Henry was determined it should not stop him; so what did he do but drag not only one but both legs. Wherefrom evolved the famous Irving walk, which, it seems, was destined to be

(Continued on page 64)



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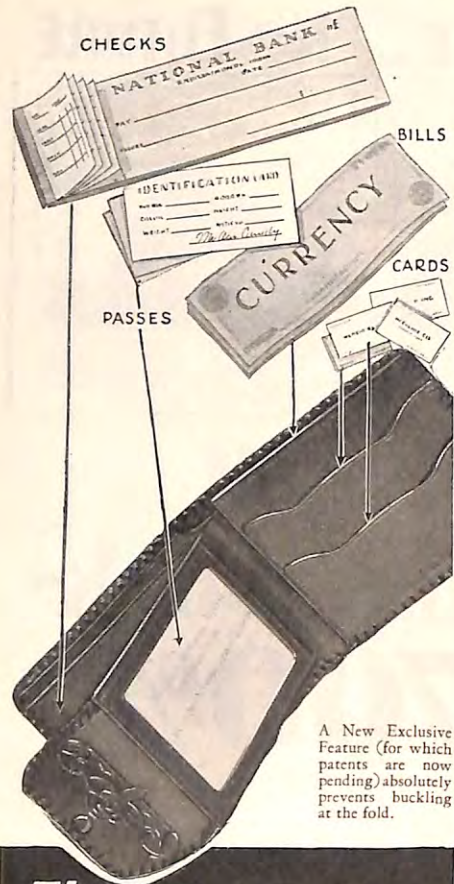
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## Tricks of the Stage

(Continued from page 62)

copied by any number of mimes foolish enough to imagine that by imitating Irving's "mannerism" they could share his greatness."

"It reminds me," said the other, "of a clever trick once used by Robert Mantell, our own late dean of Shakespearean rôles. Some seasons ago, Mr. Mantell also sustained a foot-injury—so serious, in fact, that he couldn't put any weight on that foot at all. He was on tour, however, and—being of the Scotch persuasion—had no desire to cancel any of his invariably profitable engagements. So he was put to it to find a means of surmounting—with one foot, so to speak—the obstacle.

"To begin with, he took account of his repertoire, temporarily shelving such plays as required of him too much physical action. The others, he proceeded to re-direct. He arranged as many of his scenes as possible so that he might play them seated, and adopted any number of tricks for the handling of others. The most interesting of these has to do with the duel scene in 'Macbeth.'

"In this scene—as you will doubtless recall—it is required of *Macbeth* that he cross the stage, constantly duelling with his adversary. Observe what Mr. Mantell did: first, he took one step backward, appearing on the scene. His opponent allowing himself to be driven around in a half-circle, Mr. Mantell was revealed facing his audience. Then, immediately, he stepped—hopped, rather—forward, rapidly pivoting again. Before we of the company were aware of it ourselves, he had crossed the stage—by a series of adroit tacks. It is extremely doubtful, though, if the audience—occupied as it was by the duel itself; intent, that is, upon the acting rather than the actor—entertained any suspicion whatsoever of the actual state of affairs. Audiences, in other words, are always ready to accept a device as being intended—especially if it is cleverly effected. That device, it may interest you to know, has gone down in the secret annals of the American stage as a masterpiece of trickery."

And then followed—of peculiar interest to the layman—numerous instances illustrative of tricks employed by actors for the surmounting of obstacles, and for other reasons. Because—for instance—the layman's schedule, exacting as it may be, is nevertheless subject to the exigencies of sickness or misfortune; whereas, the actor's, it seems, once it prescribes itself to the demands of an engagement, brooks no interruption whatsoever except that quietus which alone can cancel all contracts. The layman, in other words, in the event of some intruding contingency, can—if he feels he must—ring up the office and beg off; but the actor's law is that "the show must go on" whatever happens, in order to answer which law, oftentimes, an extreme resourcefulness must be depended upon.

Take, for example, some minor—but nonetheless distressing—illness, such as a bad cold. Your layman can nurse it, remaining at home and abed; but the actor, little as we who sit out front may suspect it at the time, must dismiss it entirely. Thus, our vivacious and laughing comedienne is often forcing herself to forget a severe headache, and our dramatic and compelling villain is often compelling himself to rise above fatigue and misery to deliver the goods of the drama. Nine cases out of ten, the headache or the misery—whatever it may be—is left in the dressing-room. But how? By simple trickery, actors aver: it being possible—it being, indeed, imperative!—to find, in that peculiar vibration achieved by the audience's receptivity to the actor's contribution, release from reality; and, couched in this release, there existing the opportunity for the actor to trick not only the audience but also himself! Perhaps, suffering from headache, the comedienne finds it propitious to exploit her very headache to comic advantage; or, perhaps, suffering from hoarseness, the dramatic actor will dramatize that; at any rate, be sure that, governed as it is by a common need, the individual's misfortune, if not used, will at least be greatly minimized—if not entirely eliminated.

All of which goes a long way toward making clear the "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" idea. Recently, to wit, one of our foremost entertainers learned upon reaching the theatre for his even-

ing's performance of the death of his mother. Yet he was able to go "on" and give a rollicking performance! Heartless? No: the truth of the matter being that, tutored by long years' experience to realize that his greatest available tribute lay in steadfast allegiance to the art that—among other things—had made his mother's closing years happy and comfortable ones, and recognizing his allegiance to lie in not disappointing his audience, he was able to trick his performance to the end of "playing the game." "Never disappoint—" once his motto, now proved his refuge; so that the slapstick that covered the sob and the grinning that overlay the grief were—far from being despicable—admirable things. They were devices, in short, without which—whether to the end of exploitation of comedy or hiding of tragedy—we would have no theatre at all!

In substantiation of which contention, for example, we have the case of Ben Welch, burlesque comedian.

Ben Welch, it seems, suddenly went blind. On the morning of his sad discovery (also actuated by the dictum: "Never disappoint!") he went to the theatre he happened at the time to be playing, and measured the distance—in steps—from the wings to the center of the stage. When, that afternoon, his cue came—when the orchestra burst reluctantly into the strains of his opening "vamp"—he came on stage bowing and smiling as of yore. That smile, though, was only a trick—used to cover a studious counting of steps; when he had told off the right number of which, he stopped. There followed such a performance as few ever had seen, sprinkled as it was with simulated recognitions of friends, quick frowns at the drummer and sly winks sent in the direction of girlish laughter. This most forgivable of deceptions, moreover, continued for years, before audiences learned the truth!

Or there is the almost classic series of tricks habitually perpetrated by Corse Payton, "the best worst actor in the world"—as he prided to bill himself.

For many years, Corse Payton conducted a stock-company in Brooklyn, New York. It was his custom to play his own "leads"—thereby, besides saving a large salary, indulging himself additional prominence—but it was not his custom to learn his lines. Consequently, it was necessary for him to "trick" his parts; to disguise a plausible confusion with resourcefulness. Corse Payton's resourcefulness, while it may have been a matter of Corse, was apparently nothing short of phenomenal.

He divided his part, it seems, into many sections, "planting" these conveniently—accessibly. For instance, he would make an entrance: pasted in his hat would be page one of the manuscript, which he would furtively consult before negotiating a cross—let us say—to the book-case. At the book-case, he would select a book, turning its pages seemingly at random; but sprinkled through the book would be succeeding pages of the manuscript. Thus, an entire scene would be disposed of, and so it would go throughout the act and on through the rest of the play. Long speeches would be attached to photographs it might be convenient for him to "emote" over; long scenes would be found among the papers on the desk at which he would sit. And somehow, some way, every demand of the respective rôle would be answered, either through one device or another. Only sometimes, legend has it, the pages would get mixed up, serious transpositions of the play or utter consternation resulting; and at such times it would be necessary to "trick" the trickery itself, thus accomplishing at least a fictitious order until the controlled chaos might be restored.

Tricks adopted for the meeting of emergencies, however, appear to form but a small percentage of the actor's repertoire of artifice. There are, superlatively, the many devices employed as every-night methods in the putting over of parts. The trick of stepping up-stage, for instance, or that of the effective entrance, or—more important still, according to some actors—that of the memorable exit. Every Thespian and every Thespienne, for that matter, who "knows his (or her) business," it seems, knows and uses such tricks as these. They are the coin of the theatrical realm.

Most common of all—and, because of that, probably, the least suspected—is the up-stage trick. To retire a step or two up-stage (away from the audience, that is), in order to acquire a more advantageous position for the delivery of an important line, is considered legitimate “business” when the action of the play demands stress at the precise point where this trick may be employed. Some players, though, abuse instead of use this method, with the result that certain important actors—some stars even—deeming it imperative that they be up-stage all of the time, have so wearied their audiences as to repel rather than to engage their attention. In one instance, this provoked an amusing sequel.

Before he was a star himself, the late Arnold Daly happened one season to be playing with a certain “up-stage” lady. Now it is customary for the down-stage player to compromise, dividing his attention between the up-stage person and the audience. Daly, though, was too temperamental an actor to resort to compromises: with him, it must be either one thing or another; so, as long as he was denied “fronting” the audience, he decided to “back” it—thoroughly. He turned deliberately around, delivering all his lines from this position; and, because they never had been treated to an actor’s back before, the auditors found it quite novel to watch this one’s. The selfishness of the star, in other words, was utterly defeated by a method against which she could not complain.

Closely related to the up-stage trick is the one of contrast, as an exemplar of which William Gillette has been conspicuous first as a playwright and then as the principal interpreter of his own plays. In all of his dramas, it has been his habit so to construct each scene as for it to provide a complementary framework for his acting therein. For instance,—“*Sherlock Holmes*” the play is a noisy, staccato, vibrant piece of writing; *Sherlock Holmes* the part is a quiet, poised, composed rôle—except at its climaxes! Into scenes clamorous with loud action, then, the master-detective brings quiet menace; but at the crisis—in the gas-house scene, for example—all the villains move stealthily and subdue their harsh talk to whispers, so that when Holmes crosses the stage with a rapidity that resembles flight and delivers his lines with a crescendo that ends in a scream, the effect will be unforgettable. It is excellent drama; but excellent drama is trick drama; and the long-popular effectiveness of this drama reposes in the finesse of its trick construction and interpretation.

Otis Skinner may be cited as one of the cleverest creators of the effective entrance. Thanks to a generous contribution of his, indeed, to this article, he may be quoted upon his entrance as *Colonel Brideau* in “*For The Honour of The Family*.” “First,” Mr. Skinner writes, “the Colonel passes a window center-stage, thus announcing his approach to the audience without the tiresome stage mechanics of having some character either talk about him or ‘discover’ and herald his appearance. A moment later, he bursts into the room like a bombshell, sails to the table center-stage, bangs his walking-stick upon it and announces to the scheming couple on the scene that they have ten minutes to get out. Then he retires from the scene, ostensibly to smoke a cigar.” “Ostensibly”; but the real purpose of that temporary withdrawal is to allow the audience to digest the drama of that challenge. The whole incident is an instance of trickery being so delicately practiced as to become an art.

One of the cleverest “entrances” on record was accomplished by Walter Hampden in “*The Servant in The House*.” In a sense, it was not an entrance at all, inasmuch as the curtain rose on the first act with *Manson* (Mr. Hampden) discovered on-stage, though with his back to the audience. During the passage of considerable explanatory dialogue, which establishes the background of the play, he continues setting a table for breakfast; then, at the cue “Who are you?” (spoken by his cockney helper), *Manson* turns, pronouncing the title of the play with the significant line, “I am the servant in this house.” The audience has known all the time who he is, just as—subconsciously—it has known that *Manson* is Man’s Son (which embraces in a nutshell the religious *raison d’être* of the play); but it is not until he formally “makes his entrance” that the audience acknowledges the

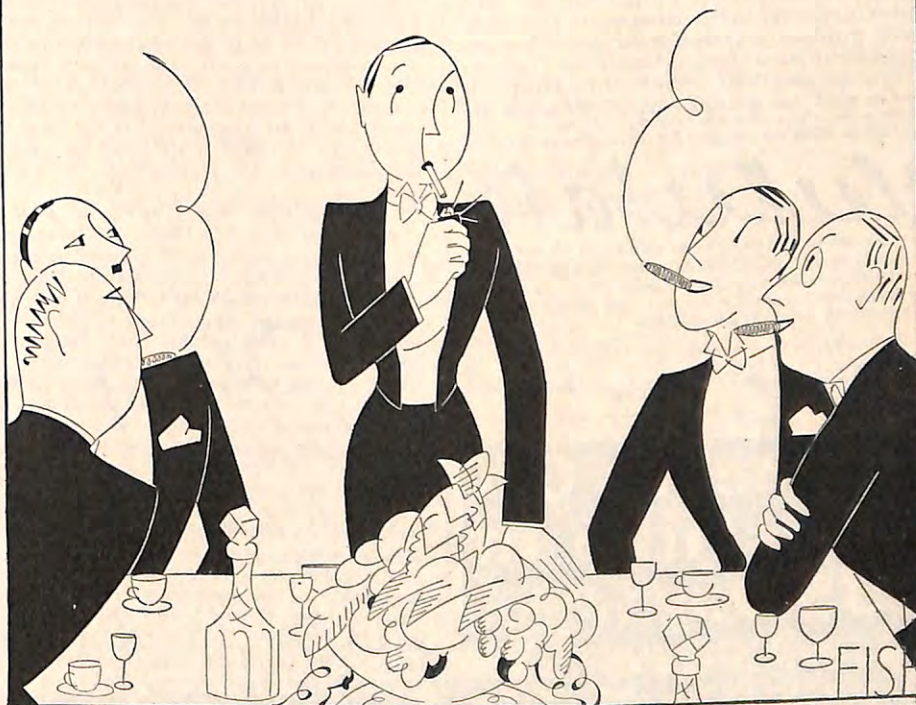
(Continued on page 66)

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## Tricks of the Stage

(Continued from page 65)

trick of turning, with applause. The fervor of that applause, which has been sustained over a period of many years, is as much an approval of an artifice as it is a tribute to an artist.

And (if it weren't redundant to do so) other instances of the effective entrance could be cited indefinitely: David Warfield's in "The Music-Master," Florence Reed's in "The Shanghai Gesture" (and what a gesture!), the late Holbrook Blinn's in "The Bad Man." Perhaps, though—especially when it will liberate us to the pursuit of other engaging deceptions—it would be both pleasant and profitable for us to play a little game: to recall the most recent occasion of our having witnessed a well-acted play; and to check up on every characterization that remains clearly-etched in the memory, seeing if it was not "guilty" of an effectively-tricked entrance. No, you will protest: there was the case of so-and-so, who fairly cooed on-stage, so modestly did he or she enter the play; whereupon you must most amiably be reminded that modesty and reticence are sometimes the most overworked tricks of all! One actress, indeed, practises them so consistently as never to be interviewed, never to be photographed, never to take a curtain-call,—all to the end of being conspicuous by her absence, which, making the proverbial heart grow fonder of the box-office, proves that it pays much more to advertise with subtlety.

THE memorable exit is variously achieved, but never more effectively than by means of the lingering departure. Thus, some actors will carry a line off-stage—so arrange the delivery of the "tag" (exit speech) as to have it fade away after the speaker himself has vanished. Or, there is the trick of the slowly-disappearing hand: after an important scene, an actor will retire, the last to be seen of him being his hand which, with expertly-calculated reluctance, will slowly relinquish its hold on the door-jamb, finally passing from sight. The "psychology" being that while the audience watches the hand, it dwells on the person, usually responding with a "hand" of its own. One actress,—the great Nazimova—is accredited with practising this device so very expertly in the obscurity of an East Side theatre some years ago that, with cementing an impression entertained by the actor-manager Henry Miller, she evoked the hand that writes the contract, and stepped from the puddle of national (Russian) illustriousness to the sea of international fame.

The memorable exit, in the larger sense, means the unforgettable retirement of a character from the action of the play. Thus, an exit is not always a withdrawal: collapse or fainting or death sufficing, so to speak, as far as the elimination from action of the respective character may be concerned. In "The Round-Up," it will vividly be recalled,—in the famous galling-gun scene,—a character, shot, fell hanging precipitously over a cliff—and continued to hang there throughout the rest of the act! A trick fall,—and if one knows how to fall, one can fall for some distance as well as for some person!—would have simplified matters considerably; but it would not have been so effective as that trick half-fall; it would not, in other words, have tricked audiences into extolling a novel device for nearly a generation! Or, more recently, in the play "Casanova," the character *Alfani-Celli* effected an exit anticipative of duelling with *Casanova* (played by that master-trickster, Lowell Sherman), but it was not until *Casanova* told *Henriette* (Katherine Cornell) half an hour later of the outcome of the duel that the protagonist—as a character—was disposed of; not until, as a matter of fact, the real *Alfani-Celli* was well on his way to his home up the Hudson; which means that, thanks to his challenge and its deliberately-observed result, the audience's interest in the character might trickily have been sustained indefinitely. Or, still again, there is the sure-fire "exit" of the well-timed death scene, than which—whether it be a sudden death (such as that so expertly delineated by John Wray in "Broadway") or a lingering one (such as that so masterfully depicted by the aforementioned Walter Hampden in "Cyrano")—there is no trick the average actor would rather play.

The devices of effective entrance and memorable exit, however, important as they are to all actors,—and imperative as they are to the "bit" actor (the player, that is, of small but vital parts, whose business it is to hit hard and retire quickly without being lost in the shuffle when the play is broadly remembered),—are only parentheses, so to speak, enclosing a multitude of others. Within the enclosure are to be found all those tricks resorted to by actors anxious either to ease a situation or to please a public. Largely among which figure the tricks of kidding—and those of combating this insidious practise.

The kidding of a play, it should perhaps be explained, occupies (though the audience may not,—indeed, must not!—suspect it) a very prominent place in the average performance. So prominent, to be sure, as to be a moot question in the shop-talk of actors: whether it should be suppressed as the major insult to audiences; or whether—as their indirect boon—it should be fostered and encouraged. So that there are those that campaign vigorously for its suppression as a disintegrating influence capable of ruining every play; and there are also those that defend the practise eloquently as one of the most valuable instruments draftable toward the training and perfection of actors. Any pretender to the thrones of the mighty, these declare, who can not kid and be kidded with impunity,—who can not in full view (though not necessarily in full hearing) of the audience so dissimulate as, for instance, to move that audience to tears and at the same time to secretly provoke the other audience (his fellow-players) to laughter; or who can not witness such duplicities in another without "breaking up" (forgetting his lines, that is, or otherwise losing his self-control)—is not worthy of the name of actor! With the result that every company has at least one practical (or impractical: it all depends upon how you feel about it) joker; which, in turn, means that new tricks of kidding are constantly being introduced, and are calling, constantly, for corresponding devices of combating.

Some kidding-tricks are quite innocuous, obvious even; but that does not necessarily mean that they are ineffectual. Because the restraining atmosphere of a play in progress of presentation very much resembles that of a church, and who does not remember keenly what simple things—what otherwise matter-of-fact and everyday things—sent us, in the restrained atmosphere of Sunday-school or church, into perfect gales of hysterical laughter? Who, likewise, does not remember—sometimes with a pang!—how inordinately difficult it was to combat the paralyzing humor of those inoffensive trifles? In just the same ways, then, the simplest variation in the reading of a line, sometimes, excites a most unreasonable hilarity; or the most seemingly innocent change in a piece of "business" will, through establishing some connection which the audience may never remotely infer, amuse the cast out of all proportion. One actor now playing on Broadway, a very dignified person, ordinarily, has the disturbing—not to say the positively convulsing!—habit of every now and then introducing a slight stutter into the reading of his lines—to the most ridiculous end. (To a most distressing end, upon at least one occasion: an exacting star with whom he was playing found his trick so simultaneously mirth-provoking and annoying that, though he contritely desisted, she was unable to dissociate him from the "mannerism," and found it necessary to replace him.)

Another player—I shall refrain from mentioning her name, since the division of opinion in this matter might result in embarrassment—has the quaint little trick of fastening upon one—right in the middle of an intensely emotional speech, too—the disturbing enigma of a fatuous, cross-eyed stare! Whereas, still another, it seems, is so adept at achieving down-stage positions,—from which vantages he persecutes his fellow-players with the most diabolical grimaces this side of Culver City,—that he holds every company of which he is a member in abject terror until (providentially, in this respect!) it closes. And one there is who never makes a "carry-entrance" (an entrance, that is, for the purpose of carrying something on-stage) but

what—if it is possible for him to do so—he brings instead of the money a sausage, instead of the tea-service an array of medicine bottles,—anything, for that matter, that pops into his mind,—or his hand.

The most effectual defense against such friendly outrages, then, lies, first, in protecting one's vision. You can hear comedy, in other words, and only chuckle; it is the comedy that's seen that makes you laugh. Or, if you only hear a fat man slip on a banana-peel, you will be shocked—until, seeing him, the chances are you will rudely laugh. Actors, at any rate, combat kidding first of all by averting their eyes: when they speak to a character, invariably they look above him—or her, as the case may be. When the kidding is more aggressive, however, the trick of combativeness must be more aggressive, accordingly.

In qualification of this, be sure that, in many cases, the note you see delivered says nothing near what the actor "reads" it to say; rather, something like "Come home: your tailor's dead!" But be sure also that the actor does not read it at all: that he has guarded himself against possible disaster by learning the note with his part. Or—since a specific instance of defense against kidding cannot conceivably offend—take Louis Mann who, in a recent play, had a five-minute telephone conversation on the stage. The last night, some prankster connected the telephone with one in the basement of the theatre, where various jokers assembled to take their turns at kidding the star. Just in the nick of time, though, Louis Mann had the presence of mind to perform that obvious thing which usually deserts us in a crisis—to loop a finger over the hook of the telephone, thereby shutting out the fascinating but annihilating stream of wise-cracks, stories and what-not.

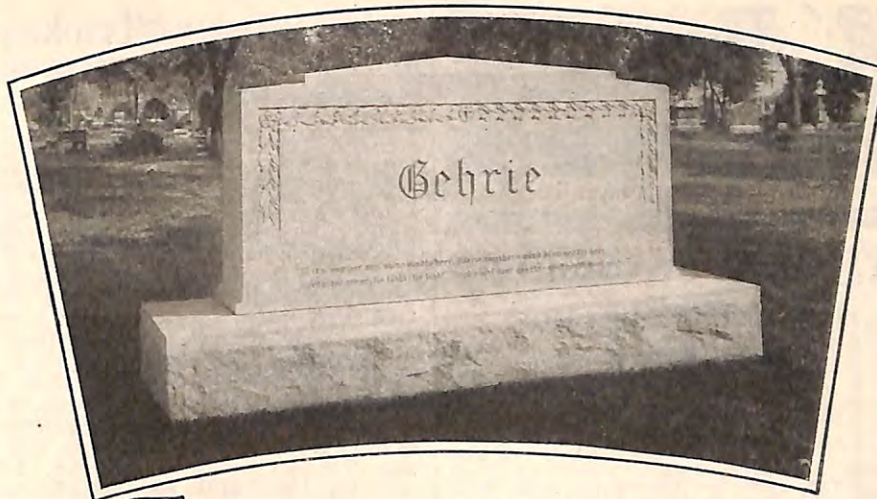
Or—for another instance of defense against last-night kidding (and, traditionally, it is on the final nights of runs that this element is most conspicuous)—there is that most amazing *tour-de-force* of resourcefulness displayed by Joseph Macauley (now distinguishing himself as one of "The Three Musketeers") in "Saint Joan." Just prior to what is probably the greatest trial-scene ever played on any stage, Macauley (as *The Inquisitor*) had a long speech, delivered to the assembled court, in the middle of which he charges anyone favoring cruelty to leave at once. Imagine his consternation upon beholding everyone walking off-stage! Who, then, to address the rest of the speech to?—there being on-stage no one but himself, however crowded the wings might be with rollicking friends. Suffice it to say that he addressed it precisely to himself; and, as the others filtered back, he drew them, one by one, into the story. In other words, a trick—a device—had averted disaster!

And another brilliant example reposes in the following incident: "Liliom"—the play, it will be remembered, that established The Theatre Guild—was playing in Indianapolis. The leading-man, notorious for his pranks, had been cutting-up all evening, but had yet to meet his Waterloo. "I'll cure you," said one of his colleagues—a man who, in the Heaven Scene, had to sit on a bench center-stage throughout *Liliom's* longest comedy-scene. So there he sat, and at the approach of each successive laugh for *Liliom*, he simply—slapped at flies! Imaginary flies, to be sure; trick flies; flies cautiously followed until just the right moment for distracting slapping; but flies that, incidentally, tricked *Liliom* into being kidded so perfectly that his comedy went as high as the lofty flies of the theatre!

In the play "A Pair of Silk Stockings," the English comedian Kenneth Douglas had a scene with a fellow player—we will call him Smith—which consisted of Smith's delivering what amounted to a monologue, with Douglas simply re-acting to the lines delivered. The great value of the scene, though, lay in those wordless reactions. But the loquacious Smith was unwilling to let Douglas "have" it.

Not content with delivering his lines, Smith felt it necessary to accompany them with all sorts of gestures—a deliberate attempt to occupy not only his appointed share of the audience's attention, but all of it. Inasmuch as the extreme subtlety of Douglas's droll effects would be lost with the introduction of any extravagant movement, his predicament was a singular one. His method of disposing of it, though, was ingenious.

(Continued on page 68)



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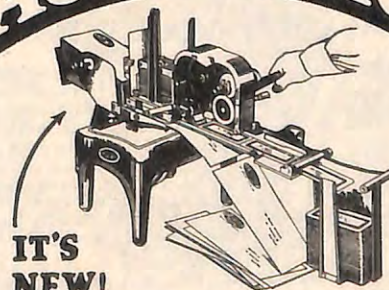
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## Tricks of the Stage

(Continued from page 67)

It was customary with Douglas, both off-stage and on, to wear a monocle—not entirely an affectation, since he was short-sighted in one eye. On this occasion, though, he was afforded a new use for the monocle. At the approach of each cue for a reaction, he simply moved his head, his monocle catching the light from the footlights and reflecting it to attract the audience's attention. After which, he accomplished his subtle reaction undisturbed. Indeed, Smith could have turned a somersault and it would have availed him little in face of Douglas's perfect timing.

Or, still another. Recently, a certain play was produced on Broadway, during the second act of which there appeared a character intended to enjoy a brief but important scene with the star. The part was only a "bit," but, since it carried the climax of the play, it was important that its player be accorded every advantage. During rehearsals, this requirement was observed.

But on the opening-night, the star showed his smallness by suddenly changing things to his own advantage—and at the expense of the unsuspecting bit-actor. The two had been directed to converse seated, each chair equidistant from the audience so that both faces would show to equal advantage. As he seated himself, though, the star moved the other's chair downstage, this being the first of a series of what may be called dirty tricks that were to play upon the other actor to desperation—and, eventually, to the star's cost.

The bit-actor came on-stage, noticing with consternation the altered placing of the chair. But first night nervousness counsels actors to adopt an armor as strong as steel, and this one went ahead regardless. Then the star toyed with a flower, thus deflecting to himself what little attention the other might still claim, and, the other's time being short, it needed quick and sure thinking for him to select the particular trick which might save him.

Just before his exit, he had a long speech to deliver—a fervid religious speech which lent itself either to quiet persuasiveness or to enthusiastic frenzy. He chose the frenzy. And in the frenzy, he conceived the idea of addressing the speech not to the star at all, but to the flower! By doing this, what is more, he created an effect of religious fanaticism that simply reduced the star to a nonentity, and when he left the stage at last it was to the resounding echo of salvos of applause.

For contrast to these tricks of self-defense and self-protection, however, let us take an instance of artistic generosity—of self-effacement, of which there is much more in the theatre than the layman might suppose.

The leading-lady of a play now on tour was suddenly taken ill, and it was necessary for the understudy to go on. In one scene with the star, the part was most exacting, because of involvedness and complications; and it was not long before the novice found herself floundering. But this star helped instead of hindered, apprehending lines that fled her memory with cleverly-forged links, such as, "No! Don't reply; for I know just what you're about to say!"—after which, he would pronounce his own cue. His kindness saved not only the day—or, rather, the night—keeping the play on, but also saved the part for the understudy who, mastering the situation with a few more performances, is "following" in the part now with significant and even prophetic success.

The reason actors resort to tricks is quite obvious: plainly, one cannot depend nightly upon inspiration. Now and then, of course, inspiration comes; and when it does, it is more than welcome; but in the meantime, especially for an art which flowers at such a specific time as eight-thirty each evening, provision must be made to meet the possible emergency with the safe and sane. Frances Starr once said that she conceived of the actor's contribution as being a chalice of technique to be filled with the wine of inspiration, but that if the wine is not forthcoming at least the chalice should be there! Technique, it would seem, is simply a perfected system of trickery, the gradual accumulation of those serving a life far too short in an art much too long to learn before the dress-rehearsal.

There have been many famous stage-tricks, from the arresting cleverness of Wilton Lackaye's make-up for *Svengali* (which hypnotized not only a succession of *Trilby's* but, as well, the audiences of a decade) to the subtle pathos of David Warfield (which induced the great Belasco to transplant our most sympathetic actor from the lush (Weber and Fields of burlesque to the more distinctive pastures of the so-called "legitimate" drama). George Arliss, too, has become famous for a trick of fascinating menace and sinister charm, as much as for that excellent gamut of acting of which these qualities are such vital parts. But the most famous stage-trick of all is none of these; nor has it to do with the paternal Maurice Barrymore's introduction of the blush into acting—by means of a too-tight collar. Nor is it that of the inspired Dusee's ability to go pale at a word. The most famous stage-trick of all carries us back to perhaps the greatest virtuoso of all theatrical time—the divine Sarah Bernhardt.

The Bernhardt's consuming passion was her son—Maurice. Once, during one of her early American tours, she received word that her son was dangerously ill. It was the only news that could have subdued the vivid color of her days. Daily, the reports accelerated her anxious concern. But she managed to keep herself under control, and where even so great an artist might have canceled her bookings with impunity and have hastened to the side of her son, this one quietly and courageously continued to manifest that astonishing artistry that was so perfectly the expression of a technique, an inspiration and the indefatigable energy which sustained that incredible life. Thus, she persevered—many days.

In Philadelphia, though, whither she had gone to terminate her tour, she received a cable expressing fears for the worst. It was a matter of doubt with the company whether she should carry on. With the divine Sarah, on the contrary, whose very life was the theatre, continuance was a foregone conclusion: she was resolved to see the tour through. She was playing that night in "Madame X"—a play in which, it will be recalled, a young lawyer establishes himself by brilliantly defending a fallen woman on trial for murder—the woman being (though he does not know this) his mother. As every one in the company was aware, it was an extremely delicate situation, the parallel between acting and actuality being so closely drawn by the maternal note. But it was to serve as a testimonial to the indomitable spirit of an amazing actress that she ordered the curtain raised with a smile.

Naturally, the development of the play—an opus devised for the entertainment and diversion of an audience not intended to suspect what hidden allusions a play may conceal—was a terrific strain upon the commiserating players. It was agonizing anguish for one of them. Each situation touching—however remotely—upon the maternal relationship presented a constantly less penetrable barrier. But it was not until the trial scene itself that the great Bernhardt showed any disposition to weaken. During that scene, there was a certain speech which she, as the defendant, had to deliver, and it was that speech which the company feared most of all.

As she approached it, every player must subconsciously have been occupied with fear and foreboding. And, perhaps, it was this concentrated solicitude which, as much as her own suffering, unnerved her. For, just as she reached the very threshold of that pivotal speech, there was a distracted, a desperate pause. The company was covered with consternation, was hopelessly confused. Then Sarah Bernhardt, the ever-resourceful, demonstrated the sovereignty of her technical skill by playing the most brilliant trick known to acting.

She substituted, for the speech she was intended to deliver, the French alphabet! Those on the stage with her must have been surprised, but those "out front"—except for the comparative few who may have been familiar with her native tongue, and even these must have been struck dumb with admiration—were none the wiser. For that flame of genius which was Bernhardt, not content to perpetrate an insin-

cere subterfuge that would have deserved defeat at the hands of a justly-resentful public, accompanied her substitution with every emotional coloring, every undertone and overtone of illuminating inflection and gesture at her infinite command. It seems no less than appropriate that, on the following day, she received a cable announcing that her son had passed the crisis—as though her own fortitude had sustained him and brought him victoriously through.

### Purple and White Fleet

(Continued from page 36)

leading citizens, were Exalted Ruler Benton Dick, Secretary John W. Wagner, Past Exalted Rulers Bernard Gilpin, Bernhard Anderson and A. H. McLellan, as well as others of the Lodge members. Gathered at the Home of Yuma Lodge, No. 476, to greet the driver were a number of members and officers, headed by Exalted Ruler N. R. Adair, Secretary R. I. Winn and Past Exalted Rulers William J. Dunn and Henry Colman, who showed Mr. Cunningham the extensive alterations which are being made on the interior of the recently burned Home, and took him to lunch at the Mexican border. Exalted Ruler Elton B. Christian and a gathering of staff officers and members welcomed the driver at El Centro, Calif., Lodge, No. 1325. From there the driver journeyed to San Diego and was greeted by Exalted Ruler Will M. Tompkins, Past Exalted Ruler Richard C. Benbough, Secretary of the California State Elks Association, and members of Lodge No. 168, after which he visited Santa Ana Lodge, No. 794, and found Exalted Ruler Fred Newcomb, Secretary E. R. Majors, Past Exalted Rulers W. R. Gordon, V. A. Rossiter and Harry D. Riley, the latter from Anaheim Lodge, as well as other officers and members on hand to welcome him. After lunching with Exalted Ruler Newcomb, the driver pushed on to Anaheim Lodge, No. 1345, and talked with Secretary Evan S. Alsip, saw the lovely Home of the Lodge and then headed for the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles.

The cars of the Purple and White Fleet were equipped with U. S. Royal Tires and Houdaille Shock Absorbers, used Quaker State oil and Ethyl gasoline; and all four drivers expressed themselves as thoroughly satisfied with these products.

### About Hoffman Birney

HOFFMAN BIRNEY, who wrote "The Canyon of Lost Waters," the swift-moving romance of the adventurous West, of which the second installment appears in this issue, is jingling spurs out in Arizona. Asked for a word about himself and his work, Mr. Birney wrote:

"I write of the West because I love it. I spent one never-forgotten year in Durango, Colorado, a series of lucky breaks enabling me to crowd into twelve months more varied experiences than the average visitor would get in as many years. I found a guide, philosopher and friend in W. M. Peterson, agent of the Wemnuchie Utes and superintendent of the Indian School at Fort Lewis. His duties drew him also into Arizona, Utah and New Mexico—and he took me along!

"A man who has once smelled wet sagebrush, heard the night wind murmuring through the rocks of a moon-bathed canyon, or seen the sun rise over the dry ranges—well, sooner or later the desert country will draw him back! That nostalgia, at times, was mine until circumstances made it possible to return. Says I, 'I've never seen Southeastern Arizona.' Says she, 'Let's.'

"I write of the West because I love the West. Man can do and has done a lot toward killing romance with advertising signs and filling stations, but he can't take away the brown of the Dragons against a blue sky, or the indescribable brilliancy of the desert stars.

"Also—and this is the more purely personal side of it—I'd like to accumulate sufficient *dinero* to warrant me in going to a section I know of some few hundred miles from here and digging a brand-new, undisturbed cliff dwelling all my own. I'd like to be an ethnologist and anthropologist! I'm trying to write."

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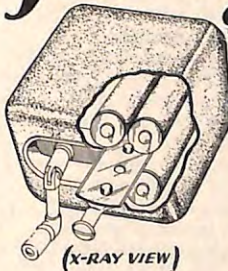
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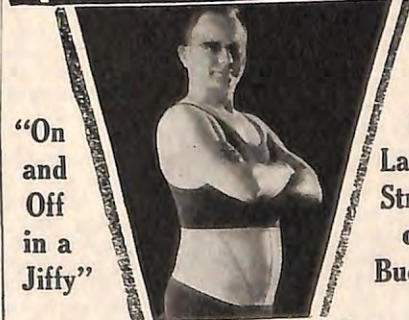
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# Facts from Annual Reports

(Continued from page 23)

Ten Lodges have memberships between three and four thousand: Portland, Ore., No. 142, 3,760; Milwaukee, Wis., No. 46, 3,590; Jackson, Mich., No. 113, 3,527; Oakland, Cal., No. 171, 3,463; Chicago, Ill., No. 4, 3,448; Rochester, N.Y., No. 24,275; Long Beach, Cal., No. 888, 3,255; San Francisco, Cal., No. 3, 3,214; Bronx, N.Y., No. 871, 3,131; Union Hill, N.J., No. 1357, 3,064. Nineteen Lodges have memberships between

two and three thousand: Spokane, Wash., No. 228, 2,822; Salt Lake City, Utah, No. 85, 2,745; Sacramento, Cal., No. 6, 2,583; Albany, N.Y., No. 49, 2,597; Freeport, N.Y., No. 1253, 2,564; Tacoma, Wash., No. 174, 2,513; Providence, R.I., No. 14, 2,467; Paterson, N.J., No. 60, 2,313; Binghamton, N.Y., No. 852, 2,279; Syracuse, N.Y., No. 31, 2,274; Santa Monica, Cal., No. 906, 2,254; Toledo, O., No. 53, 2,247;

Cambridge, Mass., No. 830, 2,209; Memphis, Tenn., No. 27, 2,177; San Antonio, Texas, No. 216, 2,174; Elizabeth, N.J., No. 289, 2,171; Salem, Ore., No. 336, 2,138; Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48, 2,028; Columbus, O., No. 37, 2,000.

Last year seventy-seven Lodges gave \$5,000 or over to charity. There are many others who gave more in proportion to their size, but the list would be too long to publish here.

## Log of the Purple and White Plane

(Continued from page 28)

notice Smitty studying the maps with a wrinkled brow as town after town goes by beneath us, but not a sign to tell us where we are or give us an opportunity to orient our course except through compass-flying. The stiff west wind gives a drift which is hard to determine. "Why don't these people mark their towns for flyers?" It is obvious that we are off our course to Wichita and the only way to right it is to zoom down over a railway station at 200 feet, which is not safe flying under any conditions, let alone foggy weather.

**UP AGAIN** and westward over the rich Kansas farm land and oil fields, here and there dotted with derricks and everywhere silent undulating plains stretched out to meet the sky. Fifty miles from Wichita, black ominous clouds roll down upon us across the prairie. Too many oil derricks and a ceiling too low to keep going.

"Better sit down with the jack rabbits a while," says Smitty, so circling a small country church, we slide into a pasture until the storm blows over—much to the entertainment of the congregation which shortly surrounds us.

Landing in Wichita for lunch, we take off for Oklahoma City, where we are entertained by Past Exalted Ruler Norman Vaughan and Louis F. Pfothenauer, Secretary of Oklahoma City Lodge.

Monday, more oil fields, more plains and a view of old Fort Sill, the center of long-range artillery activities during the war, and now a series of tumble-down wooden barracks with a handful of artillery men and a flying squadron of three or four planes.

Fort Worth, the next stop. We spent the night in the beautiful new club of the Fort Worth Lodge, where we were received by Exalted Ruler John Carter, Capt. J. F. Ryan, Secretary, and H. H. Wilton. The following day we made the longest flight of the trip—from Fort Worth to El Paso by way of Abilene and Pecos.

No section lines to go by now. The compass just has to be right. Five hundred miles of straight flying over deserts, sand hills and plateaus covered with sagebrush and cactus. Here and there a shack—an oil derrick and a corral where some small valley shows evidence of cultivation. Into Pecos for refueling at five, for just ahead of us lie the Guadalupe and Sierra Diablo Mountains with Hackett's Pass of four thousand eight hundred feet as our gateway and Eagle Mountain on the left and Three-Mile Mountain on the right. A giant range running north and south between Pecos and El Paso—and no place to run out of gas.

One hundred and seventy miles over and through these ranges until we finally sight the Valley of the Rio Grande just beyond Sierra Blanca, and beyond lies Mexico. A river bed a mile wide—five or six dry winding channels and an actual stream of water the width of a boulevard. On the Mexican side scattered adobe houses, on the American large ranches and intensive cultivation. Just as darkness set in we sight El Paso and, beyond, the twinkling lights of Ciudad Juarez.

At El Paso we met with the hospitality which El Paso Lodge always extends to visiting Elks on their way through this southern gateway. Past Exalted Rulers Jack Burke and George Arnold and Secretary T. B. Phillips, and a

number of El Paso Elks took their first airplane ride in the Purple and White Monocoach before we left for Tucson, Arizona.

El Paso to Tucson is the roughest part of our trip and entirely due to our desire to cut corners. Instead of following the Southern Pacific, which winds its way around the Dos Cabezas and Chiricahua Mountain ranges, we decide to cut through the Apache Pass and save an hour, only to learn after two hours' steady flying that we are not crossing the Apache but are flying south and east through San Simon, which eventually brings us out far south of our eastern point of entry and dangerously distant from any landing-field or fueling-station. A bad spot with mountains on three sides and desert underneath. After another hour's flying northwest, we notice smoke on the horizon, which afterward turns out to be the small town of Wilcox, where we land with one tank empty and the other two-thirds gone. It is now long past noon and we were scheduled to arrive in Tucson at twelve. Tucson Elks made splendid preparations to entertain us upon our arrival at the Tucson Municipal Airport. As we came down over the mountains to Tucson, we landed at the first flying field, which happened to be a private one, unaware that a reception committee was awaiting us at the other side of the city at the Municipal Airport. In the meantime, the oil tank sprung a leak which could not be mended at this field, so, entirely ignorant of the hospitality which awaited us and with considerable concern as to our ability to reach Phoenix before the leak got larger, we took off immediately for Phoenix. It was a matter of much regret to us that a wire advising the reception committee of Tucson Lodge supposed to have been sent from Wilcox, did not reach them. Tucson is one of the most air-minded cities in America, and it would have been a pleasure to have met with the Lodge members there.

From Tucson, we head northwest between the Tucson Mountains and the Tortillitas. The oil tank's leaking, but it's only an hour's run to Phoenix. We think we can make it. The Lieutenant looks worried. I watch the oil gauge—it keeps clocking sixty-three, which is good enough—it's the longest hour I ever spent. Out of the desert and over the Indian reservation into the Valley of the Gila River. Something has happened here. A glance at the map gives the answer, confirmed by the small silver streams leading down from the northeast. We are now in the Salt River Valley watered by the Roosevelt Reservoir. Green squares—trees—a garden spot in the desert—miles and miles of it—and then old Camelback Mountain, Sky Harbor, and the oil gauge still clocking sixty-three. Phoenix, a magic city, sprung from the desert and well named after the mythological bird of old. Wide palm-shaded streets, canals, gardens and high buildings, one of which we soon learn to our comfort is a beautiful hotel cooled by refrigerated air—for when we land it's one hundred and eighteen degrees in the shade—and what a wonderful crowd to meet us. Benton Dick, John Wagner, one of the best loved secretaries in the southwest, Lee Moore, Dick Coch-

ran, whose courageous fight for health is a story in itself, Alen Crane, and many others equally hospitable but too numerous to mention. A splendid Lodge meeting and an initiation of Murray Hulbert's class with a large attendance in spite of the heat. Certainly here is a Lodge which is the personification of Elk spirit.

After a delightful morning spent in seeing what water can do with desert land—vineyards, vast orange groves, beautiful parks and magnificent estates—we are loath to go, but the Standard Airliner with Don Cornell, pilot, is to leave at two for Los Angeles and Cornell has kindly promised to show us the way. Knowing the hazards of the Gorgonio Pass just beyond the Colorado, we are glad to take advantage of his knowledge and courtesy.

Out of this modern paradise into the barren desert again, dotted here and there by mountains, the air is so clear we can see the range beyond the Colorado and we know by the map it's forty miles away. Then the Colorado creeping slowly southward—a wide winding river bed and, like the Rio Grande, a span of water the boys in Ohio would call a "creek."

We're climbing again—six, eight, then ten thousand feet—over the Chocolate Mountains, then through Gorgonio Pass. The sun is sinking and makes great purple shadows between the hills and touches their tops with yellow and green and brown. It's getting bumpy, and we know we're in the cross currents of the pass. "Ride 'em, Cowboy," said Smitty as we dropped, then slid sideways. Watching Cornell below on the left we see him dip, straighten and then dip again, and know that our little ship is not alone on this stormy sea.

**ONLY** thirty minutes through the pass, but what a ride of infinite grandeur. San Jacinto over ten thousand feet on the left—deep canyons—snow-covered peaks and a hazy veil changing to every color in the evening sun.

The wind's on our tail now and we are traveling 120 miles an hour. Mountains all around for miles and miles, their highest peaks covered with great billowy clouds and down below—town after town in fertile valleys surrounded by orange groves which look like vast checkerboards of bluish and yellowish green.

After a short stop at Lincoln Airport, we head north over the Sierra Madre Mountains to Bakersfield and up the San Joaquin Valley, to Oakland, San Francisco and Sacramento, and understand better why the Order of Elks is strong in California.

Kehrlein, Grandjean, Lacoste, Sperry, Kendall, Reedy, Mangin, Rader, Grimm, Lietch, Stafford, McAllister were just a few of the stalwarts who made our stay in Central California so delightful.

We are now near our journey's end and headed south for the Convention with just a short stopover for lunch with Carl Shipkey and Sam MacKinnon, in beautiful Santa Barbara. Then we follow the coast-line where the Pacific lashes the rocky shores of the Santa Monica Mountains, and as the evening sun is setting on July 6, despite the mist which is coming in from the Pacific, we see stretched out before us the magnificent city of Los Angeles—our goal—and directly ahead the beautiful spire of the City Hall like a finger pointing toward the sky. Smitty had "hit her on the nose."

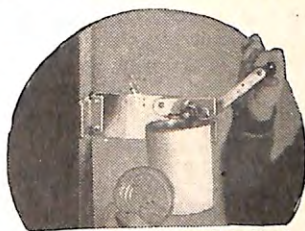




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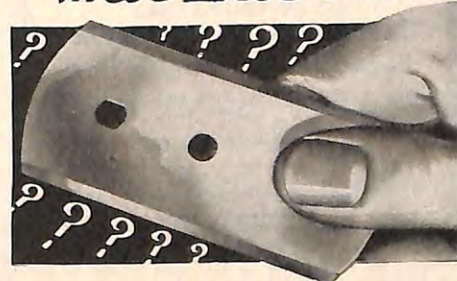
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# A Thousand Million Dollar Loss

By Paul Tomlinson



"PLEASE say that again," said the caller. "A thousand million dollars, a billion dollars if you prefer, is what the people of this country lose every year as a result of bad investments," said the banker.

"How does it happen?"

"Well," said the banker, "it is possible, and it happens because in the first place most everybody seems to be imbued with the gambling spirit, and in the second place because so many people are lacking a knowledge of even the first principles of investing."

"It seems incredible in a country like this where people are educated."

"Education, so-called, has little to do with it," said the banker. "The suckers come from the educated as well as the uneducated classes. It is education in financial matters which protects people from fake and worthless securities, and that kind of education seems to be sadly lacking in a large percentage of our population. It isn't necessary to have much, but a few fundamentals are essential."

"For instance."

"Why," exclaimed the banker, "you'd be surprised at the number of people coming into this office who don't even know the difference between stocks and bonds. And of course the less they know the easier it is for the unscrupulous salesman or promoter to take their money away from them."

"How do they do it?"

"Oh, in many ways. Right now, of course, there is more interest in stocks than there has ever been before, and stories of people who have made large sums of easy money are on everybody's lips. Naturally we'd all like to add to our capital without the necessity of work, and knowing this the fraudulent promoters stress the point that all one needs to do is buy some of the stock they have to offer, then sit back and watch the profits pile up."

"And the people fall for it."

"To the tune of a billion dollars a year."

"I should think laws could be passed to protect these people."

"Ah," exclaimed the banker, "there speaks the typical American. In this country we seem to think that all we have to do is pass a law and everything will be all right. Laws won't prevent people from being fools with their money."

"But they would help, I should think."

"Certainly they would help. As a matter of fact most states have what are known as 'blue sky' laws, passed for the purpose of preventing the promotion and sale of fraudulent securities. Of course the laws vary in the different states and it would help if they were all made uniform, but laws in themselves will never correct the situation."

"What is the answer then?"

"Education," said the banker. "At least that's my opinion. If our people had even a rudimentary education in financial matters their losses would, it seems to me, be cut in half. It doesn't take any great amount of brains to tell that a stock should be regarded with suspicion. If your suspicions are aroused it shows no more than ordinary common sense to investigate thoroughly before you commit yourself to buy."

"Who is going to provide the education?" asked the caller.

"Colleges and schools can help," said the banker. "College graduates aren't immune, for many of them know practically nothing about finance. As for college professors, doctors, ministers, and lawyers, they appear with amazing frequency on the list of suckers for sellers of fake mining and oil stocks. If the public possessed some knowledge of investments the stock crooks would soon go out of business. Wouldn't that be more effective than passing laws?"

"I suppose it would."

"I get circulars in the mail almost every day," said the caller, "urging me to buy this or that stock or bond. How am I to tell which ones come from reputable people, and which from crooks?"

"Can't you ask?"

"Whom should I ask?"

"You can ask me," said the banker. "You can ask any other banker. You can get in touch with the nearest branch of the National Better Business Bureau, or with its head office in New York. Would you buy a house without looking at it first?"

"Certainly not."

"It would be no worse to do that than to buy stocks or bonds without first securing full information about them."

"But tell me this. You said a moment ago that it was easy to tell a fake. How can one do it?"

"In many ways. First of all the sellers of fake or worthless securities usually promise too much. Be on your guard the minute you hear statements being made which sound extravagant."

"But it sounds good."

"Yes," the banker agreed, "and too many people buy stocks because what someone tells them sounds good. It's better to trust the brain than the ear."

The caller asked, "What do these sellers think of Wall Street?"

"THEY hate it. They hate it because it is a legitimate, well-run institution, and their activities are just the opposite."

"Lots of people lose money in Wall Street."

"They do. Lots of people lose money in real estate, too, but you wouldn't abolish real estate on that account, would you. Wall Street offers a market for securities that is essential to the industrial well-being of the country, and

(Continued on page 73)

## Investment Literature Sent on Request

"Your Money—Its Safe Investment"; "Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds"; "Fidelity Bonds Are First Mortgages"; "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail." The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co., of St. Louis, Mo.

R. H. Arnold Co., 120 Broadway, New York City, have prepared a very interesting booklet on their 5½% to 6% Mortgage Bonds. They will be very glad to send you a copy on request.

"How to Build an Independent Income" is the

title of a new booklet by the F. H. Smith Company, Washington, D. C., and "55 Years of Investment Service" describes the history of progress of the same firm, as well as making an attractive suggestion in first-mortgage real-estate bonds.

Smith, Reed & Jones, Room 1407, Chase National Bank Building, New York, offer a newly published pamphlet describing an interesting plan for the investor.

In writing for information please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

there is the most careful scrutiny of all stock and bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange for trading."

"Are only legitimate enterprises listed there?"

"Yes, but that doesn't mean there aren't legitimate enterprises whose stocks are not listed. There is a so-called 'over-the-counter' market for hundreds of good unlisted securities."

"How can a poor uninitiated layman like me expect to know about them all?" demanded the caller dolefully.

"You can't," replied the banker. "No one knows about them all. On the other hand bankers know how to go about obtaining infor-

mation, and what is even more important, how to interpret it. And one thing they can do nearly perfectly, and that is to tell a fake investment when they see it."

"Which would save a billion dollars a year for the investors of the country?"

"Very nearly, I think. You know legitimate business is always in need of capital and it would mean a lot if this billion a year which is lost were put into productive enterprises. It would mean a lot to business, and to the country generally. And of course it would mean something to the people who lose this amount of money every year."

## The Social Side of the 1929 Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 27)

Committeemen, District Deputies and Representatives at a banquet in the Sala de Oro of the Biltmore Hotel. This was an elaborate and splendidly staged affair, participated in by many well-known motion-picture figures, in addition to prominent Los Angeles Elks. Later in the evening a large ball was given in the El Patio Ballroom for the visiting Elks and their families.

On Wednesday morning the finals of the Elks National Golf Tournament were played, at the Rancho Golf Club. This feature attracted a large number of entries and some excellent golf was displayed during the three days of competition. The Elks National championship was won by Russell Thompson, member of Glendale, Cal., Lodge, No. 1289 and a student at the University of Southern California, with rounds of 75, 72 and 76—223 for 54 holes. The runner-up was Dick Russell, of Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415, with scores of 75, 78, 74—227. By his victory Russell Thompson won for his Lodge the beautiful cup donated as a perpetual trophy by Past Exalted Ruler J. J. Doyle, of Los Angeles Lodge, and received for his own a replica thereof. He also won another beautiful cup, donated by Carl A. von Malmberg. The full list of other prize-winners in the tournament is as follows: Low gross, first eighteen holes, L. S. Stroud, Bakersfield, Cal., Lodge, No. 266. Low net, first eighteen holes, Roy B. Hazard, Tulare, Cal., Lodge, No. 1424. Low Gross, second eighteen holes, Horace L. Sweet, Pomona, Cal., Lodge, No. 789. Low net, second eighteen holes, J. D. Blue, Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336. Low Gross, third eighteen holes, tie between H. J. Borde, Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, and M. M. Marchetti, Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99. (It was arranged to play off this tie later.) Low net, third eighteen holes, three-way tie: J. L. Davis, Visalia, Cal., No. 1298, A. M. Pierce, Pasadena Lodge, No. 672 and Neil Gordon, Tulare Lodge, No. 1424. (Also to be played off.) Low gross, thirty-six holes, Paul Johnson, Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415. Low net, thirty-six holes, James J. Donohue, Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99.

The four-man-team contest, for competing Lodge teams, playing thirty-six holes, was decided on Tuesday, the day before the finals of the individual championship. This contest was won by the team from Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, with a total score of 624, less 30—net 594. The team was composed of C. K. Manhart, F. V. Deleot, Guy Hanson and M. M. Marchetti. Glendale Lodge was second; Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, third; Monterey Lodge, No. 1285, fourth and Huntington Park, No. 1415, fifth. The winning Lodge was awarded a trophy, and the members of the team received gold medals.

Thanks to Ike Wentworth, Chairman of the Golf Committee, and his capable assistants, the tournament was a great success.

For non-golfing or trapshooting Elks, who were not members of the Grand Lodge and, therefore, not in attendance at the business sessions, there were motor tours, yachting trips and, on Wednesday afternoon, at the Grand Central Air Terminal at Glendale, an aeronautical spectacle and air circus, by courtesy of Glendale, Pasadena, Alhambra, Burbank, San Fernando and Monrovia Lodges. Special trains were run from Los Angeles to convey spectators to this event, which included stunt-flying and para-

chute jumping. Also, the same afternoon, there was a fashion show, given at the Ambassador Hotel, by the Retail Dry Goods Merchants Association of Los Angeles, in honor of the visiting Elk ladies. A concert by massed bands and a reception and dance in the beautiful City Hall building, both drew large numbers of people.

From a spectacular standpoint, Thursday, July 11, was the gala day of Convention Week, for not only was it the time of the Annual Elks Parade, but also, in the evening, it was the occasion of the Electrical Pageant of the motion-picture industry. The line of march of the parade, which started at 1 P. M., led through the gaily decorated streets and into and around the track of the Los Angeles Coliseum, a vast concrete bowl seating 80,000 persons. It was estimated that some 60,000 spectators were in the stadium for the parade, which took place without a hitch under a cloudless blue sky. As each unit entered the Coliseum and passed the Grand Exalted Ruler's reviewing stand, an announcer, whose voice was amplified by loud-speakers, informed the onlookers as to its identity.

There may, perhaps have been bigger parades at Grand Lodge conventions in the past, but there has been none more colorful, better timed, or better looking as a whole. The uniforms of the marching bodies, though, for the most part, neither costly nor elaborate, were consistently attractive and there was a noticeable lack of nondescript stragglers, of whom it takes only a few to mar the appearance of an entire parade. It was noticeable, too, that in the line there were no big gaps, which, with their attendant waits, can do so much to dispel the interest of the spectators. From the entrance of the Grand Esquire, followed by the massed colors and the Los Angeles Fire Department band, the procession moved into the Coliseum in an uninterrupted flow. It was all very well done.

With more than half a hundred Lodges represented in the parade by floats, marching bodies, bands, drill teams or all these units, it is difficult to do more than merely touch on some of the outstanding entries. The various organizations of Los Angeles Lodge, including the band, the chanters, and the orchestra, the White Squadron, the mounted patrol, the "City Bills" Club, the Italian Associates, the Sunrise Club, and the marching body of several hundred men, were extremely impressive. So, also, were the marchers from Glendale Lodge, Queensboro, N. Y., Lodge, Santa Monica, Portland, (Ore.), Detroit, Salt Lake City, Sacramento, and Manila Lodges. There were cowboys and Indians—real Indians—caballeros, mixed in with the traditional blue jackets and white flannel trousers, and the headgear ranged from straw sailors and sombreros to purple fezzes and turbans. Among the California units from the citrus belt, the predominating color was, appropriately, orange.

As the concluding feature of the parade, the Zouaves, of Jackson, Mich., ran off one of their marvelous drills, with the unflinching, machine-like precision that is characteristic of them. Throughout convention week, Captain Sparks put the Zouaves through their paces to the delight of all who saw them.

Parade prizes were awarded as follows:

Best decorated float from outside of California—Florida, \$500.

(Continued on page 74)

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The Social Side of the 1929 Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 73)

Best from California—Glendale, \$500; second place—Santa Monica, \$250; honorable mention, Huntington Park.

Largest number in uniform from greatest distance—Queensboro, N. Y., \$400; second place, Manila, \$200. Honorable mention, New York City.

Best appearing uniformed body, outside of California—Detroit, \$300; second place, Portland, Ore., \$200; third place, Salt Lake City, \$100.

Best appearing uniformed California body—Glendale, \$300; second, Santa Monica, \$200; third, Sacramento, \$100.

Group with most original costume, outside of California—Manila, \$300; second, Newark, N. J., No. 21, \$200; third, Everett, Wash., \$100.

California group with most original costume—Santa Monica, \$250.

Best Elks' band, outside of California—Seattle, \$200; second, Everett, Wash., \$100.

Best Elks' band in California—Glendale, \$100; honorable mention, Pasadena.

Largest Elks' band from greatest distance—Wisconsin State Elks Association, \$200.

Antlers best band—Western Slope, Colorado, \$100; second, Oakland, \$50.

Los Angeles band, chanters and white squadron were not competing but were awarded honorable mention. Similarly the Jackson (Mich.) Zouave drill team was awarded honorable mention.

Though the Elks parade was a fine eye-filling spectacle, it was totally eclipsed, on Thursday evening, by the Electrical Pageant of the Motion Picture Industry, which was probably the greatest illuminated exhibition ever staged, or ever likely to be staged.

Huge lights, ranged around the upper rim of the vast Coliseum, painted a silvery network across the sky. Set between them and focused down upon the turf of the infield, were other lights that cast a purple radiance upon the setting. Inside the bowl, eighty thousand spectators, filling every seat. Outside, hundreds of mobile generating units, manufacturing, on the spot, billions of candle power of light—enough to supply the normal needs of a city of half a million people. Every piece of portable electrical equipment of the entire film industry of Southern California was used in the illumination of the pageant, which was the idea of Jack L. Warner, of Warner Brothers Studios, who served as its Director General. Assisting Mr. Warner were Monte Blue, Grand Marshal, Col. W. H. Fairbanks, Assistant Grand Marshal, Frank N. Murphy, Chief Electrical Engineer, George Riley, Assistant Electrical Engineer, Si Masters, Chief Executive of the Coliseum, Conrad Nagel, who delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast, and scores of technicians and artists from the motion-picture studios.

An interesting preliminary to the pageant itself was a game of polo, played on the infield by artificial light, by two three-man teams, the "Buccaneers," captained by "Snowy" Baker, and the "Uplifters," led by Hal Roach. Helped considerably by the dashing play of Will Rogers, the former team won, 6 goals to 4. Immediately upon the conclusion of the game, the pageant

began, and from beginning to end of this amazing sight the crowds were alternately awed and moved to cheers by the magnificent display.

First came a motorcycle escort, leading in the Grand Marshal in a decorated and illuminated car, followed by the band of Los Angeles Lodge, wearing electrically lighted caps. After this came other illuminated cars, carrying Grand Lodge officers and motion-picture celebrities. The first big unit was a group of uniformed members of Los Angeles Lodge, marching by fours, each rank of four carrying a ten-foot arch of giant illuminated roses. This was one of the most beautiful effects of the evening. Then, one after another, in dazzling array, and with Elks bands, drill teams and uniformed units sandwiched in between, came the majestic procession of radiant floats, each, seemingly, more lovely than the last. Bedecked with flowers, with balloons, with modernistic geometric designs, some representing screen plays, others purely fantastic in conception, these floats were revelations of beauty and ingenuity. Each one trailed, or contained within itself, the generating mechanism furnishing its light—and what a wealth of light and color they displayed! Nor was it static, this color that flashed and glowed and glittered as the floats slowly made their way around the stadium track; it was constantly changing, producing new blends and harmonies of hue.

A full description of the pageant would take thousands of words and even then would not adequately convey a picture of it to the reader's mind. The photograph on page 27, showing a portion of the Coliseum, gives a clearer idea of the scene than could any number of words. Among the interesting floats and splendid bands were those of Al Malaikah Temple of the Shrine, entered in compliment to the Order of Elks. During a brief lull in the proceedings, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelov made a brief address, presenting the John J. Doyle Trophy to Russell Thompson, winner of the Elks National Golf Championship.

As the bands in the procession finished their round of the stadium, they gathered en masse in midfield. Promptly at eleven o'clock, all lights were turned out. A gong sounded the hours, while the hands of a great illuminated clock moved in unison with the chime. The massed bands, under the direction of Harold William Roberts, played "The Star Spangled Banner." Then Conrad Nagel, very impressively, delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. And thus, to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," the great pageant, and the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles, came to an end.

On Friday, July 12, and on Saturday, most of the visitors left for home, although many stayed to visit Catalina Island, Long Beach and San Diego. The majority, in leaving Los Angeles, did not head directly for their homes but planned to visit other portions of the West en route. A goodly number were members of the group who sailed on the Elks annual trip to Honolulu. But regardless of where they came from, or where they were going, they were all agreed that Convention Week, in Los Angeles, had been a huge success.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 22)

Johnson, Corvallis; State Secretary and publicity agent, A. H. Jones, Salem; Treasurer, H. L. Toney, McMinnville; Trustees: J. D. Finnegan, Portland; H. B. Cusick, Albany, and H. A. Cohan, Heppner. J. F. Singer was appointed Sergeant-at-arms of the Association and I. W. Campbell, Tiler. The 1930 convention will be held in Portland at a date to be decided upon later.

The parade, held that afternoon, was a great success, with a large number of colorful and amusing entries. Parade prize winners included Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, and Colonel R. M. Watkins, grand prize for the best float. (This electrically lighted float was a prize at

the Grand Lodge convention); Lakeview, Ore., Lodge, No. 1536, first prize for best comic float; Klamath Falls Lodge for best ladies' entry; Portland Lodge, No. 142, won the loving cup for the largest delegation. The great fireworks display at Lake Ewauna closed the fine meeting in a spectacular fashion.

Michigan

WILLIAM DICKSON BROWN, of Saginaw, was elected President of the Michigan State Elks Association at the first day's afternoon session, held on board the steamer "Put-in-Bay," of the annual convention held in Detroit on June 17-18. While the steamer

cruised east to Lake St. Clair and west to Wyandotte, several hundred Elks from Michigan Lodges conducted their business away from the heat of the city. Just before the steamer docked the last officer was nominated and elected to serve for the coming year. Those who will serve with Mr. Brown are: Amiel J. Toupin, Marquette, First Vice-President; George C. Ackers, Manistee, Second Vice-President; Thomas G. Carroll, Detroit, Third Vice-President; Edward E. Nolan, Lansing, Secretary; Dr. Patrick H. Close, Jackson, Treasurer; Trustees (reelected), Harry C. Oldfield; Port Huron; Frank C. Condon, Hancock, and Arthur E. Green, Kalamazoo. The convention was called to order by retiring President Judge Charles L. Bartlett, in the Home of Detroit Lodge, No. 34. After the opening ceremonies the business session on the "Put-in-Bay" followed. While it was in progress the ladies of the visiting Elks were entertained with motor rides about the city by the wives of local members. An enjoyable moonlight excursion, open to the public, climaxed the first day's activities.

Officers of Muskegon Lodge, No. 274, won the annual ritualistic contest over five opponents and Hancock was chosen as the place of next year's meeting at the closing session of the convention. Second in the ritualistic contest was Manistee, with Kalamazoo, Lansing, Jackson and Grand Rapids Lodges following in that order. Muskegon Lodge's victory, which is its third in state contests, entitles it to permanent possession of the silver loving cup trophy. The Lansing degree team won the prize for perfection in escort to the Esquire. Retiring President Judge Bartlett presided at the closing session and the new officers were duly installed and escorted to their stations. The annual convention banquet given in the Detroit Lodge Home with President Brown as toastmaster, brought the festivities to a close. Among those present for the occasion, and who spoke, were Attorney General of Michigan Wilbur M. Brucker, who greeted the Elks in behalf of Governor Fred W. Green; Grand Trustee John K. Burch, Exalted Ruler Burt P. White, of Detroit Lodge, and several of the new officers.

**Nevada**

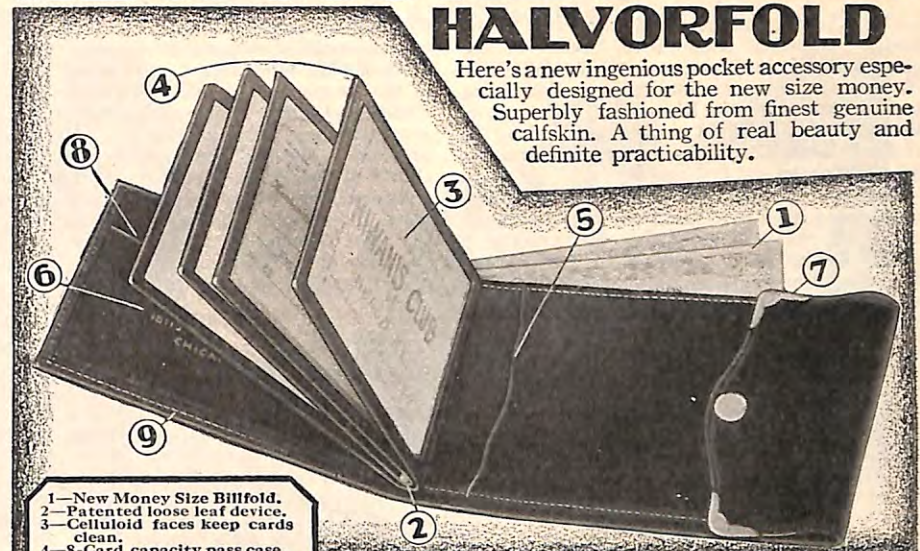
STARTING off its three day meeting with a colorful street parade, the Nevada State Elks Association held a most interesting and constructive convention in Las Vegas, on July 4, 5 and 6. Among the distinguished visitors who took part in the gathering were Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, and members of his party, on their way to the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles.

At the first of the business meetings, which were held in El Portal theatre, Judge William E. Orr, Exalted Ruler of Las Vegas Lodge, No. 1468, welcomed the visitors and introduced United States Senator Key Pittman of Tonopah Lodge, No. 1062, who made the principal address of the occasion, at the conclusion of which he introduced Harley A. Harmon, President of the Nevada State Elks Association, who presided over the conduct of the business matters. In the afternoon the preliminaries of the ritualistic contest, for the state championship, held the spotlight of attention. A band concert, boxing bouts, a display of fireworks and a grand ball filled the evening hours.

It was on the second morning of the convention that Mr. Hulbert and his party arrived. Met by a committee which included Senator Pittman, Grand Esquire Harry H. Atkinson, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ryland G. Taylor, President Harmon, and Judge Orr, the visitors were escorted to the hotel, after which the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by a 40 piece band and some 100 members of the Order, was honor guest at a breakfast. Attending the business session, Mr. Hulbert made the main speech of the morning. Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, then addressed the gathering on the work accomplished by his committee. As a result, the Association is considering the adoption of the New Jersey plan. William T. Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association, Secretary of New York

(Continued on page 76)

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# News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 75)

Lodge, No. 1, and a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, spoke of the ceremonies of the Order, and congratulated the Nevada Elks on their interest. A sight-seeing tour on the Colorado River and to the site of the proposed Boulder Dam, was enjoyed by the visitors during the afternoon, before entraining for Los Angeles.

The third day was largely given over to various sight-seeing trips, sports and the great barbecue and dance which brought the convention to a close. Prizes were awarded to Ely Lodge, No. 1469, winners of the State ritualistic championship, and to Las Vegas Lodge, whose team won the trapshoot with the good score of 912 out of a possible 1,000 birds.

Tonopah was selected as the place of the 1930 convention, and the following officers were elected and installed for the coming year: President, Harold P. Hale of Elko; Vice-President, E. H. Grenig of Ely; Sergeant-at-arms, Otis Goodwin, of Las Vegas; Trustees, Ryland Taylor of Tonopah and F. L. Middleton of Elko.

## Washington

WITH an attendance of more than 1,000 delegates and visitors, many of them from Lodges far to the east stopping off on their way to the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles, the three-day meeting in Seattle of the Washington State Elks Association was an unusually interesting one. Among the well-known visitors to the city for the occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and Edward W. Cotter, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.

The first business session was formally opened by speeches of welcome by Mayor Frank Edwards and Exalted Ruler Arthur S. Morgestern of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, and a most interesting address by S. B. L. Penrose, President of Whitman College and a member of Walla Walla Lodge, No. 287. While the delegates were occupied with the business of the convention, the visitors, including delegations from Lodges in Washington, Utah, New England, Illinois, Florida, Minnesota and Ohio, enjoyed the sights and hospitality of the city, which was gaily bedecked in their honor with the colors of the Order.

On the second day, United States Senator C. C. Dill was the principal speaker at the morning session. At the afternoon session the following officers were elected to serve for the coming year: Russell V. Mack, Aberdeen, President; Dr. John O'Shea, Spokane, First Vice-President; Emmett T. Anderson, Second Vice-President; J. C. Slater, Seattle, Third Vice-President; Victor Zednick, Seattle, Secretary; Richard Anderson, Port Angeles, Treasurer. Mr. Mack appointed the Rev. T. A. Hilton, Seattle, State

Chaplain for another term, and A. L. Remlinger was reappointed Sergeant-at-Arms.

Among the most important decisions reached at the convention was one to turn over to the Children's Orthopedic Association the seventeen-acre plot on Lake Ballinger, and \$32,000, previously acquired and raised through the efforts of the Washington Elks. Construction will commence immediately upon a convalescent home for crippled children. The donation of the State Association will be used for the construction of an individual unit of the contemplated \$125,000 structure.

## Utah

MUCH important business was transacted and entertainment of a high order enjoyed at the annual convention of the Utah State Elks Association held in Salt Lake City on July 3-4, with Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85, acting as host. Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, on his way to the Grand Lodge Convention, was among those invited to attend the meeting. The opening business session called to order by Past President O. R. Dibblee saw some 200 delegates present. Addresses of welcome and response were made by retiring President W. H. Nightingale, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Farrer, Darrel T. Lane, Secretary of the Association, City Commissioner Harry L. Finch and others, and after a brief business session at which various committees were announced and resolutions were introduced the meeting adjourned for a buffet luncheon at the Elks Home.

Reconvening at two o'clock the Association members were visited by a delegation of twenty Elks from Orange, N. J., who were stopping over on their way to the Grand Lodge Convention. Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, who was present, though not as a member of the visiting party, addressed the session on the work of his State Association for the relief of crippled children.

Consolidation of the students' loan fund of the Association and the essay fund was effected to be called the Students' Loan Fund from which money will be loaned to qualified high-school students of three years residence in the State to aid them in acquiring a higher education. A motion was adopted calling for appointment of a committee of one from each of the State Lodges with instructions to investigate the feasibility of cooperation, by the Association, with all agencies of the State that are contributing to the relief of crippled children. Park City Lodge, No. 734, was announced as the winner of a recently held ritualistic contest and will be awarded a silver loving cup. In the State President's annual address Mr. Nightingale praised Secretary Lane for his service to the

Association, reviewed the fine work done during the last year, and expressed appreciation for the support given him.

The officers elected to serve for the coming year are: President, W. F. Jensen, Logan Lodge, No. 1453; First Vice-President, M. Howard Graham, Provo Lodge, No. 849; Second Vice-President, A. L. George, Tintic Lodge, No. 711; Third Vice-President, T. J. Thomas, Ogden Lodge, No. 719; Treasurer, J. Edwin Stein, Provo Lodge; Secretary, B. P. Spry, Salt Lake City Lodge. W. Mont Ferry, Salt Lake, was chosen trustee for three years of the Students' Loan fund created at the reunion; Roger McDonough, Park City, Trustee for two years, and O. R. Dibblee, Salt Lake City, Trustee for one year. The officers were installed by Past President Dibblee. During the afternoon the visiting ladies were entertained at a tea and theatre party by wives of the local Elks, and a dance in the Lodge's Home ended the first day's activities. The next and final day of the reunion was given over to varied entertainment which included sight-seeing trips to resorts and canyons, a luncheon at the Lodge and attendance at a fireworks display of American Legion Post, No. 2, at the Utah State Fair grounds.

## California

THE annual convention of the California State Elks Association held in Los Angeles just prior to the Grand Lodge meeting was confined this year to brief business sessions, and participation of Lodge teams and individuals in trapshooting events at the Los Angeles Gun Club, for State championships. The new officers are: President, Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland; Vice-Presidents: California North, Delmar R. Jacobs, Stockton; California Bay, E. S. Tomasi, Petaluma; East Central, William Allen, Porterville; West Central, F. E. Dayton, Salinas; South Central, Carl Shipkey, Santa Barbara; South, Stanley Mansuer, Orange; Secretary, Richard C. Benbough, San Diego; Treasurer, C. W. Haub, Sacramento; Trustees: West Central, C. M. Carpenter, Chairman, San Luis Obispo; South Central, Robert Snodgrass, San Pedro; South, Thomas L. McFadden, Anaheim; North, C. C. De Marias, Chico; East Central, William Murray, Modesto; Bay, E. G. Linscott, Berkeley; Chaplain, H. H. Powell, San Francisco; Tiler, Thomas Abbott, Los Angeles, Calif.

Joseph G. Buch, chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey Association, conferred with the delegates, who took under advisement the question of similar work in California. Mr. Buch will make another visit to the Pacific Coast in the near future to go further with the matter with the State Association officers.

The results in the trapshoot are published on page 24.

# Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 39)

run off at the Crescent Rink under the direction of Lowell Lodge, No. 87, and the C. Y. M. L. The affair drew many local, national and international notables of the world of sport, including Gus Sonnenberg, holder of the world's heavy-weight wrestling championship, Jim Maloney, one of the contenders for the heavyweight boxing title, and others who made personal contributions to the fund and otherwise aided in its success.

## El Paso, Texas, Lodge is Host to Elk Delegations

Those members of the Order who traveled in the Elks special trains which stopped over at El Paso, Texas, on their way to the Grand Lodge convention, were entertained by members of No. 187 and expressed themselves as more than pleased with the hospitality shown them. The various Elks and their ladies to the number of 500 were taken for sight-seeing tours around the city and over the Mexican border to Jaurez, and were shown every possible atten-

tion. The trains were the Birmingham-Nashville Special, the New Orleans Special, and the Detroit Special.

## York, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Thirty-eighth Anniversary

Approximately 600 members of the Order attended the fine thirty-eighth anniversary celebration of York, Pa., Lodge, No. 213, at which the four of the five remaining charter members who were present were the recipients of gifts presented by Exalted Ruler Walter E. Grimm on behalf of the membership. Among the out-of-town visitors were Elks from Sunbury, Chambersburg, Harrisburg, Gettysburg and Lancaster. A feature of the evening's program was a professional vaudeville entertainment.

## Red Bank, N. J., Lodge Selects Site for New Home

At a recent, well-attended meeting of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, it was decided to

build a new home, and a site has now been selected. The location is the Monroe Eisner property at Broad Street and Pinckney Road, 160 x 250 feet, together with a plot adjoining on the south, 140 x 120 feet, which will give the Lodge frontages on the two above named streets and on Garfield Place, a new thoroughfare. The property is to be obtained, except for its present buildings, in equal exchange for the Lodge's property.

## Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Gives Harmonica Band Boys Vacation

As this was written George G. Tottner, chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, announced that arrangements had been made to give the boys of the harmonica band sponsored by the Lodge, a month's vacation at Camp Hope, N. J., during August. The facilities of the camp had been extended through the courtesy of Albert N. Hoxie, of Philadelphia.

(Continued on page 78)



# ~but when I started to play the laugh was on them!

"Well, folks, I guess we'll have to lock up the piano and make faces at ourselves."

Helen Parker's party was starting out more like a funeral than a good time.

"Isn't Betty Knowles coming?" an anxious voice sang out.

"Unfortunately, Betty is quite ill tonight and Chit Nichols is late as usual," replied Helen gloomily. "I wish Sis wasn't away at school and she'd make the keys talk for us."

"I know some brand new card tricks," volunteered Harry Walsh.

"Great!" said Helen. "I'll go and find some cards."

While she was gone I quietly stepped up to the piano bench, sat down, and started to fumble with the pedals underneath. Someone spotted me. Then the wisecracks began.

### They Poke Fun at Me

"Ha! Ha! Ted thinks that's a player-piano," chuckled one of the boys.

"This is going to be a real musical comedy," added one of the fair sex.

I was glad I gave them that impression. Their surprise would be all the greater. I kept fiddling around the pedals—making believe that I was hunting for the foot pumps.

"Come over to my house some night," said Harry. "I've got an electric player and you can play it to your heart's content. And I just bought a couple of new rolls. One is a medley of Victor Herbert's compositions—the other . . ."

Before he had a chance to finish I swung into the strains of the sentimental "Gypsy Love Song." The laughter and joking suddenly ceased. It was evident that I had taken them by surprise. What

a treat it was to have people listening to me perform. I continued with "Kiss Me again" and other popular selections of Victor Herbert. Soon I had the crowd singing and dancing to the tune of the latest syncopation.

Finally they started to bombard me with questions . . . "How? . . . When? . . . Where? . . . did you ever learn to play?" came from all sides.

### I Taught Myself

Naturally, they didn't believe me when I told them I had learned to play at home and without a teacher. But I laughed myself when I first read about the U. S. School of Music and their unique method for learning music.

"Weren't you taking a big risk, Ted?" asked Helen.

"None at all," I replied. "For the very first thing I did was to send for a Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it was to learn without a teacher I sent for the complete Course. What pleased me so was the fact that I was playing simple tunes *by note* from the very start. For I found it easy as ABC to follow the clear print and picture instructions that came with each lesson. Now I play several classics by note and most all of the popular music. Believe me there's a real thrill in being able to play a musical instrument."

\* \* \* \*

This story is typical. The amazing success of the men, women and children who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music—*actually simple!*

Even if you don't know one note from another now, you

can easily grasp each clear, inspiring lesson of this surprising course. You can't go wrong. First you are *told* how a thing is done, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it.

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Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note*, in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Remember—it is not too late to become a capable musician. If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain new happiness and increase your popularity—send off this coupon at once. Forget the old-fashioned idea that "talent" means everything. Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. *At the average cost of only a few pennies a day!* Act NOW! Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 3629 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Please send me your Free Book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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| Ukelele                             | Flute     |
| Cornet                              | Saxophone |
| Trombone                            | Harp      |
| Piccolo                             | Mandolin  |
| Guitar                              | Cello     |
| Hawaiian Steel Guitar               |           |
| Sight Singing                       |           |
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 76)

Pa., who several years ago conceived the harmonica movement as a feature of welfare work.

### Past Exalted Ruler A. J. Law, of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge

Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, lost one of its most able and devoted members by the death, some weeks ago, of Past Exalted Ruler Major Alfred J. Law. Major Law had been an Elk for more than twenty years, having been initiated into Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 72, in 1906. In 1911 he demitted to Chattanooga Lodge, and four years later served as its Exalted Ruler. He was active in the affairs of No. 91, and after his term as its head, he served as Trustee and as a member of the House Committee.

During his lifetime, Major Law exemplified in the finest degree the tenets of the Order. Charitable, tolerant and upright, he was a well-known and well-loved citizen of his community. He served his country during the Spanish-American war, and again during the World War he saw many months of active service overseas. To his family, his fellow members and his countless friends in and out of the Order, THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its sincerest sympathy.

### Juneau, Alaska, Lodge Holds Annual Picnic

Close to 500 men, women and children attended the annual picnic at Marmion Island given by Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420. It took three trips of the steamer to convey the crowd to the grounds. Varied refreshments and many good things to eat proved a great attraction to the youngsters, as did a healthful participation in the activities of the day, such as swimming, boating and hiking.

### Activities of Bremerton, Wash., Lodge

The annual picnic of Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, No. 1181, was held at Island Park on July 28 and was the most successful ever given by the Lodge. The annual outing of the wives and ladies of members was given at Horseshoe Lake and drew a large attendance.

Recent distinguished visitors in the Home of No. 1181 were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Walter F. Meier, Justice of the Grand Forum, who made the trip across the sound by airplane.

Practically all officers of Bremerton Lodge attended the banquet given by Seattle Lodge, No. 92, in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, who was visiting several Lodges in the northwest.

### Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Exceeds \$500,000 Refinancing Goal

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, has met with unprecedented success in its refinancing campaign for \$500,000. Pledges at a recent dinner of the campaign committee netted \$22,800 which pushed the total to \$508,672. Teams in the campaign were divided into four regiments, the second regiment, headed by Paul C. Beckner, having the highest total, \$61,816. The regiment commanded by M. M. Dunbar, was second with \$57,300. Otto Ray received a loving cup for the highest total of any member. He announced that Sterling R. Holt, city controller, had donated \$2,500 to pay for the initiation of 100 selected men in the fall class.

### Roanoke, Va., Lodge Holds Picnic at Elks National Home

Desiring to add a little sunshine to the lives of those Elks who are members of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., members of Roanoke Lodge, No. 197, along with a band, singers, dancers and other features for entertainment, recently held their annual picnic there. The program was an outdoors entertainment begin-

ning at three o'clock and closing at eight. The opening number was a concert given by the Norfolk and Western Band, followed by boxing matches by teams from Danville, Roanoke and Lynchburg. Dancing specialties and vocal numbers were presented, followed by a picnic lunch on the grounds. After an inspection of the Home and another band concert the visitors departed after a thoroughly enjoyable time.

### Canal Zone Lodges Entertain Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Fanning

While Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Joseph T. Fanning were passing through the Panama Canal on their way to the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles, they were the recipients of honors and attentions from the two Lodges of the Zone, Panama Canal Zone, No. 1414, and Cristobal, No. 1542. Exalted Rulers William B. Ferry and E. J. Brophy boarded the *S. S. Mongolia* in Cristobal Harbor, and welcomed the distinguished visitors to the Isthmus on behalf of their Lodges. As the ship made her way through the locks, lake and cut, the interesting sights were pointed out and the operation of the canal explained. The first big dirt slide in five years had occurred that morning at Gailard Cut, and the travelers were privileged to see two of the giant dredges at work. Disembarking at Balboa, Mr. and Mrs. Fanning were greeted by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard M. Davies, and many of the officers and members of the two Lodges, and spent the balance of the afternoon shopping and sight-seeing. In the evening the Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Fanning were guests at a dinner at the Miramar Club, at which Mr. Davies presided as toastmaster. Following a speech by Mr. Fanning, Esteemed Leading Knight Joseph Coffin, of Cristobal Lodge, representing Exalted Ruler Brophy, spoke of the pleasure that the Elks of the Isthmus took in entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Fanning. The Past Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a handsome set of antlers, mounted by the San Blas Indians, and Mrs. Fanning with many beautiful bouquets. A large group accompanied them to their steamer to bid them farewell and a quick return.

A week after the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Fanning, the two Lodges received and entertained some 300 Eastern Elks, including Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and his family, who also passed through the canal on their way to the Los Angeles Convention.

### District Deputy Bartram Institutes Washington, Mo., Lodge

With the assistance of officers from St. Charles Mo., Lodge, No. 690, and in the presence of a large gathering of visiting Elks, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler G. D. Bartram instituted Washington, Mo., Lodge, No. 1559, in the City Hall on June 30. After the installation ceremonies the members and visiting Elks were taken to the beautiful City Park where in the early evening a bounteous old-fashioned chicken dinner was enjoyed to the strains of orchestral music. Past Exalted Ruler Lawrence McDaniel of St. Louis Lodge, No. 9, presided at the banquet, and later the Lodge held its first dance with the visitors as honored guests. John J. Ernst is Exalted Ruler and Rud. Steinhaus Secretary of the new Lodge. Sixty-five charter members were present at the services of whom fifteen became members by transfer dimit while the remaining fifty were taken in as candidates.

### San Diego, Calif., Lodge is Host to Visiting Elks

At the close of the Grand Lodge Reunion in Los Angeles, all visiting Elks were invited to spend a day at San Diego with Lodge No. 168 as the center of activities. The officers of the Lodge had a fine reception ready for the visitors and various committees had made excellent provision for their entertainment. The guests were given automobile trips to all points of interest in and around the city, and a splendid



buffet luncheon was served throughout the day to more than 1,000 Elks and their ladies.

**Vallejo, Calif., Lodge is Making Extensive Alterations**

The Elks Hall Association of Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, recently let a contract for the rebuilding of part of the Home. The alterations, which should be completed in September, will include jobs of plastering and re-ceiling; a new ladies' room to be added to the west end, and one for men so arranged that it will not interfere with the club-rooms proper; and on the north side it is planned to install a pedestal and memorial album.

**Detroit Elks Enjoy Hospitality Of San Antonio, Texas Lodge**

A party of some 155 Elks from Detroit who stopped over in the city en route to the Grand Lodge Reunion were the guests of San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216, during their visit. The party arriving on a special train was met by a committee headed by Trustee V. G. Sharver, and taken to visit the Alamo and then to the Lodge Home where refreshments were served and the guests enjoyed a swimming party in the club pool. Afterward the party was taken on a sight-seeing tour, returning for a buffet dinner at 6:30, followed by a dance.

**Linton, Ind., Lodge Has New Orchestra**

The newly formed orchestra of Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866, recently made its first public appearance when it gave a thirty-minute concert from the front porch of the Home. The program was enthusiastically received by members and a gathering of townspeople who had congregated on the street. Exalted Ruler Milo B. Mitchell worked untiringly to perfect the organization of the orchestra and had the able assistance of John Scully who directs the well-known orchestra of Sullivan Lodge, No. 911. Following the concert the membership retired to the Lodge-room for the regular session where the new degree team of No. 866 again proved its popularity by initiating a class of candidates in noteworthy fashion.

**Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews Visits Northwestern Elk Lodges**

At the close of the Grand Lodge Convention, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews made a number of fraternal visitations in the northwest some of which have been reported to THE ELKS MAGAZINE. After leaving Los Angeles and San Francisco, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Andrews traveled to Portland, Ore., stopping en route at Klamath Falls to attend the reunion of the Oregon State Elks Association. At Portland, on July 19, the Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed by Exalted Ruler Harry Niles, Secretary M. E. Spaulding, Charles C. Bradley, member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, District Deputy Frank J. Lonergan and others, and was entertained at a trout dinner in the Home. After visiting with the Lodge and addressing the members, he was joined by a committee of officers and members of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge who had arranged for a series of brief receptions to him in Lodges lying between the two cities. The party first visited Vancouver, Wash., Lodge, where Mr. Andrews was greeted by the officers, then proceeded to Kelso Lodge, and from there to Longview Lodge where a luncheon was served at the Monticello Hotel with some fifty officers and members of Longview and Kelso Lodges present. After lunch the trip was continued and brief visits were paid to Chehalis, Centralia and Olympia, Wash., Lodges at each of which Mr. Andrews spoke with the officers and others of the membership, outlining his policies for the coming year. The party arrived in Tacoma in the evening, where the Grand Exalted Ruler met in conference with the officers and members of the local Lodge. During their visit the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Andrews were taken for a trip to Rainier National Park, and on Monday, July 22, a delegation of Elks from Seattle Lodge joined the visitors and escorted them on a drive to Puyallup Lodge where Mr. Andrews inspected the Home.

Arriving in Seattle the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor, and made the principal address, at a banquet given by Seattle Lodge in the Olympic Hotel. In attendance were officers of all the Lodges of Washington, Northwest, as well as those of the local Lodge. Seated at the speakers' table with Mr. Andrews were Walter F. Meier, Justice of the Grand Forum; Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. W. Swanson of Washington, Northwest, and Sam Stern, District Deputy for North Dakota; President Russell V. Mack, Secretary Victor Zednick and Sergeant-at-Arms A. L. Remlinger of the Washington State Elks Association; Past Exalted Ruler and toastmaster John C. Slater, acting-Exalted Ruler E. E. Kelly, and the Reverend A. T. Hilton. While the banquet was in progress Mrs. Andrews was honor guest at a dinner attended by the wives of the Lodge officers and officers of the L. O. E. The following day in company with District Deputy Swanson, Past State President Frank L. Cooper and other Elks, Mr. Andrews traveled to Everett Lodge where the party lunched and then drove on north through Mount Vernon where a number of members from Anacortes Lodge had assembled. After speaking with the group Mr. Andrews went on to Bellingham Lodge and was welcomed in the Home by Exalted Ruler A. W. Buckner, Mayor John A. Kellogg and a turnout of members to whom he delivered a brief address. Later in the afternoon he returned to Everett Lodge, where he was entertained at dinner, and then came down to Seattle.

On their way East the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Andrews made a brief noon visit at La Grande, Ore., on July 24, during which the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to members of the Lodge there at a luncheon at the Sacajawea Inn, and Mrs. Andrews was taken in charge by the ladies of members for a delightful repast at the La Grande Hotel. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced to the gathering by Past Exalted Ruler C. R. Eberhard, acting as toastmaster, and was welcomed by Past Exalted Ruler Jesse V. Andrews. Other scheduled stops of the Grand Exalted Ruler on his way home were Baker, Pocatello, Blackfoot, Idaho Falls, the Yellowstone and Chicago.

Arriving in Atlanta, Ga., his homeplace, on July 8, Mr. Andrews found the city in gala attire and festive mood for his homecoming which was one marked by overwhelming enthusiasm. Dozens of clubs and civic organizations had joined with Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland and local Elks in making extensive preparations for a great congratulatory demonstration, for Mr. Andrews long has been a favorite son and again had brought honor to his city as a leader in one of the world's greatest fraternal orders. Following a reception at the station where he was met and welcomed by Governor L. G. Hardman, Mayor I. N. Ragsdale, Exalted Ruler McClelland and a great throng of Elks and citizens the distinguished native and his wife, to the music of three bands and with an escort of mounted police, were paraded through the city, hung with bunting, flags, and the purple and white of the Order, to the Elks Home where an informal reception was held and friends and acquaintances were given an opportunity to extend their congratulations. The most important event of the day was the formal dinner and reception at 7:30 held in the Atlanta Athletic Club with representatives of various organizations including members of the Georgia, Alabama, Florida and North and South Carolina State Elks Associations in attendance as well as many leading citizens.

**West Haven, Conn., Lodge Acquires New Home**

At a recent meeting of the Elks Home Corporation of West Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 1537, held in the Thompson School Auditorium following a regular session of the Lodge, it was voted to purchase the Florence Crittenton property on the heights overlooking Campbell Avenue as a new Home for No. 1537. The acquisition of this handsome building, on the most advantageous terms, gives the Lodge one of the finest Homes anywhere between

(Continued on page 80)

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# Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 79)

New York and Boston. The building of hollow tile and steel, finished in grey stucco, contains some twenty rooms among which is a large equipped gymnasium, a commodious lounge, and a room which will serve as a Lodge room, as very little work will be done in the matter of alterations. The building stands on four acres of land which contain a quantity of ornamental shrubbery and fruit trees, and a drive approaches and surrounds the structure with ample parking space for 100 cars. It is estimated that the property could not be replaced under \$105,000, while it cost the Lodge slightly less than half that amount, the purchase also including a quantity of good furniture. West Haven's first Home which it still owns is worth \$35,000 and is owned free and clear, the mortgages having been burned on the occasion of the first anniversary held in August, 1928. It was realized from the first, however, that it would not remain large enough for the rapidly growing membership which now is around 450. The new Home commands a magnificent view of the sound and surrounding territory. As this was written the "Baby" Lodge of Connecticut was preparing to celebrate its second anniversary.

## **New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge Honors Lou Gehrig and Waite Hoyt**

On July 28 a delegation of some 250 members from New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, headed by Exalted Ruler Ellis L. Steinhardt, visited the Yankee Stadium and presented Lou Gehrig, first baseman of the New York Yankees and member of No. 756, with a gold Elks charm. Exalted Ruler Steinhardt made the presentation at the home plate about five minutes before game time and Mr. Gehrig responded the first time at bat with a home run and added to this during the game a triple and a two-base hit, all coming with men on the bases. It was the intention of the Elks to present a similar token at that time to Waite Hoyt, star pitcher of the Yankees and also a member of New Rochelle Lodge, but owing to the fact that he was confined to his bed with an infected leg, Exalted Ruler Steinhardt and a delegation made the presentation at Mr. Hoyt's home.

## **Warnings to all Subordinate Lodge Secretaries**

Secretary F. N. Chandler, of Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281, reports that membership card No. 39, paid to April 1, 1930, issued to Simon P. Letterman, member's number 213, was recently stolen, presumably by some one returning to the United States, and requests that, should this card be presented, it be taken up and he be notified.

Secretary Robert G. Hodge, of Martins Ferry, O., Lodge, No. 895, reports that the cards listed below have been lost and requests that, should they be presented, they be taken up and held until satisfactory evidence of the identity of their holders is available. Card No. 164, issued to Thomas F. Joseph, No. 824; card No. 166, issued to William H. Yingling, No. 701; card No. 182, issued to William Smith, No. 682; card No. 197, issued to W. R. Koehler, No. 195.

## **Prominent Elks Take Active Part in Institution of Oceanside, Calif., Lodge**

Many prominent members of the Order were present and took active part when Oceanside, Calif., Lodge, No. 1561, was instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. C. Jerome on June 18, in the Home of San Diego Lodge, No. 168. The institution and initiation ceremonies were preceded by a dinner at the Cabrillo Cafe, where 200 Elks and candidates were the guests of the San Diego membership. Exalted Ruler Will M. Tompkins assisted by the officers of No. 168 opened the Lodge in due form and initiated a class of fifty-nine candidates for the new Lodge. The meeting was then taken over by District Deputy Jerome who was assisted by Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Mifflin G. Potts, Grand Trustee Dr. Ralph Hagan, President John J. Doyle of the California State Elks Association, Past Presidents Harry M. Ticknor

and Richard C. Benbough and other past and active Elk dignitaries of the State, in the services of institution. Officers were then elected and duly installed in their respective stations by Mr. Jerome, after which a number of speeches of congratulation were made and various gifts presented to the new Lodge by the officers of San Diego Lodge, the State Association and others. Tom Hurley, a former member of San Diego Lodge, is Exalted Ruler and W. R. Cregar is Secretary.

## **Cornerstone is Laid for Clovis, N. M., Lodge**

The laying of the cornerstone for the new Home of Clovis, N. M., Lodge, No. 1244, took place with impressive ceremonies on June 23. The Home will be of modified Spanish style set in attractive surroundings.

## **Riley C. Bowers Institutes St. Albans, Vt., Lodge**

In the presence of many Elks from the State, St. Albans, Vt., Lodge, No. 1566, was instituted on June 28th with Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers in charge of the Grand Lodge of Emergency, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert V. Crowell heading the installation suite. The initiatory work was splendidly done by Exalted Ruler Arthur E. Sherwin and his staff of Burlington Lodge, No. 916. S. M. Driscoll is Exalted Ruler and H. B. Fisher, Secretary of the new Lodge to which THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its best wishes for a long and successful career.

## **District Deputy Turley Institutes Carlsbad, N. M., Lodge**

Probably the most unique surroundings ever to serve as a background for a similar event within the Order were those attending the institution ceremonies of Carlsbad, N. M., Lodge, No. 1558, which were conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter G. Turley, some 750 feet underground amid the beautiful formations of the Queen's Chamber of the noted Carlsbad Cavern. Close to 300 members of the Order were present for the services, held on July 2-3, and among other features of the occasion was the admirable ritualistic work of the officers of Roswell Lodge, No. 969, as well as a parade, a luncheon and an Elks barbecue. George Westphal is Exalted Ruler and C. F. Montgomery is Secretary of the Lodge which starts its career with forty members.

## **News of the Order From Far and Near**

An Elk's tooth with the initials L. C. B. on the mounting, has been found by Edward H. Gidley of West Point, N. Y. The owner may communicate with Mr. Gidley in care of the West Point Band at the above address, or by phone, West Point, N. Y., 106.

A number of members and their ladies from Sitka recently came by airplane to attend a play given by Juneau, Alaska, Lodge.

The Lodge of Antlers sponsored by New Orleans Elks recently were entertained on the roof of the Home with an entertainment followed by refreshments.

Members of Norwich, Conn., Lodge with their ladies who attended the moonlight sail on the motorship, *Nelsco*, had a most enjoyable evening. Although the moon failed to show itself during the trip the evening was clear and the weather balmy while music and an enjoyable lunch added to the pleasure of the occasion.

The famous U. S. Marine Band will give two concerts on September 24 in the Coliseum under the auspices of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge. The afternoon concert will be primarily for school children at a nominal admission fee.

The famous Zouave drill team of Jackson, Mich., Lodge, headed by Capt. William Sparks,

gave a public exhibition of its skill in Seattle Wash., on the way home from the Grand Lodge Convention.

One of the most enjoyable entertainments ever staged by Orange, N. J., Lodge, was its recent "Night in Hoboken."

More than 100 couples attended the successful Venetian Dance given at the Elks Country Club by Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge.

A fine addition to the Home of Manila, P. I., Lodge, which will provide four first class bowling alleys and space for sixteen cars, is now being constructed at no cost to the Lodge. Several loyal members have undertaken the financing of the project, agreeing to accept reimbursement without interest from the revenues of the alleys and garage.

The Washington State Sheriffs and Peace Officers' Association, which held its annual convention in Bremerton, Wash., on June 25, 26 and 27, were guests of Bremerton Lodge for the duration of their visit.

Passaic, N. J., Lodge held its annual orphans outing in June at Olympic Park.

The Rose Party given at the Lakeview Ballroom by Lowell, Mass., Lodge, was both a social and financial success.

Some 100 members of Reading, Pa., Lodge were the fraternal guests of Norristown Lodge at a recent Saturday night session.

Arrangements for the financing of the new Home of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge have been made and ground breaking ceremonies will take place at an early date.

Lodges from most of the West Coast cities were largely represented at the 4th of July celebration staged at Anna Maria Beach, by Bradenton and Sarasota, Fla., Elks.

The initial entertainment and dance held in the Home under the auspices of the degree team of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, for the benefit of the charity and crippled children's fund, was a most successful affair.

Thousands of Elks participated in the annual Field Day Frolics and Flag Day exercises staged by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge.

The members of the prize winning drill team of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, and their ladies, held a dinner in the Home in celebration of their victory at the State Convention at Rochester.

The entertainment activities of Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge during the month of June were lively and varied and included an evening of music and dancing by first class artists, a showing of big game hunting, motion-pictures taken in Alaska and Africa, and a basket picnic held at Marsh Creek Springs, where in spite of threatening weather a large number of members and their families turned out for an enjoyable time.

At the time of writing, Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge, the new-recently instituted Lodge of the North, was planning a huge annual picnic for children to be held at Birch Lake. This is the first affair for children sponsored by the Lodge and every effort was being made to make it a memorable occasion.

The Ladies' Wednesday Afternoon Club of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, has contributed the sum of \$1,229 to the crippled children's fund as the result of a series of card parties promoted during the winter season.

Oakland, Calif., Lodge held its annual picnic at Ramona Park, with ideal weather conditions contributing greatly to its success.

A gold ring with a small diamond was found in THE ELKS MAGAZINE headquarters at the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel, during the Grand Lodge Convention. The owner may apply to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, under the chairmanship of Past Exalted Ruler Charles R. Coffin, recently held a most successful outing for all the crippled children of the district.



*That glycerine film! Makes shaving painless and cool. Try Listerine Shaving Cream.*

## SHOOTS a 76 . . . *but can't get in a club*

**I**T sounds incredible until you know the facts as they know them in San Francisco.

Aside from his deadly ability at golf, he possessed a natural charm that made him most engaging to both men and women. Yet no one was willing to propose him for club membership, for he had one fault that simply could not be excused. He, himself, didn't realize what it was—and no one had the courage to tell him.

Only those blind to facts assume they never have halitosis (unpleasant breath). Actually 1 out of 3 offends,

occasionally or habitually, surveys show. This is due to the fact that everyday conditions such as pyorrhea, defective teeth, fermenting food particles between teeth, and minor infections of the nose and throat cause it.

Why offend others, when you can keep your breath beyond suspicion by using full strength Listerine three times a day, as a mouth wash?

Being an active germicide,\* it attacks the cause of odors and then, being a powerful deodorant, destroys the odors themselves. Keep a bottle

handy wherever you are. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

\*Though safe and healing in action, full strength Listerine kills the virulent *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) germs in 15 seconds; also the *Bacillus Typhosus* germs—200,000,000 of them—within the same period.

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