

# The Elks

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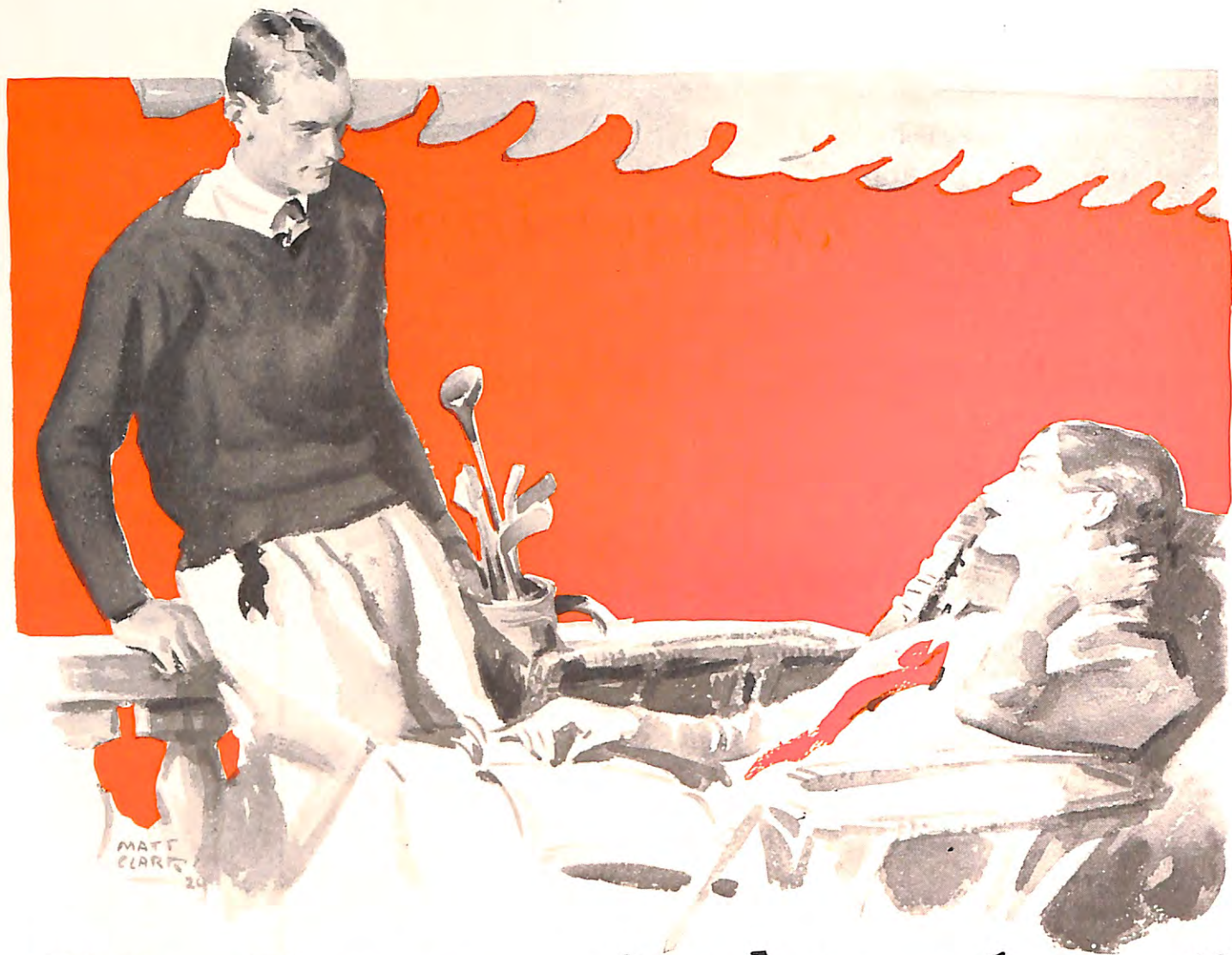
Magazine

OCTOBER, 1929



In This Issue: Features by  
George Creel, Arthur Chapman, W. O. McGeehan, Frederick L. Nebel, and others





## “No, I’m too tired to play...”

Too tired. You like to play . . . but your energy is low. Why? Has sluggish health taken the snap out of living and made your physical condition a source of constant complaint?

Constipation—insidious foe of health—will undermine even the strongest physique. The wastes produced by the body must be thrown off, else disaster is certain. Constipation is the root of nearly all sickness!

For all its bad effects, though, constipation is readily conquered. Simple water washing will dispel the most stubborn case. If ordinary drinking water were not absorbed and passed off by the kidneys, it would do the work admirably. But ordinary water does not reach the scene of the trouble. Pluto Mineral Water does, because of its mineral content.

Pluto Mineral Water comes direct to you from America’s greatest spa—French Lick Springs. Here this natural mineral water is fortified, sealed in sterilized bottles, and

shipped to every part of the world. Thousands of people annually travel to French Lick to drink the health-giving waters; you, in your own home, may enjoy the same health benefits!

Used regularly, Pluto Mineral Water prevents constipation and its disagreeable results. (Many take a little each morning upon arising, diluted in plain hot water.) Or Pluto Mineral Water affords sure, safe, and rapid relief—even in the most stubborn case of constipation. It acts gently, yet surely. From thirty minutes to two hours is the usual time.

Pluto Mineral Water is bottled at French Lick Springs, and is sold throughout the country at drug stores and at fountains. Ask the fountain specialist to mix your drink of Pluto Mineral Water with any of the popular thirst-quenchers.

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Since earliest times, French Lick has enjoyed a reputation as a health resort. Today French Lick is America’s foremost spa, where thousands come to take rejuvenating baths and drink the health-giving waters. Golf (two eighteen-hole courses), horseback riding, tennis, hiking, and other outdoor sports; a huge 800-room fireproof hotel; complete medical staff in attendance. For reservations address French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Ind., T. D. TAGGART, Pres. Booklet free.



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Pluto Will



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**WATER**  
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beauty of the illustrations. This feature alone marks a tremendous advance. All the world’s treasures of art and photography have been laid under tribute to adorn and illuminate the text.

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

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Eight  
 Number Five

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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# Good Trucks For YOUR Business



## Blue Valley's 162 Trucks Prove It

*Here are a few of the many dairy companies that operate with International Trucks:*

- Armour Creameries
- Blue Valley Creamery Company
- Bowman Dairy Company
- City Milk Company
- Cloverleaf Creamery Company
- Dairyman's Co-operative Creamery Company
- Dolbey Ice Cream Company
- Eastern Dairies, Inc.
- Glen Iris Dairy
- Indiana Condensed Milk Company
- Kelley Ice Cream Company
- Kraft Cheese Distributors
- Meyer Dairy Company
- Mutual Creamery Company
- Pickerington Creamery Company
- P. E. Sharpless Company
- Sherman White and Company
- Springfield Dairy Company
- Tri-State Ice Cream Company
- Turner Centre System
- United Dairy System
- Waukesha Milk Company
- Wisconsin Creameries
- York Sanitary Milk Company

What the Blue Valley Creamery Company has proved in its business applies equally to your business whether you use trucks for heavy hauling or for delivering dainty delicacies.

Back in 1921, Blue Valley put its first International Truck on the job, delivering its widely known Blue Valley Butter. Recently, in St. Joseph, Mo., it was finally replaced. And because it had served so faithfully and economically for 8 long years, it was replaced by another International.

In all, there are 162 testimonials to International satisfaction in the fleet of the Blue Valley Creamery

Company that operates out of 23 branches scattered over 14 states.

When any company has need for that many trucks in its business, those trucks have an important bearing on its profits. And the fact that so many large institutions in every line of business use large fleets of Internationals is excellent evidence that these trucks would be good for your business.

There is a type of International for every possible need from heavy hauling to fast light delivery. We invite you to try one on your job — to give it any reasonable test. There is an International Branch or Dealer near you and at your service.

*The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton; the 1-ton Six Speed Special; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 172 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada and dealers everywhere.*

**INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY**  
 606 SO. MICHIGAN AVE. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



# Personalities and Appreciations

## Pilgrims

IT IS gratifying to learn, from Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, that the suggestion contained in our June issue, at the time of our publication of reproductions of the prize-winning mural paintings by Eugene F. Savage, was widely acted on. The suggestion was that Elks passing through Chicago on tour, en route to the Grand Lodge Convention, or stopping in the city on business or pleasure, should be sure to visit the great shrine of the Order which they themselves helped to build.

According to the reports, practically every delegation, whose route to or from the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles took them into Chicago, set aside time enough to visit the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. And all who went there came away feeling that their visit had been well worth while.

The number of persons, non-Elks as well as members of the Order, who have visited the Building during the past summer has been very large. Many have gone through it not once, but several times, eager to absorb from it a full meed of the spirit of fraternalism which it so beautifully symbolizes.

To all who can avail themselves of the opportunity, we again recommend the passing of a quiet hour in the Memorial Headquarters Building. Leisurely contemplation of its allegorical paintings and sculptures, unhurried feasting of the eye upon its glories of color and design, cannot fail to imbue the thoughtful beholder with a renewed feeling of pride in and loyalty to his Order and his Lodge.

Situated at the intersection of Diversey Parkway and Lake View Avenue, fronting on Lincoln Park and Lake Michigan, the National Memorial Headquarters Building is easily and quickly accessible by bus or taxi. It is open to visitors every day from ten o'clock until five, during which hours well-informed guides are in attendance. When next you are in Chicago, make a point of seeing your National Memorial Headquarters Building. You will be amply repaid for the slight effort involved.

## "Heirs of the Medicine Man"

THE article on "pitchmen," which appears in this issue under the above title, was suggested by Ben Lucien Burman, whose splendid novel "The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend" first appeared serially in this magazine and has just been published in book form, entitled "Mississippi." One of Burman's chief delights is to watch and study queer and unusual characters and because he is constantly on the lookout for them he is constantly finding them. One day at lunch, discussing some of the personalities he has run across in his expeditions in search of story material, he told of having that day stopped to watch a crowd gathered on an East Side street in New York around a gentleman who was selling "guaranteed" wrist watches for "one dime—the tenth part of a dollar," and to listen to the vendor's patter. As an example of bold sales psychology Burman told how the "pitchman," to convince his prospects as to the genuineness of his wares, actually held the watches to their ears so that they might hear them tick. Suspecting that any tick these watches might produce was wholly in the mind of the prospective purchaser, Burman bought one himself. On opening the case he discovered it entirely innocent of "works."

Having often seen furtive persons on the sidewalks dispensing genuine pearls, solid gold rings and other desirable articles to a credulous public for nominal

sums, we thought it might be interesting to round up some information about these men and their business. We assigned Arthur Chapman to the job and he brought in the article, "Heirs of the Medicine Man," which you will find on page 16. We hope it will entertain you.

## "The Deep Yellow"

GEORGE CREEL'S story in this number is pure fiction, but embodied in it is his own experience of flying from New York to the Pacific Coast in mail planes. The descriptions of the actual flight in the story give his impression of traveling in that particular way. The spilling of the bottle of root beer when the plane drops in an air pocket, an incident serving in the story to bring out the inner nature of the girl, really happened. The difference is, however, that in the occurrence itself, Mr. Creel spilled the sticky fluid all over his own clothes instead of over a companion.

This story is a splendid example of the skill of the trained fiction writer in utilizing personal experiences in the working out of a wholly imaginary tale. It is not "founded on fact," but it contains elements of truth which make it convincing. Every editor knows—and every aspiring writer must some day learn—that stories based on actual happenings seldom ring true. This seems peculiar, but it is a fact.

Incidentally, we think "The Deep Yellow" is one of the funniest stories we have read for a long time. Read it and see if you don't agree.

## Our Cover Paintings

SO MANY of our readers have written us lately asking for reproductions of our covers, without lettering and printed on heavy paper suitable for framing, that we feel the need of making this public statement. Much as we appreciate the interest displayed by readers who request these reprints, and much as we would like to be able to accommodate them, it is impossible for us to do so. To publish a separate edition of our covers without lettering and on special paper to meet the demand would involve heavy printing expense and the establishment of a department to take care of the shipping, bookkeeping and correspondence involved. The staff of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is small, only large enough to handle the immediate business of producing the publication itself.

We are glad you like our covers and hope you will continue to write in telling us of your pleasure in them. But please do not ask us for special reprints, because we can not supply them. Thank you.

## Coming in Future Issues

STORIES seem to run in cycles. At times editors receive crime stories almost exclusively for a few weeks, then the theme of the manuscripts submitted changes and they are mostly adventure, or love, or mystery, or sea, or prize fight yarns. For forthcoming issues we announce two recent purchases of negro stories. One, containing negroes only, is a humorous tale by Edgar Valentine Smith. Another, in which an old plantation negro plays a prominent part is a Christmas story, by Virginia Frazer Boyle. And a few days before this was written, Octavus Roy Cohen, on the eve of sailing for a brief vacation in Europe, dropped in to say he would write us some more of his own negro stories.



# Will They Always Be Proud of You?

*Of course, they're proud of their Daddy now. Their only standards are those of the nursery and the yard—where your ability shines in comparison with their own. But ten, twelve years from now, when they measure you by what you have done and are doing in the outside world, as compared with the achievements of other Dads—where will you stand? Pitiful the tragedy of the father who watches his children's respect and admiration turn little by little to questioning, then to doubt and finally to tolerant pity.*

**W**HAT can you as a Dad do to insure their continued pride in you? No use trying to bluff them—their keen minds will get the truth. No avail in appealing to their love—that is arguing for you already. No good explaining or alibiing—they know too little of life's difficulties and ironies to understand and make allowances.

Your only sure way is so to build yourself now that success will come before they get out of the trusting age. Train yourself into the larger income and business standing that spell achievement to adult and youth alike. Add to your native ability and practical experience the specialized training that compels success.

Difficult? Not at all. The surest, easiest way to get what you want from life. *It takes only some real determination, your spare hours for a few months, and a small investment of money on easy terms. The returns last a lifetime.*

Let's get down to cases and make clear just what we mean.

## On—Up—To Bigger Ability and Pay

A traffic manager for a great wholesale house in the West, asking himself if he was willing to play chance with failure and success, answered with a ringing No!

And straightway he began to safeguard his success with sound and practical home-study business training—on the proven theory that risks disappear when native ability and loyal service are fortified by knowledge.

First, he enrolled for Traffic Management because his work required an expert understanding of freight classifications, rates and routes. Feeling then the need for legal training—both as an aid in presenting cases before the various rate bodies and as a business broadener—he enrolled for training in Law, following this with training in Effective Public Speaking.

Today he is a major executive with the same company, now grown much larger—

and he is still moving on—and up—to even bigger opportunity and pay.

And he will tell you from his own experience, "If you're willing to apply a portion of your spare time every week to acquiring proficiency in your chosen field, you'll be astonished at the end of a year's time what a store of practical knowledge you've accumulated."

## Turned Employer's Loss to Profit

Profits were disappointingly low.

Every advance estimate on costs and volume of business had pointed to a fine showing for the year. But December 31 told a different story. And the boss wondered why—and asked why.

Six months before, the young bookkeeper had started LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy. Those first lessons gave him the answer—the boss had estimated overhead expenses at 10 percent whereas they were actually 25 percent. The 15 percent mistake wiped out the anticipated profits—its correction insured future dividends.

Are you surprised that the young bookkeeper got a 33 percent increase in pay and a chance to handle bigger responsibility?

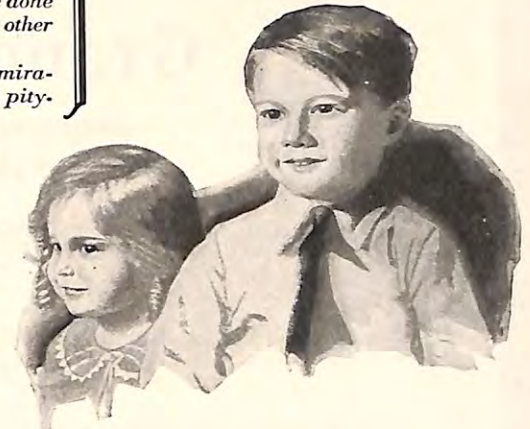
Today he is manager of the business, his salary is several times what it was, and he has a profitable share in the firm.

## From Order Clerk to General Manager in Five Years

Back in 1920, he was a young order clerk—in 1924 he was directing sales and advertising—a year later he was general manager. In between were five years of capable, loyal service and two completed LaSalle training courses—Modern Business Correspondence and Business Management.

High lights? Many.

Six months after starting his first course, he asked to handle correspondence and got the job and a raise; a few months later he suggested a new sales promotion department and was given the responsibility of organizing and directing it; soon after he recom-



mended the beginning of advertising and was given that task.

No wonder he moved up fast. Any employer would welcome and reward initiative and ability like that.

Note his own comment, "My two training courses gave me more than I could have gained through ten years of experience."

## How Much Do You Want to Get Ahead?

*We'll Know After You Read These Paragraphs*

Thousands of men will read this advertisement and do nothing. An occasional man or woman more in earnest, more far-seeing than the rest, will act. And one year, five years, ten years from now, the thousands will say of him, "Lucky chap! I wish I had had his chance."

As a matter of fact, we are glad the thousands turn the page. We do not want the wishers, the starters, the never-finishers. We want only the earnest individual who will investigate, decide and then carry through.

*Are you that individual?*

Then here's our suggestion to you. Fill in and mail the coupon below. Read carefully the interesting, informative free booklet which it will bring you. Find out exactly what our training is like and what it has helped others achieve. Then decide.

The first step is simple. Clip and mail the coupon now.

# LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

## If You Are Thinking About Stenography or Secretarial Work—

If you want to start right and advance rapidly, investigate Stenotypy, "the machine way in shorthand"—the preferred way to the better position.

Stenotypy adds to your personal ability the accuracy, speed and ease of the machine. Easy to learn, easy to write and easy to read. You start with an advantage—and that advantage increases. The Stenotype means faster, better work, and better work means better pay. The demand for Stenotypists exceeds the supply.

Send coupon to us for free trial lesson at the nearest Stenotype school. See for yourself how the Stenotype opens unusual opportunities for you.

## Find Yourself Through LaSalle!

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I would welcome an outline of the LaSalle training plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

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Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

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

**Official Circular Number One**

*Elks National Memorial  
Headquarters Building,  
Chicago, Ill.,  
September 9, 1929*

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

MY BROTHERS:—

I feel in my heart an inexpressible gratitude and thankfulness to all our Brother Elks for their support of me for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler.

Immediately after my installation in Los Angeles, I entered zealously and optimistically upon the work of my office.

I visited the Oregon State Association, and twenty-one Lodges throughout Oregon, Washington and Idaho before my return to the East.

It is my idea that the subordinate Lodge is the "unit" of our Order, and the Exalted Ruler of each Lodge is the "key man" of his Lodge.

I, therefore, on August the 7th, addressed a *contact letter* to all our Exalted Rulers, with the thought and hope of securing the closest and most cordial relationship with them and with each subordinate Lodge during my term of office, and I now reiterate and strongly stress to them what I said in that letter.

I have received hundreds of very fine letters in reply, that breathe a most cordial spirit of personal good-will, as well as pledges of earnest and active co-operation. I am impressed with the superb devotion and loyalty of the Brothers to our Order, and I feel justified in looking forward to a year of great accomplishment in all our fraternal endeavors.

Surely Elkdom is supremely worthy of the very best that our hearts and souls and brains can give, and I call upon all Elks to unite with me in jointly rendering their utmost endeavors to accomplish the finest and best results in all phases of our Elk service.

The cardinal principles upon which Elkdom is founded are the eternal virtues of life, and I hope that our Brothers will constantly keep them in mind.

***The Elks National Foundation***

The Elks National Foundation is now thoroughly organized and actively functioning. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley is the Chairman of the Foundation Trustees, and six other Past Grand Exalted Rulers are Associate Trustees.

This Foundation is a constitutional organization, and is Elkdom's *supreme* and *perpetual* effort to provide for charities and benefactions in a national way.

One provision adopted for the raising of money for this Endowment Fund is through Foundation Certificates. Any subordinate Lodge, State Association, or individual may obtain a Founders Certificate of \$1,000.00 by paying \$100.00 cash, and \$100.00 per annum thereafter, without interest, until fully paid.

We have every reason to hope and believe that this Foundation will accumulate a huge fund, which will constantly increase year by year, which will be held as an Endowment Fund in the hands of the Foundation Trustees, the interest of which will be applied to Elk charities and benefactions, in accordance with equity and the good of the Order. Every dollar received by the Foundation will be a free will offering from the Lodges, Associations, the Brothers and their friends, and the interest thereof will be devoted to charity 100 per cent., with no overhead expenses of any nature deducted therefrom.

***The Antlers***

"Any Subordinate Lodge, after obtaining a permit from the Grand Exalted Ruler, may institute an organization of young men between the ages of 15 and 21 years, to be composed of white, male citizens of the United States of America." See Section 183a of the Grand Lodge Statutes.

I am thoroughly sold on the proposition of organizing Lodges of Antlers, which is entirely optional with the subordinate Lodges of Elks. But I advise and urge the subordinate Lodges to take advantage of this privilege for I can vision great benefits to follow, from this action, to the Order of Elks, as the years pass by.

Please correspond with our Grand Secretary, who will soon be prepared to furnish Rituals, By-Laws and all necessary data and information pertaining to the organization of Lodges of Antlers.

***The Elks Magazine***

It affords me great pleasure to call to your attention THE ELKS MAGAZINE, which has achieved in the short period of seven years a record that stands alone among fraternal publications.

It is the official organ of our Order, and in every way merits our congratulations and support.

***Constitutional Amendment and New Statutes***

The Grand Secretary has transmitted to all the subordinate Lodges for their consideration one constitutional amendment which was approved by the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles. This must be acted upon at



the first regular meeting of each subordinate Lodge, to be held in October. All of the new legislation of the Grand Lodge was published in THE ELKS MAGAZINE of August, and will soon be distributed, in booklet form, in our Grand Lodge Statutes. Please take notice thereof. I earnestly urge that each and every subordinate Lodge study our Laws and Rituals, and carefully comply with the former and accurately exemplify the latter.

#### Appointments

I herewith announce and include a list of our Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committees and District Deputies for the year 1929 and 1930. It has been necessary to leave off many Brothers who would have served with great loyalty and effectiveness, but I greatly hope that those who have been elected and appointed will devote themselves with great devotion, zeal and loyalty to the affairs of Elksdom throughout the ensuing year.

#### District Deputy Conference

I shall call the Annual Conference of District Deputies to meet at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, Illinois, on Saturday, September the 21st, and Sunday, September the 22nd instant, 10:00 A. M. o'clock, Chicago daylight saving time.

#### Conclusion

In conclusion, I renew my pledge of absolute devotion to the welfare of our great Order, and my determination to serve during this year with every particle of ability, devotion and loyalty of which I am capable, and I beseech all my official family to join me in so doing.

**LET US MAKE OUR DREAMS COME TRUE**

With Cordiality and Brother Love to All,

*Walter P. Andrews*

Grand Exalted Ruler



Attest:

*J. E. Masters*  
Grand Secretary

## Grand Lodge Officers and Committees, 1929-1930

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <i>Grand Exalted Ruler—</i><br>Walter P. Andrews, Atlanta, Ga., No. 78.<br>Healey Building.  | <i>Grand Esquire—</i><br>Harry Bacharach, Atlantic City, N. J., No. 276.  |
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*The ship trembled throughout. It seemed that the shrieking sleet and the thundering sea fought in a kind of dull, methodical fury*





# The Makings of Command

By Frederick L. Nebel

Illustrated by John D. Whiting

THE pilot said, "G'night, mister mate. And good luck. You're a long ways from command, but I guess you got the makings. G'night."

"Thanks, pilot," replied Martin Lane. "Take it easy on the way down."

The old pilot forked the rail and creaked slowly down the Jacob's ladder. Below, the yawlboat was thumping against the steel hull of the freighter, and the searchlight on board the Sandy Hook, lying to two hundred yards off, revealed the yawlboat clearly and its two apprentices bundled to the ears against the bitter wind of a raw November night.

Martin lowered the pilot's handbag by means of a grimy lanyard, and one of the apprentices untied it and flung up his hand. The pilot, sitting down in the stern of the yawlboat, waved. Martin waved, and Captain Tally, leaning in the lee wing of the open navigating bridge, waved too. Then he thumped across to the engine-room telegraph and shoved the brass lever to Full Ahead. An instant later two tinkles sounded in the lighted instrument, and Tally returned to the lee wing to take a satisfied tobacco shot overside.

Martin, leaving a seaman to haul in the rope ladder, hastened up to the bridge and went directly into the chart-room. Glancing at the clock on the wall behind him he marked the time alongside the ship's position on the chart and made a similar notation in the open log-book. The helmsman, peering at the clock through the little hole in the partition between the wheel-house and the chart-room, saw it was ten o'clock and promptly rang off four bells. Another man came from aft to relieve him.

Captain Tally, a blowzy-faced, bleary-eyed hulk of a man, muffled in two overcoats and a beaver cap, looked in through the chart-room door.

"Think I'll go below now, mister," he said to Martin. "No moon, but you got a good night otherwise."

"Yes, sir," nodded Martin.

The Captain thumped down to his quarters on the lower bridge, and Martin, with a fresh pipe going, jammed his hands deep into the pockets of his pea-jacket and went to pacing the bridge. He was a little on edge and tingling all over, for he was making his first voyage as third mate, and he was only twenty-one.

He was a sensitive young man, intensely alert by temperament and doubly so now that he was carrying for the first time the responsibility of watch officer. He was indeed restless. He tramped back and forth athwart the bridge as though he were going through some kind of drill. He kept peering

into the blackness ahead, even got out his night-glasses and swept the scarcely visible horizon. Looking astern he saw the Ambrose Lightship blinking in the gloom on the port quarter. No moon—only a few stars, scattered chips of rayless light pricking a sky only a shade less dark than the heaving, beshrouded ocean.

"Port a point," Martin told the wheelman; "then steady as she goes."

"Port a point," droned the wheelman in a hollow voice; "then steady as she goes."

The *Andromeda* sloshed along with every plate pulsing under the dull, rhythmic beat of the engines. She was in ballast and her propeller thrashed about half out of water. The sea broke against her weather bow in low rolls of cold, milky foam. A dark, empty night, crisp and cold; no fog, a sea moderately calm, the barometer normal.

Yet Martin paced the bridge endlessly, went often to look at the binnacle, made numerous trips to the chart-room to pore over the chart. The trouble with Martin was, he had too much imagination. He had a bad habit of conjuring up potential dangers and trying to meet them mentally. And very often he underestimated his ability. He was not a cool man. He had nerves, plenty of them, highly-tuned, and they were being yanked taut up there on that darkened, windy bridge.

He brought to mind instances of bald heroism and calm, heady seamanship—instances which he had read about in newspapers or himself witnessed on ships whereon he had sailed during his apprenticeship. And deep in his heart there was a gnawing insinuation that were he placed in a similar circumstance, he might fail, break down under the burden of responsibility. And yet, strangely enough, there was within him a provocative, inexplicable desire to face something big, something that would test his mettle. It was merely a perverse longing incubated by the morbidity of an imagination too highly colored. He had no desire to be a hero; he simply wanted not to be a weakling.

When Ellefsen, the second officer, came up to relieve him he blew his whistle and a seaman appeared a few moments later and gave him the mileage on the log-register. Martin marked it down in the log-book, gave the course to Ellefsen, and stood for several minutes chatting with the silent, tow-head Norwegian who was in the grip of a severe cold.

"Well, good luck, Lars," he finished as they left the chart-room.

"Yah—t'anks," coughed Ellefsen, drawing his woolen muffler closer about his throat.

There was a capable man, mused Martin as he descended to his room amidships at the break of the forward well-deck. He wished he were as cool, as placid, as Ellefsen. He wished he might take matters as easily and unconcernedly as that blue-eyed second. But then Ellefsen had been in ships for fifteen years, ten years as one kind of mate or another, and he carried a master's ticket to boot. Maybe, hoped Martin, he'd be the same when he was in the service that long. And hadn't the pilot said he had the makings?

Martin lay in his bunk and regarded the photograph of Nancy Hale that hung between the two ports. Nancy, besides being a clever little New Bedford dressmaker, was Martin's sweetheart; and she had told him that some day he would be a great man. Nancy's idea of a great man was quite similar to Martin's, to wit: master of a two-funneled trans-Atlantic liner.

SO MARTIN lay awake for a long time looking at the likeness of Nancy, and hoping that some fine day he would vindicate her belief in him and become captain of a floating palace. But was he capable of ever being master of a dumpy eighteen-hundred ton freighter like the *Andromeda*? Master? Was he capable of being what he was now—third officer? This troubled Martin, even in his dreams.

Next day he was standing in the galley-door speaking with the second engineer when Captain Tally appeared on the lower bridge bundled in his customary two overcoats and puffing furiously on a cheroot. Tally reeled and seemed more unsteady on his feet than the slight roll of the ship warranted. Martin looked at the second engineer, and the second engineer, with his tongue in his cheek, winked, poked Martin in the ribs and drifted aft whistling merrily. The cook came over to stand beside Martin and, looking forward to where the captain was swaying back and forth, remarked, facetiously, "Ship's rollin' like hell, ain't she, mister?" Then he spat out overside, chuckled drily and returned to his pots.

Martin felt a little disappointed in Captain Tally. Now he understood the bleary eyes, the pouchy cheeks, the network of silky red veins on the captain's bulbous nose. It wasn't right for him to come on deck three sheets in the wind and be made a laughing stock. Martin had very set ideas about



how a master of a sea-going vessel should deport himself. He had acquired some of these ideas after having sailed for two solid years under a New England skipper who shaved every day, never appeared on deck in haphazard dress, and was the very soul of rigid discipline.

An aloof, polite captain with a backbone of steel. Never an accident. Never a grounding. A model captain. Martin had always looked upon him as such, and even now he compared himself with that captain. He wondered if ever he would be like him, and thought not.

Martin had a very poor opinion of himself. Ellefsen's cough was so bad that morning that he could hardly talk. At noon when Martin was marking down in the log-book the distance covered on his watch and indicating the time he had placed the Cape May lightship *Overfalls* on the starboard beam, Ellefsen came up to relieve him. The second mate was hacking his lungs away, and his eyes were red-rimmed and swollen. His woolen muffler was wound tightly about his neck, his cap pulled down well over his ears.

"Better take care of that cold, Lars," ventured Martin seriously.

"Yah," grunted Ellefsen, and held his stomach while the cough pumped through his body and reddened his face.

Martin went below and a little later entered the saloon for dinner. Captain Tally sat at the head of the table gurgling pea-soup and spilling a portion of each spoonful on the grimy red sweater which he habitually wore buttoned across a collarless shirt. His ash-gray hair was tousled and hanging in tattered shreds over his moist eyes, and he needed a shave and a general scrubbing all over. He grunted and groaned and puffed while he ate, stabbed at the bread with his fork, seemed to be oblivious of the presence of his officers. He was a ponderous, fleshy man, with two overlapping chins.

Out of the corner of his eye Martin saw Drone, the chief mate, regarding the skipper with frank disapproval and a hint of contempt. He also caught sight of the second engineer flashing his whimsical wink at Sparks and jerking his head ever so slightly toward the drunken skipper. The chief engineer spied him at this, put down his fork and laid a pair of large, solemn eyes on his second. The second suddenly became very grave and took a drink of water. Martin ate in silence, though he couldn't stop his gaze from wandering every now and then to the blowzy captain.

He was the first to leave the table, and went directly to his room for a smoke. Reclining in the single armchair he puffed musingly on his pipe and stared at the likeness of Nancy Hale, albeit he was really thinking of Captain Tally. It surprised him that the captain should openly flaunt his weakness before the eyes of his officers and crew. He wondered how it was that such a man had come to be entrusted with a valuable ship. Among the officers, he knew, the subject was taboo. The second engineer and the cook were the only ones who had even hinted at the deplorable state of affairs. But then, considered Martin, perhaps the captain was a capable man under it all. Perhaps in a pinch he had the makings of his calling.

After a while Martin's thoughts cycled around to Nancy, and he leaned back with

his hands behind his head, smiling absently through the blue film of smoke that drifted up from his pipe. At two bells, one o'clock, he went on deck to assist the bosun in affixing a new plate to the companion ladder that had been crushed against the ship at a

Brooklyn wharf just before sailing time.

Ellefsen was in a bad way when Drone relieved him at eight bells that afternoon. The second mate came down from the bridge with lagging footsteps and staggered as he headed for his room.

Martin went in first chance he got and found Ellefsen sprawled on his bunk fully clothed. He was coughing almost continuously and writhing with pain. Steam was hissing in the little white room, but Ellefsen, covered though he was with a heavy blanket, and fully clothed, shivered and trembled.

"Listen, old-timer," said Martin, patting him on the back. "You better take some of those clothes off. I'll get you some quinine and a shot of rum."

Martin dragged him from the bunk, but when the second tried to stand up his legs crumbled beneath him, and he hunched with his hands braced against the floor, hacking terribly. Martin kept pounding fist to palm in perplexed indecision until the spell passed. Then he managed to undress Ellefsen and with no little effort heaved him back into the bunk. He trotted out to the pantry, secured some quinine and a tot of rum and doctored the second to the best of his ability.

Before the day was out it was decided that Ellefsen was far too ill to take his watch, and Martin and Drone willingly filled in, since the bosun was without a mate's papers. It meant double shifts for both men, and Matanzas, their destination, was still four days away.

That afternoon the sky became overcast.

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**GOLF** was not originated in Scotland! Did you know that? Can you say what were the beginnings of tennis, football, baseball, basketball and the other games so popular today? In an interesting article, called "Following the Ball," John R. Tunis explodes the golf myth and gives other little-known facts. Look for it in an early issue.

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A new wind puffed up from the east and a little later shifted to northeast. Whitecaps began breaking over the dull sea, and the ship, in ballast and hence high out of water, started rolling. Sparks had got storm warnings at noon, but nothing very serious.

At six o'clock, four bells, the barometer began to fall. The wind had whipped up to a young gale and was now hooting and whistling through the rigging and about the superstructure. The ship began to go into a fore and aft pitch and shipped her first sea over the foc's'le head in a smother of sudsy foam. Gloomy twilight was rapidly deepening to gloomier darkness and overhead the sky brooded. The smoke from the funnel, driven by a quarter wind, billowed down about the bridge, and the canvas wind-dodger rapped and drummed

violently. Drone stood braced in the lee of the chart-house, roving his jet eyes out over the sea and up across the darkening heavens. White-crested rollers were running up against the ship's quarter, and the wind, increasing with the moments, clipped off foamy spindrift and flung it hissing across the after well-deck.

The bosun and a couple of seamen were up forward putting extra lashings on the yellow cargo booms which now lay horizontal, resting in their wooden chocks at the break of the bridge deck. The cook looked out at the galley door with mildly disapproving eyes, and the mess-boy, his arms loaded with steaming dishes, steered a crooked course for the saloon, while the steward trailed him carrying a huge metal bowl of soup. The yellow masts began to reel in greater and wider arcs, and the funnel guys amidships creaked and strained. Two seamen were clapping boards into place on the bunker hatch just forward of the galley, and on the after well-deck two more were hastily gathering up odds and ends that lay about. The chief engineer came out of the deckhouse to the runway overlooking the after well-deck and was promptly drenched with a sheet of wind flung sea spray. Cursing, he stepped back inside and slammed the door behind him. Aft on the poop-deck a seaman was gathering in some underwear which somebody had hung out to dry.

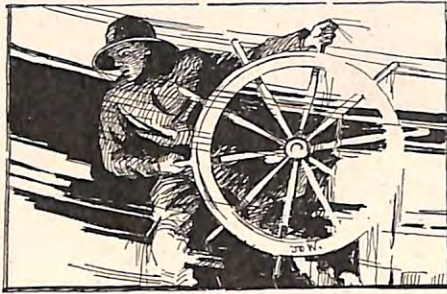
**T**HE seas grew in height, booming up on the port quarter. The ship buried her bow, and when she did this the stern rose high, and the propeller raced clear of the water. Below, a man was stationed to throttle down every time the stern lifted, but even so the engines raced madly, and the entire vessel throbbed like a frightened animal. When her bow came up, heaving with it a foc's'le head of snarling sea water, the stern pitched down and the propeller dug in savagely.

Black night crept over the ocean like a portentous shadow, and lights shone on the ship. A lookout, wrapped in oilskins, crouched on the foc's'le head and buried his chin hard on his chest every time the sea smashed over the bow.

Martin was in Ellefsen's room, adding his own blanket to the one that already covered the second mate. Ellefsen had gone down with amazing swiftness, as strong men sometimes do, and he was too weak now to even lift a finger. It was pure agony when he coughed, and he coughed often, his calloused hands clutching at his chest as if seeking to tear out the pain. And the anguish on his rugged face was peculiarly reflected in that of Martin too, who had to stand by in mental agony because there was nothing more he could do, and he so wanted to do something else to ease the man. The steward came in to see if he might be of some assistance, and Martin said, "Nothing, I guess. But stay with him a while." He looked at his watch. "It's ten to eight. I go on soon."

His own room was directly opposite the second mate's and he did not have to go outside to reach it. Inside, he stood spread-legged against the reel and pitch of the ship while he shrugged into his pea-jacket and then drew over that his oilskins. The likeness of Nancy swung and rattled against the bulkhead, but Nancy regarded him serenely, smiling sweetly, as Nancy always did.

He heard the mad roar of the wind in the little mushroom-like ventilator in the ceiling, the terrific pound of it against the steel wall of the deckhouse. And then





quite suddenly there was a new sound added to all the bedlam—the lash and beat of raw sleet ringing against the glass ports.

Inside Martin there was a peculiar sensation of emptiness, way down in the pit of his stomach. Only last night he had hoped against hope that some occasion would arise that would prove to himself just how much makings he had within him. His half-formed wish seemed to be materializing now, and a vague dread hung motionless in his heart. Martin did not know himself, was not sure of himself. He was not afraid of material things; he was not afraid of the sea nor of the storm, but he was afraid of himself.

LURCHING back and forth, he pulled on his boots and then strapped on his sou'wester. From his desk he took a dog-eared copy of Tait's Seamanship, flipped the pages nervously to Laws of Storms, and read disjointedly, read passages which he could repeat almost word for word. He glanced at the clock and saw it was almost eight bells. He thrust the book into his pocket, drew up his collar, went out and down the short corridor that led to the deck. He had to heave his weight against the door and as he stepped out the driving sleet clattered against his rubber coat and bit at his face. The terrific wind ripped the door from his grasp and banged it shut violently.

The ship took a sudden petulant lunge and Martin brought up hard against the windward bulwarks. A tattered wave crest banged him across the shoulders and staggered him as he weaved toward the ladder leading to the lower bridge. He toiled up this, lurched the short distance to the next ladder and climbed on up to the open, sleet-driven navigating bridge. He saw dimly the chief mate hunched in the lee wing peering with his glasses over the starboard bow. He pitched over to him, shook his arm, and the mate, after a moment, turned a reddened, ice-sheeted face, leaned closer and shouted, "Just spotted Winter-quarter Light . . . two points . . . starboard bow." He thrust the glasses into Martin's hands and leveled an arm into the darkness.

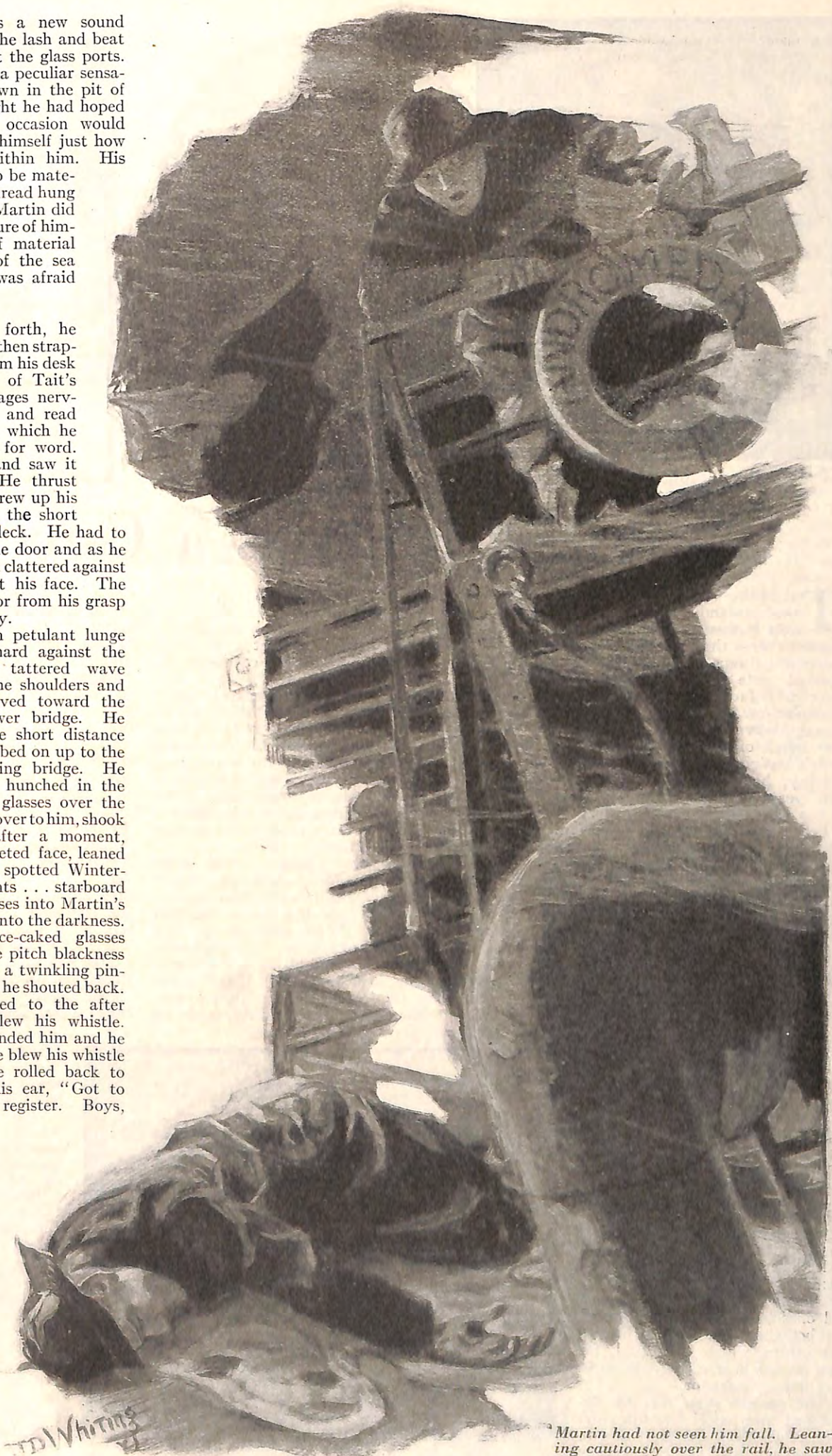
Martin clamped the ice-caked glasses against his eyes, swept the pitch blackness and finally settled them on a twinkling pinpoint of light. "See . . . it!" he shouted back.

The chief mate stumbled to the after rail of the bridge and blew his whistle. Smoke and sleet almost blinded him and he swore under his breath. He blew his whistle again. After a minute he rolled back to Martin and yelled near his ear, "Got to go . . . aft . . . read the register. Boys, can't hear . . . guess."

Martin nodded and Drone slid down the ladder. When he returned he roared, "Dammit, we've done only . . . thirty - one knots . . . last four hours. . . . Damn this sailing in ballast!"

He wheeled away to the chart-room to write the incidents of his watch in the log-book. While he was in there the wheelman rang off eight bells. Another wheelman, come from aft to relieve him, loomed out of the

(Continued on page 40)



<sup>a</sup> Martin had not seen him fall. Leaning cautiously over the rail, he saw the mate lying crumpled at the base



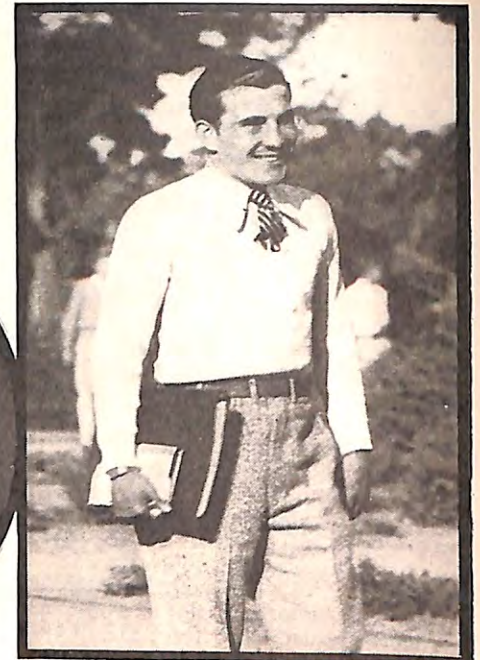


BROWN BROS.

John L. Sullivan and Gene Tunney



BROWN BROS.



P. &amp; A. PHOTOS

Fidel La Barba

## Prize-fighting as a Career

By W. O. McGeehan

THE prize-fight industry has become big business and a comparatively respectable business. More or less accurate statistics show that Tex Rickard during his career as a promoter, which started in 1906, handled gate receipts aggregating \$10,000,000. Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion for seven years, is credited with having drawn close to \$4,000,000. Just how much of this he has retained is nobody's business but Mr. Dempsey's. Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion for only two years, retired with something like \$1,500,000.

Lesser lights in the less important divisions have made substantial sums from this growing industry. Benny Leonard, the second lightweight champion to retire undefeated has something like \$500,000 in very good bonds. Luis Angel Firpo, who almost became heavyweight champion, has settled down in the Argentine Republic with more than half a million dollars, which translated into Argentine pesos makes him a South American millionaire.

There are three departments in which money is to be made from what I have been accustomed to call the cauliflower industry. There is the actual fighting. There is the promoting, and there is the light but very lucrative business of managing the prize-fighters. William Gibson, who managed Benny Leonard and afterward Gene Tunney, was most successful in this branch of the game. So was Jack Kearns, who once shared all of the Dempsey earnings on a fifty-fifty basis.

Of course there is the other side, the punch drunk fighters, penniless and "walking on their heels" as they say. The successful ones in this game are few and far between. You do not hear of the others, which is natural, for you do not hear of the failures in any line of endeavor.

The modern prize ring has developed two very romantic and successful characters, successful in diverging paths, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. It seems in-

credible that two such different types should have held the same title and conquered the same game.

Of Benjamin Franklin it is related that he arrived in Philadelphia practically penniless, and that he made his first frugal meal there of a couple of apples. In the romance of Jack Dempsey this legend can be matched. He arrived at Philadelphia with his younger brother, John, some ten years ago. They had crawled out from under a freight car in the railroad yards, and were slinking through a side street.

They both were hungry. The elder brother searched his pockets and found three pennies. He bought three apples, and the Dempsey brothers made their first meal on these. Some eight years later Jack Dempsey arrived in Philadelphia to fight Gene Tunney and his share of the gate receipts was to be something like \$750,000 win, lose or draw. He was then heavyweight champion of the world, with an

estate in Hollywood, and the husband of one of the best known of the motion picture actresses. In addition he was a millionaire.

Gene Tunney, discharged from the United States Marine Corps, found that his job as shipping clerk had been lost with other things during the world war. In France he had developed a knack for boxing which he had taken up in a boys' club in Greenwich Village. I know of one priest who advised strongly against it, and told him that there was no future at all for him in that game.

PERHAPS Gene Tunney, who disregarded this advice, recalled the tale they tell of Leach Cross, who was Dr. Lew Wallack, a dentist. His family deploring his taking up prize-fighting in a serious way, bemoaned the fact that he was neglecting the profession for which they had educated him. They were quoted as having said, "A dentist—that's a business. A box-fighter—that is not a business."

But Leach Cross performed what they called a Jekyll and Hyde. He discarded the name of Dr. Lew Wallack and became Leach Cross, the prize-fighter. He never was champion in his class but he was a canny business man in the ring. When he retired he had accumulated several hundred thousand dollars, which was more than he might have acquired in the same length of time as a struggling dentist.

Jess Willard was a struggling farmer and horse-trader in Kansas, with quite a large family. It occurred to him that he might capitalize his bulk and take up the promising game of prize-fighting, which was much less complicated and arduous than farming, and horse-trading. Also it was much more lucrative. That was the time they were sounding the clarion call for a "white hope" to step forward and bring back the championship to the white race.

Willard announced himself as the white hope. There was some skepticism. James J. Johnston,



P. &amp; A. PHOTOS

Benny Leonard and his mother



supposed to be one of the most astute of the prize-fight managers, turned Willard from his door, and to this day kicks himself every time he recalls that sorrowful circumstance.

Willard did prove to be the white hope and accumulated close to half a million dollars before he finally was read out of the prize-fight game. He is now a prosperous realtor in Southern California, but the foundation of his fortune was the prize-fight business. And after Willard came the platinum era of the great industry, with the million-dollar gates and the entrance of the cauliflower business into the New York Stock Exchange.

There was, of course, John L. Sullivan, the Great. Though Sullivan lived long before the platinum era of the fight industry, the financiers of the game estimate that Sullivan earned a million dollars, and a million dollars in the time of Sullivan meant much more than it does to-day. Of course he did not earn it all in the ring, for the largest purse for which Sullivan fought was \$25,000, and he got not a cent of this. The winner took all in those days.

John L. Sullivan got nothing for losing the heavyweight championship but a broken spirit. Jack Dempsey got something like \$750,000 for losing the same title. The game has been put on a strictly business basis since big business men began to realize its financial possibilities.

My theory is that Tunney took up the career of prize-fighting cold-bloodedly and with no illusions concerning the game and no deep yearning for it. In fact, he has admitted this on several occasions. He was a young man with a yearning for what some would call "the better things of life." He reached the conclusion, as an honorably discharged marine with no job, that these "better things of life" required money.

It appeared to him that the quickest and easiest way to get the necessary money would be to become heavyweight champion, collect a few million-dollar purses, and then discard



Luis Angel Firpo

the game entirely for those "better things." He was not altogether mercenary or he would have remained a prize-fighter until he had taken from the game all that it could give. He was not temperamentally a fighter of the killer type. He was like a miner going into the desert to "make his pile and quit." He had the force of character to quit when he had made his pile.

For what is called the sporting life, Tunney had something like contempt, which caused the "sporting fraternity" to classify Tunney as a high-hat so-an-so, according to the degree in which the person calling the name was resentful. But Tunney had mapped out his own career and he followed the chartings of his will.

OF ALL the prize-fighters I know, I think that Tunney is the only one who entered the game deliberately and with a purpose. All of the others entered it accidentally or because their temperaments drew them into it. As a youngster Jack Dempsey had no urge for the prize-ring. He discovered accidentally that he could fight, and a string of managers did the rest. But once in the game it appealed to Dempsey, whose tastes are decidedly different from those of Tunney.

I hardly think that you ever will see Tunney near a prize-ring again. But you will find Dempsey at every ringside he can reach. The environment into which he stumbled has claimed him and will hold him to the last. The ring is his career, now and forever.

It is only recently that young men of the more intelligent type are considering the ring seriously. There was the case of Monte Munn, a graduate of the University of Nebraska, an attorney and a member of the Nebraska legislature. He had been a for-

midable football player at college and felt that he had the physical assets that might make him a heavyweight champion or at any rate bring him near enough to the championship to make him financially independent in a few years. He had some mental assets, too, but while he did not feel that these would be of any great help in the fight game, he concluded that they would not hamper him to any great extent.

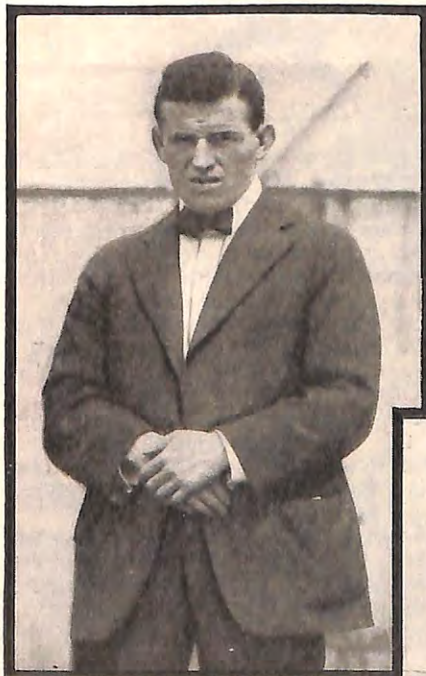
I remember talking to Munn about his brother Wayne, also a University of Nebraska graduate and an ex-football player. Wayne failed as a prize-fighter and took up wrestling, which raised something of a laugh.

"BUT my brother Wayne has two hundred thousand in the bank which he made out of two years of wrestling," said Monte Munn. "Laugh that off." Since then Gus Sonneberg, a graduate of Dartmouth, has become heavyweight wrestling champion of the world, and while he may not attain the estate of a millionaire he will end his wrestling career with much more money than he possibly could have accumulated selling bonds, like most of the ex-football heroes.

There was the case of Albert Lassman of New York University, who also was the intercollegiate heavyweight boxing champion. It was his intention after being graduated from New York University and after he had played his last football game as captain of the team to take up prize-fighting as a career. Arrangements had been made for him to go under the management of Jimmy Bronson, who seconded Tunney in all of his big fights, as soon as he got his sheepskin.

Experts, who had seen Lassman box in the intercollegiate bouts, were inclined to believe that he had a fair chance of becoming heavyweight champion. All of the managers in the country were trying to tie him up to a contract.

But in the game with Carnegie Tech last  
(Continued on page 46)



INTERNATIONAL NEWS  
Packey McFarland



P. & A. PHOTOS



P. & A. PHOTOS  
Jess Willard

Leach Cross with his wife and daughter



# Heirs of the Medicine Man

By Arthur Chapman

Drawings by George Shanks

THE "crooked jam" was on, in a Middle Western manufacturing town.

A salesman of the high-pressure type was making a successful appeal to a street-corner crowd. Idle curiosity had given place to attentive interest, all because the salesman in the automobile had taken on the aspect of a philanthropist who was going to hand out something for nothing. In adjoining doorways were merchants who had been wondering why their own business had not been better, but who were soon to be disabused of the idea that the public was keeping an exceptionally tight hold on its purse strings.

"Gentlemen," said the salesman in the automobile, "I represent five different concerns of national prominence. One of these firms is the Cuban Ore Metals Company. This company is engaged in the manufacture of jewelry from Cuban gold—a wonderful new metal just discovered in Cuba. This metal looks like gold and wears better than gold, though, of course, it has not the intrinsic value of gold. It is the aim of the company which I represent to popularize this marvelous metal—the discovery of the ages—to make its virtues known to every man, woman and child in this broad land. I can see at a glance that most of you are intelligent, home loving men—just the type which we desire to reach in this nationwide advertising campaign. Understand, gentlemen, that advertising is the sole and only reason for my appearance before you to-day. And the only way I can effectively advertise this wonderful new product is to let you put it to the test yourselves. With that object in view, gentlemen, I am distributing these rings of Cuban gold among you. Wear them yourselves, or take them home to your wives or sweethearts."

Here the salesman reaches into a folding case—technically known among his fraternity as a "keister"—and picks up a handful of cheap, flashy rings of some metal gilded into a semblance of gold. With a gesture which is superbly careless, he tosses the rings into the crowd.

There is a rush for the rings. The man in the automobile is about to toss out more, when he pauses suddenly and bends a darkly scowling glance on an individual in the audience—a "shillaber," or helper, of course.

"What's this I hear?" asks the salesman, the raucous note in his voice becoming intensified, owing to righteous anger. "Mr. Pokey-Nose out there says anybody can give rings away, but it takes a real salesman to sell them. You good people out there know Mr. Pokey-Nose and all of his type. They have their noses in everybody's business. Their souls are small and suspicious, and their pocketbooks are tied with string and barb wire."

There is a laugh at the expense of Mr. Pokey-Nose.

In the excitement of hearing somebody "bawled out," the crowd presses closer.

"Well, I'll just show Mr. Pokey-Nose," continues the salesman, his indignation mounting and his voice becoming more metallic. "I'll show him that there are real people out there—broad-minded, liberal men who are not of his caliber. 'Who'll give me ten cents for one of these beautiful rings of Cuban gold? They're worth much more than that. True I have been giving them away, but now I'm going to sell some at this ridiculous price, just to prove to Mr. Pokey-Nose, who wouldn't buy a five-dollar gold piece for a nickel, that there are people in this world who know a good thing when they see it.'"

Several "shills" in the audience buy rings at ten cents a piece. So do some who are not "shills."

The salesman is triumphant.

"I guess that will prove to Mr. Pokey-Nose that I am a salesman," he announced. "And now, good people, I have a surprise for you. Who was the first man to buy one of these rings and who was the last?"

Two in the crowd hold up their hands.

"Fine!" says the salesman. "The Good Book says that the last shall be first and the first last. Here, Mr. Last Man, is your money back, and here, Mr. First Man, is yours. Now will the others who bought rings please step this way."

The crowd looks on in amazement as those who bought rings are given their money back. The man in the automobile must be some millionaire with an odd and pleasing turn for philanthropy.

"If you are willing

to spend a dime," says the salesman, "you are responsible. My aim is to eliminate the grasping and the avaricious. Now that we understand each other, I wish to introduce another article of even greater value, and understand that this, also, is being done purely from an advertising standpoint."

Cheap knives are passed out at a quarter, and the money is given back to the purchasers. The crowd is getting more interested by the minute.

The salesman then picks up his own watch from the case and explains that it is full jeweled, will resist extremes of heat and cold, and is "synchronized to every movement of the body."

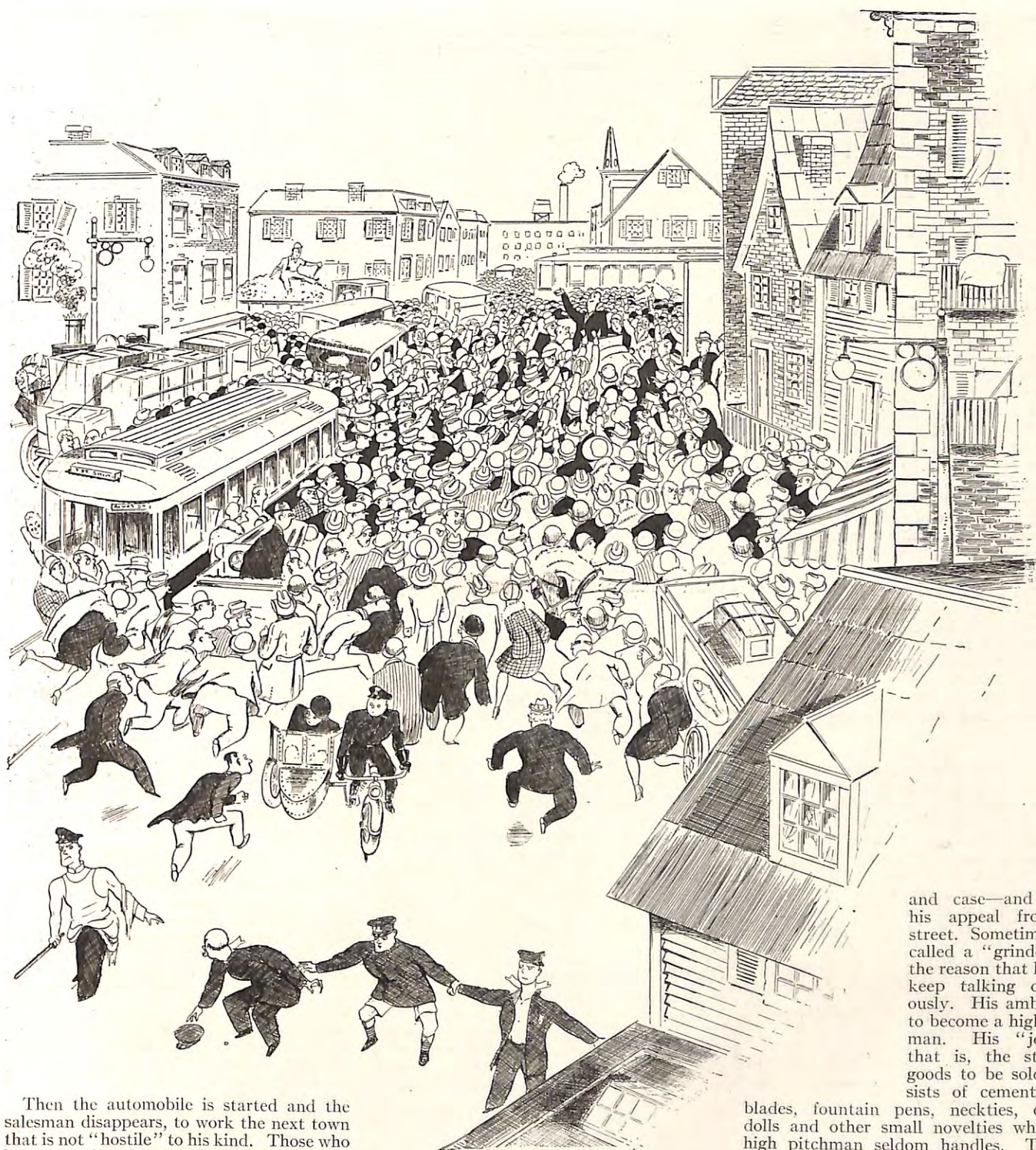
Then from the case he passes out cheap watches at \$2 apiece. There is no direct promise to refund money in this sale. In fact the salesman is careful to say, after the last watch has been bought: "Are you satisfied? I have your money and you have this beautiful watch. Does this suit you?"

Even as the purchasers nod affirmatively, they are expecting the announcement that money will be refunded. But the salesman folds his case and pockets the bills that have showered in upon him and says:

"If you are satisfied, gentlemen, so am I. Just tell your friends that at seven o'clock to-night I will be opposite the court-house, with more articles to advertise."







Then the automobile is started and the salesman disappears, to work the next town that is not "hostile" to his kind. Those who have bought the worthless watches also disappear, to escape the jibes of their townsmen.

**T**HE "advertising man" in the automobile was in reality a pitchman, and the crowd was made the victim of the "jam"—a game which has led to stringent regulations barring all itinerant salesmen from some communities but which, in other towns, is still taking many thousands of dollars out of the pockets of the unsuspecting.

There are several hundred pitchmen in the United States—heirs of the old-time medicine men who sold their Indian remedies under the flare of gasoline torches. These men are making anywhere from \$1,000 a week to a meager living, selling health books, medicines, astrology books, sex books, watches, fountain pens, razors and novelties of various sorts. Probably not over 500 of these salesmen will qualify as genuine pitch-

men. The others are drifters who lack the personality and the persuasive powers necessary to make a success of the business.

There are high pitchmen and low pitchmen, and the class distinction is rigidly observed. The high pitchman makes his "pitch," or sales talk, from an automobile in pleasant weather, and in winter he rents a vacant store building and carries on from there. He is the aristocrat of the sales game. The chances are that he owns a home somewhere and has his children in college and money in the bank. He is worldly wise to the last degree and knows mass psychology better than many noted authors who have written books on the subject. He senses the whims and moods of crowds and plays on human emotions with the sure touch of a master.

The low pitchman has no automobile. He sets up his "tripes and keister"—tripod

and case—and makes his appeal from the street. Sometimes he is called a "grinder," for the reason that he must keep talking continuously. His ambition is to become a high pitchman. His "joint"—that is, the stock of goods to be sold—consists of cement, razor

blades, fountain pens, neckties, dancing dolls and other small novelties which the high pitchman seldom handles. The low pitchman's "run-ins" with the police are frequent. Often he does not trouble himself to get a "reader," or license, and he must keep an eye out for the approach of "John Law," the trade name for policeman or constable.

The pitchmen have an organization. It is called the National Pitchmen and Salesmen's Protective Association. The principal lodges are in Cincinnati, Chicago, Denver and Los Angeles, with headquarters of the grand lodge in the last named city. At last year's convention in Cincinnati, there were twenty-one States represented. The main object of the association is to combat the hundred different ways in which the pitchmen claim they are being harassed legally, near-legally and illegally. Also it is hoped to bring the pitchmen together and eliminate the professional jealousies and differences of opinion which sometimes lead to actual physical encounter.





Take the case of Jud Bosworth, an A-One pitchman who was selling salts in a small manufacturing town in Indiana. The town was "hostile" to the extent that only one pitchman could be licensed at a time. Jud had his "reader" and was booming merrily along of a Saturday afternoon, with every prospect of making a killing. He had a good-sized "push," as a crowd is termed, and was just about to "turn the joint," which means to sell out his stock, when along comes another pitchman, furious because Jud had such a good field all to himself. What does the other pitchman do but rush down the street and turn on the fire alarm! It was a town with a volunteer fire department, and if Jud had been holding a stop "super," or watch, in his hand, instead of a package of salts, he could have established his claim that in a fraction less than two seconds there was nobody left of his audience but three citizens who were so rheumatic that they could not run and two others who were so deaf that they did not hear the fire alarm.

IT IS such unprofessional conduct that the N. P. S. P. A. is trying to do away with—also the practice of turning to the "jam," which has been described, instead of legitimate sales. But the "jam" brings in such easy money that some of the pitchmen can't give it up, even when it is proved to them that they are killing the goose that lays the "auriferous aig." The "jam" proponents cannot be shaken by the argument that their fame is in such disfavor that it has closed scores of towns and even some states to all forms of pitching.

"The 'jam' as it is worked to-day is nothing to the way we worked it in the old circus days," said a veteran pitchman. "We'd get a big push to see an outdoor act that was going to open the show. Maybe Madame Gazella was going to make a high dive into a tank. Before the little lady would get up and give the advertising talk and start handing money back. He'd give back the money, mostly to shills, on 25- and 50-cent articles that would lead him to the 'dollar jam.' Then he would ask who would give a dollar for an article of the greatest value—an article that every man or woman found use for many times a day and that even children yearned for, from three years of age upward. Before this wonderful article was produced it took hours of labor to secure the effect it achieved instantly. You wouldn't take hundreds of dollars for it if you couldn't get another in time of emergency. Fifty or a hundred hands

would go up. You'd think it was a school and teacher had asked how many pupils wanted to go home for the rest of the day. When the dollars were handed in, the jam man handed around matches, one for each dollar. Just ordinary matches, mind you. Then, before the crowd could catch its breath, the jam man would say that he was going to make a present to those men who had shown their faith and their broad-mindedness by handing in their dollars. The contributors all think they are going to get their dollars back, but what happens? They are handed another match apiece—that's all.

"You'd think the show would be wrecked and the jam man ridden out of town on a rail, but that's because you don't know human nature. Listen to what happened right at the climax. A shill in front bursts out laughing when he gets his second match. 'By golly!' hollers the shill, 'that's a clever joke. It's worth paying a dollar for a trick like that.'

"A few others who have tossed in their dollars begin to laugh in a sickly way, and then, before they can get good and sore, the barker yells: 'Watch Madame Gazella in her death-defying leap!' Everybody rubbers when Madame Gazella makes her jump. By the time she has come up out of the tank, the jammer has folded his stripes and keister and has blown.

"That's what you might call a rough jam, and nothing like it is being played to-day. The worst they get now is the Cuban gold trick, or maybe they pay fifty cents or a dollar apiece for spoons or table knives and forks made out of a wonderful new white metal. The man who is putting over the jam cuts one of those articles in two, just to prove that it is white metal all through. He uses rough tinner's shears, which bend the edges of the plating so the cut looks smooth and white and you can't see the worthless metal inside. If the buyer parts with his dollar for a tin lumpy

(watch) he gets a present of a dangler and shiv (chain and knife) to soothe his feelings. If he buys a razor he gets a valuable present in the form of a styptic pencil.

"You've got to remember that the people who fall for the jam are victims, in a way, of their own avariciousness. They are expecting to get something for nothing. They have had money paid back to them once or twice and they expect the jam worker to keep right on gypping himself. When they put up dimes and quarters and get them back they think they are overreaching the other fellow. When they put up the final dollar and fail to get that back, they find that they are the ones who have been overreached, and really they are not entitled to much sympathy. However, I'm against the jam, and so is every real pitchman. There's enough money to be made through legitimate sales, if a pitchman knows his job."

THAT an amazingly large business in the aggregate is carried on by these roving vendors is shown by the number of concerns that depend in the main upon pitchmen's sales.

In Columbus, O., there is a patent medicine manufacturing company, with a plant an entire block in extent which sells only to pitchmen. Goods are forwarded in gross lots, with the pitchman's name on the wrapping of every bottle.

Twenty years ago or more a pitchman wandered into a drug store in a town in the Middle West. He glanced appraisingly at the druggist's stock.

"Doc," said the pitchman, "you've got a lot of bottles here, full of all kinds of chemicals and what not. If you can shake me up some new kind of medicine, I'll go out and sell it and we'll both make money."

The druggist was a clever fellow, with his ear attuned to Opportunity's faintest knock.

"Not a bad idea," he said. "We'll see what we can fix up."

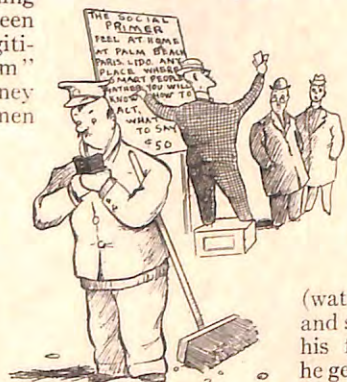
The druggist and the pitchman worked together, mixing various kinds of materials from sundry bottles. They finally produced something which was not unpleasant to taste and had a lot of "kick" to it. They gave the concoction a name—long familiar in the realm of patent medicines—and they had labels printed. The pitchman went out and sold the new medicine. He and the druggist prospered and, when

they sold out, that medicine—the result of an itinerant pitchman's idle quest—was taken over by a corporation capitalized at \$1,000,000.

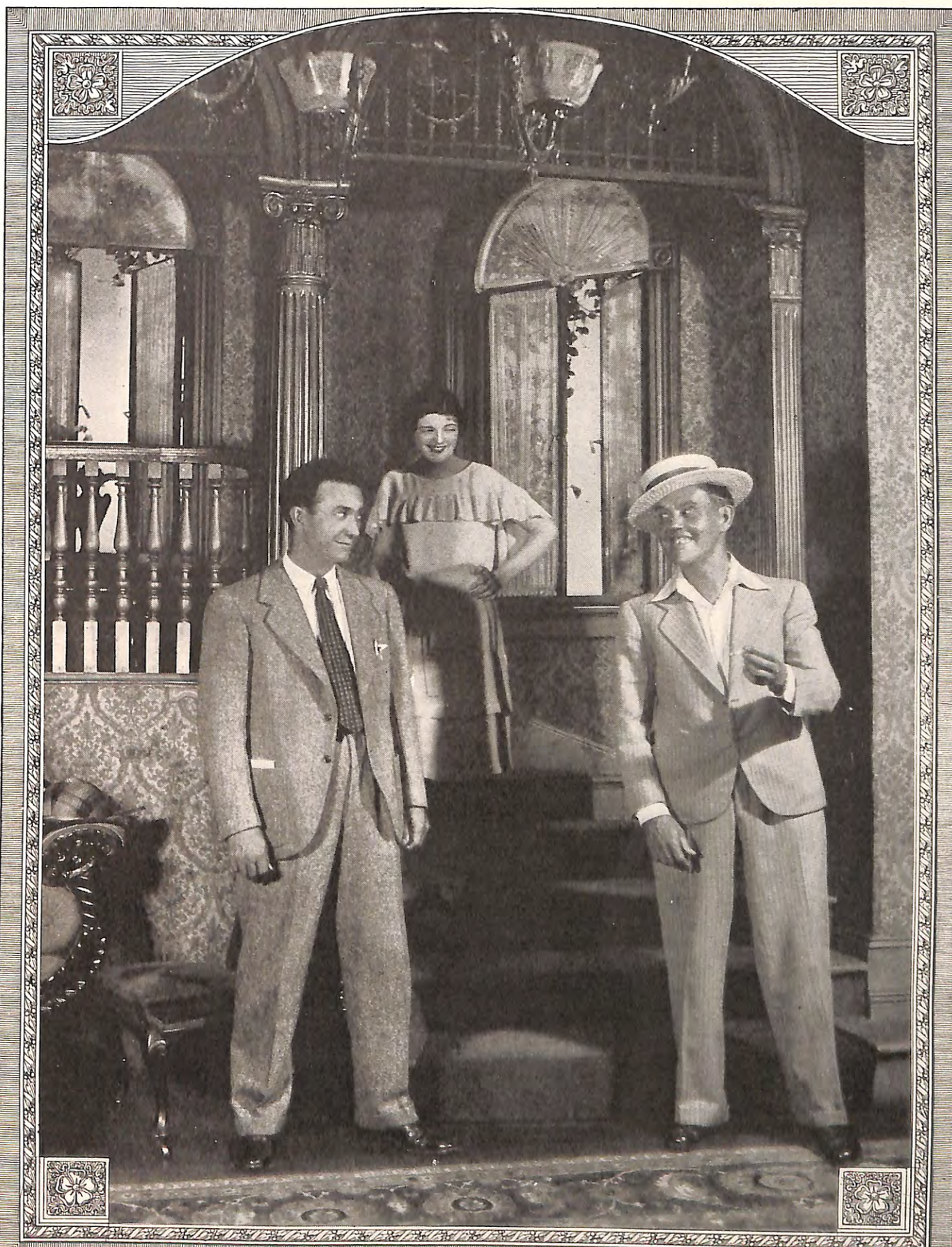
In the lower Broadway district of New York there are novelty companies which cater largely to pitchmen. There are similar concerns in Chicago and other large cities. Manufacturers and importers have found out that in many cases pitchmen can popularize small articles which might remain dead on the shelves if introduced through stores.

A few months ago a New York importer of novelties found himself "stuck" with a large order of combination opera glasses, compass and mirror which had been brought from Austria and could be sold at a big profit for fifty cents at retail. There was no response when this novelty was offered through regular trade channels. The importer interested the pitchmen. The "grinders" and high pitchmen used their eloquence in describing the novelty and soon the entire shipment was disposed of and more were ordered.

Pitchmen always like to carry three or four sales products of varying degrees of cost, to give variety to their "joint," or  
(Continued on page 50)







*Minor Watson, Mildred McCoy and Sidney Toler*

FLORENCE VANDAMM

**L**AURENCE E. JOHNSON'S comedy "It's a Wise Child" scores as the first comedy hit of the season. It's full of mirth and bright lines and is greatly enhanced by the acting, not only of the trio pictured here, but likewise by Leila Bennett who threatens on several occasions to run away with the show.

Cool Kelley, the iceman (Sidney Toler) is suspected of having seduced the maid in the home of Joyce Stanton (Mildred McCoy). When hard pressed by her elderly and unloved fiance, Joyce claims a similar mishap in order to break the engagement. Complications ensue with a comedy punch at the end—E. R. B.





The talkies are bringing to Dolores Costello (above), most recently seen as "The Madonna of Avenue A," new opportunity for exploiting her varied talents. In "Hearts in Exile," a drama of modern revolutionary Russia which will be released sometime this winter, Miss Costello will sing several songs especially written for the part. The cast is a long one including such well-known names as James Kirkwood, Olive Tell, David Torrence and George Fawcett. One more play is on Dolores' calendar for this year—a drama entitled "Fame," for which the supporting cast has not yet been selected

Eddie Buzzell's first appearance in the pictures will be as a jockey in the title rôle of "Little Johnny Jones," an adaptation of George Cohan's stage success of a number of seasons ago, "Give My Regards to Broadway." The story is one which will give ample scope for the dancing, singing and clowning that have endeared Mr. Buzzell to musical comedy audiences throughout the country



PHOTOS BY  
VANDAMM

With only one picture, "Innocents of Paris," to his credit since he came from France, Maurice Chevalier is slated for the lead in "The Love Parade," billed as the screen's first original operetta. With the opportunities for dashing acting, comedy and singing which the story affords, Mr. Chevalier should put the lasting stamp of approval on the instant popularity he won in the earlier picture. The book supplied by Guy Bolton also contains rôles for Jeanette MacDonald, Lupino Lane and Lillian Roth



To the right is pictured a dramatically moving moment in "Young Nowheres", one of the new fall crop of talking pictures. I. A. R. Wiley, whose stories have a widespread popularity, wrote the scenario for this human interest drama in which the popular Dick Barthelmess and Marion Nixon (shown here) play the leading parts

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



This is Irene Bordoni (left) whose appearance in "Paris", her stage success of last season, marks her debut in the talkies. It is an elaborate performance, part in color, in which Miss Bordoni sings some of the hits of the stage play such as "Let's Do It" and "Land of Going to Be" in her well known seductive way. For leading man she has that fine, long-legged English comedian, Jack Buchanan, who came to America with the first "Charlot's Revue"



The lovely Marilyn Miller (right) is busy in Hollywood these days where she is completing a talking picture of the memorable musical comedy success "Sally". The picture will be released about November and among the prominent members of the cast will be Joe Brown, well known on the stage and last seen in the picture "On With the Show"; Jack Duffy; T. Roy Barnes; Pert Kelton, an erstwhile glorified Ziegfeld girl; and Alexander Grey who starred in "The Desert Song"

PHOTOS BY  
VANDAMM





# The Deep Yellow

By George Creel

Illustrated by Oscar F. Howard

ALL the way from the Pennsylvania Station to Stelton, that Jersey way-station where transcontinental air passengers alighted for Hadley Field, young Willie Cadorgan searched his soul for new words with which to give old arguments greater persuasiveness. They couldn't live without money, now could they? And if they married in New York, it was a cinch that the Old Man would never come across with a red cent. That's the way he was. One of the best, but awful hardboiled when he got his hackles up. And his telegram certainly left no doubt as to where he stood and what he wanted. A home wedding or they needn't bother writing home.

"But it's nothing to worry about, honey-bunch," insisted Willie to an accompaniment of tender little hand pats. "The minute they lay eyes on you, it's all over except the rice and old shoes. Anything I say goes with Mom, an' Pop's just got that old-fashioned prejudice against chorus girls."

"Chorus girls?" echoed Miss Veronia Montclair, her professional coo perceptibly tinged with acid. "How do you get that way? I've got lines, haven't I?"

"Sure you got lines." Willie was instant in his agreement. "And if the star wasn't jealous, you'd have had a whole lot more than two. What I mean—"

"I don't like this aeroplane stuff," she interrupted, reverting to what was evidently an established grievance. "The trains are still running, ain't they? What's the big idea, anyway? I don't get it."

"You know as much about it as I do," the boy protested, although somewhat wearily. "Pop's wire sendin' the money said for us to take the mail plane and come right through. You saw it."

"Yes, and what else did he say?" Again Miss Montclair's voice broke away from its ladylike modulations. "That a three-thousand-mile hop shouldn't bother a girl who is willing to take a chance on marrying a Yale junior she'd only known for a week."

"Maybe he is a little sore," Willie admitted. "You see, Veronia, never having had any education himself, he was dead set on my going through college. Most fathers are that way. I reckon quitting to get married did hand him quite a jolt. But just one look at you is going to fix things, sweetheart. Pop's sure to give us a trip to China and Japan for our honeymoon, and then he'll make me a partner or European representative or something like that. Come on now, baby," he coaxed. "Be a sport."

"All right, boofuls." By a powerful effort Miss Montclair recaptured the infantile chirp that went with her golden curls and round blue eyes. "But you mustn't get cross with an itsy bitsy dirl for being a teenty weenty nervous."

"It's safe as a rocking chair," Willie declared in the masterful tones that befitted a Wonder Boy. "All the pilots are old Army flyers, and they don't know what it is to have an accident. Pop never travels any other way between San Francisco and New York."

Relapsing into silence, Miss Montclair cuddled close and remembered hopefully that the Hadley Field authorities reserved the right to cancel passenger bookings at the last moment for any one of a number of reasons. Unhappily for her apprehensions, however, the saturnine gentleman admitted that the weather reports were free from threat of storm and fog, and that the mail was fairly light, although he didn't know about Cleveland.

"The bus can only carry two thousand pounds," he explained, "and you may have to pile out. But if you want to take the chance, it's all right by me."

Miss Montclair opened her mouth to assert that it was far from all right by her, but on catching sight of Willie's boyish face, pink with excitement and enthusiasm, she decided against further remonstrances, and sought solace in her exact knowledge that Cadorgan senior was worth fifteen millions

if he was worth a penny. All the same, ran her bitter meditations, she was a boob for not having married Willie out of hand, and run the risk of Daddy turning tight. This flying business was certainly a sucker play.

"Better put on these helmets," advised the field manager. "And here are your parachutes," he added, lugging forward two heavy bundles of weather-beaten canvas. "This is the ring to pull," he pointed out after adjusting the heavy bands to Miss Montclair's slender form. "All you've got to do is to count five before you jerk it. Now don't forget that. Open up before you're clear and the tail wing is liable to cut your ropes."

"How do you jump?" asked Willie, patting himself into shape with fond gestures.

"Feet first, of course," answered the pilot, a stocky sunburned young fellow who stood idly yawning while the hangar men rolled out his plane.

"WHAT'S that?" Another pilot, with a distinctly contentious face, inserted himself into the conversation. "Feet first? Say, don't you want to give 'em a chance at all? Lissen, friend," he said, turning to Willie. "You take off head first. A regular dive. Stand up for a jump an' the wind'll blow you back."

"A dive, huh?" The stocky one sneered his contempt. "I know two guys who—"

"That settles it!" Miss Montclair cut into the discussion loudly and decidedly. "I don't go."

"For the love of Pete!" groaned Willie. "I mighta known something would happen the last minute."

"You heard 'em, didn't you?" she made shrill demand. "Two fellas who make their living at it, and they can't agree on—"

"Now don't go paying any attention to Rusty," interjected the manager, shooting a venomous side-glance at the offender. "He's always trying to stir up arguments and make trouble. Why, lady, there isn't a chance in a thousand that you'll be called upon to use the parachute. It's only a precaution."

Even when this difficulty had been overcome, the open cockpit proved a second hazard, Miss Montclair being strongly of the opinion that a cover should have been provided, nor were her bruised feelings soothed when Willie's insertion of himself showed conclusively that the seat had been built for one passenger only.



"You don't need parachutes out here half as much as you do shoe horns," was her biting comment, but the roar of the engine drowned out further remarks. With all the ease and swiftness of a gull, the plane shot up into the heavens, but scarcely had it lined its flight for the West than Veronia emitted a piercing scream, and clutched frantically at her lover's arm.

"We're stalled," she cried. "The damned thing ain't moving."

"Only about one hundred miles an hour," Willie shouted reassuringly. "That's all we're doing. There's nothing to pass up here—no houses, posts or telegraph poles. That's what makes you think we're not moving."

Still gasping hysterically, the girl closed her eyes, nor would she open them even when New Jersey's southern half offered rich compensation for dreary northern marshes, and the wooded slopes of Pennsylvania flamed with lovely contrasts in greens, golds and kaleidoscopic reds.

"Look down," Willie begged. "It's beautiful, Veronia. Just like a crazy quilt."

"Anything would look crazy from up here," she snapped. "Let me lay, can't you. Do you want to get me sick at my stummick? Mayme Valcourt flew from London to Paris and ruined a hundred-dollar sport suit."

The plane, settling down to its work, droned as lazily as any noonday dragon-fly; the air had the softness of milk, and the Alleghanies, so dreaded by pilots when the gray fogs whirled, were mere mounds of greenery tied with the silver ribbon of countless streams, but not all of Willie's implorations could induce the fair Veronia to lift her lids and share the beauty with him.

CLEVELAND, snuggled in its smoke clouds, was upon them before they knew it, and Willie sank into gloom at the sight of the high-piled mail sacks waiting to be loaded. Stowage space was found without recourse to the passenger cockpit, however, and the new pilot, a slim, handsome, wavy-haired youth, was soon arrowing a swift way along the lake



"You sap!" Veronia's voice broke under its weight of rage. "Oh, you boob! An' look what you've done to my dress!"

rim and straight into the heart of the sun. Ripening wheat and tasselled corn gave color to the flat prairie land, the towns were toy villages, and automobiles marched the highways like a vast ant army, but Miss Montclair resolutely maintained her cataleptic state. Only at Bellefont, a refueling station, did she stir to life and speech.

"What did that bird mean by cutting up all those capers?" was her indignant demand. "Who does he think he is, anyway? Lindbergh or Chamberlin?"

"He was just banking," Willie explained apologetically. "You've got to do that to make a landing."

"An' look at him chewing gum," she continued in the same malignant tone. "All he's got on his mind is a date for Saturday

night. You go tell him to quit showing off. If he wants to make character with these hick girls, let him do it on his own time."

"I can't," objected Willie. "He knows his business better'n we do."

"He'll know a whole lot more if he pulls any circus stuff," Miss Montclair promised ominously. "And just another little thing while we're discussing the facts of life. I'm through with this parachute. The steel rings are right where I sit, and that canvas is made out of cactus leaves. If I'm going to die, I'll die comfortable."

Chicago, reached at sunset, brought some measure of relief from tension, for in addition to the reassurance of solid ground, the landing field was packed with people, gathered to witness the arrival and departure of the planes, and share vicariously in the wonder and adventure of it all. The Darling of Broadway, as she dreamed of being called, ate deeply into her lipstick, threw on a fresh instalment of rouge, and knew a moment of high pride as she preened her way through the crowd.

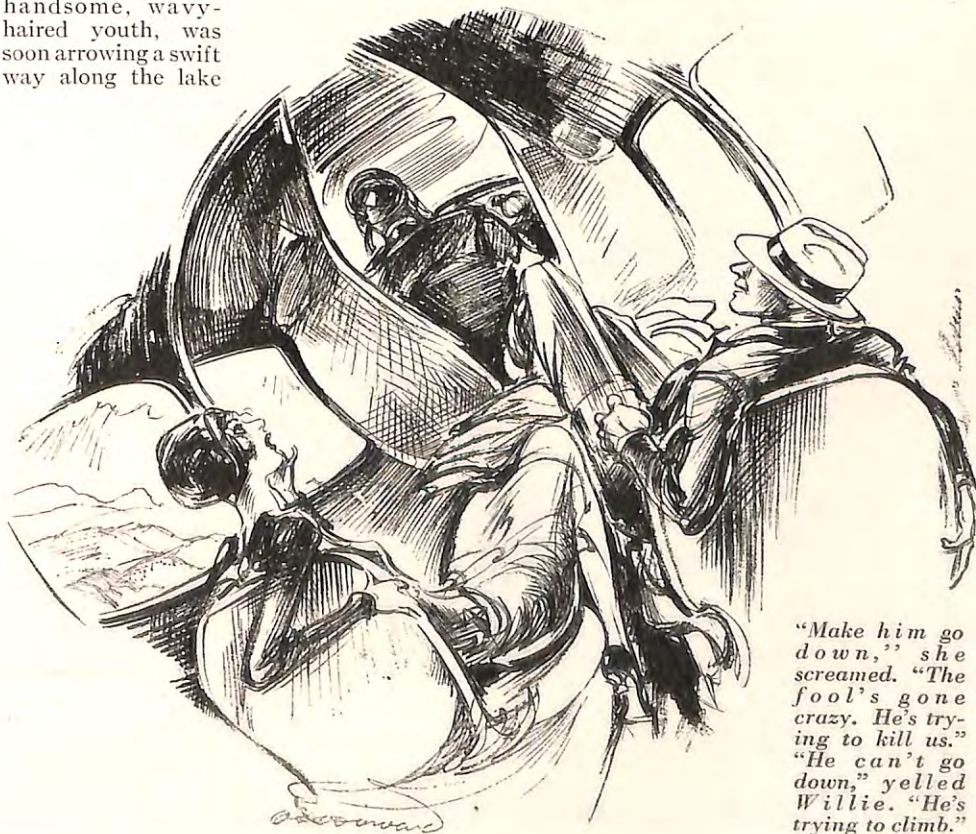
"Gee!" she murmured to herself. "I'll bet these rubes think I'm Ruth Elder or Lady Lindy."

As at Cleveland, however, black clouds came between Willie and the sun, for the Western people were explicit in their statement that no passengers would be accepted. A harassed office man waved despairingly at a mountain of sacks, and assured Willie that the one intelligent course was to motor in to Chicago and take a train.

"DARNED if I know what we'll do if they don't hurry up with the big buses. Since they cut the postage in half, the mail's three times what it was."

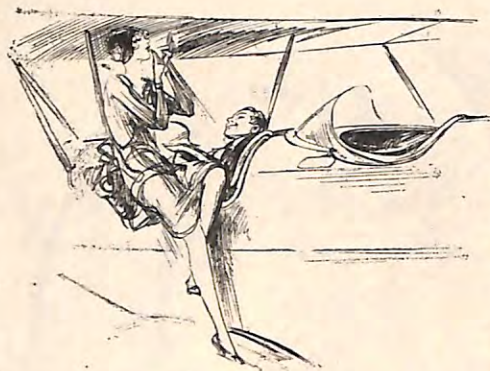
Young Cadorgan, however, was not without some of the qualities that had raised his father from poverty and obscurity, and disregarding Veronia's protest, he made stubborn answer that he would "stick around." Over a soiled table in a nearby restaurant, Miss Montclair addressed herself resolutely to the delicate task of convincing Willie of his folly without actually calling him a fool, but the boy remained adamant.

"What's the use of being bull-headed?"



"Make him go down," she screamed. "The fool's gone crazy. He's trying to kill us." "He can't go down," yelled Willie. "He's trying to climb."





she burst out finally. "Didn't the man tell you there wasn't a chanst?"

"We'll get fixed up, all right," doggedly replied Willie. "You see if we don't."

"Cut out that we stuff." Mounting anger won the battle against calculation. "If you want to be crazy, go it on your own."

"Aw, now, Veronia," entreated Willie. "You don't mean that. Why, honey, back in New York you talked all the time how you hated cities and longed for the clear air of the big, open spaces."

"You can have 'em," was her curdled response. "I'll even sign over the motion-picture and dramatic rights. Say, what do you take me for, anyway? I'm as much of a thoroughbred as anybody, but I gotta have some cooperation." Rage, born of her cowardice, was playing havoc with Veronia's hard-won diction and startled-fawn effects. "Look at all the men I turned down for you! Fellas who've got more money in their pants' pocket than your Pop's got in the bank. An' what do I get? Corns on my siteetum an' a swell chanst to be killed. Not no more, little one. I'm washed up on this sky-high stuff. Keep on with it, an' you go alone."

"All right, I will." Throughout Miss Montclair's harangue, Willie had sat with open mouth and sick eyes, evidently trying to reconcile the shrewish creature before him with the soft-voiced, dove-eyed girl of the week before, and out of his inability came revolt.

The burst of unexpected spirit worked a change no less sudden in the ragging chorus girl. Quickly perceiving that her hand did not justify a raise, she decided to fall back, and her normal shrewdness, reasserting itself, took charge of the retreat. Despite much boasting of millionaires who pursued frantically, bombarding her with offers proper and improper, until she was run ragged by their unwelcome attentions, Willie Cadorgan was the first real money that had gladdened Veronia's avaricious sight. And twenty-five was old in the chorus game. To be sure, he made a noise about living in San Francisco, but once he said it with a ring, she'd take care of that. The air journey was fierce—gosh, how she hated it—but with a couple of millions at the finish, she'd be a fool not to stand it.

"YOU know I was only fooling, sugar pie," she cooed determinedly, reaching across the table to capture his hand. "I love you, boy," she continued poignantly. "Body and soul. Why, I'd go through hell with you. My man!"

"Atta girl!" Willie leaped from gloom to joyousness with the instancy of his nineteen years. "Gee, but I'm happy. And you'll love it when we come to the real West. All this stuff," he sneered, throwing a contemptuous head at the stretch between Chicago and New York, "is just farm acreage waiting to be cut up into city lots. Tomorrow we will be in God's country, flying

over the Rockies. Two miles, high, maybe."

Miss Montclair, who had been doing fairly well with her knife and fork up to that time, evidenced a sudden distaste for the food that piled her plate, and gloomily decided that her hope lay in mail sacks rather than argument. Willie's star, however, was in the ascendant, for when they returned to the hangar, the office man made grudging admission that there would be room for the two of them if they didn't mind putting up with a little discomfort.

The nature of this discomfort was soon disclosed, for when they were seated in the cockpit, this time for two, however, and also covered, they found themselves chaperoned by a bunch of mail bags for which no other place could be found. Willie took all of them on his side, leaving legs so high in the air that he reposed on his shoulder blades, but Miss Montclair had no dimpled smiles for his generous thoughtfulness.

As the plane mounted, it seemed that the lights of Chicago covered the face of the earth, yet while they stared down at the city's blaze, even the chorus girl yielding a faint response to its Scheherezadian beauty, dark, lonely fields were beneath them, and then the broad Mississippi, its muddy, turbulent tide white and still in the moonlight.

"It'll be fine when they get real passenger planes," said Willie. "Big tri-motors carrying eighteen people. You can have meals and read and talk without yelling."

"Well, I'm willing to get out right now and wait for them," returned Miss Montclair, but with less than her usual acidity, for the kindly darkness took away all the terror of altitude. Gay little incandescents, marking the route, winked incessantly from the ground, with now and then the bold swing of searchlights, and at spaced intervals the warm glow of towns and villages had all the friendliness of a lighted lamp in a country window.

They refueled at Iowa City, and were at Omaha before midnight. Despite the hour, a waiting crowd milled around the hangar, and Miss Montclair was sufficiently mistress of her soul to draw heavily on the resources of her compact. Having been regaled with the usual ham sandwiches and thermos bottle of coffee, and a new pilot taking the stick, again the plane climbed the ladder of stars, so near the heavens that they could have bathed in the Milky Way and robbed Orion of his sword and belt.

From North Platte they followed a historic trail—a path first beaten by the Indians and fur hunters, deepened by the prairie schooners of the gold rush, trudged by the Mormon exodus, raced over by the bronzed, reckless young heroes of the Pony Express, and rutted by the steel rails of the Iron Horse. Countless ghosts, red and white, stared up in wild amaze at the new proof of man's inventive genius.

Now and then they dozed, with Miss Montclair rousing peevishly, to push Willie's heavy head away from her shoulder, but toward morning they fell fast asleep and only waked to the glory of the dawn as the plane took ground at Cheyenne. The sun rolled up over the mesa's edge like a great

golden ball, and a gay young breeze rollicked in the cottonwoods that shaded the station, but Miss Montclair experienced no other emotion than raging desire for a porcelain tub filled to the brim with hot water. Even the most lavish use of rouge and lipstick failed to impart any sense of well-being, and the breakfast laid out for them had all the brutality of a blow.

"My Gawd!" she moaned, "Don't they have anything but ham sandwiches out in this country?"

Through a thin crystalline air, heady as wine, the plane mounted for the conquest of the Wasatch Range. Not the Alleghanies now—friendly, green-clad hills—but enormities of granite and savage peaks that bit holes in the heavens. For one to whom the Bronx had been farthest north, the whole thing was naked, indecent and terrifying. Air pockets began to be encountered and, as they mounted higher and higher, a delicate pea-green came to do battle with the paint on Miss Montclair's face.

AT Salt Lake, the usual crowds were gathered, but this time she was without pride in her emergence from the plane, gloomily conscious that she was not looking her best. Nineteen-year-old Willie, with his copper-lined stomach, added to her feeling of extreme old age, for not only did he partake of ham and eggs with noisy relish but invested heavily in root-beer and peanut bar.

"That's the Mormon Temple," Willie explained in muffled tones. "Brigham Young built it. Some guy!"

"I'll say so!" For once Veronia was fervent in her agreement. "Any bird that can get more than one woman to follow him out here is certainly there! He musta had to carry his It in a bucket."

Over and across the great Salt Lake desert sped the plane, refreshed by overhauling and refueling, and as a saw-toothed, snow-capped range barred the way, the pilot zoomed upward at what seemed to be an angle of forty-five degrees. With the mountains for a shield, all had been still and warm, but when they rose above the wind-break of the peaks, it was as though bedlam broke loose.

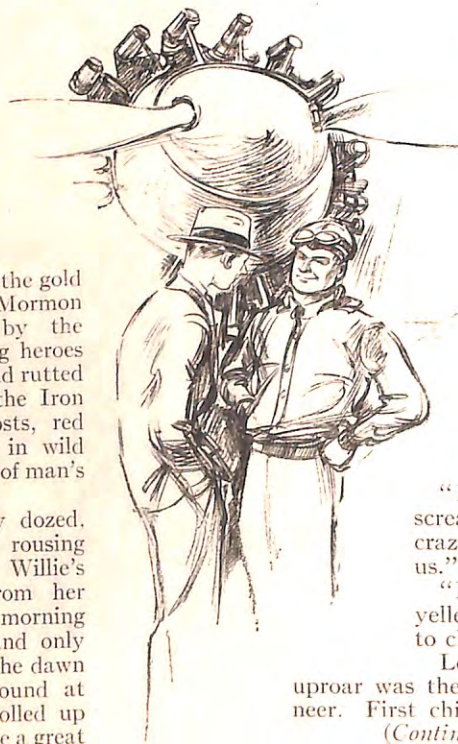
Unseen hands caught the plane, throwing it back, tossing it like a ball, then catching

it again for a series of vicious shakes and buffets. Even as Miss Montclair gathered her energies for a scream that would live in history, a down draft engulfed them, and for fifteen hundred feet the plane dropped like a plummet. Almost on the instant the pilot climbed again, this time so high that the ear drums ached, but still the winds screamed like some tormented animal, biting, clawing and cuffing.

"Make him go down," she screamed. "The fool's gone crazy. He's trying to kill us."

"He can't go down," yelled Willie. "He's trying to climb out of it."

Louder than the elemental uproar was the crack of Veronia's veneer. First chipping at Hadley Field, (Continued on page 48)







By Lui Trugo

# The Last Fly of Summer





# The Canyon of Lost Waters

## Part III

By Hoffman Birney

Illustrated by Jerome Rozen

JEP had spent his life-time with horses—twenty-five years of constant study of the multitudinous peculiarities and individual vagaries of the Western cowpony. He knew horses and he knew instantly that Goss, in selecting this beast for him to ride, was “showing his hand”.

It was no colt—Jep placed his age at eight or nine years—and a patch of white hair on each shoulder showed that he was no stranger to a saddle. He was a dark bay, tall and rangy; and every quick motion, every glance of white-rimmed eye toward the fence, marked the “broncho”—the outlaw enemy of man, the horse that would die before yielding to the law of bit and spur. He was “gotch-eared,” some accident having broken or cut the tendon in his left ear so that the organ no longer stood sharply erect but drooped out and forward at an acute angle with his face.

“If yuh don’t want t’ give him a whirl,” observed Goss, “we can let it go till mornin’ or turn him out again.”

Jep’s reply was to unstrap the rope at his saddlehorn and turn loose the raw colt he had been riding.

“Will you haze for me?” he asked Beldon.

The man nodded.

“He’s kinda spooky—” he began, but was silent as Goss turned fishy eyes toward the sound of his voice.

Jep “built his loop” as he walked slowly toward the bay. The horse turned to face him, the white spots on his dark shoulders gleaming in the sunlight.

“Rode once or twice and got saddle-galled,” the Texan told himself; “then

turned out and let run till he’s as snaky as they make ‘em!”

As he neared the bay he flipped his hand forward, the loop of the rope sailing through the air toward the outlaw’s head. But the horse had been roped before. As the noose left Starr’s hand he rushed straight for the man, ears laid back, long yellow teeth bared, hoofs flashing, ready to bite, strike, or by any other method to carry the fight into the territory of his natural enemy. By a quick dash Jep made the fence and safety, scrambling between the bars as the bay reared and struck with both fore feet. Goss watched impassively, idly coiling a long riata.

The Texan knew then beyond doubt that he faced that rarest of all creatures, a genuine “broncho”—a man-killer—a horse that would not only pitch and employ all the other mustang ruses to rid himself of his rider, but would add to those devices a fiendish hatred for mankind and a malevolent desire to leap upon a fallen or thrown rider and pound him into the earth with his sharp hoofs.

“You’re dead right about him bein’ snaky. Haze him out past me and I’ll fore-foot him.”

“I don’t want his leg broken,” growled Goss, safely perched atop the fence.

Jep turned on him quickly.

“He’s liable to have his damn neck broken before this is over—or I am!” he snapped. “Want me to quit an’ give you a chance at him?”

The “Butcher” was silent and Starr

slipped between the bars and walked to the snubbing post in the center of the circular enclosure. Beldon, loop whirling about his head, crowded between the bay and the fence. The horse broke into a run and the puncher struck spurs to his mount, pressing the outlaw toward the post.

“Put it on him!” yelled Jep.

Beldon made his cast, the noose closing about the bay’s throat, and at the same moment the rope in Starr’s hand shot forward with that indescribable rolling whirl that appears so simple and is so difficult to master. It ensnared the slender forelegs and Jep took a quick turn about the scored snubbing-post as Beldon’s pony braced himself to take the shock of the tightening rope that was tied to the saddle horn. The bay, his legs picked out from under him, fell heavily, his head being jerked sideways at the same instant. A hackamore was slipped into place, a folded gunny-sack laid across his eyes; he was “tailed” to his feet and in a few moments was saddled. As he hauled the cinches tight Jep found opportunity for a few words to Beldon.

“KEEP your rope down, pardner. Chances are you might need it.”

The man nodded.

“F’r God’s sake watch that bronk,” he breathed, his eyes on the majordomo. Goss slipped through the fence and shook out a loop in the riata in his hand.

“How is he with a rope?” whispered Jep.

“None better,” returned Beldon more loudly. “When he turns loose that rawhide of his there’s sure meat on th’ other end. He puts it right where he wants it!”

Starr tucked the latigo end through the





*Green ducked as the heavy ball whistled over his head and the next instant the roan crashed into him. His mount—thrust backward by the collision—reared, pawed frantically for a moment to regain its equilibrium, and then fell, throwing his rider*

Throughout the entire affair Goss had stood motionless on the fence and even as he fought to escape the crushing hoofs Jep received a cameo-clear impression of the foreman's burly figure with the rope that might have snared the bay drooping from his passive fingers. The foreman was watching every move of the horse. Starr's eyes were smouldering as he rose.

"Paralyzed?" he snapped. Goss turned his little eyes toward him.

"What's bitin' yuh?" he growled. "Thought yuh was a bronk-rider!"

Beldon swung from his horse, climbed the fence, and deliberately pushed between the two men. Goss drew back a pace, his hand resting on his belt.

"ARE yuh hurt, Jep?" the cowboy inquired quickly, turning his back on the foreman. "Did he get you?"

Starr shook his head, his eyes levelled over Beldon's shoulder as he watched Goss. He recalled vividly a somewhat similar scene when Joe Stedman had rolled in the dust before the black colt in Augas Perdidas.

"He's just too much hoss for me right now," he said coolly. "I'm willin' to admit it."

Limpy Laird came slowly about the corner of the corral. He had watched the ride, seen the Texan un-seated, from the opposite side.

"There never was a hoss that couldn't be rode—" he quoted a proverb almost as old as the West—"or a man that couldn't be throwed!"

The ancient epigram relieved the tension. Jep found himself grinning. Goss, his eyes still fixed on the horse, backed slowly away. Starr was suddenly aware that the bay, standing in the center of the corral, was gazing at the foreman with an equal intentness. The man hung the riata on one of the posts and stalked toward the house.

"We'll keep him up f'r a day 'r two if yuh feel like tryin' yore luck again," he growled over his shoulder.

"Reckon I'll wait till the boss gets back," Jep flung after him. "He might have some other notions!"

Goss gave no indication that he had heard the retort and Jep re-entered the corral where he and Beldon roped the horse once more and removed the saddle and hackamore. The puncher and Limpy Laird followed the Texan as he carried the light "bronk saddle" into the cool darkness of the shed where he tossed it to its peg.

"Well, that's over with," he commented and turned sharply on Beldon. "Tell me what you wanted to a little while back," he commanded. "What's the idea 'bout that bay?"

The other glanced through the open door. "I don't know what th' idea is," he began thickly, "but Al Goss would never have sicked yuh on that hoss if he hadn't wanted yuh killed. That's Calamity—th' durned-est, orneryest, man-killin' bronk 'tween here an' Montana! They ought t' made coyote bait outa him long ago! That's all he's good for."

"How about th' man that made him that way," interjected Limpy Laird. "D'yuh think any self-respectin' coyote would touch him?"

The younger man shuffled uneasily and Laird continued.

"Al Goss broke that there hoss, Jep. Rode him on a bet that he couldn't give a colt its first saddlin' an' stay on top. Hoss chucked him after a couple of jumps an' th' boys give Goss th' laugh an' he went back with blood in his eyes after th' hoss."

ring and carefully mounted. At his nod the other man pulled off the blind and dropped it to the ground, gathering his reins in his left hand and holding the loop of his "whale-line" ready in his right.

The bay shot in the air, kicking and squealing, "swapped ends with himself" when he landed, and then settled down to straight-up-and-down pitching. Jep had ridden harder pitchers, more versatile pitchers—but with the outlaw's third jump he felt himself leaving the saddle; felt that each jar as the broncho struck the ground was tossing him a little further in the air.

A broncho-rider, to be successful at his difficult task, must think faster than his mount, must anticipate so far as possible every move that the frantic beast may make and instantly prepare himself to oppose it. He must also—and this is even more essential—maintain a perfect balance—a rhythmic, poised adjustment of man to horse. Once lost, this poise is almost impossible to regain and in nine cases out of ten any clutching of the horn or "pulling leather" merely throws one's weight still further forward and hastens the complete separation of horse and rider.

Jep Starr had lost that balance. He knew it and the bay broncho knew it as well as he. The horse landed in one more jarring plunge, then leaped sideways, and the man pitched off over the animal's left shoulder. Instantly the outlaw whirled, racing forward to trample his late rider before the man could get on his feet. Beldon had been following the two closely and his noose settled over the bay's neck, his own mount sitting back with rigidly-braced legs to take the shock. Jerked up short, the broncho snorted his disappointment and lashed out viciously with his hind feet.

Jep rose, grinning, and recovered his hat. "You ain't the first one to do that, hoss,"

he admonished, "but we'll give you another whirl."

He mounted once more and the performance was repeated. The bay reared, threw himself forward and then pitched in great staggering leaps toward the fence on top of which Goss was crouched. Again Jep felt his seat loosening. He dropped his hand to seize the long rawhide laces at the back of the cantle. He was "pulling leather," an act that would automatically disqualify him in any contest, but the apparent ease with which the outlaw mastered him made the Texan feel that he was riding for his life. He had seen one cowboy permanently crippled beneath the hoofs of an enraged broncho and he knew that fate would be his if Beldon failed in his attempt to pick up the bay's forefoot.

THE horse spun sharply as he approached the barrier, distancing the spurring Beldon. Goss, his riata in his hand, the loop dragging, jumped down out of the animal's path. The outlaw stopped, stopped with the startling suddenness possible only to the western horse, and Jep again left the saddle, falling on his shoulder and side at Goss' feet as the foreman again clambered to the top of the fence. Beldon had been left far behind but as the bay, ears laid flat against his evil head, ran for the fallen man, the cowboy made a cast. It was the full length of his rope and the loop had drawn practically shut before it reached the horse, merely slapping him sharply across the fore legs. At the sting, however, the outlaw swerved, turning sufficiently from his course so that Jep, scrambling for safety, was struck by the beast's knee instead of the hoof. He tumbled over and over from the shock of the impact, rolling toward the fence. As the brute again plunged for him he squirmed through the lowermost bars to safety.



## VII

"He rode him—some!—but he cut him t' mince-meat with his spurs an' beat him damn near senseless with a chunk of pick-handle. That's how th' pony got that gotch-ear. Sometimes yuh got t' beat a hoss—but Al Goss went way too far. Seems like he was just takin' it out on th' hoss f'r losin' him his bet an' all th' laugh th' boys had gave him. Goss is yellow—you know that. Nobody that wasn't yellow would've worked on that colt th' way he did—leavin' th' sadde on f'r days till th' critter's shoulders was just two deep sores—ropin' an' throwin' him again an' again t' shake th' spookiness outa him—an' when that didn't do no good pullin' him up close to th' snubbin' post with a lass-rope an' slashin' him t' ribbons with a big bull-whip!"

"What the hell was wrong with you fellows?" interrupted Jep hotly. "You were as yellow as he was to stand around and let him do it!"

"We wasn't there, Jep," replied Beldon mildly. "Th' whole crew of us went down t' Bragg's Ford t' celebrate after th' round-up an' Goss took th' hoss to th' ranch. Chinaboy that was cookin' here then told us about it—an' th' shape th' hoss was in showed th' Chink was tellin' th' truth. We pulled th' saddle off th' pony, roped him an' doctored his shoulders, an' turned him loose. He's been runnin' loose ever since. Anybody could see what Goss had made out of him!"

HE KICKED off his chaps, hung them with his spurs on a peg, and walked out into the sunlight. Limpy Laird added the finishing touches to the recital.

"An' when we did turn that hoss out," he said quickly, "it was th' durnedest thing I ever seen in my life. Goss was sittin' on th' fence when th' boys opened th' gate, but th' bronk wasn't in no hurry t' leave.

"He walked out real slow, an' every inch of th' way 'crost that corral an' through th' gate he watched Al Goss. He didn't make a run f'r him, like most bronks would've done. He just watched him like a man would, an' it come closer t' gallyin' th' 'Butcher' than if he'd come at him ready t' eat him blood-raw. He's no fool, that hoss ain't!"

"Neither's the Butcher!" muttered Starr. He left the saddle-house and walked toward the main dwelling, closely followed by the garrulous old man.

"Goss—" Limpy began.

"Oh, for the Lord's sake forget him!" snapped Jep irritably. "I'm gettin' plumb sick of that hombre!"

He flung himself into the house and dropped in a chair. The foreman was nowhere to be seen. From the kitchen came the clatter of pots and pans as the negro and his Mexican helper prepared the evening meal.

"Seems t' me," said Limpy Laird slowly, "that if I was a young feller that was plumb stuck on a girl I wouldn't cloud up an' rain all over folks that was tryin' t' be friends of mine.

"An' if I figgered that some hombres was riggin' up a game on that gal—and her daddy—I'd jest naturally work me out a way t' give 'em a advance notice of it!"

The door clicked and Jep heard the dragging scrape of the crippled foot as the veteran limped down the 'dobe-paved corridor.

PATTEN returned on the second day following. His trip to the little frontier settlement, the "business" that called him there, could not have progressed satisfactorily. The Slash-X owner appeared, if possible, even more acidulous and savagely misanthropic than before his departure.

"Navajo Dick has sent thirty head of hosses over into th' Mesa de las Palomas," he snarled. "Stedman an' some Navvies took them across. Fine-lookin' stock, I was told at th' Ford, an' he'll get mighty good prices for 'em. He sold more'n a thousand pounds of wool last week too.

"I'm gettin' sick of it. He makes money every time he turns around while I'm grubbin' along in this God-forsaken hole like a pig in a sty! Stedman's away and we'll pay old Dick our little visit right now. We'll get some fresh hosses down t'morrow, hold 'em on th' flat by th' river, and ride in to Aguas Perdidas th' day after!"

He drained the glass that was in his hand and set it back on the table with a crash.

Jep started. He was suddenly confronted once more with the problem that he had dismissed from his mind during the rancher's absence and, just as abruptly, the only possible solution was clear. He must follow Limpy Laird's suggestion. It might be a rank piece of treachery to his present employer, Patten, but no other course was possible. Dolores must be warned of the danger that threatened. He dismissed the matter once more from his mind, went to bed, and slept dreamlessly until sunrise.

The horses were brought down from the upper ranges during the morning, shunted into the corrals while the sweating riders had dinner, and then hazed down to the bench above the river.



"Go on back an' grab some sleep," Goss directed, riding up to Jep. "New man gets th' dirty work, yuh know, an' you can take th' night herd. I don't think you'll have much trouble with 'em. Feed's pretty good here an' they ought t' stay. Tell th' cook to give yuh an early supper an' come out an' relieve Beldon about six."

TO STARR the afternoon was endless. He slept fitfully, waking now and then to review his plans. Nearly forty miles lay between the Slash-X and the hidden canyon, forty miles of pathless desert with one's only guide the broken horizon-line where the hills swept upwards to fall away in the Crimson Cliffs. And he couldn't see that at night! The moon, which had been full a week earlier, would not rise until late, but at least he would have the benefit of its waning light for the return trip. He decided to take two horses, changing from one to the other so as to make better time without unduly tiring either mount. He'd have to be back by daylight to round up the saddle-bunch he was supposed to be guarding. There'd be a fine jackpot if they'd broken back into the hills.

He found a surcingle in the saddle house and hid it in his cantinas. When he had saddled his own mount he put on two extra blankets. He would cinch these on the led horse. Beldon was glad to be relieved and reported the bunch appeared satisfied with the feed on the bench and were keeping fairly quiet.

"That one black yonder—with th' blaze face an' two white feet—is kinda spooky. I've had to head him back a couple of times."

Jep dismounted on the crest of a ridge whence he could watch the entire bench and the sweeping current of the muddy river and waited for the sun to go down. The time seemed endless but slowly the bright ball sank to the horizon where a rough jumble of peaks marked the location of the Big Bend—the "Goose-neck" of the San Ignacio.

The rough profile of the hills at the "Goose-neck" bit into the sun's disk. As if drawn by an invisible hand the glowing ball sank from sight. Almost instantly it was dark. There was little intervening period of twilight. The river lost its tint of blood and was brown, slate-gray, and then black—sinister, irresistible. The hills were jet silhouettes splashed sharply against the darkening sky.

Jep glanced in the direction of the ranch, saw no sign of moving figures in the half light, and mounted his horse, unfastening the rope at his saddle-horn and jogging slowly toward the remuda that grazed lazily on the flats above the stream. They raised their heads as he approached but made no attempt to trot away. The Texan had marked down the black which Beldon had pointed out as restless and angled past the balance of the herd, his rope ready in his hand. The black had time for only one quick jump and the loop was about his throat, drawn tight by a quick upward jerk.

The pony had learned the lesson of the rope and stopped immediately. His companions trotted off a few yards and resumed their grazing. Jep watched them while he cinched the blankets to the black's body with the surcingle and fashioned his lass-rope into an improvised hackamore. The other animals seemed quiet and he hoped that he would find them still on the bench when he returned. He would have to gamble that no one would come out from the ranch during the night. He mounted his horse



and, leading the black, set out at a good pace up the San Ignacio.

From its head the canyon of the Lost River was a black lake against the inky darkness of the night. He could sense, rather than see, the looming bulk of the Crimson Cliffs that held the valley in their embrace. Far below, muffled, distant, the never-ending thunder of the waterfall as it plunged into its deep blue pool filled the air like the unceasing drone of a mighty dynamo.

He tied the led horse to a scrubby piñon that stood a few yards from the spot where Navajo Dick had issued his fiat of banishment and then groped his way slowly down the trail that laced back and forth across the face of the cliff. Several times his animal stopped, whickering softly and uneasily, but the man persisted and the pony, with clearer night-vision and his instinctive knowledge of the passage of others of his kind, went on. As he passed the waterfall the waning moon rose above the eastern cliffs, touching the rim of those on the opposite bank with silver. The upper light made the depths of the canyon even darker, but the Texan was on more familiar ground now, the trail was wider, and he pushed steadily onward.

Once, high on the plateau, he saw the flickering light of a fire—blotted out momentarily as a figure passed in front of it. There were many hogans there and he knew the Indians woke and slept with the simple naturalness of their ponies or dogs. He wondered if they had heard him descending the rocky trail and if Burton had given orders that the path be guarded against his possible return. His gun was ready to his hand as he rode boldly to the darkened house, checking his mount by the tie-rail at the gate.

"Burton!" he shouted. "Richard Burton!"

He repeated the call and a moment later saw a light flash in the window of the room the old man occupied.

"Who is it?" came the familiar voice, as calm as though such midnight disturbances were frequent occurrences.

"A rider with a message for you!"

Burton's reply made it evident that he had recognized the call of the stranger that came in the night.

"Jephthah Starr!" he said bitterly. "Your memory is very short. Aguas Perdidas wants nothing of you!"

The long ride through the darkness had done little to calm the Texan's peppery temper.

"Don't be any more of a stiff-necked fool than God made you!" he snapped, his hand resting on the butt of the gun in his belt. "Do you think I'd come back here without good reason? Whether you like it or not, Navajo Dick, you're goin' to listen to what I got to say. Get some clothes on and call your daughter. She's in on this more than you are!"

**H**IS voice rose almost to a shout. There was no need for Burton to summon Dolores. A light appeared in a second window and Jep could see, through the gently blowing curtains, quick glimpses of the girl's scurrying figure.

He dismounted and strode boldly to the house. The heavy door, he knew, was never barred and he pushed it back and squatted on the wide bench that was against the east wall. A quick touch satisfied him that his gun was loose in its holster and he pulled the weapon slightly to the front.

Navajo Dick, appearing more patriarchal than ever with his long hair uncombed and standing out in a silver halo about his head, stepped through the doorway that led to the



*Both shells exploded with a deafening roar, the charges of heavy buckshot tearing into the wall and the bunk across the room. Starr jabbed the muzzle of the revolver deeper into the foreman's fat flesh*

a deep breath and plunged into his indictment of Navajo Dick with all the violence and bitterness of which only youth is capable. He flayed him for his baseless suspicions, for his distrust of the chance visitor who came dying to his door, for the heinous savagery of the sentence that set that same stranger afoot on the desert, and—most bitter assailing of all—for

the blow he had administered to the girl who now, wide-eyed and silent, faced him across the pool of light that fell upon the floor from the gently swinging lamp.

He was silent, waiting for the old man to reply. Burton merely inclined his head gravely and Jep, his passionate anger having at last found escape in words, felt a quick stab of shame.

"They're goin' to raid you!" he blurted out suddenly to cover his confusion. "They're goin' to jump Aguas Perdidas, kill your sheep, stampede the hosses, and carry you off with 'em! They say you have gold in here and they're goin' to make you tell where you get it!"

"Who are doing this?"

"You know as well as I do! Patten an' Goss. They were partners of yours once."

"Yes." Old Dick's eyes were grave. His voice was solemnly retrospective. "We were partners—friends. They make the best enemies, don't they? So now Patten and Goss want Aguas Perdidas—and the

*(Continued on page 58)*

sleeping rooms. A lamp was in his hand and he hung it from a hook that was fixed in the low ceiling for that purpose. Dolores entered the room a second later, smiling softly at Jep as she perched herself on the arm of a chair. In the lamplight her eyes, still heavy with sleep, were as intense a blue as the pool at the foot of the thundering falls. Richard Burton remained standing—his long arms folded on his breast—his back planted squarely against the wall.

"Well?" demanded the old man testily.

"You're goin' to hear me all the way through whether you like it or not," the Texan began. "I can't afford to hang around here long and I ain't goin' to go out and leave you with any ideas that I made this ride out of love f'r you. If Sam Patten or Goss—" he fancied he saw the cold eyes beneath the shaggy white eyebrows change expression momentarily—"if they knew I'd come in here I'd be cold turkey in an hour. I'm takin' long chances and I'm doin' it for her! She played square with me and I'm tryin' to do th' same thing!"

"As for you that's her father—" he drew





## EDITORIAL

### THE FOUNDATION POPULAR

THOSE who were present at the Grand Lodge session in Los Angeles, and witnessed the enthusiasm with which the report of the Elks National Foundation Trustees was received, and the very general response of the individual members to the suggestion that subscriptions to the Fund might be made from the floor, must have been impressed by the growing popularity of this newest undertaking of the Order. It is obvious that it needs only to be fully understood to receive generous consideration from every member.

It is to be anticipated that in due course the Trustees, who are primarily charged with the duty, will adopt some effective method of bringing the whole comprehensive plan of the Foundation to the specific attention of every Elk. Necessarily this will take time. But as it is done, the responses will be so numerous and so substantial, that the corpus will grow with gratifying rapidity.

It has already attracted a number of charitably disposed individuals outside our ranks, as an instrumentality excellently adapted to the administration of their own contemplated bequests. It will appeal no less strongly to members of the Order having benevolent projects in mind.

It is confidently expected that it will not be long before substantial aid will be available from the Foundation to every benevolent activity fostered by the several State Associations and groups of Lodges throughout the Order. But it must be realized that this day will be hastened, and the effectiveness of the aid enhanced, just to the extent that each individual Elk meets the obligation that rests upon him in the premises.

### INTER-LODGE VISITS

THE recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, in his report to the Grand Lodge, that neighboring subordinate Lodges should arrange for occasional formal visits to each other, is not a new one. It has been repeatedly suggested by his predecessors. But it is a wise one, worthy of repetition and that emphasis be placed upon it; for there is nothing that will so stimulate interest among the members, and so enthuse them,

as the fraternal contacts and associations that are necessarily incident to such visits.

Upon these occasions, the renewal of old friendships, the formation of new ones, the better realization of the ties which bind all Elks together as real brothers having a common aim and purpose in life, and the wholesome pleasure that is experienced by all who participate, either as host or guest, tend to strengthen the spirit which should prevail among the whole membership.

Inter-lodge visits, with their attendant entertainments, mutual exchange of views, and fraternal ideas, are among the most pleasing, as well as profitable, occasions that Lodges can provide for their members. They should be made fixed events upon every subordinate Lodge calendar. If this were done, the Order would experience a tremendous revival of that fraternal sentiment which played so important a part in its earlier history. Such a revival is eminently desirable.

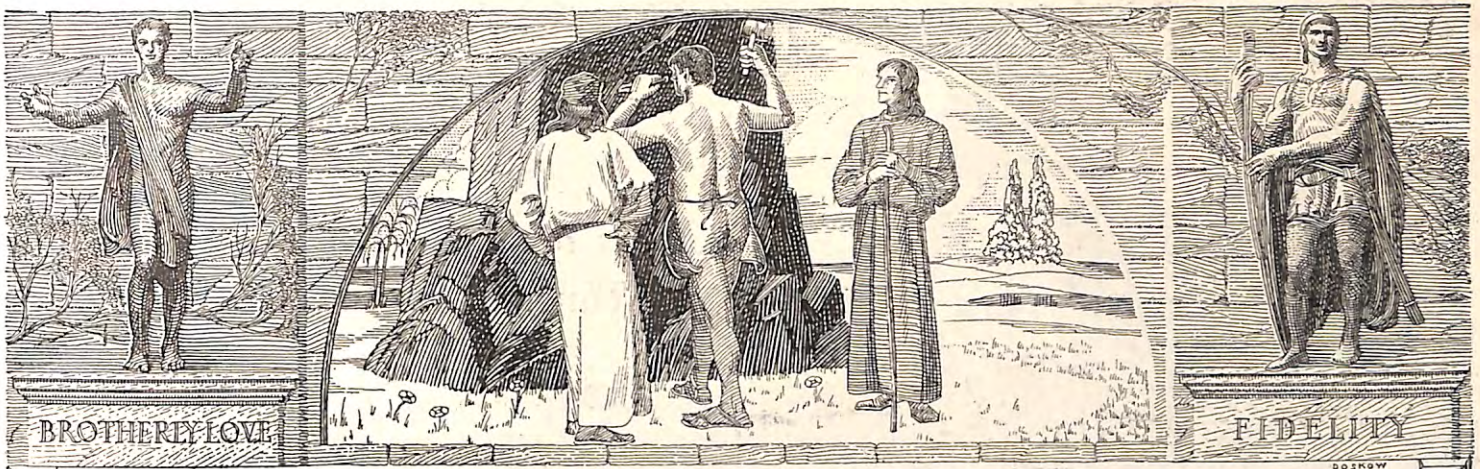
### GRADUATED INITIATION FEES

THE amendment to Section 161 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, adopted at Los Angeles, is one which may prove very helpful to many Lodges in securing an increased number of initiates among the younger men of their respective jurisdictions. The statute now provides that a subordinate Lodge may, by appropriate by-laws, fix a graduated initiation fee to be based upon the age of the applicant.

In all the subordinate Lodges the annual dues are so reasonable as to be within the means of practically every desirable member. But in many instances the initiation fee, though reasonable in itself, is sufficiently large to make it inconvenient, if not quite difficult, for men of limited incomes to meet it, as required, in a single payment.

It is highly desirable, from every viewpoint, that the membership should be largely recruited from the younger men of the several communities. These quite generally are so situated that a substantial initiation fee would prove a real tax upon them. In order to make it easier for such applicants to meet the financial requirements of membership, it is now permissible for a subordi-





nate Lodge to provide a small initiation fee for younger applicants, increasing it ratably for those of riper years, who are presumed to be better able to pay it.

It is believed that Lodges which avail themselves of this new privilege of adjusting their initiation fees upon an age basis, will attract many desirable candidates who would not otherwise seek admission. This is likely to be particularly true of members of The Antlers as they reach their majority.

At least the plan is well worth a fair trial, and it is earnestly commended to the consideration of the subordinate Lodges.

#### CAVEAT EMPTOR

**I**N THE growth of the common law, which forms the groundwork of our jurisprudence, a rule was anciently adopted known as the doctrine of *Caveat Emptor*, meaning "let the buyer beware." Pursuant to this principle a purchaser is held to assume all risk as to the article he buys, except in so far as the seller may definitely warrant its quality. However fulsome the vendor's praise of his goods may be, however extravagant his "sales talk," the buyer has no recourse against him because of its falsity, unless it be specifically a contractual guaranty of their qualities.

It is a commentary upon the old methods of commercial trading that such a doctrine should have found its way into the body of our law. And while it still obtains as a recognized legal principle, it is gratifying to know that in modern business it is rarely invoked, and is looked upon with growing disfavor by our Courts.

Merchants have come to regard their customers as clients to whom they owe the duty of good faith. To such an extent is this true that many establishments have adopted the policy that "the customer is always right."

Instead of considering the doctrine of *Caveat Emptor* as a principle to be relied upon, modern business methods require that the seller beware that he does not mislead nor seek undue advantage by any unfair practice.

Whatever may be the opinion as to the general

moral improvement of human conduct, certainly it is true that as to commercial dealings among men, the world is growing better.

#### AVOCATIONS

**A**N AVOCATION is almost as essential to a full and well-rounded life as is a vocation. Certainly it contributes materially to one's comfort and contentment. To express it a little differently, every one should have a hobby, if he does not ride it too hard.

A vocation is the serious, bread-winning, everyday work of one's life. Whatever it be, it is the daily task to which one applies himself with more or less earnestness and assiduity.

But, however satisfactory the calling may be, however much of success it may bring, however agreeable its ordinary incidents, there are times when it grows irksome. It has a way of following one home and persisting in his thoughts. And when this happens, it is well to have some other interest to which one may turn for variety, and entertainment, and pleasure.

It does not matter much what particular activity is adopted as an avocation. One man may, as does one of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers, find relief from the daily grind in cabinet making. Another may turn to his flower garden. One may find it in outdoor photography. Another may adopt golf. But in each case the hobby serves the particular need. It diverts the strained mind. It soothes the irritated nerves. It eases the tired body. It brings a welcome mental and physical relaxation.

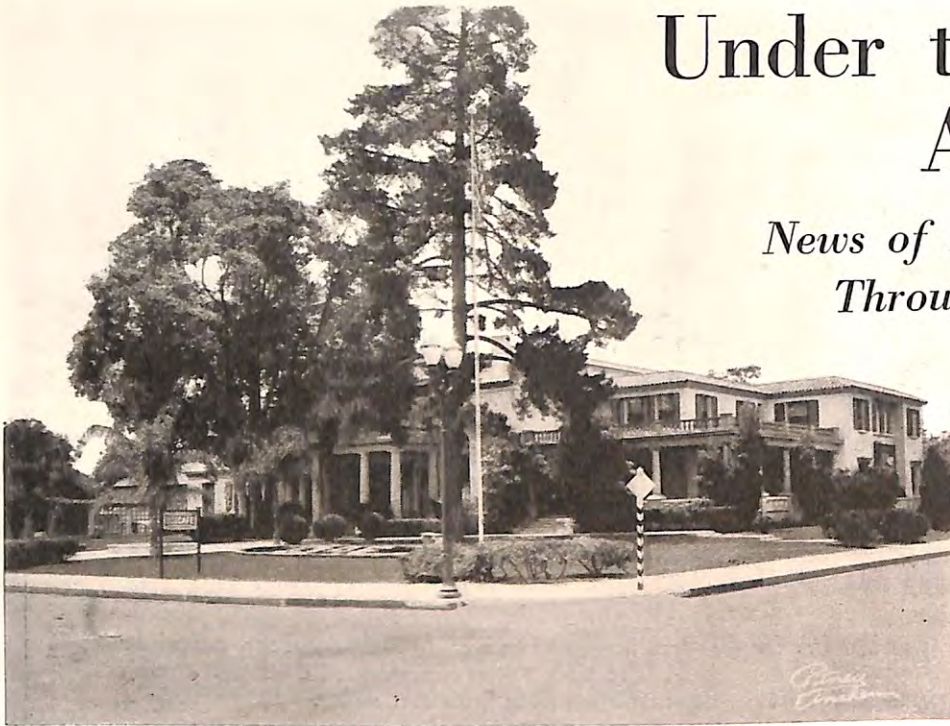
Hobbies have frequently been ridden to a marked success, even to fame. They often lead to real accomplishment. But the chief reason for cultivating one, and quite properly, is the desire to please and serve one's self. Selfishness is not a virtue. It is a vice, and a very discreditable one. But the reasonable rider of a hobby is justified in exercising whatever of selfishness it may involve; because it fits him for better work at his true vocation. It promotes clearer thinking. It makes one more companionable.

Do not be afraid to adopt an avocation. Your vocation will be all the more profitable.



# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order



*This handsome Home of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345, was recently the scene of festivities attendant upon the initiation of 115 candidates*

PHOTO BY PITNEY

### Canal Zone Lodges Entertain Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Hulbert

HEADED by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, the Elks Cruise Party, returning aboard the *S. S. California* from the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles, reached Balboa, Panama Canal Zone, at noon on July 20, and from the time of their arrival until they sailed the following morning, were guests of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, and Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542.

A squadron of United States Army planes flown by Elk pilots, escorted the *California* into the harbor. When the ship docked the visitors were escorted to waiting cars and taken on a three hour automobile trip through historic and picturesque towns on the Pacific side of the Isthmus.

Past District Deputy Richard M. Davies, William B. Ferry, Exalted Ruler of No. 1414, and Edward J. Brophy, Exalted Ruler of No. 1542, accompanied Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Murray Hulbert, Miss Hulbert and Miss Carrie Harper, daughter of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, to the office of the Governor where they were officially welcomed to the Canal Zone. From the Governor's office, the party proceeded to the Balboa Swimming Pool where the world famous Red, White and Blue troupe, under the direction of Henry Grieser, staged a special exhibition of swimming and diving for the party. About forty children ranging in age from four to fourteen took part in the exhibition.

From the pool, the party proceeded to the Presidencia in Panama City where the members were warmly greeted by Hon. Florence H. Arosemena, President of the Republic of Panama. After leaving the Presidencia a trip was made to the church of the Golden Altar and several other interesting points in Panama City.

At four o'clock, the entire cruise party assembled at the Castle of Silver Spray in the grounds of the Panama Brewing and Refrigerating Company. Here Theodore McGinnis, a trustee of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, was host to the visitors. A buffet lunch was served until six o'clock.

In the evening at eight o'clock, a dance in honor of the visitors was held at the Miramar Club. At the same hour and at the same place, a testimonial dinner was tendered the members of the Grand Lodge. This dinner was attended by approximately three hundred and fifty people. The delegation from Brooklyn Lodge also had dinner at the Miramar Club, as did many other members of the cruise party.

Past District Deputy Richard M. Davies presided as Toastmaster at the dinner to the Grand Lodge members. Remarks were made by many prominent Elks who were members of the cruise.

The eleven o'clock toast was rendered by Edward J. McCarthy, Past Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22.

### Annual Orphans Outing of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge

More than 300 children from institutions in the city were guests of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, at its annual orphans outing. Transported to the State Fair Park in four special street-cars, the youngsters were served a bounteous lunch on their arrival, while throughout the afternoon all concessions were thrown open and operated especially for the benefit of the Elks charges. A picnic supper brought the outing to a happy close.

### District Deputy Hughston Institutes Mineola, Texas, Lodge

Mineola, Texas, Lodge, No. 1571, was instituted on August 23, by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Wallace Hughston of the North Central District. Mr. Hughston officiated in place of District Deputy Omar Wilson of Texas, North, the jurisdiction of the new Lodge, who could not be present. Cooperating with the District Deputy at the ceremonies were the officers, band, bugle and drum corps and chanters of Dallas Lodge, No. 71, who were accompanied to Mineola by a large representation from the membership. A class of seventy-two candidates was initiated by Exalted Ruler L. A. Mindrup and his staff of the visitors, and among other interesting events of the occasion was a gala street parade, a public barbecue attended by some five hundred people, and a public dance. J. B. Cowan is Exalted Ruler and J. Y. Stokes is Secretary of this new unit of the Order to which THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its best wishes for a long and prosperous career.

### Liberty, N. Y., Lodge, Recently Instituted, Already Most Active

Liberty, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1545, instituted in the spring, has acquired a handsome Home to which it invites all members of the Order traveling in its vicinity. The property is situated on Route 17, running between New York and Binghamton, and Elks wishing to avail themselves of its hospitality should have no difficulty in finding it.

A five-day circus and carnival, recently held by No. 1545, was highly successful, both in raising funds and in bringing the Lodge to the interested attention of the residents of its jurisdiction. A thoughtful act was to provide the crippled children of the countryside with free transportation to the circus features.

### New Home for Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge is Under Way

It is expected that members of Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, No. 18, will be enjoying their new Home by Thanksgiving, according to an announcement made by Past Grand Esquire Robert L. Queisser, chairman of the building committee of the Lodge. Mr. Queisser states that the Home will be of commodious, efficient design, to cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000, and that its construction is now well up past the second story.

It will be three stories high with a basement, and have an exterior of rainbow brick trimmed with northwestern polychrome terra cotta. It is to be equipped with all modern conveniences for the 2,000 member Elks and their families and friends.

On the ground floor the main entrance will lead into a huge central lobby laid in variegated split slate. Off from the lobby is to be the secretary's office, dining room, kitchen and check room. The second floor will be devoted to a lounge with a roomy library, a five-table billiard room and other social rooms. The assembly room, candidates' rooms, trustees' room and main Lodge room will occupy the third floor. This floor also will probably have a stage and organ loft.

The basement is to house the bowling alleys, exercise rooms, steam rooms, barber shop and baths. The building is going up on the site of one of the city's oldest terraces.

### Chattanooga Elks Junior Band Visits Detroit, Mich., Lodge

The Elks Junior Band of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, recently made its annual tour during which it stopped off at Detroit, Mich., and visited with members of Lodge No. 34. The band, numbering thirty instruments, arrived from Cincinnati on Sunday, August 18, and was welcomed by an Elks committee headed by Exalted Ruler Burt P. White who had arranged for the band's visit there. The youthful visitors were escorted to the Fort Shelby Hotel and later to the Home where dinner was served and a concert given. The band next gave several street serenades and later marched to the steamer *Put-In-Bay*, for a moonlight ride as guests of the steamer's owners. The following day the band visited the city hall where an official welcome was extended by acting Mayor Nagel and the mayor's secretary, Ralph Quinn. From the city hall the boys next called at the Ford Airport, rendered several selections, and then went on to the sanitarium at Northville and gave a concert for the patients. Returning to Detroit they visited several orphanages, bringing joy to the little inmates with their



music. The band left for Buffalo the next day after a most enjoyable time.

**Oceanside, Calif., Lodge Plans New Home and Beach Club**

At the monthly forum meeting of the local Chamber of Commerce, Exalted Ruler Tom Hurley of the recently instituted Oceanside, Calif., Lodge, No. 1561, announced a proposed enterprise of the membership which will take the form of an Elks Home and Beach Club. The project has met with practically the unanimous approval of the press and the public with every evidence that it will be given hearty, active support. Exalted Ruler Hurley stated that plans are not far enough along to be revealed in detail, but he expects to make an announcement soon of what the Lodge hopes to accomplish. Some of the features tentatively planned by the Elks include facilities for both men and women, hotel accommodations and other privileges available for the use of the public.

**Activities of Fargo, N. D., Lodge**

The Home of Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260, one of Fargo's finest structures, is undergoing a complete renovation and overhauling in preparation for one of the most active years the local Lodge has ever planned. From basement to garret workmen are busy making the temple a more attractive site for the entertainment of the membership. Exalted Ruler H. J. Oram has carefully selected men for the various committees which will put over the Lodge's ambitious program of fraternal activities. A fine number of social affairs for both men and women, as well as an athletic program designed to aid the physical well-being of the members, are among the interesting plans for the coming season. The Lodge will also investigate the feasibility of organizing a lodge of Antlers. One of the features of the North Dakota State Elks Association Convention at Valley City, was the concert rendered by the band of No. 260, which is planning to give many concerts in the Home during the winter months. The band also gave other recent concerts at Kindred, Colfax and Detroit Lakes, which were good will tours made for the purpose of interesting and entertaining the friends of members who do not reside in Fargo.

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

Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, held its annual crippled children's outing at Atlantic Beach Park with some seventy little ones as guests. The children left the Home in the morning in three buses and arrived at the park at noon where they were regaled with a wholesome lunch, plenty of milk and ice cream and cake. The afternoon was spent enjoying the various amusement concessions the park offers and then the youngsters were transported home.



The membership of Barberton, O., Lodge, No. 982, meets in this homelike dwelling

**Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert Lays Cornerstone for Catskill Lodge**

Impressive ceremonies conducted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert before a large assemblage of Elks and citizens, marked the laying of the cornerstone for the new Home of Catskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1341. Prior to the services the local members, nearly 100 strong, headed by the Sullivan-Teator Post Drum Corps, marched to the Saulpaugh Hotel and were joined by the visiting Elks. The marchers proceeded through flag-draped streets to the site of the new building where a large platform, decorated with the national and fraternal colors, had been erected for the visiting dignitaries, guests and officers of Catskill Lodge.

Following the opening words of the special ritual and the prayer by the chaplain, Secretary William C. O'Brien of No. 1341, brought forward a metal box containing several items including a telegram from Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, various issues of the local newspapers and a copy of THE ELKS MAGAZINE for August, 1929, which were placed in the stone.

Edward I. Valkenburgh, the architect, delivered to the officiating officer a trowel filled with mortar and the stone was duly swung into place to the closing words of the ritual. The occasion was further marked by the inspiring addresses of Supreme Court Justice Daniel V. McNamee

of Hudson, a prominent Elk, and Exalted Ruler Arthur Perryman. After the exercises the local members and guests marched to the present Lodge Home for a repast and a musical entertainment.

**West Chester, Pa., Lodge is Host to 3,500 Children**

Children to the number of 3,500 from the southeastern section of Chester County, were guests of West Chester, Pa., Lodge, No. 853, on its third annual picnic at Lenape Park. Practically every city, town and country hamlet in the jurisdiction of the Lodge was represented by its full quota of youngsters. A warm sun with a westerly wind and the rich meadow in which the park is located, lying between the picturesque Brandywine and the rolling hills of Lenape, offered their charm to the outing. Special trolley cars and caravans of buses brought the Elks' charges to the park where they were presented with strips of tickets entitling them to free rides on the roller coaster, merry-go-round, swings, scooter and other amusement devices of the playground. Early in the afternoon various games and contests were announced and run off with some seventy-eight prizes given to the winners, and at their conclusion an elaborate Punch and Judy show was presented and refreshments were served. Other enjoyable events on the Lodge's program included a band concert by the Concordville Orphanage Band, a demonstration of daylight fireworks, and a dance held in the evening after the children had been returned safely to their homes.

**W. J. Terrott, Past Secretary of Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, Dies**

Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, lost one of its most valued and active old-timers by the death, some weeks ago, of William J. Terrott, who had been a member since 1897. Mr. Terrott served his Lodge long and faithfully as a lay member, a member of the Board of Trustees, and as Secretary, and his passing was as great a loss to No. 271 as it was a sorrow to his fellow members.

**Linton, Ind., Lodge Uses Novel Method to Stimulate Interest**

A splendid record of attendance has been achieved by Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866. With a total membership of 250, of which not more than 125 are actual resident members, the average number attending meetings has been



The York, Neb., Lodge, degree team, third time winners of the James G. McFarland cup





The substantial, attractive Home of Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866

between 95 and 100. Two divisions, the Old Guard and the Insurgents, the latter composed of the younger members, are established in the Lodge, and there is spirited competition between them to turn out the larger number. Losing out in a close race, which extended over six meetings, the Old Guard were hosts to their rivals at an enjoyable banquet, at which continued attendance and interest were pledged by both sides.

As a result of the interest in this competition, the formation of a young men's degree team and the organizing of an Elks orchestra, the membership in Linton Lodge has been substantially increased.

#### Past President Mangold is Honored by Dallas, Texas, Lodge

At a recent regular meeting of Dallas, Texas, Lodge, No. 71, Past President Charles A. Mangold of the Texas State Elks Association, and Past Exalted Ruler of Dallas Lodge, was presented with a handsome gold medal as a memento of his tenure in office as President of the Association. Mr. Mangold served through the official term of 1928-29, and was succeeded by W. W. Bridges of El Paso Lodge, No. 187. Past Exalted Ruler Welford B. Smith made the presentation and Mr. Mangold responded with his characteristic grace and modesty.

#### New Jersey Elks are Welcomed By Juneau, Alaska, Lodge

On July 20, after attending the Grand Lodge Convention, some 165 Elks and their families who were making the official tour arranged by New Jersey Lodges, arrived in Juneau, Alaska, and were met at the dock by Exalted Ruler E. M. Goddard and his aides of Lodge No. 420. From the boat the visitors, headed by the Juneau City Band, were escorted to Elks Hall, where addresses of welcome were made by Exalted Ruler Goddard and Mayor Thomas B. Judson, a member of No. 420. Among the distinguished guests in the party was Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin of Englewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1157. Other scheduled Alaskan stops on the tour were Ketchikan, Wrangell and Skagway.

#### Franklin, Pa., Lodge Holds Annual Children's Parade

With fully a thousand gaily costumed youngsters in line, the annual children's parade sponsored by Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110, was the most colorful and interesting this year of any ever staged by the Lodge. In many homes youngsters were up at an early hour on the day of the event putting the finishing touches to cos-

tumes, decorating bicycles and scooters, or busily rounding up pets who were also to take a more or less willing part, while the Lodge committees were equally active with their own plans.

Every conceivable fancy, from kings and queens to tramps and animals, was represented as the children assembled into divisions according to age. Colored balloons were distributed

Cruz, Monterey, Watsonville, Santa Maria, Hollister and other points in the district.

An old-fashioned barbecue and special program of entertainment given at Mill Road Park, formed a happy climax to the memorable occasion.

#### Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O'Brien is Dead

Dr. John D. O'Brien, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, one of the most widely known and loved members of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, No. 59, died in his native city on August 13.

Doctor O'Brien was initiated into St. Paul Lodge in February, 1908. In 1920 he was elected Esteemed Loyal Knight and during the following five years he served in that capacity, as Esteemed Leading Knight, as Exalted Ruler, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight. He was born in St. Paul, had spent his whole life there, and was one of its most prominent citizens. For three successive terms, beginning in 1904, he was elected to serve his ward in the lower house of the Minnesota Legislature.

In addition to his widow, and his mother, Mrs. Dennis O'Brien, in whose home he died, Dr. O'Brien is survived by a sister and three brothers, to all of whom, as to his fellow Elks and friends, THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its sincerest sympathies.

#### Anaheim, Calif., Lodge Initiates Record Class

One hundred and fifteen candidates, comprising the largest class ever inducted into Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345, was initiated with gala ceremonies some time ago. Following the colorful street parade which opened the festivities, candidates and members to the number of 400 enjoyed a banquet in the dining hall of the handsome Home before proceeding to the Lodge room for the formal meeting. In the presence of more than 500 Elks, the candidates were initiated by the Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1345, with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William C. Jerome, of Santa Ana Lodge, No. 794, at their head. Among the welcome visitors was H. W. Brown, who had, as Exalted Ruler of Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, installed the first Anaheim officers.

#### Crippled Children's Outing of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge

Under the leadership of Percy J. Fuhr, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, the crippled children of the vicinity were royally entertained on the annual outing given by Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863. Clutching favors and various noise-making toys the little ones were driven in gaily decorated automobiles to Playland, where they were served a wholesome lunch and given the run of the park amusements. An added treat came in the form of ice cream and fruit just before they were driven to their homes.



This float won first prize for Crookston, Minn., Lodge, in a municipal parade



Another most successful affair of Port Chester Lodge was its recent annual clambake with William T. Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association, as guest of honor, and well over 300 Elks in attendance.

**Alhambra, Calif., Lodge Breaks Ground for New Home**

Fully 3,000 persons witnessed the simple but impressive exercises when ground was recently broken for the new \$100,000 Home of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, No. 1328. Many prominent members of the Order and community were present and took active part in the event which has been visualized by the Alhambra membership for more than a decade. The ceremonies opened with the local Lodge acting as host to a large number of visiting members from the district between San Pedro and Pasadena at a dinner in the present quarters of No. 1328. Following the dinner a street parade was staged on Main Street to the site of the new temple.

The band of Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, headed the marchers and together with the maneuvers of the local drill team and the newly uniformed drum and bugle corps of American Legion Post, No. 139, won the attention of the crowds along the red-flare-lighted way. On the site of the new Home, as Exalted Ruler Frank L. Riddle announced the program for the evening and introduced the various distinguished guests on the platform, every inch of space within fifty feet of the stand was filled with participating groups, while loud speakers carried the voices of the various speechmakers to distant points. District Attorney Buron R. Fitts made the opening address and was followed by Past Exalted Ruler L. W. Barlow, President of the Alhambra Elks Holding Co., who gave a brief outline of the plans to be carried out in the building program. Mr. Barlow then introduced the honored guest of the evening, Robert H. Moorhead, one of the founders and organizers of Alhambra Lodge, who realized an ambition of his long fraternal career by turning the first shovel of dirt. Assuming the role of steam-shovel operator, Mr. Moorhead started the machinery which marked the first step in the construction program, and as the big shovel took a deep bite in the clay the applause was loud and sustained.

The new Home of Alhambra Lodge, intended as a memorial to departed members of the Order, will be of benefit to all classes and creeds in the district. While it will be used primarily for Lodge activities plans have been made to have the entire first floor thrown open for the use of various organizations, church societies and individual groups.

**Annual Children's Picnic of Newark, N. J., Lodge**

Over 13,000 poor, crippled and orphaned children attended the annual "Big Brother" picnic given at Olympia Park by Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21. It was the largest number ever to be entertained by the Lodge. Transported in some 200 private cars, as well as buses and trolley cars, the guests reached the park in a body and were given American flags, souvenir hats and tickets entitling them to free rides on the numerous concessions. The Elk charges were then assembled and taught the pledge of allegiance to the flag after which they entered into the fun of the day. Orangeade, lemonade, soda water, cake and other good things to eat and drink were served in large quantities, and so well had Newark Lodge prepared for their guests' entertainment that there was enough foodstuff left at the end of the picnic for generous donations among the various orphanages and institutions of the city.

**Jack Cleary Awarded Honorary Life Membership in West Palm Beach Lodge**

Due to a regrettable misunderstanding, the fact that an Honorary Life Membership was conferred upon Jack Cleary by West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, was not included in our account, in a recent issue, of the meeting of this Lodge at which the action was taken. The award was made in the absence of Mr. Cleary from the state, and hence his name was



*Officers of Tulare, Calif., Lodge, No. 1424, winners of the State Ritualistic Contest*

not included in the newspaper report received by the Magazine.

The honor paid Mr. Cleary by his fellow members was in recognition of his magnificent contributions to the rebuilding of the Lodge after the disastrous hurricane of last year. Its Home was so nearly completely demolished that expensive repairs had to be started at once, and Mr. Cleary not only saw that the work was done, but also advanced \$15,000 of his own that there might be no delay in its accomplishment. He is now Chairman of the Finance Committee and is devoting his energy and talents to this important side of the Lodge's affairs. THE ELKS MAGAZINE congratulates West Palm Beach Lodge upon numbering so fine an Elk among its members, and regrets that its recognition of his splendid services was not published at an earlier date.

**Adams, Mass., Lodge In An Active Program**

Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, has been most active in fraternal, charitable and community affairs. Among its undertakings in recent weeks have been its annual clam bake, as usual a great success; the sponsoring of a baseball game for the benefit of its charity fund; legal incorporation, by which all members of the Lodge become members of the corporation; and the renovation of the famous bronze Elk erected on the Mohawk trail as a war memorial by the Massachusetts State Elks Association. This fine monument had suffered a summer of neglect, due to the temporary closing of the trail to motor traffic, and the committee of Adams members, headed by Reuben Aronson, which refurbished it, did a fine work.

**Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge Holds Children's Day**

Over 200 crippled children and children from the Lodge's Health Camp, were entertained at Woodcliff Park on an outing given by Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275. Fred H. Ponty, Past Exalted Ruler of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, and manager of the park, gave the little guests free use of all rides and amusements, while Fritz Singer, a member of the Order, served one of his famous luncheons to the children and attendants on the verandas of Woodcliff Inn. Later in the afternoon ice cream and pop corn were served on the lawn. The children were transported to and from the park in cars donated by members.

**Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge Reaches Membership Objective**

As this was written the members of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, had responded so whole-heartedly to the appeal for 2,000 new members, that a special committee was ap-

pointed to prepare a suitable program of entertainment to celebrate the final initiation of the campaign. The Lodge members put over a program in five months which was expected to take fully a year to complete. The date of the jubilee was scheduled for September 6.

**Petoskey, Mich., Lodge Puts On Fine Boxing Show**

A series of bouts that was called northern Michigan's greatest boxing show was conducted some weeks ago under the auspices of Petoskey Lodge, No. 629. Held in the high school stadium, the card brought together, in the final event, Sammy Mandell, world's lightweight champion, and Frankie Frisco, Pacific coast champion. The attendance justified the fine quality of the fights, and the whole affair was most successfully accomplished.

**Albion, N. Y., Lodge Mourns Past Exalted Ruler Warner Thompson**

Albion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1006, lost one of its most distinguished, devoted and beloved members by the death of Warner Thompson, its Exalted Ruler for the first four years of existence and again, later, for two years. Sixty-two years old at the time of his death, a native and life-long resident of Albion, Mr. Thompson was held in the highest affection and admiring esteem by a circle of friends which included persons of every class, creed and nationality. He was a prominent lawyer, and when he died was serving as Village Attorney and as Republican State Committeeman from Orleans County. His political, fraternal and church activities, spread over a long life, were alike in that he never sought eminence for himself, though at times it came to him, but always gave his best efforts to the advancement of the group.

His funeral, during which the business of Albion was halted, was attended by hundreds, including dignitaries of the State and fraternal Orders to which he belonged, among the prominent Elks who came to pay their last respects being Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Kleps and D. Curtis Gano, the Past President of the New York State Elks Association. To his family, to his fellow-members of Albion Lodge, and to his innumerable friends, THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its deepest condolence and sympathy.

**Attleboro, Mass., Lodge Breaks Ground for New Home**

Actual work of construction on the new Home of Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1014, is now under way. Ground was broken early in August, forms were put in place, and the foundation walls were started shortly after. The application for construction was forwarded by air mail to the Board of Grand Trustees at



the Los Angeles convention and with their prompt sanction work was started at once. Intense interest has been manifested by the membership in the beginning of this long-cherished project.

### The Elks Tour to the Hawaiian Islands

Immediately following the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and Mrs. Fanning, sailed for Hawaii on the Elks Tour conducted under the auspices of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, by C. G. Pyle, Past Exalted Ruler and Hawaiian Tour Chairman. Their ship, the City of Los Angeles, left port on Saturday morning, July 13, arriving in Honolulu on the nineteenth. Flag ship of its line, the vessel was gaily decorated with the Elk colors and bore on its white sides the purple letters B. P. O. E., together with the emblem of the Order. The passenger list was made up almost entirely of Elks and members of their families from various parts of the United States, many being Past Exalted Rulers of their Lodges.

Arriving in Honolulu Harbor, the party were met in a tender by Exalted Ruler Paul O. Smith and a reception committee from Honolulu Lodge, No. 616, who came aboard ship and with the aid of Hawaiian musicians, singers and dancers welcomed the visitors to the Islands. On the evening of their landing, a meeting of the Lodge was held, which was attended by Mr. Fanning, Mr. Pyle, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett—who had come to Hawaii from San Francisco—Past District Deputy E. M. Wharton, of Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858, and fifty or more other Elks. The meeting, a large

and enthusiastic one, was addressed by Mr. Fanning, Mr. Barrett and Mr. Wharton and all the visitors were personally introduced.

The following evening, July 20, the party were entertained by Honolulu Lodge at its beautiful Home, which was attractively decorated and illuminated both inside and out for the occasion. This affair, which consisted of a reception, followed by a dinner-dance, was very greatly enjoyed by the guests, not alone for the lavish hospitality of their hosts, but also because of their interest in the Hawaiian program of native music, singing and dancing which was a feature of the evening.

On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Fanning, Mr. and Mrs. Pyle, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett and Miss V. Barrett, Mr. Wharton, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Reilly, of Indianapolis, and a number of others were guests at a Hawaiian feast (Luau), given at the home of J. S. Grace. All the food, which was served in a coconut grove, was prepared in the native manner. The hosts on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Paul O. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Olund, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Humme, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Leithead, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boyer, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hettema, Mr. and Mrs. H. Long, Mr. and Mrs. W. Davis, Mrs. M. A. Nicoll (whose husband, Representative to the Grand Lodge, had not yet returned from Los Angeles), the Misses Elsa and Pauline Smith, Mrs. Sarah Hathaway, Mr. and Mrs. George Chalmers, and Miss Nellie Hazeltine.

During the daytime the party were taken to see various points of historic and scenic interest on the Island of Oahu, where Honolulu is situated, and were entertained informally by Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Paul O. Smith, and by

Past Exalted Rulers G. S. Leithead, J. W. Asch, W. J. Warner and Messrs. Olund, Fowler, Humme, Lewis, Boyer and Long, all officers of Honolulu Lodge. W. N. Hanna, Secretary, had not yet returned from Los Angeles.

On Monday, July 22, the Elk party sailed for Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii, arriving there at noon on the following day and remaining until the afternoon of the twenty-fourth. Upon landing they were met by Exalted Ruler John M. Cannon, Secretary Percy H. Bayly and the other officers of Hilo Lodge, No. 759, who escorted them to the splendid new Home of the Lodge, which had not at that time been dedicated. (The dedication, by Honolulu Lodge, took place September 7, and will be described in a later issue.) James Henderson, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, who owns a large estate at Hilo, was away, but the party were entertained there by his manager. On their return to Honolulu they passed Mr. Henderson on another ship and received from him a radioed "Aloha." One of the memorable events of their stay on the Island of Hawaii was a visit to the volcano of Kilauea. Among those who entertained them were Past Exalted Rulers W. H. Barringer, W. H. Hussman, and D. A. Devine.

Throughout the tour, Mr. Fanning and his party were impressed with the striking beauty of the islands, and with the hospitality and kindness of the residents and the native Hawaiians. They were also very much pleased with the activity and fraternal enthusiasm of the two Elks Lodges, both of which are in flourishing condition. On the eve of their departure for the United States the Elks on the tour gave a formal dinner at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel to those who had so royally welcomed them to the Islands.

(Continued on page 72)

## Travels of the Grand Exalted Ruler

SEVERAL reports of visits made by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews to certain Lodges in the Northwest reached us too late to be included in our September story of his return home from the Grand Lodge Convention. The omitted news is printed below.

On their way down from visits in Washington the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Andrews were met in Portland, Ore., by Charles C. Bradley, Past Exalted Ruler of the local Lodge and member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, who accompanied them on a morning visit to Hood River, Ore., Lodge and later to a noon luncheon of The Dalles Lodge given in their honor. That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a dinner of Pendleton, Ore., Lodge with delegations from Heppner and Walla Walla, Wash., present, and spoke on the development of the Order and praised the Lodge's fine Home. During the dinner Mrs. Andrews was the guest of the ladies of members of Pendleton Lodge. The next day the distinguished visitors were shown over the woolen mills, and Mrs. Andrews was presented with an Indian blanket.

After visiting with La Grande Lodge, as reported in our last issue, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and Mr. Bradley called on Baker Lodge, stopping overnight in the latter place.

The party arrived in Pocatello, Idaho, on July 26, and was met at the station by a committee of members and officers of the local Lodge headed by Grand Tiler R. W. Jones and Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Hugh D. MacCosham, who escorted the visitors to the Bannock Hotel for a luncheon. Immediately after the repast the guests left for the Vel-

lowstone National Park and stopped en route at Blackfoot, where Mr. Andrews was greeted by the officers, trustees and a turnout of members on the proposed site of the Lodge's new Home. The Grand Exalted Ruler examined the plans for the new building, pronounced them of exceptional beauty and value, and delivered a short, inspiring address. From Blackfoot the party proceeded to Old Faithful Inn where it spent the night. The following day was devoted to a sightseeing tour of the Park.

The next day the visitors made a trip to Idaho Falls arriving in the afternoon for a large and enthusiastic meeting of the local Lodge at which the Grand Exalted Ruler gave a spirited talk. The party then motored to Pocatello where a banquet and meeting were held that evening, attended by officers and committeemen from practically all of the southeastern Idaho Lodges. The meeting was presided over by Exalted Ruler

R. E. Watson who called upon the various representatives to felicitate the Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Tiler Jones. Reports of progress were made to Mr. Andrews by M. F. Angel of Moscow Lodge; Exalted Ruler G. H. Telford of Idaho Falls Lodge; Exalted Ruler N. A. Ney of Caldwell Lodge who reported a membership gain of 116 per cent in the past year and told of plans for a new Home; R. G. McCabe of Nampa Lodge; Exalted Ruler Joseph Stewart of Blackfoot Lodge, who detailed plans for the proposed Elks Home at Blackfoot which will cost approximately \$40,000. Harry Fox, Secretary of the Idaho State Elks Association, presented a report of the Association which showed among other fine performances the advancement of the Student Loan Fund. Through the purchase of a \$1000 certificate by A. C. Hinkley, an honorary life member, Pocatello Lodge has become a Founder member of the Elks National Foundation. Speeches

were made by Mr. Bradley, Grand Tiler Jones and Mr. Andrews who outlined his program for the present Lodge year and made a strong impression on all present by the breadth and sincerity of his views.

Following the Grand Exalted Ruler's return to his home place, Atlanta, Ga., where the entire community turned out in his honor, as reported in our September number, Mr. Andrews next attended the conventions of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, Sunbury, and the Ohio State Association, at Sandusky, accounts of which are printed elsewhere in these pages. On both occasions he delivered inspiring addresses. Leaving Sandusky, after the Ohio meeting, Mr. Andrews proceeded to Chicago for a conference with Grand Lodge officers.



Atlanta's welcome home to a favorite son, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews



# News of the State Associations

## Reports of the Plans and Activities of These Important Groups All Over the Country

### Virginia

THE twentieth annual convention of the Virginia State Elks Association was entertained by Harrisonburg Lodge, No. 450, during its two-day meeting. The first business session was called to order by Exalted Ruler Raymond J. Webster, of No. 450, who then introduced Mayor John W. Morrison, a Vice-President of the State Association, who welcomed the visitors on behalf of the city and the Lodge. First Vice-President C. M. Robertson, who has been acting President since the untimely death of Dr. J. Garnett King, responded, and then presided over the session, in which more than 100 delegates took part. Reports read at the meeting disclosed that the seventeen Virginia Lodges spent last year for social and community welfare the sum of \$27,000, representing an average contribution from the 8,000 Elks of the state of more than \$3.00 each. The memorial services were conducted by the Rev. W. F. Locks, of Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 875. A luncheon for the visitors at the Home of Harrisonburg Lodge, sight-seeing tours, an old-fashioned barbecue at Rawley Springs, a torchlight parade and a band concert filled the afternoon and evening.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper and Grand Trustee Clyde Jennings, were present at the business session held on the second morning, and made most interesting addresses, Mr. Jennings bringing the greetings of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. Important decisions reached at the meeting included the subscription of \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation, and the empowering of the Social and Community Welfare Committee to investigate the possibility of the Association's erecting a tuberculosis pavilion at either the Blue Ridge or Catawba sanitarium. Resolutions adopted included one deploring the death in office some months ago of State Association President Dr. J. Garnett King, and another thanking Harrisonburg Lodge for its hospitality. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Cecil M. Robertson, Norfolk; First Vice-President, Harry F. Kennedy, Alexandria; Second Vice-President, John W. Morrison, Harrisonburg; Third Vice-President, Thomas L. Sclater, Hampton; Secretary, H. E. Dyer, Roanoke; Treasurer, Robert D. Peoples, Manchester; Chaplain, H. H. Kratzig, Norfolk; Sergeant-at-Arms, Judd A. Monroe, Hampton; Tiler, A. M. Norman, Newport News; Trustees: Morris Spiro, Harrisonburg, and Dr. George H. Reese, Petersburg; Social and Community Welfare Committee: M. L. Mainter, Roanoke; Joe Kass, Richmond; J. W. Carter, Jr., Danville; C. G. Meyers, Norfolk; and R. Chess McGhee, Lynchburg; Ritualistic Contest Chairman, John Sizer, Richmond. Hampton was selected as the place of the 1930 meeting.

A ritualistic contest was held that afternoon by the teams of Hampton and Harrisonburg Lodges, with Mr. Harper acting as Judge. This contest between teams representing the eastern and western parts of the State was the first of its kind ever held in Virginia, and resulted in a win for Hampton. It was inspired by the presentation of a handsome trophy, to be competed for annually, by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee. An outing at the Massanutten Caverns, band concerts and the convention ball at the Spotswood Country Club wound up one of the most interesting and successful meetings of the Association.

### Maine

THE first annual convention of the Maine State Elks Association took place some weeks ago in Waterville, where the organization meeting was held last November. With one exception, that of third vice-President Ermont G. Frost, of Sanford Lodge, No. 1470, who was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Perley

Ford, also of Sanford Lodge, all of the officers named at the organization meeting were unanimously reelected. They are: President, C. Dwight Stevens of Portland; First Vice-President, Wilfred P. Perry of Augusta; Second Vice-President, Dr. P. L. B. Ebbett of Houlton; Third Vice-President, Ermont G. Frost of Sanford; Secretary, Edward R. Twomey of Portland; Treasurer, Mills D. Barber of Bangor; Trustee for three years, William P. Toulouse of Waterville; Trustee for two years, Robert L. Ervin of Waterville; Trustee for one year, Lester C. Ayer of Portland.

More than 100 Elks, representing twelve of the fourteen Lodges of the State, met in the hospitable Home of Waterville Lodge, No. 905. The adoption of a permanent constitution and by-laws was the principal work of the meeting. A pleasing feature was the presentation to the Association, by the Portland, Me., Publishing Co., of a handsome silver loving cup as the trophy in the proposed annual ritualistic contests.

President Stevens's report covered in detail the accomplishments of the Association since its organization, and its plans for the future. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer showed that every Lodge in the State had affiliated itself with the Association and that all dues are fully paid up. The selection of the place and date of the 1930 convention was left in the hands of the Trustees.

Following the business meetings the delegates were the guests of Waterville Lodge at a buffet luncheon and entertainment.

### Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia

THE ninth annual convention of the Tri-State Association of Elks, comprising Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia, was held in Hagerstown, Md., on August 19, 20 and 21, and got under way with an open meeting at the Maryland Theatre during which visitors were welcomed and given the keys of the city by Mayor Reuben Musey. Retiring President William H. Bovey presided and States Attorney Harper Ballentine responded on behalf of the Association to Mayor Musey's welcome. A distinguished guest, Past Grand Trustee Henry W. Mears, who instituted Hagerstown Lodge, No. 378, and long noted for his work in the Order, made a brief address on this occasion.

At noon approximately 800 delegates, alternates, and visiting members had registered, with expectations of double that number before the second day. At a brief business meeting in the afternoon, the recently instituted Havre de Grace Lodge was formally elected to membership in the Association. Later, guests enjoyed the Blue Ridge League baseball game and in the evening were present at the open house held in the Home of the local Lodge, or attended the fights at the Fair grounds.

Election of officers took place at the morning session of the second day. The following were elected to serve for the coming year: President, John B. Berger, Baltimore; First Vice-President, Charles Hubert Smith, Crisfield; Second Vice-President, Harry S. Nichols, Washington; Third Vice-President, J. Morris Guider, Hagerstown; Secretary, Charles R. Klosterman, Baltimore; Treasurer (re-elected) John E. Lynch, Washington; Trustees: John J. Stumpf, Cumberland; William P. Cole, Towson; J. Albert Oliver, Wilmington; Charles W. Tucker, Jr., Annapolis; Meredith Staub, Frederick; Frank W. Coulbourn Salisbury. Retiring President Bovey and Secretary Brewer L. Stouffer filed their reports of the past year. Mr. Bovey told of the ritualistic contest staged in Baltimore which was won by Washington Lodge, with Annapolis second, and Mr. Stouffer reported on the work of the Grand Lodge Convention which he attended. District

Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence C. Ensor also spoke. It was decided at the meeting to hold Memorial Services at the local Lodge Home the following morning with Grand Trustee A. Charles Stewart in charge. Prompted by Past President Leon R. Youtree, definite steps were taken by the Association toward establishing a summer home for children and aged Elks to be located somewhere within the jurisdiction. A committee was formed to look into sites and building costs and to report back at the 1930 convention. The newly elected president, John Berger, had proposed the home at the 1928 convention and announced at that time his intention of giving \$500 as a personal gift toward its establishment.

At noon the local members and guests accompanied by the famous Boys Band of Washington left for a crab feast at Wellers Club House on the Potomac. The evening's program featured an entertainment for delegates and members at the country club, and one for ladies at the Women's Club.

Wednesday, the final day, saw the installation of officers, memorial services, and the mammoth convention parade with Governor Albert C. Ritchie, of Maryland, Governor C. Douglas Buck, of Delaware, and Congressman Frederick N. Zihlman in the reviewing stand. A dinner for all visiting officers at the Hamilton Hotel, and the Grand Ball at the Hagerstown Country Club wound up a most successful meeting.

### Indiana

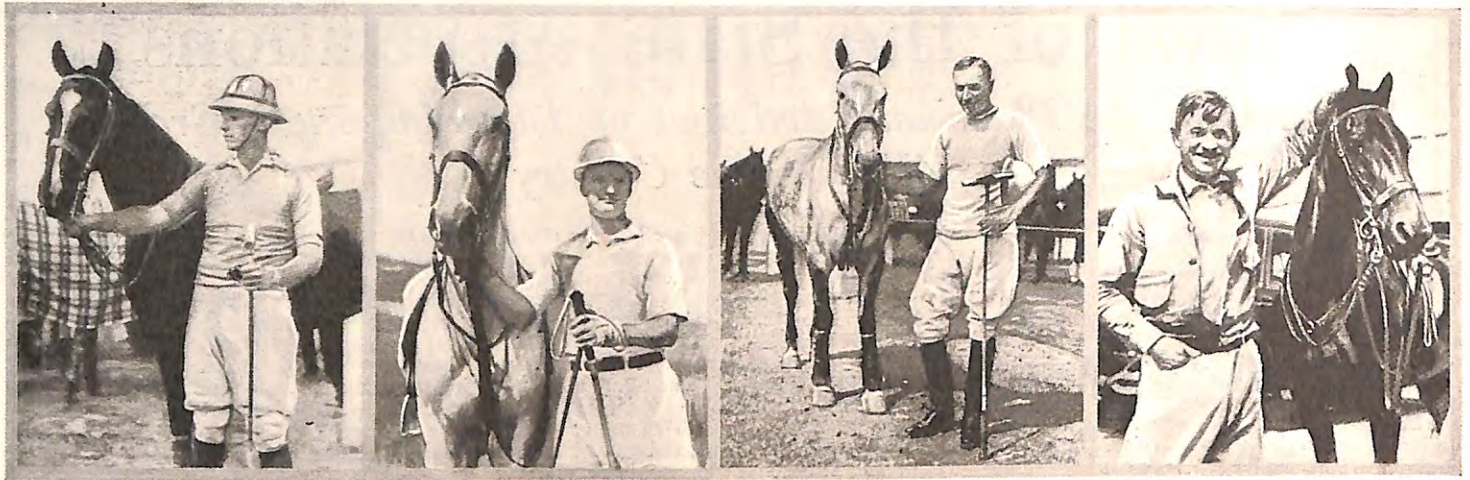
NEW Albany Lodge, No. 270, extended a warm welcome to the officers, delegates and visitors to the twenty-eighth annual convention of the Indiana State Elks Association. The opening session was held in the spacious Lodge room of No. 270, at which time Mayor Newton A. Green delivered an address of welcome as did Past Exalted Ruler M. C. Thomson. President John F. Holliday of Washington Lodge, No. 933, responded in behalf of the State Association and presented Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Frank J. McMichael of Gary Lodge, No. 1152, and Robert A. Scott of Linton Lodge, No. 866, a Past President of the Association and Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. Both of these well-known Elks made short addresses in which they stressed the value of organized effort, and complimented the officers upon a year of fine achievement.

At the second business session the election of officers resulted as follows: President, Fred C. Cunningham, Martinsville; First Vice-President, Fred A. Wiecking, Bluffton; Second Vice-President, F. E. Coughlin, South Bend; Third Vice-President, Don Allman, Noblesville; Fourth Vice-President, Lee F. Bays, Sullivan; Secretary, W. C. Groehl, Shelbyville; Treasurer, Harry K. Kramer, Michigan City; Trustees, three and five years respectively: Noble F. Mitchell, New Albany and Clifford Savage, Anderson. Other outstanding business transactions included a change in the constitution and statutes, increasing the per capita tax for membership in the Association to ten cents per member and the subscription of \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation. Reports rendered by officers showed the Association to be in a healthy condition, with a 100 per cent. membership of sixty-four Lodges.

During the business meetings the wives and friends of Elks were entertained at the New Albany Country Club. The Convention Ball was held in the beautiful ball room of the Lodge, which was attractively decorated in purple and white and brought forth a large gathering of delegates, guests and friends. One of the interesting events was a motor tour through the southern Indiana hills to Corydon, the first capitol of Indiana, and an excursion to Wyandotte Cave, one of the show places of the United States.

An excursion on the beautiful Ohio river on a  
(Continued on page 70)





Scott Hackley

Dr. Harry Wilson

Jim Colt

Will Rogers



Hal Roach, Captain of the "Uplifters"

## Night Polo at Convention

WHEN the Convention Committee of Los Angeles Lodge was searching for a spectacular opening event for the Electrical Pageant which was the finale of Grand Lodge Convention week in July, John J. Doyle, Vice-chairman of the Committee, conceived the idea of a polo game played by artificial light. He immediately broached his idea to members of the "Uplifters Club," an organization of polo enthusiasts at Santa Monica.

The result was that such well known players as Hal Roach, "Snowy" Baker, Will Rogers, Jim Colt, Scott Hackley, and Dr. Harry Wilson offered their services and those of their ponies. And, for the first time in history, so far as is known, a night game was scheduled. The turf of the Los Angeles Coliseum was equipped with side boards and goal posts. And there, under the bright floodlights, the six men pictured here played four thrilling chukkers before the largest crowd ever assembled to watch polo.



"Snowy" Baker, Captain of the "Buccaneers"

## Address of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin To Annual Convention of the California State Elks Association

*NOTE: The following address, delivered at the Convention of the California State Elks Association last July, is published here with the thought that it may be of help to other State Associations. It is significant because, in arguing for the abandonment of an important State Association project, it illustrates the attitude of the California body toward the Elks National Foundation.—*  
THE EDITOR.

**B**ROTHER PRESIDENT, Grand Lodge officers, members of the California State Association: Before making the report to this Association which it is my purpose to make, I want to present my apology to the President and members of the State Association for not being able to attend the session yesterday. I think you will grant me the right to say that my first duty is to the Grand Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler did me the honor of appointing me as one of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, the recent great development project of the Grand Lodge, and of this Order. We had a session of that Board of Trustees, commencing about eleven o'clock yesterday, and lasting until after five; with the result that I was deprived of both the honor and the pleasure of being here participating with you in the proceedings of yesterday. That explains why I was personally absent from your meeting and deliberations, but should in no way tend to incline you to the belief that I am any the less interested in the proceedings of the State Association, or in its future, or in its progress, and the magnificent purposes

to which it may devote itself, and the things which it may accomplish.

Some three years ago it was suggested by myself that the State Association had arrived at a period in its development when it might well take up some major project worthy of its effort, and well worthy of those principles to which we fraternally, and as members of our Subordinate Lodges, profess ourselves to be dedicated; one which might well stand as a monument to the efforts of our United Brotherhood in the State of California; one which might well stand as a testimonial justifying the existence of the State Association, and of our united and concentrated efforts demonstrating in a practical way those charitable principles to which we are devoted.

A Committee was appointed with purpose to examine into this possibility, and report to you such progress as it might be able to make, toward the consummation of that object, and to the fulfillment of that particular desire. The Committee has reported from time to time, two years ago, first, and a year ago now, to the State Association, indicating its then belief that the State Association might well and properly engage in the establishment, construction, maintenance and operation of a school for the reconstruction of boys from the ages of 15 to 21, whom the State authorities had ascertained to be in a precarious condition of health, unknown to themselves, but nevertheless facing possible early demise, due to inadequate care or malnutrition following sickness in childish years,

and with that purpose in view a plan was suggested for the establishment of such a reconstruction school for boys of that age, wherein and whereby we as a State Association might take on this needed work in a field as yet untouched, and bend our concentrated efforts to the reclamation of those boys, to their establishment as splendid healthful men, and as a matter of fact securing to them through our ministrations a longer lease of life than seemed to be possible under their conditions as ascertained through the means of medical examination.

At the session at Santa Barbara last year with this thought in mind a tentative plan of possible financing was proposed, and during my absence from the State that report was presented. Perhaps, very wisely, it was made, not as recommending the established policy of the State Association, but as a progress report, leaving the matter open for the purpose of considering the plan more thoroughly and more maturely, and possibly reporting to this Association later the conclusions definitely arrived at. I was not able to be present at the last State Association meeting, on account of business in the East. After such consideration as I have since been able to give the matter I am satisfied that the action that was taken at the Santa Barbara meeting with respect to the form of the report was indeed a wise one, for it has recently developed, my brothers, that there are conditions, situations and certain events that have occurred

(Continued on page 79)



STATE OF WISCONSIN  
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER  
MADISON

WALTER J. KOHLER  
GOVERNOR

August 3rd, 1929

The Elks Magazine  
50 East 42nd Street  
New York City.

Gentlemen:

I am very glad to note that the Elks lodges of the Country are actively furthering the movement to mark our towns and cities so that they can be readily identified from the air. This is a valuable public service and I am sure it will be well performed.

I appreciate your interest and am glad to do whatever I can to cooperate with you in your useful undertaking for furthering the progress and safety of aeronautics.

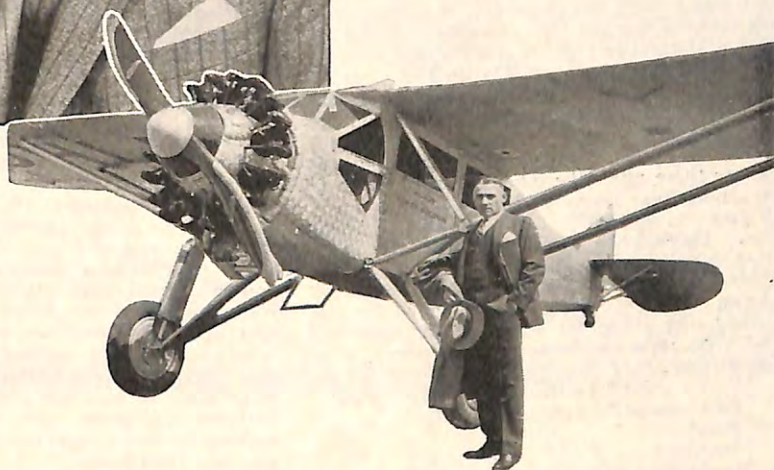
Sincerely yours,  
*Walter Kohler*  
Governor

WJK:HEM



Another Elks Lodge joins the B. P. O. Elks National Air Marker Movement. This splendid air Marker at Cumberland, Maryland, is the work of Cumberland Lodge, B. P. O. Elks No. 63.

Governor Walter J. Kohler of Wisconsin, writes endorsing the B. P. O. Elks National Air Marker Plan. At the right is shown a portrait of Governor Kohler and a view of his Ryan Monoplane "Village of Kohler," sister ship of Lindbergh's historic "Spirit of St. Louis."



# Wisconsin's Governor—a man of vision

## Flying Enthusiast, Statesman and Industrial Leader

### Endorser of B. P. O. Elks Air Marker Plan

WALTER J. KOHLER is another eminent ELK who endorses the B. P. O. Elks National Air Marker Plan.

Governor Kohler is a practical man and he writes with the pen of experience. As a business man he has made the name "Kohler of Kohler" a trade mark known throughout the Nation. As an industrial leader and Governor of his state he has become a figure of national interest because of the interest he takes in national affairs.

No mere theorist is he; he knows the problems of aviation through first-hand experience, having flown thousands of miles in his own plane, and his endorsement of the Elks Air Marker Plan is premised on a very thorough understanding of its value to aviation.

The number of lodges that have already marked their cities for the convenience of aerial travelers indicates that Governor Kohler's confidence in the success of this Plan is fully justified. (Is your lodge among this number?)

NOTE:—For information about aviation, flying schools, equipment, etc., address—

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## The Makings of Command

(Continued from page 13)

murk, his rubber coat crackling under the drive of the sleet. The man going off gave Martin the course he had been steering, and the latter went into the chart-room to check it with Drone.

Drone said, "We better shove her another point to port, so we stay well off Winterquarter. I wish to hell we were south of Hatteras. Keep a sharp lookout, old boy, and if you're in doubt just give me a call."

"Thanks," returned Martin. "But I guess if it gets any worse the skipper 'll come up."

Drone's lips flattened hard against his teeth and a glitter shone in his black eyes as he flung Martin a quick sidelong look. There was something of derision, of mockery, in that rapier-like glance. It upset Martin a bit and made him pucker his forehead quizzically. Then Drone was clapping him on the back and saying, "Good luck, mister!" I mind the time I stood watch on my first voyage, a dozen years ago. Was on a night like this, in the Bay of Biscay, and let me tell you that hunk of water was no lily-pond. Keep a stiff lip and remember, if you want some advice. . . . Well, so long for a while!"

He swished out of the lighted chart-room, and disappeared. Martin stood staring after him and was half-prompted to call him back and ask him, as man to man, how he had felt on that wild night in the Bay of Biscay. But no; that would not be right. Martin had a streak of fine pride in his make-up. He was against asking advice, against seeking stimuli of courage from his fellowmen. Though the thought chilled him, he wanted to meet whatever danger there might be, alone. And he nursed his strange fear alone. He had a burning desire to prove to himself just how capable he really was. He reached toward and at the same time shrank back from that iron test.

He left the chart-house, and the wind struck at him savagely, whipped and clattered the long rubber coat about his legs. He toiled around to the binnacle and leaned over to peer into its lighted face:

"Port a point," he threw to the wheelman.

"Port a point," came the repetition.

"Stead-y."

"Stead-y."

Martin drew a breath and groped his way over to the lee wing, to again study the Winter-quarter Light with his glasses. In the drenched murk it was the merest fleck of radiance, indiscernible to the naked eye and almost so even through the binoculars. After a long moment he swung his gaze in a wide arc. There was nothing to see. Darkness shrouded ocean and sky so that both appeared as one with no dividing line visible. A halo of nebulous radiance swam about the light on the foremost truck. The forward well-deck was a smudge of solid blackness and the fo'c'sle head rose vague and almost formless.

STEADILY the wind increased, and the driving sleet hissed across the unsheltered bridge and spattered viciously against Martin's gleaming oilskins. Great seas, mountainous and wind-twisted, slammed along the port quarter and broke over the after well-deck in a fury of whining foam that flung its remains as far as the careening funnel, coating it white with salt. The ship trembled throughout, hesitating, poising before she pitched forward to bury her bow and leave her propeller thrashing the air. It seemed that the shrieking sleet and the thundering sea fought, the one shrill and frantic, the other ponderous and booming as it piled wave after wave over the weather rail in a kind of dull, methodical fury.

And in the midst of all this chaos Martin found himself gripped with a wild and nameless fascination. He sensed that danger lay ahead somewhere, and while an awful dread hung heavy in his heart, at the same time a frantic, unreasonable desire to meet the unknown throbbed in his veins. With one hand he clung to an awning-frame upright, while with the other he held the glasses to his eyes and peered intently at the winking lightship that was now about three points forward of the starboard beam.

On his way across to the chart-room a little

later he heard snatches of conversation, vague and remote, and his eyes dropped to the little round ventilator at his feet. He lowered his head, and although he could not make out the words, the tone of the voice was, he thought, raised to an angry pitch and it sounded very much like the chief officer's. The ventilator, he knew, was just over the captain's room. A little perplexed, he proceeded on into the chart-room, and when the Winter-quarter Light was directly abeam, marked down the name and time in the log-book.

When he went back on the bridge, the ship gave a sudden lurch and he lost his footing on the ice-sheathed deck. He slid aft with the stern pitch and brought up sharp against the cabinet where the signal flags were kept. His cheek was gashed open on the sharp edge of the cabinet and blood trickled down his wet face. Clambering to his feet, he wiped away the blood with an icy mitten, forgot about the cut, and stumbled up to the binnacle.

The wheelman said, "Ship's not steerin', sir."

"Better put her over to port a point," cried Martin.

"Port . . . a point," droned the wheelman.

Five bells rang from the bridge a moment later and were reechoed by the lookout clanging the brass bell on the fo'c'sle head.

The ship battled on slowly, and now the seas were crashing full over the bridge deck, and the flung spume was flying in thick sheets well over the navigating bridge. Steerage way was being lost more and more, and the stern kept lifting oftener out of the water, and higher. Martin went reeling back and forth between the binnacle and the chart-house, a little dazed, his body and senses numb. His face was gleaming wet and little ridges of ice were crusted beneath his eyes where the salt rheum had frozen. Those eyes were red-rimmed, and a lump of muscle showed hard at either corner of his young mouth. Every nerve of him was strung taut as a drumhead, and sometimes he muttered passages from seaman's manuals while he spat salty sea-water from his crusted lips. Everything to him was like a dream, a wild, fantastic nightmare. For remember, he was making his first voyage as third officer and he was only twenty-one.

Out of the murk below, Drone, the chief mate, suddenly surged up, a bitter, black look in his cavernous eyes. He slid over to where Martin stood by the binnacle, flung up his hand and barked, "Sparks just got an S. O. S. There's a yacht . . . *Pegasi* . . . in trouble about ten miles to the east'ard. We got to try . . . give her . . . assistance."

"Oh," nodded Martin, bewildered.

Drone turned to the wheelman. "Port, there, and swing her quick and hard!"

The wheelman tugged at the spokes. The *Andromeda* dug around, and the wind striking her full abeam, piled a world of snarling sea water clear up to the wheelhouse. She lurched far over to leeward, scooped up another sea on that slide and trembled in the vortex of the frothing maelstrom.

"Cripes . . . what a blow!" snapped Drone.

He started around for the chart-room, but a violent lurch of the ship sent him careening across the bridge. He lost his balance, clutched at the wind and the sleet, spun around as if on a pivot, and went flying head-first down the ladder. He did not stop until he crashed against the lower bridge, and he lay there in a huddled heap motionless.

Martin had not seen him fall. Now he looked about searchingly, peered into the chart-room, said, "What the devil!" and stood for a moment heaving up and down with the motion of the ship. Then he crossed cautiously to the head of the lee ladder, looked down and saw the mate lying there at the base.

"Oh, God!" he muttered and clattered down, half stumbling.

He bent down over Drone, put an arm under him, and the mate's head wobbled on his shoulders. His face was deathly white, and a crimson blotch was spreading over his left cheek. Martin laid him down and ran to the steward's quarters. He banged open the door and shouted, "Hurry up! The mate's smashed his head!"

He raced back to Drone, and a minute later the steward, along with the mess-boy, reached him.

"Take him below!" Martin shouted, a little hysterically.

Then he leaped over to the door leading to the captain's quarters, yanked it open and sped down the short corridor. To his right was the wireless room; to his left a spare stateroom; at the end of the passage, the captain's quarters. He knocked, knocked again, and when there was no answer he turned the knob and crashed in.

Tally was sprawled on a settee against the starboard bulkhead, snoring thickly. Martin shouted at him, stumbled toward him over an empty whisky bottle that rolled about the floor, grasped the skipper's shoulder and shook him violently. His only response was a throaty grunt. In panic Martin beat with his fists on the captain's barrel-like chest, and the captain, muttering in his throat, turned over and pillowed his head on his arm, and sighed vastly. Desperate, angry, Martin hauled him from the bunk, but the skipper was a heavy, bulky man and promptly sank to the floor, where he grunted, curled up like a huge bear and refused to be roused. The cabin reeked of rum, and rum stained the front of the captain's grimy red sweater.

"Oh . . . Lord!" ground out Martin, cracking fist to palm.

He lurched out and ran into the wireless room.

"Where's the *Pegasi*?" he shouted, shaking Sparks.

"Just gave me her position. Thirty-seven and forty west; seventy-four and thirty-eight north. Sprung a leak in the forepeak and she's in a bad way. I've told her we're making to help her. We're keeping in touch. Poor Drone got a busted head, eh?"

"Listen," panted Martin. "See if you can get some life in the Old Man."

"But I got to keep in touch with the *Pegasi*, and"—he shrugged and smiled wryly—"the Old Man's beyond all waking."

MARTIN muttered an oath and fought his way back up to the navigating bridge. He was mad now. Even under ordinary circumstances he was not a cool man, and circumstances at present were far from ordinary. Indeed, he was bitter and mad and there was a new rasp in his voice when he flung an order to the helmsman. The helmsman said the "sir" a little more respectfully than he had hitherto.

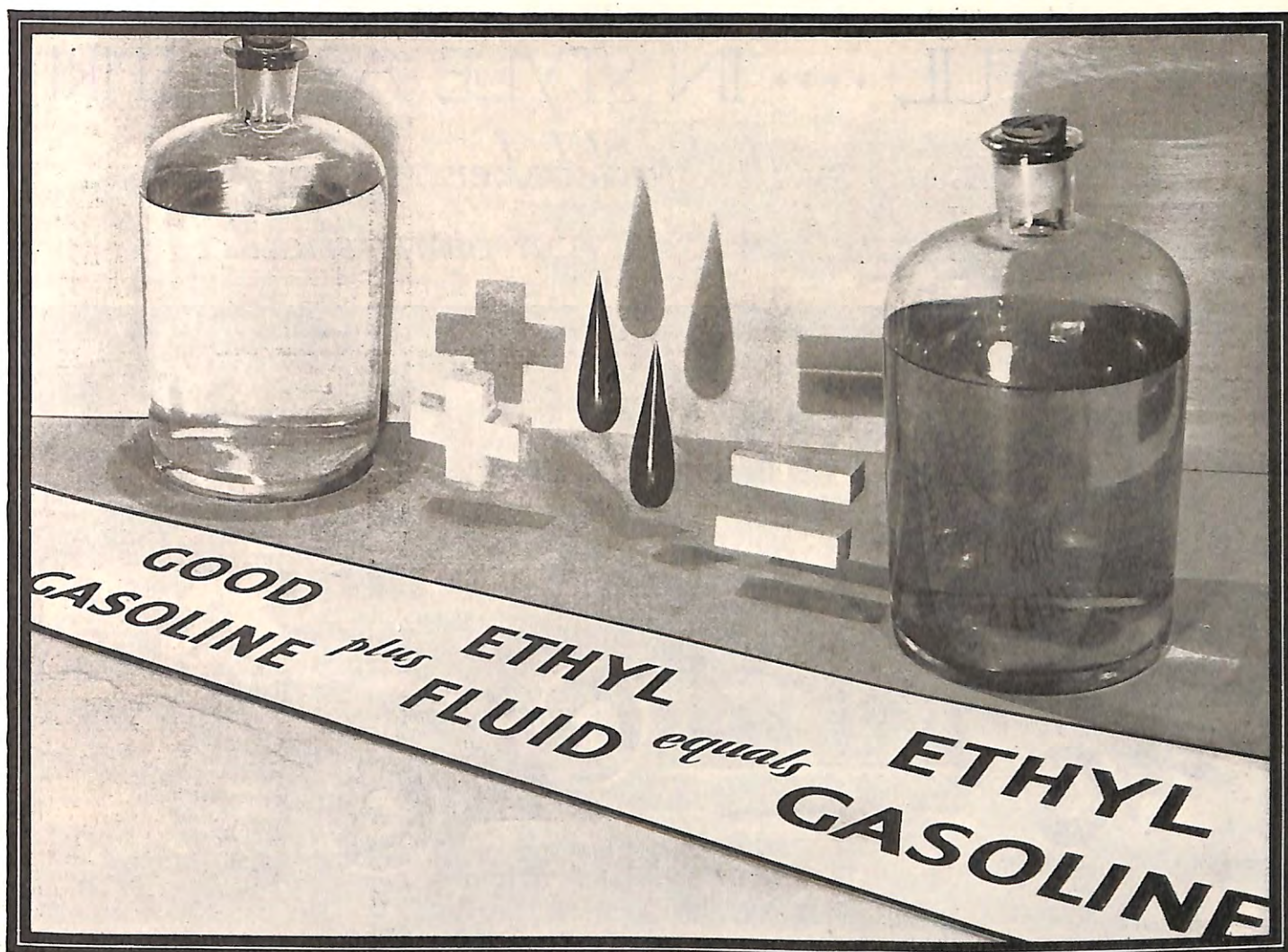
Of all times, the captain sodden and hopelessly drunk on a night like this! Martin was shocked, outraged. He had been apprenticed under a stern New Englander who followed the code of the sea to the letter, never got drunk on shipboard, and was discreet about getting drunk ashore, too. Martin felt like going down and pounding the skipper's head off. Ellefsen unable to stir in his bunk. The chief mate unconscious for only God knew how long. Himself left alone to solve his own and the ship's salvation and to render aid to a yacht foundering somewhere in that murky, tempestuous night.

Gradually the anger subsided, the heat of youth chilled, and Martin stood braced by the binnacle, white-faced and tight-lipped, while that old empty feeling was growing in the pit of his stomach. The test was coming—no, it was already at hand, staring him straight in the eye, pointing a finger at him, challenging him. He thought his knees were shivering, and not from the cold, either, and he experienced an aching desire to cling to something. He reeled across the bridge and gripped the engine-room speaking-tube with both hands. The bow plunged down under a huge wave. The wave broke over the head with a resounding boom and flooded the well-deck to the rails, flung aloft a tower of spray that the wind caught and hurled with devilish ferocity at Martin, driving him to his knees behind the canvas dodger.

He came up spitting away sea water and lunged back to the binnacle. Sparks appeared and gave him the latest position of the *Pegasi*, and added, "I tried to talk sense to the Old Man, but he's soused to the eyebrows and can't even sit up, let alone stand. It's tough, old man. I'd hate to be in your shoes. I dropped in to see if Ellefsen might be able to come up, but he's delirious, and Drone hasn't come back to consciousness yet." Sparks

(Continued on page 44)





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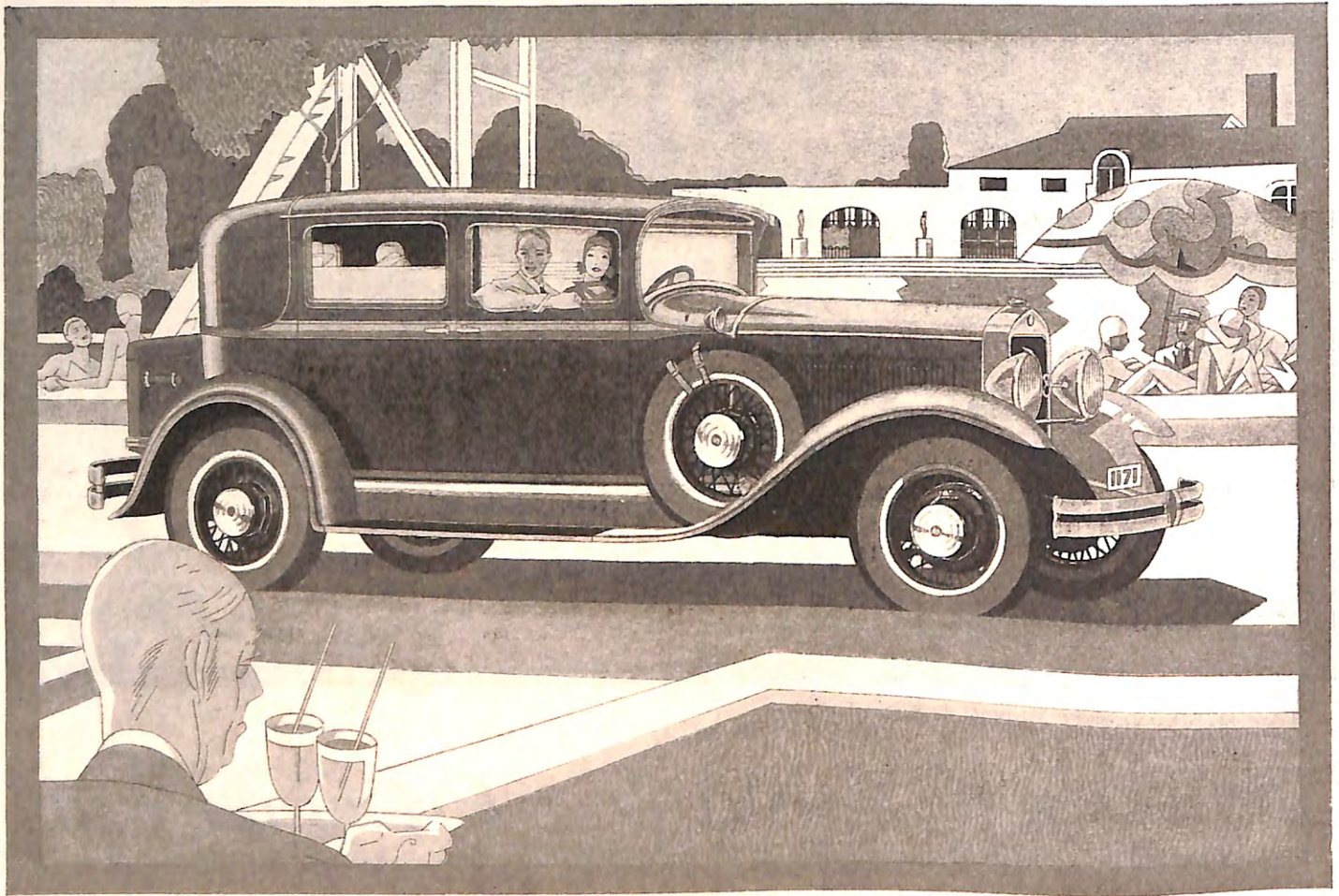
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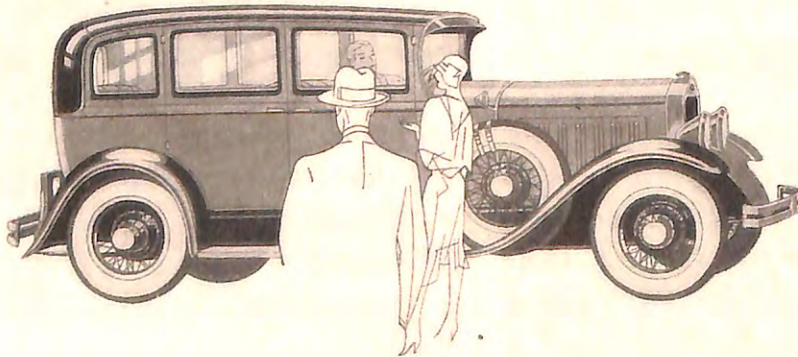


# YOUTHFUL, . . . IN STYLE AS IN SPIRIT

*These smart, swift Studebaker Motor Cars  
bear themselves as Champions should*



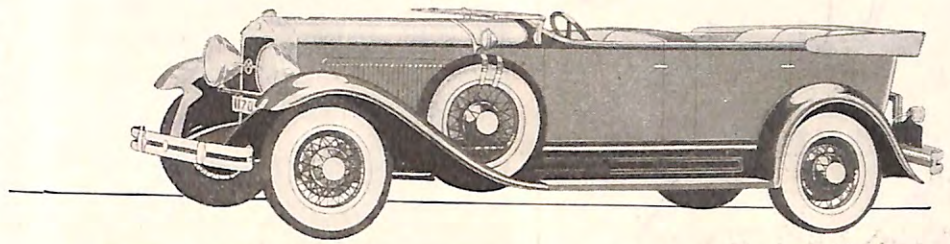
*The Commander Brougham for five combines ample roominess with companionability. Upholstery—fine Bedford cord or mohair. Folding center arm rest in rear seat. Two extra wire wheels set in fender wells, a touring trunk with two large suit cases and a hat box, and hydraulic shock absorbers are standard equipment. Commander Eight Brougham, \$1650, Commander Six, \$1475.*



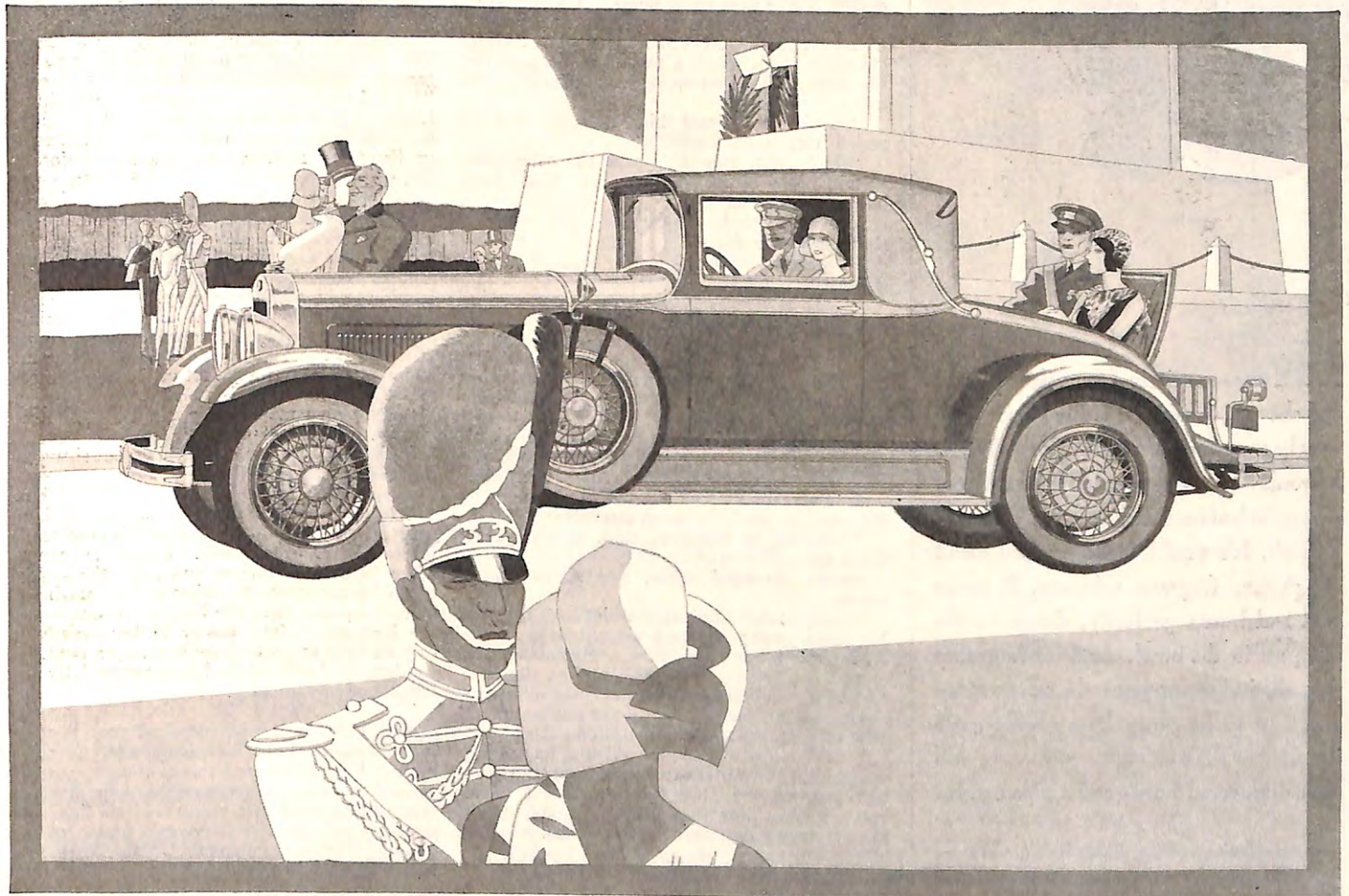
*The Dictator Regal Sedan for five, available either as a straight eight or six, is a car of genuine beauty and generous size. Exceptional economy. 115-inch wheelbase. Hydraulic shock absorbers. The Dictator Six Regal Sedan is \$1195; the Eight, \$1335. The Six-cylinder Dictator Coupe for two is \$995 and the Eight, \$1185.*

THERE is a fresh and vigorous style to Studebaker which is quite as evident in performance as in smart appearance. Breathtaking fleetness won for these gallant cars 126 official stock car records for speed and staying power. . . . There is a dash and spirit—a style distinctly Studebaker and unmistakably champion—about every phase of their flawless deportment. The way they handle, their riding ease born of ball-bearing spring suspension and enhanced by powerful hydraulic shock absorbers, their steadiness on any road and at





*The President Eight State Tourer, seating seven. A beautiful interpretation in coachcraft, of the speed and stamina of its world champion chassis. Ball bearing spring shackles, powerful Houdaille double-action hydraulic shock absorbers, steel-core safety steering wheel. Flat-folding windshield of non-shatterable safety glass. 135-inch wheelbase. Priced \$2085 with six wire wheels and folding luggage grid.*



any pace, their velvet-smooth responsiveness — these make up Studebaker performance style. This performance style shares with fine coachcraft the honor which motorists of all nations have accorded to Studebaker . . . world leadership in the sale of eight-cylinder motor cars. There has been no finer tribute in Studebaker's long and honored history.

*The President Eight Convertible Cabriolet seats four in comfort—two in the lounge and two in the commodious rumble. Low-swung on its costlier double-drop frame. Side windows may be raised with top up or down. Six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment. Priced at \$1875. The Commander Eight Convertible Cabriolet for four is \$1595, The Commander Six, \$1445.*

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

**STUDEBAKER**  
*Builder of Champions*



What's wrong  
with this  
sunset?



HE was so serenely, fatuously happy—and she was so miserable. He never knew why he never saw her again. But we know. It wouldn't have happened if that favorite pipe of his had been packed with Sir Walter Raleigh. It's a mild, well-seasoned blend of choice, fragrant tobaccos. It packs well and burns perfectly, down to the last puff in the bowl. And for fragrance—well, judge for yourself, ask your tobacconist to let you take a whiff from a tin. One whiff's enough—you, too, will have discovered how good a pipe can be.

If you don't know Sir Walter Raleigh, send us the name of your regular tobacconist and we will see that you have a chance to get acquainted with this rich, milder tobacco.

Dept. 215, Brown and Williamson  
Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.



SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH  
Smoking Tobacco

It's



milder

## The Makings of Command

(Continued from page 40)

gripped Martin's hand and pressed it warmly. "Steady, old top!"

Martin groaned, said nothing, and Sparks went below. He turned to the wheelman and called, "Starboard a point."

"Starboard a point," repeated the wheelman; then, "Ship's not steerin', sir."

Martin glanced at the binnacle, bit his lip, took his glasses and beat across to the lee wing, where he stared intently in the sleet-drenched murk with eyes that stung and ached. In fact, every muscle in his lean young body ached with the strain which he was undergoing. Every nerve felt taut as a bowspring, ready at any moment to snap, and he wondered just how much longer he could stand up under it all. His throat was dry and parched, his feet seemed booted with lead. He wished he were like Ellefsen, stolid, cool, imperturbable. He had such a high-tension set of nerves, a brain so packed with imagination that it pained. He was young and raw and bewildered by the tragic events of the past eight hours. He knew that if he lived through this horrible nightmare it would remain forevermore in a deathless chamber of his mind, a talismanic memento of his youth, of his first voyage as a fledgling third mate.

His glasses showed him nothing, and he reeled back to the binnacle.

"Ship's not steerin'," said the wheelman. "Stern keeps kickin' outer water. Can't keep her on our course."

And then Sparks appeared on the run and shouted, "The *Pegasi* is giving up hope if we don't show up soon. Operator says wireless 'll go on the blink any minute."

MARTIN ground his mittened hands together and his teeth dug into his lip. A sudden lurch of the ship hurled him and Sparks apart, and when they toiled back to face each other Martin barked, "Tell 'em to hang on. Tell 'em we'll reach 'em in time."

"Ship's not steerin', sir," droned the wheelman.

Sparks looked from the wheelman to Martin and shrugged. "Don't think we'll make it, old top," he said, "without steerageway."

"Tell 'em to hang on, stick to the yacht. We'll make it."

Sparks shrugged again, nodded and went below.

Martin stared hard at the binnacle, then set his clean young jaw and weaved over to the engine-room speaking tube. Removing the stopper he pressed his mouth against the tube and blew vigorously. Then he placed his ear there, and in a moment heard the engine-room's answer. He replaced his mouth and shouted,

"Chief, we've got to give aid to a foundering yacht about five miles to the eastward. We've lost steerageway and at this rate 'll never reach it this time to-morrow. Listen! Start your pumps going and pump the sea into the after hold until your propeller's beneath the water-line. We've got to get our stern down to make steerageway. Get started, Chief!"

The Chief called up, "Have you talked to the captain, Martin?"

"The captain!" shouted back Martin bitterly, and before he could say more the chief, understanding, replied, "All right, Martin. I'll start the pumps."

Martin plugged up the speaking-tube and rolled back to the binnacle. He had given a command, a command of no little import. In all the storm of conflicting thoughts he had remembered that stern New England skipper—remembered a tale he once told over supper, about a typhoon out China way. "We were running down from Foochow," the New Englander had yarned, "when the blow broke. We were off Amoy, in ballast, when the worst came. Now Amoy is a rocky place infested by pirates, and the gale was piling us towards the coast. We couldn't hold our steerageway, so I had the chief pump water into the after hold. That put our stern down, gave the propeller a chance to work and the rudder to steer. We escaped the rocks at Amoy by a hair's breadth. I shivered in my boots that night, gentlemen."

Martin could have blessed the day, the hour,

the minute, when he had signed under that straight-backed, quiet, exacting skipper, who had never had an accident, not even a grounding.

Martin was again hunched in the lee wing, staring intently through the sleet-tortured darkness. That sleet spiraled and whipped about him, drummed in his ears, snapped at his face like wolf's fangs. The ship rose vastly, poised, plunged downward and cleaved a huge wave in two. The water foamed and twisted high, piled over the fo'c'sle head, crashed with a bang to the well-deck and seethed about the hatches.

Later he groped his way to the engine-room speaking tube and spoke with the chief.

"We've almost got enough in now, Martin," explained the chief.

"Wait a minute," called down Martin, and went over to the binnacle.

"How's she now?" he asked the wheelman.

The boy nodded. "Steerin' better now, sir."

"Good!" clipped Martin, and back at the tube, shouted, "Getting better, chief."

"That's good. Steady, Martin!"

Martin went back to stand by the binnacle. The ship was gaining headway, holding to her course. Sparks came up, grinning, and said, "Well, I see you got your steerageway, old top. Listen. Operator on the *Pegasi* just told me the sea's up to his knees almost. The wireless 'll go bang any minute. Any message before it does?"

"How many on board the yacht?"

"Owner, his wife and kid. Eight more including the captain. Eleven in all."

"Tell the captain we'll stand to in about half an hour. Tell him to be ready to put off in a boat if his yacht breaks up. Otherwise it'd be best to stick to the yacht until the sea calms. Have him show blue lights every few minutes. If they have to take to the boats tell them not to forget to take along a lot of lights so we can locate 'em."

"Sign your name, old top, eh?"

"No. Sign the skipper's."

Sparks started to say something, but shrugged instead and started off.

"Send up the bosun," Martin flung after him.

When the bosun appeared on the bridge, Martin said, "Have a starboard life-boat ready in case we have to use it. Get some men to carry bags of oil for'ard and have the for'ard cargo booms ready to swing out to starboard so that we can hang the bags of oil out to cut the breakers. Have plenty of lines ready in case we have to heave them to an open boat."

"Aye, sir," nodded the bosun respectfully and hurried off the bridge.

MARTIN'S own voice surprised him. A cloud seemed to have been swept away from his brain. He remembered things clearly, remembered how once on a time that New England skipper had acted in a storm such as this. He remembered the warnings and advice of his different seamen's manuals. His knees no longer shook. It seemed all like a dream. His steadiness, the way in which he delivered orders, awed him.

The minutes dragged by while he crouched behind the canvas dodgers, peering into the murk. Sparks came to report that communication with the yacht had been severed. Martin nodded and continued searching the gloom ahead. Half an hour passed, and then he saw a light flash and burn steadily on his lee bow. He watched it intently with his glasses, and when it faded he crossed to the binnacle and said to the wheelman, "Now starboard a point."

"Starboard a point."

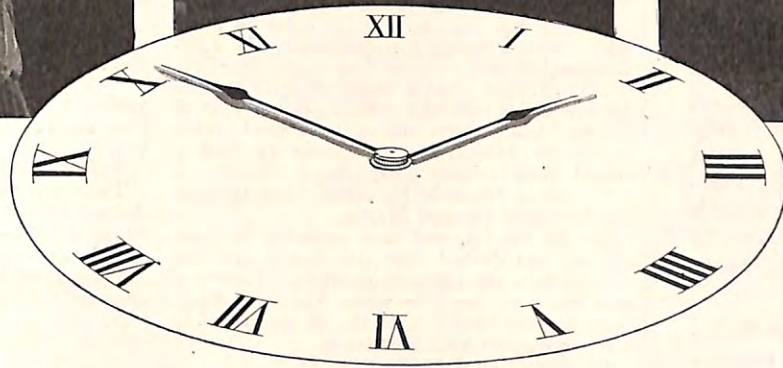
"Steady as she goes."

"Steady. . ."

Back to the dodger again, Martin stared at the point where he had last seen the light, and soon he saw another bluish light burning, this time a little nearer. He crossed to the Morse telegraph, knocked up the cover and striking the key half a dozen times, looked aloft toward the monkey-bridge and saw that his light was working. Then after a pause he gave a long, a short, a long, a short, another long and finally a short flash, indicating he understood. There was a big searchlight on the monkey-bridge,

(Continued on page 46)





## Rob yourself of sleep...

*but you can't rob the Gillette Blade of its sure, smooth shave*

A FACE drawn and tight from lack of sleep, a slapdash lather and a hurry-up shave—it can't ruin the even temper of a Gillette Blade, even though it may wreck your own!

On such mornings lather extra thoroughly and treat yourself to a fresh Gillette Blade. You're sure then of the smooth, even, comfortable shave which has been honed and stropped into every Gillette Blade by machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Every Gillette Blade *must* be even and sure. To guarantee that, four

out of every nine of our blade department employees are inspectors and are paid a bonus for detecting every blade that won't do a superb job of shaving.

*King C. Gillette*



THE 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.

No two men have identically the same kind of beard. No man gives his Gillette the same kind of job to do every morning. A dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. The Gillette Blade alone remains constant.

Eight out of ten American men count on the Gillette Blade to do its job *well* every morning. It does. Witness the smooth faces of American men today. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

# Gillette





## CHAMPION Spark Plugs— Maximum Per- formance and Dependability

**T**HE importance of spark plugs in modern engines cannot be over-emphasized. It is the spark plugs which give the engine life. On them the latent, inherent forces of power, speed and acceleration ultimately depend.

Champion Spark Plugs have always been the unqualified choice of the great majority throughout the world. And Champion is universally recognized as the better spark plug by reason of perfectly plain and obvious superiorities.

The exclusive Champion Sillimanite insulator is recognized by ceramic science as the finest known. Champion owns and controls the only known mine of this, the greatest of all insulating materials. Special analysis electrodes with positive parallel sparking surfaces insure a hot spark of uniform intensity for all engine speeds. The solid copper gasket seal retains all the advantages of Champion's two-piece construction with the added advantage of being permanently gas-tight.

With these exclusive features, Champion excels and outsells throughout the world and assures maximum performance and dependability.

## CHAMPION Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO  
WINDSOR, ONTARIO



## The Makings of Command

(Continued from page 44)

and at a whistle from Martin a seaman came up to man it.

To the bosun on the well-deck below Martin shouted, "Ready to swing out the booms and oil?"

"Ready!" yelled back the bosun.

Another blue light glowed, much nearer, and Martin swung the engine-room telegraph to Half Ahead. He motioned to the seaman on the monkey-bridge and the big searchlight sprang to life and flung its beams down through the glittering sleet. A little later the light revealed an open boat in which were huddled almost a dozen dark figures.

"The yacht went down," murmured Martin, and shoved the lever to Slow Ahead.

The bosun and his men had hung out bags of heavy oil that seeped through small cuts, and the seas to leeward ran smoother. The open boat drew nearer, and the seamen along the *Andromeda's* rail stood ready with lifelines. When Martin could see the white faces of the people in the boat he put the lever to Stop. The bosun flung up a reassuring hand. Lifelines snaked out.

Soon, mused Martin, those people would be on board, all safe and sound. The skipper of the yacht, if he were among them, would come up to the bridge, and as master to master, would want to shake Tally's hand. Tally . . . lying drunk below in his cabin. The thought stabbed right through Martin.

He bit his lip, and then suddenly he spun around and dashed down the ladder and ran around into the captain's quarters. Tally was still lying on the floor where Martin had left him, snoring loudly. Martin fell down beside him, shook him, yelled in his ear.

"Get up!" he shouted. "Get up!"

Tally grunted and sighed peacefully in his sleep.

Martin cursed and with an almost superhuman effort hauled him up and shoved him on to the settee. He pulled a pair of boots from a locker, shoved them on the captain's feet and jumped for his big rubber coat. Sparks looked in with a puzzled frown, and Martin, seeing him, yelled, "Come on, Sparks. Help me get him dressed. Hurry!"

"What?"

"Never mind. Hurry up! Here, I'll hold him up while you put on his coat."

Sparks, still puzzled, came in and grabbed the coat. Martin lugged the skipper to his feet, held him there, while Sparks very clumsily managed to get on the rubber coat.

"S' listen," mumbled Tally, his damp eyes

blinking open. "What the hell's goin' on here? Leggo!"

"You've got to get on the bridge!" cried Martin, slamming the sou'wester on the tousled head.

"Who—me? What I got mates for?"

Martin, ignoring the question, said to Sparks, "Now help me lug him up to the bridge."

Sparks must have sensed the whole thing then, for he frowned darkly and grumbled, "You're a fool, mister—a fool!"

It was the captain of the wrecked *Pegasi* who was the first to climb to the bridge of the *Andromeda*. Close behind him staggered the owner, white and shivering. Captain Tally leaned against the wheelhouse, his sou'wester pulled down over his eyes. Beside him stood Martin, gripping his arm tightly.

The captain of the yacht grasped the hand of the captain of the *Andromeda*.

"God bless you, cap'n," he choked, "as master to master!"

Tally mumbled something unintelligible and sagged a bit. He managed to say after a moment, "Everything . . . all right?"

"All right, captain," put in the owner of the yacht. "It was great work on your part. Believe me, I'll see that you get something out of this."

Tally swayed and muttered in his throat.

The captain of the yacht touched the owner's sleeve. "Come, we'll speak to him later. He's all in. I know—I know. He must have fought like the devil to reach us."

They went below, and then another figure appeared on the bridge. It was Drone, the chief mate, and his face was bandaged. He sagged over to Martin and gripped the young third's hand hard.

"By God," he whispered hoarsely, "you're white! And a sailor four ways from the jack. Go below and snatch a snooze. I'm all right. Sorry I got knocked out."

Martin went down the bridge slowly, groped for his room, opened the door and dragged in. He stood swaying as he unbuttoned and drew off his sou'wester. His face was drawn and haggard, still dripping with melted sleet, his eyes red and swollen. Those eyes, wandering about the room wearily, settled on the likeness of Nancy Hale, smiling at him sweetly, serenely. With a throaty sob he flung himself across the bunk and raised his hands to the swaying picture.

"I've got 'em, Nancy! I've got 'em—the makings. Tell me, Nancy, haven't I got the makings—haven't I? Oh, Nancy!"

## Prizefighting as a Career

(Continued from page 15)

year Lassman, who won all of his boxing bouts by knockouts, was permanently injured. He was in a much rougher game than the ring game, it seems. That last football game cost Lassman a career that might have been as successful as that of Tunney. It probably stopped the chance of seeing a heavyweight champion who was a college graduate and who entered the game deliberately.

Several other college graduates and ex-football players have tried the prize-ring as a career, but they never seemed to get out of the fourth-rate class. Young Fidel La Barba, who aspires to become the featherweight champion, is now a freshman at Stanford University (President Hoover's alma mater) on leave of absence. He declares stoutly that when he does win his championship and the money that goes with it he will return to Stanford University and finish his course, probably with the determination of following in the footsteps of Stanford University's most distinguished alumnus, the present President of the United States.

But the fight game is becoming bigger and more complicated for the mere fighter. You hear of the big purses but you do not know just what becomes of the money. When Jess Willard won the heavyweight championship he actually owned about 25 per cent. of himself. He was a syndicate, or a corporation. Before he was able to collect the entire purse for the fight with

Dempsey at Toledo he had to buy out the other shareholders.

Paulino Uzcudun, the Basque, is cut many ways, as they say on Broadway. He has a horde of managers, all of whom collect percentages of his earnings. The Basque gets the rest. There is Max Schmeling, the German champion, who is subdivided to an even greater extent. There are almost a dozen claiming shares in Schmeling, ranging from five to twenty per cent.

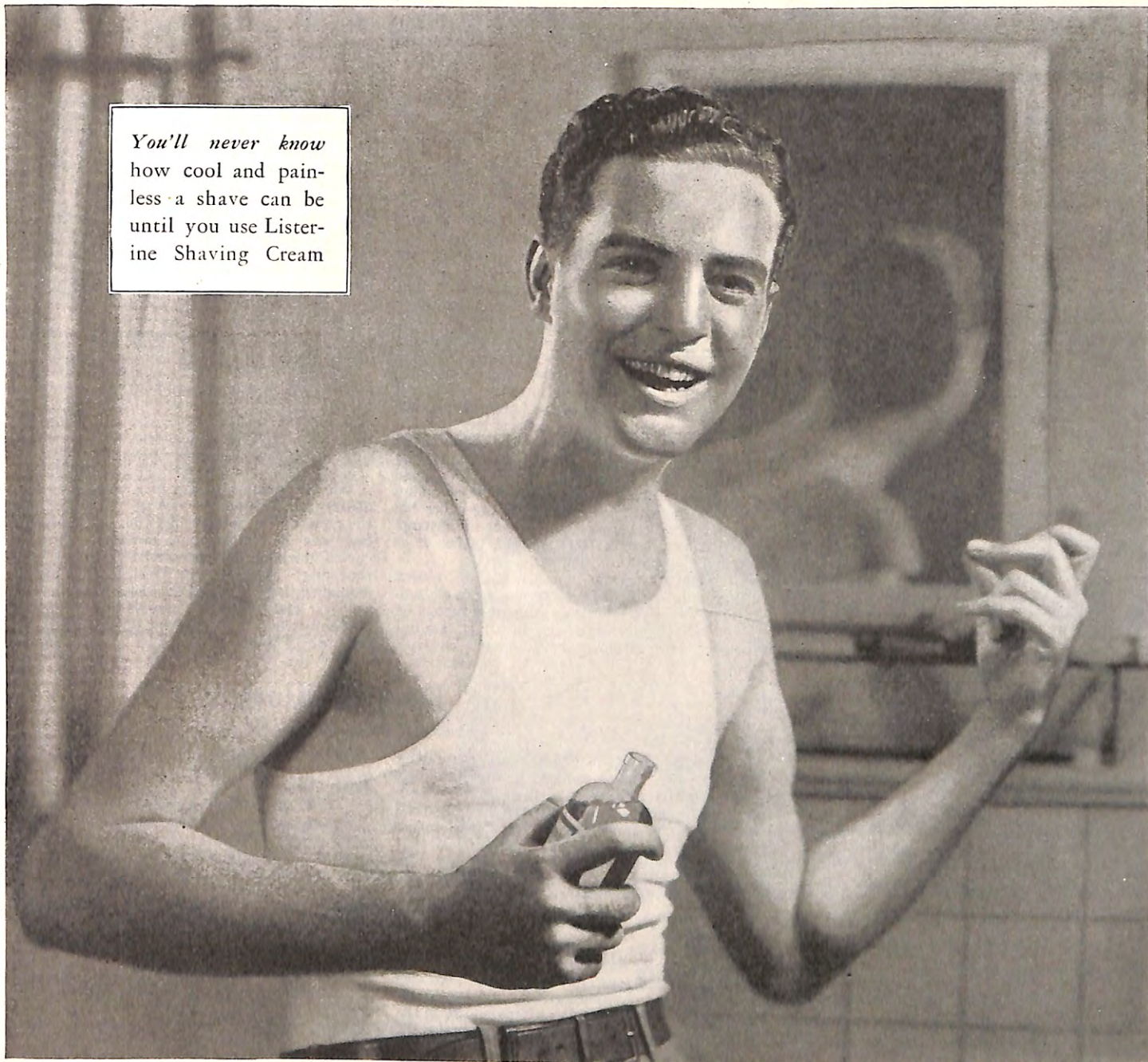
The New York State Boxing Commission has ruled that it is equitable for a manager to collect one-third of the fighter's earnings. Dempsey and Kearns, while they were together, had a solemn compact by which Kearns collected half of everything that Dempsey earned in or out of the ring. You may gather that it is not all profit for the fighter.

The managerial end of the fight game is the safest and the surest from any point of view. You never hear of a fight manager ever winding up his career punch-drunk, and managers do not develop cauliflower ears or the dented noses accumulated by the fighters. Most important of all, you very seldom hear of fight managers asking for benefits at the end of their active careers. That branch of the business or racket is both conservative and profitable.

The promoter gambles to a certain extent.

(Continued on page 48)





*You'll never know  
how cool and pain-  
less a shave can be  
until you use Lister-  
ine Shaving Cream*

# *cools* .. AFTER SHAVING .. *protects*

If you want a real treat in face comfort, do this tomorrow morning after you shave: Simply douse full strength Listerine on your face.

Immediately you note a glow of health — a tingling, zippy sensation that wakes up your skin.

Then, as Listerine dries, a wonderful feeling of coolness, as though a moist sea breeze were

blowing against your cheeks. Gone that feeling of rawness. Gone that burning sensation.

Moreover, it eliminates the risk of infection. Because full strength Listerine, though safe and healing in action, kills germs in counts ranging up to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds.

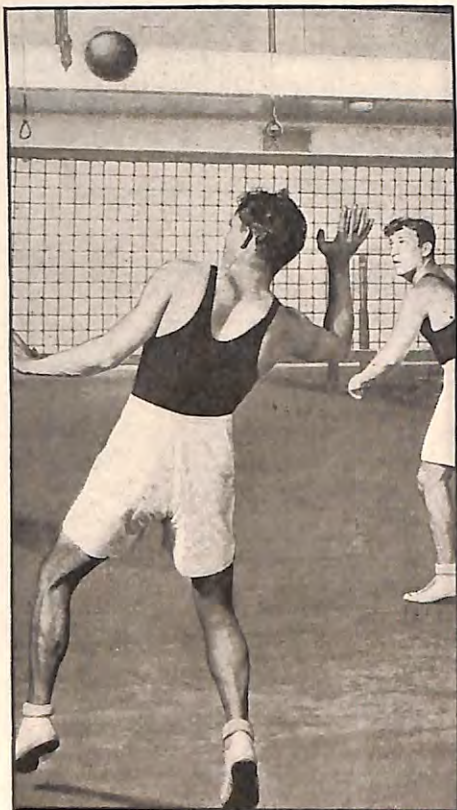
Some men are so delighted with the freshening effect of Listerine on the face that they

employ it before important engagements at which they must look their best. Try it yourself sometime. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Try it, madam, as an*  
**ASTRINGENT**  
The same qualities that make Listerine soothing after shaving, recommend its use by women as an astringent. Incidentally, it is a very economical one. Your wife will be glad to know about it.

*the safe antiseptic* **LISTERINE**  
**Kills 200,000,000 Germs in Fifteen Seconds**





## ENJOY your exercise

—keep Absorbine, Jr. handy

To fully enjoy indoor exercise keep your muscles limber with Absorbine, Jr. Early in the season use it full strength to relieve or prevent lameness, soreness or muscular aches. Then dilute it for a general rub-down. Quick acting and antiseptic when used full strength, it not only invigorates, but tends to heal and eliminate the danger of infection in scratches, bruises or chafing. . . . Druggists everywhere sell and recommend Absorbine, Jr. For sure protection buy two bottles. Keep one at home and have the other always ready in your locker.

At All Druggists, \$1.25  
Send for Free Trial Bottle

W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.



For Instant  
First Aid

Relieves  
Sore Muscles

# Absorbine Jr.

## Prizefighting as a Career

(Continued from page 46)

James W. Coffroth, who did most of the fight-promoting when California was the seat of the prize-fight industry, lost at times a little, but in the end he made a fortune out of the prize-fight business.

Tex Rickard lost on only one fight and, singularly enough, it was a Battle of the Century, as heavyweight championship fights are called, the last fight in which Gene Tunney appeared. Mr. Rickard was quite put out about this. But comparatively he was the most successful showman in the United States. Theatrical managers, many of them, have lost as much in a year as Tex Rickard lost in a promoting life of more than twenty years. From this point of view it would seem that fight promotion is much more profitable and certainly much more certain than theatrical promotion. A theatrical producer who had scored against him only one failure in twenty years would be considered a magician.

It was Tex Rickard who saw the vision of the million-dollar gate. It was Tex Rickard who pointed the way toward getting the fight business into the New York Stock Exchange in company with Steel, General Motors and the other big industries. In the end he sold out his interest in Madison Square Garden, Inc., or, as it is known, Cauliflower Common.

It might have been that Mr. Rickard sensed a decline in the fight industry, but from all indications he was alarmed without cause. Of course the fighters of to-day in all classes are colorless and mediocre as compared to their

immediate predecessors. But the industry thrives nevertheless. For a while it seemed that that affair at Chicago would be the last million-dollar gate, but it is my notion now that by the time we reach the bout where the next heavy-weight champion is to be uncovered the game will be drawing its millions again.

The members of the Madison Square Garden, the "Six Hundred Millionaires," as they are called, think so. They all are quite successful business men and they seldom go wrong in their views as to the future of any particular industry, and they are interested in the prize-fight business both financially and sentimentally—if that is the correct term.

THE game is so well established that it would take some very big scandal to kill it in the sections where it has taken hold. So it looks as though we have in this an industry that offers careers that are lucrative and far from dull. There are millions for a few promoters and fighters and hundreds of thousands for managers.

But before any young man selects this industry for a career he should remember that the chance of a success like that of Tunney or Dempsey is one in many millions. Also the capitalist who would turn promoter should reflect that there was only one Rickard. As for the managing, anybody can try that, if he can find a fighter who will permit himself to be managed. Certainly the prize-fight game offers careers, but very few of them.

## The Deep Yellow

(Continued from page 24)

then cracking badly in Chicago, now came utter disintegration. Gone completely were the low coos, the kittenish tricks and dewy-eyed innocences that so short a time before had charmed gullible Willie into believing that she was a fluffy little birdkin lost from her nest. All that was gentle, refined and cultured fell away from her like an outworn robe, and once again she was the East Side street rat that had fought to hold her own against the Italian children of the neighborhood.

Cursing with a breadth and fluency that left the young junior shocked and stunned, she alternated hysterical outbursts with direct attacks that would not have shamed a Dempsey. Willie managed to catch her wrists after the fury of the first assault, but he writhed helplessly under the lash of her abuse. Nor did the unconcern of the pilot, when they came down, at Elko, hold any balm for the lady's mangled feelings.

"Why, that wasn't so bad," he said wonderingly. "A little windy, but nothing to get scared about. Say, you ought to try it in the winter."

"How is it from now on?" asked Willie.

"Just a nice coast, old boy. A regular joy ride."

Again, however, there was the same savage tumble of granite pitted by ghastly mountain deserts barren even of sage-brush, and the nerve-shattering discomfort of air pockets, down drafts and furious head winds. Not even the most ardent inmate of Nevada has ever claimed his State as the site of the Garden of Eden, and, seen from above, its prehistoric topography is even worse than when viewed from the level. Miss Montclair returned to hysteria, profanity and violence with keener attention to detail, nor did fate see fit to bless Willie's cavalier efforts with an even break.

At his wits' ends for means of entertainment and distraction, he opened a bottle of root-beer, but just as he held it out ingratiatingly, a down draft intervened, and the dark brown liquid, bursting up with all the gay abandon of a geyser, descended torrentially on Miss Montclair's brand new tussore silk. Moreover, as Willie leaned forward in a sputter of apology, the plane righted itself violently, and the two heads bumped with the crack of a rifle shot.

"You sap!" Veronia's voice broke under its weight of rage. "Oh, you boob! An' look what you've done to my dress!"

"I'll get you a better one," pleaded Willie, now

daring to finger the lump on his own forehead.

"Yeah," she gibbered. "You'll get me a new dress. What with? Why, I'll bet your pop only gives you a dime at a time."

Even as she howled her wrath and fear, the plane won free from an elemental turmoil, and sailed the sun path on an even keel; the mountains relaxed their look of menace, and preened themselves in the mirror of valley lakes, while in the near distance, the trees of Reno waved green boughs above a sparkling stream. As far as Miss Montclair was concerned, however, the change came too late. Although never accused of being an intellectual giantess, she was ever one who knew unerringly when she had had enough.

"Say, what's the next New York train out of this burg?" Before the plane had come to a stop before the hangar, she was shouting the question.

"You're not going to quit, are you?" ventured Willie, struggling valiantly to keep relief out of his tone.

"You bet I'm going to quit. To hell with you an' your Pop. I wouldn't live in this God-forsaken country if he gave you twenty millions an' counted it out in one-dollar bills. I musta been nutty to fall for you in the first place, you poor dumbbell. The big open places! Huh! If anybody ever spills me any of that guff again, I'll be up for murder."

"Here's all the money I've got left," said Willie, producing a crumpled wad of currency. "There's more than enough there to get you home."

"Thanks for nothin'!" Contemptuously snatching the bills, and angrily switching her way to a waiting taxi, Miss Montclair leaned out for a Parthian arrow. "Don't think this chick feed is goin' to be the end of it," she called. "What my lawyer's goin' to do to you and your Pop will be plenty."

"Is that so?" For a moment Willie was forced to rest content with this lame rejoinder, and then his native shrewdness came to the rescue. "Say," he yelled, as the taxi started off. "Just remember that I've got witnesses here to prove that it's you who's doing the quitting."

"What's the matter, kid?" The pilot, moving stiffly, lurched down from his seat with solicitous face. "Your girl leavin' ya?"

"Yep," Willie assured. "She's ditched me."

"Some guys certainly have all the luck."

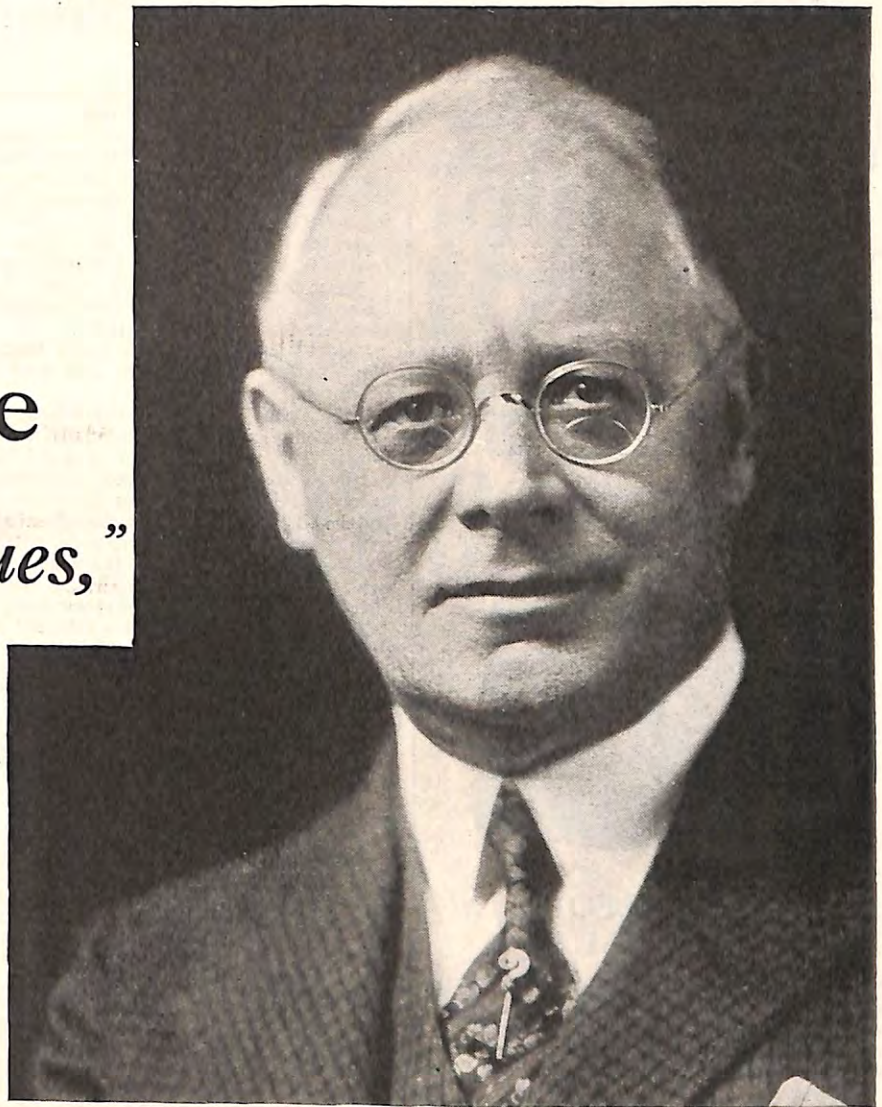
(Continued on page 50)



# "I've banished the Three O'clock Blues,"

says

JOHN G. PRICE



JOHN G. PRICE, of Columbus, Ohio. Former Attorney General of Ohio. Prominent attorney and popular leader of fraternal organization in Ohio.

"EVERYBODY'S had 'em at some time," Mr. Price continued. "Too many people have them all the time. You can spot those that have them in any office, or store, or factory, any time. They start yawning after lunch and by about three o'clock, when they ought to be doing their best work, they're all fagged out, grouchy, in the grip of the 'Three O'clock Blues'.

"Maybe half of them are sick, but most of them probably don't remember they ought to sleep at night, or if they do go home determined on a good night's sleep, I'll bet they toss around on lumpy old mattresses and dead, saggy springs. Then they wonder next morning why they're still all in.

"I've banished all that. If there's sweeter sleep than a man can get from the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress swung on an Ace Box Spring, I'd be glad to know about it! The Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring, are standard equipment in my home and I'll add a grateful 'yes' to the Simmons claim they're 'Built for Sleep'!"

For years the Simmons Company,

through scientists, physicians, colleges, and private individuals, has made a scientific study of sleep . . . to find out what type of sleeping equipment gave the sleeper the most actual rest per hour.

The results of these experiments and study are built right into every Beautyrest Mattress . . . and into every Ace Spring. They are different, entirely, from any other mattress and spring. Mechanically and scientifically, they are perfected to give you the utmost in energizing sleep. Equip your own bed with them!

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



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring are here shown together . . . They may be purchased singly in shades to harmonize with decorations. Note inner coils in Beautyrest . . . coming clear out to the edge.



Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring . . . development of popular helical spring type but greatly improved. More coils than most springs

# SIMMONS

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES





# "Turnip" Billfolds like "TURNIP" watches ARE OUT



## TODAY'S BILLFOLD! MUST BE TRIM

How up-to-date is the billfold you carry? Is it an old-fashioned, unwieldy, bulky wallet that bulges your coat pockets out of shape—or is it a compact, modern, smart-looking Enger-Kress billfold like the one shown above?

## ENGER-KRESS Non-Buckling BILLFOLDS

Fill this new-style billfold to capacity and it will still lie as flat as a carefully folded, well-ironed handkerchief. An exclusive feature—a free-moving inner tongue—positively prevents buckling at the fold. The model shown above has a celluloid covered pass file and two card pockets.

This patented Enger-Kress non-buckling feature is also available in three-folds and a combination billfold and checkbook holder. All may be had with laced edges in three leathers—plain morocco; calfskin with tooled design; two-toned steerhide with tooled art-color design. Each billfold has a divider to separate the large and the small currency.



Look for this symbol of "44 years of fine leather craft."

At leading dealers priced from \$4.00 and up. If your dealer cannot supply you, write, giving his name and we will send a billfold immediately to you through him.

ENGER-KRESS COMPANY  
West Bend, Wis.

# ENGER-KRESS

## Leather Craft

## The Deep Yellow

(Continued from page 48)

With which ambiguous remark, the young flyer clumped his way into the hangar.

For a brief while the boy sat lonely and heart-broken amid the shards of his dream, but as the plane skimmed the slopes of the Sierras through the golden glory of the late afternoon, his drooping spirits lifted in spite of every effort to continue the dramatization of his tragedy. Half-heartedly at first, but with rapidly increasing enthusiasm, he consumed a couple of peanut bars, and a bottle of root-beer brought about complete resumption of normalcy.

"Gee!" he muttered in awed tones. "In New York yesterday noon and now I'm in California. It's like magic."

Lake Tahoe burned blue below him, the pungent smell of pine and fir floated up from mighty forests, and at the bottom of great canyons, narrowed to slits by distance, brawling rivers gleamed bright and slender as sword blades. By the time he reached the Sacramento Valley, with its lovely carpeting of summer harvests, he was hanging eagerly over the side, imagining himself another Eagle of the Air, and Miss Montclair was as though she had never been.

A tall, aquiline man and a rolypoly woman, standing in the first rows of the crowd that packed the landing field at Oakland, stared up-

ward with straining eyes as the mail plane banked and circled for the descent.

"Oh, William!" she exclaimed, hands at her throat. "I wonder what she'll be like. My boy! My poor boy!"

"Now, you quit worrying, Mama," Mr. Cadorgan enjoined. "They're not married yet, and I'm counting a whole lot on this airplane trip, particularly that stretch between Salt Lake and Reno. If the girl comes through like a thoroughbred, we might do worse, and if she doesn't—well, I can't believe that a son of mine could ever like 'em yellow. Say," he broke off excitedly, "I don't see but one passenger in the cockpit."

As the plane swooped down, and waddled up to the hangar, Mr. Cadorgan's eyesight stood approved, for only Willie stepped forth and leaped into their waiting arms.

"But where's Miss Montclair?" Both parents made the joint demand as soon as greetings were over.

"Miss Montclair?" Willie's tone was vague. "Oh, Veronia. She got off at Reno and took the train to New York. Say, Pop, if I go back to college, an' graduate with honors, will you buy me a plane? Just a little one-seater. It won't cost much. Willya, Pop? Say, Pop, willya?"

## Heirs of the Medicine Man

(Continued from page 18)

stock. The pitchman starts with his "blowoff," or leader, at \$r. After he has exhausted the sales possibilities of that, he tries the crowd with something at 50 cents. Then he drops down to a small novelty for 25 cents. These minor articles are called "reshashes." Often the "reshash" sales will pay a pitchman's expenses and the dollar sales will be "velvet."

It is not unusual for individuals in a crowd to buy three or four articles from a pitchman, as fast as those articles are offered. Nor is that the end of the pitchman's possible profit. One is likely to find a mail order coupon in an astrology book, for instance, offering a chart. All one has to do is to mail a dollar to the address given. A shrewd pitchman frequently makes large profits from the mail-order business resulting from the literature thus handed out from day to day.

Fountain pens are steadiest and best sellers in the pitchman's stock in trade. These pens are mostly imported from Japan at a price which allows a tremendous profit. In fact no pitchman will handle anything which does not pay him at least 100 per cent. The low pitchman, in particular, finds good profit in "sticks," as fountain pens are called. The "grinder" who descants on the virtues of his fountain pens has one trick which never fails to make business brisk. He demonstrates the hardness of his pen points by jabbing one of them into a block of wood. The public does not know that this wood is of peculiarly soft fiber. The same demonstration would wreck the pen point if applied to any ordinary wood.

The financial district of New York is probably the greatest field in the world for the low pitchman, in spite of the fact that stringent regulations have tended to hold down the activities of the "grinder." When the noonday crowds fill the streets the low pitchmen get busy. A signal is passed from one to another when John Law approaches. When the officer has passed on his beat, the pitchman is out again, making his sales. The home-going crowd from this district offers the best financial harvest of all, and from four o'clock to six in the afternoon on Nassau Street and Park Row, when the rush for the subways is on, the bark of the pitchman is constantly heard. Here is probably the "wisest" crowd in the world, but this is no bar to the pitchman. He sells as readily to the sophisticated New Yorker in the financial district as to the county fair visitor in the hinterland. Neckties, spot eradicators, razor paste, false faces, wire jewelry, imitation diamonds, synthetic pearls, dancing dolls, diaries, dictionaries—anything that the novelty dealers have in stock will be disposed of by these tireless "grinders."

Not so many years ago the country was swept

by a craze for a puzzle called "Pigs in Clover." Pitchmen created the first real demand for this article. The craze for dime savings banks started in the same way. A New York firm had bought thousands of cylindrical banks of nickel. The dimes were inserted in a slot in one end of the bank. When the bank was filled the bottom could be pushed out and room made for more dimes. These banks at first remained dead stock on the company's hands. Then pitchmen in the Wall Street district disposed of great numbers of the banks, and soon there was a general demand for the novelty in all parts of the country.

Apparently there is nothing a pitchman cannot sell. Recently a New York firm was unable to dispose of a large order of paper elephants with movable trunks. Buyers in stores would not take them up. Pitchmen sold out the entire stock. All that was necessary to a sale was a demonstration, which store clerks could not very well give. A similar sell-out resulted when pitchmen introduced paper dolls which opened out, accordion-like, and danced when a string was pulled. To-day hundreds of low pitchmen throughout the country are featuring dancing dolls as something "sure fire" when it comes to selling.

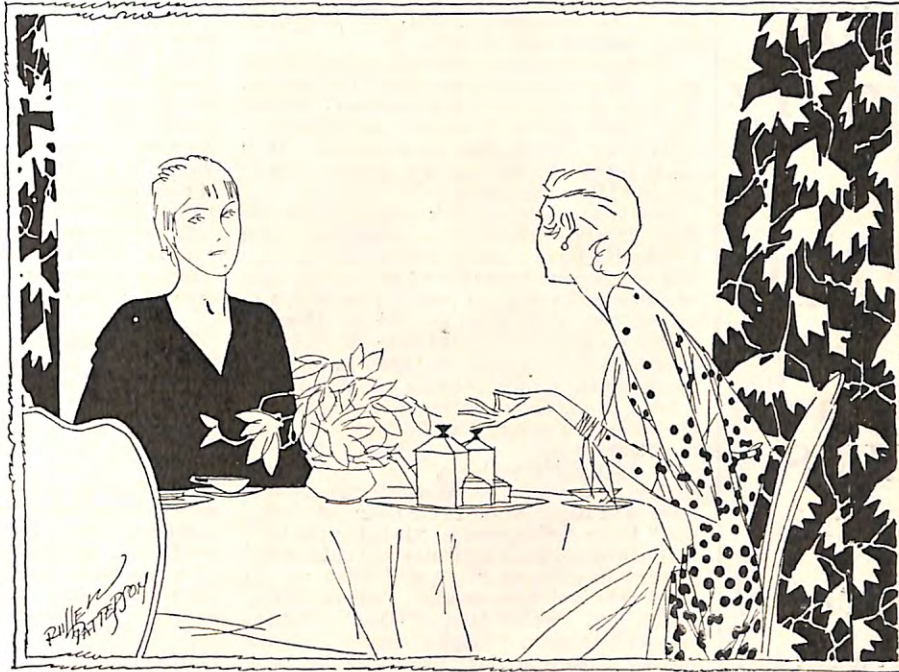
Any pitchman will tell you that he prefers an outdoor crowd to one that is gathered indoors. An outdoor crowd is more responsive. For that reason some pitchmen work North in summer and South in winter. But in many cities the regulations with regard to open air talks have been increasingly strict. Also the automobile has made a difference in open air work. It is hard, pitchmen say, to hold the interest of a crowd that is constantly shifting to avoid the passing motor traffic. Good crowds, from the pitchman's viewpoint, are those near the big factories at the noon hour or closing hour, especially on pay day.

In the big cities of the North during the winter months, several pitchmen will throw in together and rent a vacant store on a main street. Here is another difficulty the pitchman faces to-day. Owing to the general prosperity throughout the country, vacant buildings in desirable locations are hard to get, and rents have gone skyward. Yet in every city of importance, pitchmen will be found paying these high rents and presumably making enough profit to keep going.

On Broadway, in the Fifties, there is a store building which costs a little group of pitchmen \$800 a month rent. On Forty-Second Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues there are other stores where pitchmen hold forth. Others

(Continued on page 52)





# Sometimes husbands must be mothered

"STRICTLY between ourselves, Alice, sometimes the only way to handle these obstinate men is to treat them as you do a child—simply give them what's good for them.

"For instance, I knew that coffee at dinner was keeping John awake, but he just talked about business strain and refused to admit that coffee affected him at all.

"Finally I asked Uncle Walter, who is a nerve specialist, about it. Uncle Walter said to give John Kaffee Hag Coffee. 'He won't notice any difference,' he said, 'but it won't hurt him. The caffeine is taken out of it.'

"Well, my dear, I did it, and John never noticed the change. But after a week he began to notice that his sleep had improved, and remarked on it. Then I

told him the reason. Now we're never going to have anything but Kaffee Hag Coffee again."

Try Kellogg's\* Kaffee Hag Coffee yourself. It is *real* coffee, with 97% of the drug caffeine removed. You will delight in its flavor and cheer at every meal and it will not affect sleep or nerves.

Served by hotels, dining-cars, restaurants everywhere. Sold by all dealers in vacuum-sealed cans that preserve freshness. Steel cut or in the bean. Order a can today. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample.



KELLOGG COMPANY  
 Dept. 1939, Battle Creek, Michigan  
 Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).  
 (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_

## KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

*The coffee that lets you sleep*



# The only Knife for an Elk to carry



**\$1.00**

with  
engraved  
**ELKS**  
insignia

*... Sterling Silver too!*

**I**F YOU missed out on the last offer here's another chance to get the famous wafer-thin vest-pocket knife . . . known as "The Knife of a Thousand Uses" . . . a little wonder for sharpening pencils, cutting strings, paper, cigar ends . . . or a thousand other purposes. No Sirree! There are no dull blades with this knife. . . . Takes only a second to flip out the old one and snap in a new, sharp, keen edged Valet AutoStrop Blade.

These Valet AutoStrop Knives are made especially for Elks. The Elks insignia is engraved on the handle . . . on the other side your jeweler can engrave your initials. . . . Here's a knife with a lifetime of use . . . gives greater

service than any ordinary pocket-knife and costs only \$1.00. Send for *your* knife TODAY!

*... Here's the biggest knife and razor buy ever offered! For only \$1.75 any Elk can now obtain the famous ELKS knife and the new gold VALET AUTOSTROP RAZOR engraved with the Elks insignia.*

**AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.**  
Dept. E 10, Sales Promotion Division  
656 FIRST AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Please check offer desired

Gentlemen—

- Enclosed find \$1.00, for which you will send me one Sterling Silver ELKS KNIFE.
- Enclosed find \$1.75, for which you will send me one Sterling Silver ELKS KNIFE and one GOLD VALET AUTOSTROP RAZOR.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

## Heirs of the Medicine Man

(Continued from page 50)

are scattered about the city, on Twenty-third Street, on Fourteenth Street and on avenues both east and west of Fifth.

When the pitchman opens up a vacant store he puts up a curtain across the rear of the building. In front of the curtain is a platform. Behind the curtain are the "keisters" and boxes containing the articles which are to be sold. All is ready for the "pitch," but how is a crowd to be attracted from the street?

People are passing back and forth on the sidewalk, apparently with not so much as glance toward the store building and its new tenants. The merchant next door has "dolled up" his show windows with exceeding care, but he is able to attract only a few from the throng. How are people going to be induced to forget their own business and turn aside to enter a building which contains only a curtain and a platform?

Such a question does not worry a genuine pitchman. He proceeds in businesslike fashion to "bally the tip."

In pitchman's parlance, the "tip" is the nucleus of a crowd. In order to gather a "tip" there must be something in the nature of "bally-hoo," hence the expression, "ballying the tip."

Does the pitchman take his stand outside and proceed to orate in sideshow fashion on the wonders he is about to unfold? He does nothing of the sort. Watch Harry ("Doc") Murray, veteran pitchman, "ballying the tip" when a vacant storeroom on Sixth Avenue, near Twenty-third Street, New York, has been opened for business.

"Doc" takes his stand in the open doorway. In his right hand he holds up a mass of interwoven rings of steel. Pointing at the rings with his stick "Doc" proceeds to demonstrate the ring illusion. He releases one of the two rings by which he is holding the entire mass. Instantly, the ring appears to slip through the mass of rings to the bottom.

Not a word has been spoken, but already "Doc" has eight of ten persons looking on with undisguised curiosity. "Doc" steps back into the doorway and does the trick again. The crowd, now augmented to fifteen or twenty, fills the doorway.

"DOC" is beginning to talk now. He explains that this mystifying little device was invented by a Chinese magician, Ching Ling Foo, who made several millions of dollars out of it. Then he asks if the top ring really glides to the bottom as it appears to do. A "shill" says he believes it doesn't. Another "shill" speaks up and says it does. The crowd is getting more interested momentarily.

"Step right back in here where you can see better," says "Doc," affably. He goes to the platform in the rear of the store and mounts it. The crowd gathers about him, and more keep coming in the doorway, to see what unusual thing is going on inside. Then after tying a piece of paper around the top ring and demonstrating that it does not slide to the bottom and that the whole thing is an optical illusion, "Doc" proceeds to the business of selling astrology books, medicine, eucalyptus oil, or whatever his "joint" happens to be.

An ideal pitchman is "Doc," with shell-rimmed glasses, a pointed beard and a serious expression of countenance, all of which are assets. His voice, while not raucous, is just sufficiently metallic to carry far in addressing a street crowd. He never rambles in his discourse, tells few funny stories, and relies for the effect of his "pitch" on the cumulative value of the facts and near-facts presented, plus an uncanny knowledge of just when to "turn the joint."

"Turning the joint" is offering goods for sale at precisely the right instant. A pitchman must sense when his crowd is ready for the "turn." His talk may take hold quickly—say inside of twenty minutes or half an hour. Again, the attention of the crowd may be difficult to capture. Restless individuals may keep moving in or out. Others may cough or sneeze at inopportune times and provoke a titter. Something may happen in the street to attract momentary attention. The speaker may have to continue an hour or longer before he feels that the moment has come to "turn the joint" and find out how much

gold is to be winnowed from his audience.

Surprises are constantly in store. The pitchman may have an audience which apparently is just "made" for heavy sales. But something inexplicable happens, and a "T. B." (total bloomer) is the result. On the other hand a crowd may be sized up as hopeless, and the financial returns may prove to be surprisingly good. It is this element of chance that makes the pitchman's game take on something of the lure of prospecting.

A real pitchman is never discouraged at the outlook. He figures that he can get money wherever there are people—and sometimes even where there are no people in sight.

"JUST to show you what a pitchman has to be prepared to meet," said "Doc" Murray, "three of us—my wife, another pitchman and myself—drove into Worcester, Mass., one night about ten o'clock, with ninety cents between us. I saw a sign, 'Dinner thirty cents.' We went in and ate, which left us without a cent. Then we got into the car. A few people were coming out of the movie theaters. The night was bitterly cold. It looked as if nobody would stop and listen to what we had to say when we began our pitch. But they did. I cleaned up nearly thirty dollars as a result of my pitch. The other pitchman went me about ten dollars better with his pitch. Plenty for our hotel bill and to carry us to the next town.

"A lot of people class pitchmen as a worthless sort," went on "Doc." "As a matter of fact, a pitchman has to lead a pretty straight life. He is a stranger in town and under suspicion from the start. If he went carousing he wouldn't last a minute. But the pitchman's money goes fast. His expenses are heavy. Most of them live at the best hotels. A few have fixed up house-cars and make the automobile camps, but they are not successful. The real pitchman lives well and spends money freely. Most of it goes right back into the town where he has made it. Merchants make a mistake in figuring the pitchman as a competitor. In selling medicines I always tell the crowds that they can get these articles at any drug store. And it must be remembered that pitchmen's medicines cannot be misbranded. Our reading matter has to check up with the actual contents of the medicine bottle. And if we get on the platform and get too enthusiastic in telling what our medicine will do, there is as likely as not to be a Board of Health spotter in the crowd and we lose our license."

Here "Doc" pointed to a haberdashery store across the street.

"When people go into that store," he said, "they have it in mind that they want to buy something in the line of haberdashery. They are half sold when they enter the door. It is no trick for the salesman to pick up the customer and sell in such a case. But when a person enters a storeroom where a pitchman is talking he is skeptical. I have to overcome that skepticism and arouse his interest. Furthermore I have to carry him along and sell him something he had no thought of buying and that he probably will not use after he buys it. Take these astrology books, which I am selling. How many people walking along that street have ever thought of astrology? Some do not even know what it is. Yet I must convince them that astrology is something vital in their lives. I tell them they can get 800 books on astrology in the New York Public Library, but—and here is the catch—these books are written by scientists in scientific language and few people can understand them. My book, I explain, is written in language that a twelve-year-old child can understand. I have only a limited number of copies of this book, and now is the only opportunity you will have to secure this wonderful work."

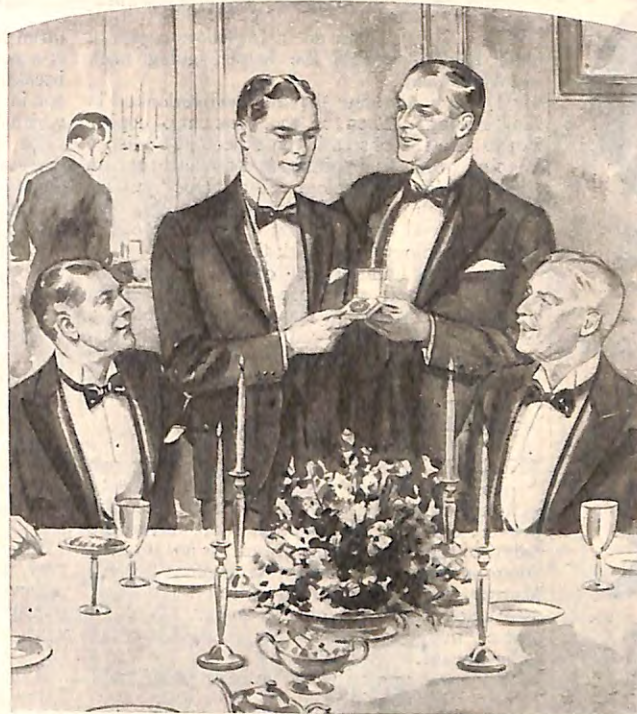
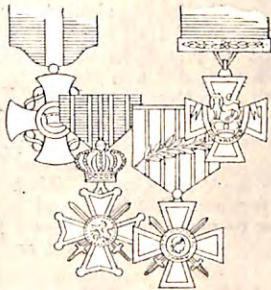
It will be noticed that when a real pitchman is selling, he has only a limited number of articles at his command, whether they are medicines, books, health exercisers, or novelties. Pitchmen have found that the display of a great number of articles has a bad psychological effect. The pitchman picks up a dozen copies of the book he is selling. His helper has half a dozen more, working the outskirts of the crowd, while the pitchman supplies those near the platform.

(Continued on page 54)

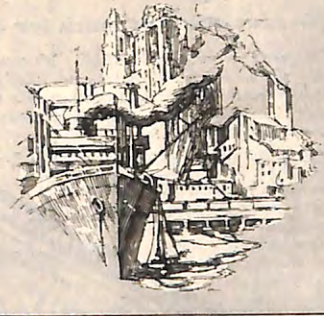


*Among those who  
have been presented with the  
Croix de Guerre  
for American Achievement*

- GEN. LINCOLN C. ANDREWS
- ADMIRAL W. S. BENSON
- MR. E. G. BURKAM
- HON. OSCAR E. CARLSTROM
- HON. C. M. CHAMBERS
- HON. JAMES M. COX
- HON. JOHN W. DAVIS
- HON. RICHARD P. ERNST
- HON. W. J. FIELDS
- MR. CLAUDE H. FOSTER



- MR. J. B. GRAHAM
- JUSTICE SAMUEL J. HARRIS
- HON. W. B. HARRISON
- MR. EDGAR WATSON HOWE
- COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH
- JUDGE J. WILLIS MARTIN
- HON. JOSEPH W. MARTIN, JR.
- MR. GRAHAM McNAMEE
- MR. VINCENT M. MILES
- MR. C. W. NASH
- GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING
- MR. FRANK A. SEIBERLING
- DEAN HERMAN SCHNEIDER
- MR. CHAS. FULLER STODDARD



## For business heroes too...

### *The Croix de Guerre for American Achievement*

As an executive, you know the value of an award for faithful service. How it quickens in every man that urge to give his *best* to the job!

Even ordinary awards serve their purpose to some extent. They stimulate ambition, effort, and loyalty throughout the organization.

But how much more effective is a *publicly recognized* award!

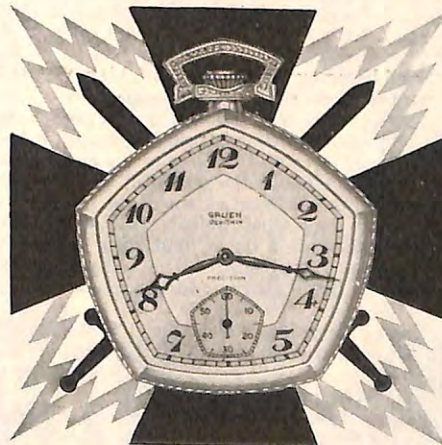
One that is widely known and readily identified for what it is—as a government decoration is known.

Today, for the first time in America, there is such an award—the Gruen Pentagon Watch.

A timepiece so frequently presented by individuals, groups, and business firms to honor successful men, that it has been justly called "*The Croix de Guerre for American Achievement.*"

An award recognized everywhere, by its beautiful patented shape, as an emblem of merit! At the same time, a fine watch—traditional gift to men. A watch of unique beauty, of exceptional timekeeping qualities.

What more fitting and logical



presentation to your men of notable achievement? What more profitable

#### PRECISION

Trade Mark Reg.

Every Pentagon carries this GRUEN plegemark, placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

*This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild*



investment in organization loyalty?

You will be interested to know more about "*The Croix de Guerre for American Achievement,*" and how it offers the first really new and practical plan for honoring business heroes.

Your Gruen jeweler can show you this Pentagon watch, both in the VeriThin and Ultra-VeriThin models.

We will gladly send you his name and address together with industrial presentation plans including special inscription. Just mail the coupon below.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD  
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Branches in various parts of the world

*Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century*

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD,  
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Please send me details of Industrial Presentation for the Gruen Pentagon Watch, also name and address of the Gruen jeweler nearest me.

Name .....

Address .....



**The Hunter's Guide**

**DRY BACK OR MONEY BACK**

**This Button is Your Guaranteed of Satisfaction**

Every DRYBAK button bears this "DRY-BACK or MONEY BACK" guarantee. If you want a hunting coat distinctly different, with features unknown to ordinary coats, and for less money—get DRYBAK.

# Drybak

No coat offers as much for \$8.50

You can't get wet in a DRYBAK. It's comfortable, easy to wear and full of conveniences. Easily washed rubberized blood proof game pockets that will not crack in cold weather; gusset sleeves for ventilation and easy quick shooting. Special inside left pocket for small thermos, license, etc. Coat built with DRYBAK thoroughness and quality. Lasts as long as you hunt. No. 87 B.P. \$8.50. Send for catalog, fabric sample and guarantee button. Note these exclusive features, at this price, then ask your dealer for DRYBAK.

**mail the coupon to-day**

THE DRYBAK CORPORATION, 94 Worth St., New York City

GENTLEMEN: Send me complete DRYBAK proof material. Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ E2



To keep your motor quiet and sweet running—  
Be sure to have the Purolator oil filter on your car re-cartridged every 8000 miles... Ask your Garage or Service Station.

## PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

Licensed under Sweetland Patents

**CLASS PINS 35c**

FREE CATALOG SHOWING 200 DESIGNS

EITHER DESIGN SHOWN, SILVER PLATE 35¢ EA.; 12 OR MORE \$3.50 DOZ., STERLING SILVER OR GOLD PLATE 50¢ EA.; 12 OR MORE \$5.00 DOZ.; 1 OR 2 COLORS ENAMEL, ANY 3 LETTERS AND DATE.

BASTIAN BROS. CO. 920 BASTIAN BLDG. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## Heirs of the Medicine Man

(Continued from page 52)

"Doc, haven't you got a few more copies of that book?" pleads the helper, going back empty-handed.

"Doc" finds a few that he had overlooked in his "keister." Then, he, too, runs out of copies. For awhile it looks as if the expectant audience is going to be disappointed in its rush to secure these classics on astrology. But "Doc" put his head through the curtain and shouts:

"See if you can find just a few more copies of that astrology book back there."

There are hundreds of copies back of the curtain, but only a few are thrust forth. Then come a few more, in response to frantic pleading. And then a few more can be miraculously discovered somewhere in a corner. If the books had all been stacked in plain sight in front of the crowd the sales, in all probability, would have been much less.

INDIVIDUALS in the crowd frequently ask questions and the pitchman must be ready with satisfactory replies. Also he must see to it in every case that his answer is short and to the point, so the thread of the "pitch" is not broken. Sometimes the questions are staggering. "Doc" Murray, in the midst of a lecture on astrology, mentioned the signs of the zodiac. A well-dressed man in the audience asked what the zodiac meant.

"I knew I was on the edge of trouble," said "Doc," "but it will never do to dodge a question, so I answered to the best of my ability. What was my surprise when the questioner came back of the curtain after the lecture. He had bought one of my books and congratulated me on the correctness of my answer. I nearly fell dead when he handed me his card and I found that he was an Admiral in the United States Navy—a man who knew astronomy backward."

Oddly enough the average crowd likes a certain amount of "riding." It rather enjoys being told that it is careless about its health. There is something flattering about being classed with the rushing, nervous "go-getting" Americans of tradition, who are supposed to be ruining their health while amassing gold. And the crowd enjoys having the pitchman single out uneasy individuals in the audience and request them to leave before the lecturer plunges into the vital part of his message to the American pee-pul. The average pitchman knows just how far he can go and how rough he can get with his crowd, but even the wisest slips up occasionally.

A pitchman was haranguing a crowd in a Pennsylvania town and became irritated at the laughter that came from one of his auditors in the "push" close to the platform. Every time the audience snickered at one of the pitchman's jests, this individual waited until the polite response had died down, and then capped it with a loud "haw, haw." The audience began to look for that laugh and to lose interest in the lecture.

The pitchman, who was a good fighter, stood for the laugh several times. Finally, stopping his address, he looked straight at the offending individual and told him to stop.

"Is thass so?" queried the offender, who was rather under medium size. "I didn't know you had to laugh in any particular way in this joint."

"Well, if you laugh that way any more I'm coming down there and put you out," said the pitchman.

At the next wisecrack, the laugh rang out again.

"Now come on an' put me out," said the chortler. "If you don't I'm comin' up there on the platform after you."

The pitchman leaped off the platform, but had hardly struck the floor before he arose again, from the impact of a solid blow, planted deftly under his chin. When the pitchman struck the ground this time it was on his shoulders. A strong hand, twisted in his collar, assisted the groggy pitchman to his feet.

"Now, Pauline," said the man with the laugh, "climb right up there on the platform again and finish your spiel, but don't criticize your customers any more."

The pitchman must be prepared to turn interruptions to his own account and, as a rule, he does so. Thus if someone faints—a thing that

often happens—the pitchman will say: "There is a poor soul, worried and distressed until the breaking point finally came. Do not let yourself get in such a condition. This wonderful article which I am offering to you at such a ridiculous price (it may be medicine, a health book or an exerciser) will keep you fit to meet the wearing demands of daily life."

Not always is the pitchman able to overcome interruptions so easily. A pitchman at a county fair in Michigan was addressing a big "push" and was just about to "turn the joint" and make his sales when someone cried:

"O-o-oh! Look at the balloon."

Every neck was craned and the forgotten pitchman closed his talk then and there without a single sale.

"Doc" R. D. Griffith, an old-time pitchman who has worked in the southern states for years, though he was born and brought up in New York, wears a pointed beard and there is a reason therefor. "Doc" is heavy set and imposing, and has something of a military bearing.

"I used to wear my beard cut round," said "Doc." "It was a dark beard then, instead of gray, and I took a good deal of care of it and never dreamed it might get me into trouble. I was working in Mississippi, along in the '80's, when there was some of the Civil War bitterness left. I opened up one night to a good push, and had just said 'Ladies and gentlemen,' when I stopped, with a peculiar sensation in my scalp and along my spine. I had caught a remark which a man close to the platform had passed to another citizen. What the man said was: 'Don't that So-and-So look like Grant?' That remark was enough for me. I folded and departed without trying to make a sale. And I lost no time in changing the General Grant out of my beard."

ODDLY enough, the old-time "remedies" sold by medicine men have survived as leading articles of sale by modern pitchmen. Medicines concocted of herbs "gathered by the Indians" are still disposed of in enormous quantities. In New York there is a concern which employs many Indians who are sent out in groups to various parts of the big city to sell the aboriginal curealls which come under the general head of "flukum."

Likewise "snake oil" is still sold, though deftly disguised owing to pure food and drug regulations. The pitchman who specializes in this product, which once flaunted its name without modification, usually has a cage of live rattlesnakes on the platform. Rattlesnake skins are draped in conspicuous places. The pitchman's talk is all about the curative properties of the snake when converted into oil. Perhaps the pitchman is brought up before the local health authorities.

"You're violating the law in selling snake oil," he is told.

"But I'm not selling snake oil," comes the answer.

"Your bottles say so, in big letters." "You haven't read the entire label. Take another look."

Closer inspection of the label follows. In microscopic letters across the top is a line reading:

Dr. Blank's famous remedy, formerly known as

Then, in black letters an inch high, come the words:

### SNAKE OIL

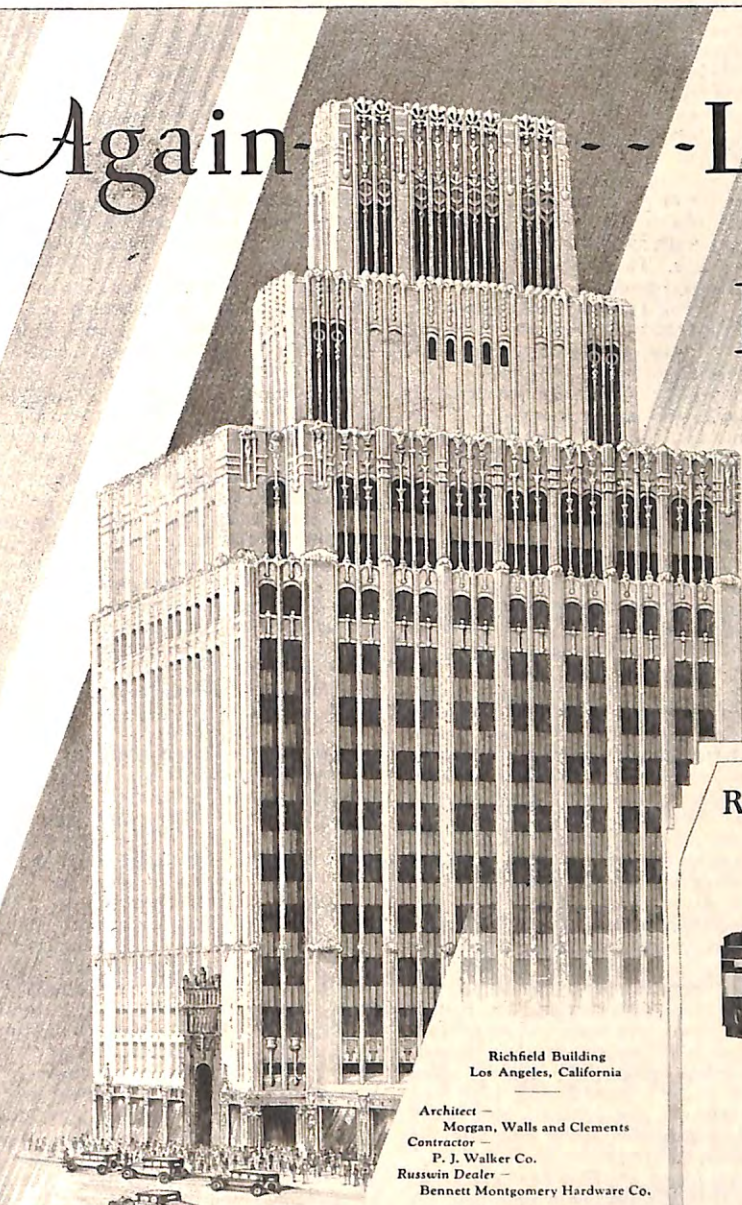
The pitchman is released from custody and goes back to his serpents and the credulous multitude.

In recent years there has sprung up a great demand for books on hygiene. "Health columns" in the daily newspapers have a large and increasing army of readers. Pitchmen sell hundreds of thousands of booklets which prescribe diet and stress the need of daily exercise. The books cost the pitchmen less than five cents a copy and are sold at from 25 to 50 cents. The sale is preceded by a "health lecture," in which the pitchman tells his hearers that they are headed straight for the "marble orchard" if they do not pay more attention to the values of the foods they eat.

(Continued on page 56)



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comes to  
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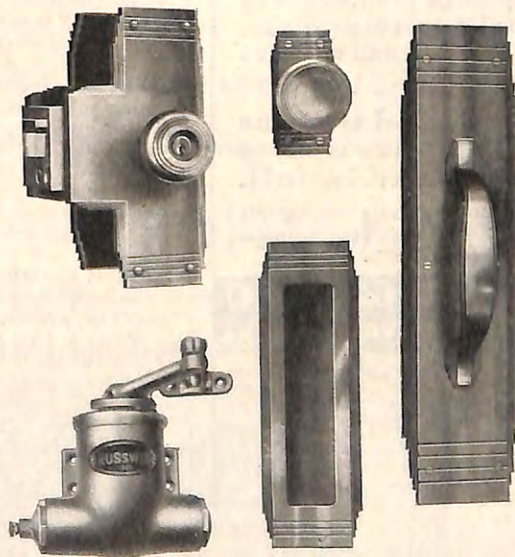


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Two cigars each of all six sizes that we sell regularly for \$8.00 to \$20.00 per 100.

We want you to become familiar with the complete line of the Famous Bouquet de Rose Cigars.

Every cigar is made by hand in our own factory, filled with the finest Havana tobacco grown. Our representative in Cuba procures the choice leaves from the richest crop Cuba produces. You cannot duplicate these cigars anywhere else for half again as much money.

If you don't find them as represented, your money will be refunded in full.

We can afford to send only one sample box to a customer, at this special price. Coupon below must be used.

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364-376 CANAL PLACE, NEW YORK

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me prepaid one Sample box of 12 Bouquet de Rose Cigars containing 2 cigars each of all six sizes that you sell regularly from \$8.00 to \$20.00 per 100.

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**GYM JUNIOR**  
Patented  
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is of durable tubular metal construction, attractively finished. Hundreds have been purchased for homes, clubs, offices, hospitals, hotels, etc. Reasonably priced—and obtainable on easy payments.

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536 Gregory Ave.  
Weehawken, N. J.

## Heirs of the Medicine Man

(Continued from page 54)

This public thirst for knowledge regarding diet and hygiene has created a field for women in the "pitch" field. There are five or six pitchwomen who are regarded as first-class, and scores of others who just get along. Most of these pitchwomen sell books on diet. Dressed in a nurse's costume, the pitchwoman (usually the wife of a pitchman) makes a plea for proteins and vitamins. She sells her health book at 25 cents, after her lord and master has skimmed the financial cream by selling patent medicine at \$1 a bottle.

Demonstrations of health exercisers have brought a swarm of pitchmen and pitchwomen into the field. The exerciser consists of a broad band of rubber thickened at each end to allow a grip for the hands. The inventor of this simple device is said to have made a fortune, to which pitchmen have made a liberal contribution. In fact it is likely that nobody would have paid much attention to the exerciser if pitchmen had not begun demonstrating it.

The men were not allowed to have a monopoly in demonstrating and selling a novelty at once so simple and so calculated to lure dollars from the public. Pitchwomen began to appear as demonstrators of the exercisers. Clad in bathing suits, two shapely young women appeared during the winter months in a poorly heated pitch "hangout" on Forty-Second Street, just west of New York's theatrical district. They not only demonstrated home exercisers, but they showed their skill in jiu jitsu, and proved how any girl of ninety pounds or over could, by following their directions, render any masher a subject for hospital care.

IN THE summer these athletic pitchwomen are bound together, back to back, and appear, helpless and barely able to walk, in a "Siamese twin act" at Coney Island. Pitchdom does not see anything incongruous in these contrasting employments. Anything that gets the money, so long as it doesn't clash with the law and "kill the pitch," is quite O. K.

If several pitchmen combine forces and open for business in a store building, they play open house to visiting members of the fraternity. Other pitchmen drop in and make themselves useful by acting as "shills" and speeding the reluctant dollar from the pocket of the hesitant purchaser. Or they gather behind the curtain and exchange gossip and commend or criticize the lecture that is being given on the platform. If the speaker has a good line, a dozen other pitchmen will make a mental note of it and adapt it to their own use, just as a good bit of "business" in a Broadway show soon finds its way into a dozen theatres.

When the pitchmen are thus assembled, one hears the language of pitchdom undefiled. A good town is referred to as a "hot spot." Thus Cleveland, for instance, may be recommended as a "hot spot," but the warning comes, "Skip Erie—it's hostile."

A sale is a "touch." A disgusted pitchman will come back of the curtain and say, "I did not make a single touch."

References to money are always cryptic. A hundred dollars is a "C-note"; a ten-dollar bill is a "sawbuck"; a quarter is a "cutter"; and a dime is a "diemer."

If a policeman isn't "John Law" he is a "Shamus." "Fixing to work" is slipping a dollar to a patrolman so he will go and pull a box and not return for an hour.

A "rumble" is a complaint. "Fixing a rumble" is giving money back to a dissatisfied customer or exchanging an article.

"Lifting a package" is getting a consignment of sale articles out of the post-office. Novelty firms, and medicine and book firms send their goods to pitchmen C. O. D., one-fourth of the purchase price having been paid with the order. Sometimes the pitchman hasn't the money necessary to "lift a package," and the consignment goes back to the dealer.

Medicine is "med"; stain eradicator, which is usually made by the pitchmen themselves, is "rad," and imitation diamonds are "white-stones."

A watch is known as a "lumpy," or, if it is a good watch, it may be called a "super." The "blowoff" is the "big money" article that is

carried. The "nut" is the rent and other fixed expense.

A "gimmick" is anything that enables the pitchman to make his sale. Perhaps the pitchman is demonstrating a "pure vegetable soap." He makes a talk in which he tells of the animal fats that go into ordinary soaps. He piles on more horrors than Upton Sinclair put into "The Jungle." Then he says: "If such material is unfit to put in your stomach, why is it fit to put on your face?" He has several pieces of the ordinary soap of commerce and one piece of his so-called vegetable soap, which is not vegetable soap at all. The only difference is that every piece of soap, with the exception of the kind the pitchman is selling, is coated with a chemical and will change color at the touch of another chemical which the demonstrator holds in his hand. At the proper instant he pours some of this chemical on the various pieces of soap. If, for some unknown reason, the chemical does not act, and the soaps which should change color fail to do so, the pitchman has "blown the gimmick."

The old-time medicine man was pretty much of one type—a familiar figure, with his long, flowing hair and mustache, his slouch hat and his bombastic style of oratory. Pitchdom to-day is a Babel of nationalities, with its leading figures speaking of the far corners of the earth. On Broadway there is an East Indian who never leaves the big city and whose earnings are said to approximate those of the President of the United States. His "pitch" is a masterpiece of acting. It is characterized by a sublime indifference to money. His "joint" is medicine, but he is actuated by no sordid motives; he is doing the public a favor by putting this cure-all into the family medicine closet.

The language of this pitchman is tinged with the fascinating mysticism of the Orient. He brings, "from my countree, India," a message which makes even the case-hardened Broadwayite take notice. In five minutes he has the audience in his hands, like so many puppets.

Apparently this pitchman is swept by moods. One instant will find him fiery and denunciatory. He will single out men in his audiences and tell them their bodily ailments and mental deficiencies. Then he will become languidly deprecatory. One realizes, from a superb gesture and eloquent shrug, that he is weary of trying to set such an insane world aright. It seems as if he is almost ready to quit the platform in disgust. But he stays on, and the crowd presses closer. The time comes to "turn the joint" and make the sale. Men are almost climbing on the platform, with money clutched in their hands. The ordinary pitchman would be gathering the harvest. But not this artist in chicanery! He talks of something entirely foreign to anything as sordid as money. He makes his dupes stand, holding up their dollar bills until their wrists ache. Then, at precisely the right moment, and still magnificently indifferent, he collects the money—as a favor.

It is not until one has seen this super-pitchman perform several times that one realizes that every move has been studied for hours before a mirror and that the simplest inflections of the voice have been given the same care that a finished actor would bestow upon the lines of a star part. If it were not that this man has within him a streak of charlatanism, he would be recognized as a real artist. As it is, he is just a pitchman.

The East Indian is followed by a handsome youth of the collar-model type, who demonstrates a health exerciser. He "talks down" to his audience. He has cultivated an effective sneer. His complex is one of superiority. Yet he makes the crowd like it. His "rehash" is a 25-cent booklet which outlines an entire memory course. Reading that booklet will make you remember everything. You will never forget another name. The author of the booklet is an "old college chum" of the speaker. The pitchman talks, in a superior way, of his dear old college days and of the classmate who wrote this wonderful work. He sells twenty or twenty-five of the booklets to the same crowd which has already bought liberally of exercisers at \$1 apiece. The pitchman introduces the next



speaker and departs, obviously well satisfied with himself.

The next pitchman is exactly the opposite type. His complex, apparently, is one of inferiority. He stumbles as he climbs on the platform. He has an odd, good-humored face, with sharply pointed nose and a marked absence of chin. He talks shyly and hesitantly. His whole attitude is one of apology for existence. Yet he sells as much as the superior being who preceded him. His method is the result of hard study and practice. The crowd likes to buy from him because he seems like "just folks"—a plain, ordinary jigger, no better and no worse than the rest of us.

Another speaker used to be a familiar figure on the soap boxes in the days of outdoor oratory when Madison Square was an open forum. He was a leader in the Socialist movement and a candidate on that ticket for the General Assembly of New York State. A fluent orator, his address is along sure-fire lines of popular appeal. He "raps" the doctors, has something to say about corruption in high places, touches on the vagaries of justice as exemplified in some of our best-advertised murder cases, quotes Freud and Havelock Ellis, and ties all these strangely jumbled topics into a peroration which sells a lot of books on sex.

As the pitchmen vary, so do the crowds. The "wise guys" from Broadway buy just as readily as the crowds the pitchmen get "on the road." Recently in one of the best known clubs in New York three pitchmen were brought in to "do their stuff." They were dined, and then, one after another, made their "pitches." Facing them was an audience composed of actors, authors, artists, musicians, bankers—men of the highest intellectual type. Yet, as each pitchman finished, there was an instinctive fumbling in Tuxedos for dollar bills. These worldly-wise men wanted to buy, and the chairman had to explain that the pitchmen were merely giving an exhibition and that no sale was permitted.

It was supposed to be an entertainment for club members, but it was really a study in psychology. It proved what the pitchmen already knew—that men are pretty much alike, whether they are gathered in clubs, on street corners, or in front of the agricultural building at the tri-county fair.

Old-time pitchmen will shake their heads and say that the ancient days were the best and that, between the competition of the ten-cent stores and the "anti" legislation inspired by the "jam" workers, the pitch game will soon be a thing of the past. But they stay with the "tripes and keister" just the same and can no more be kept away from pitching than circus folk can be kept from the sawdust arena. And, in their more hopeful moments, they admit that the spread of good roads has opened up wider and richer fields than were ever dreamed of, and that for every "hostile" town a "hot spot" develops on the map.

Human nature has not changed since Barnum announced his discovery that the people like to be humbugged. Until it does change, the heirs of the medicine man will carry on with the old, familiar:

"Ladeez and gentlemen—"

**WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD**, who wrote "From the African Jungle to the Zoo," has returned from another trip to the Dark Continent where, among other adventures, he met a lion in hand-to-paw encounter, and was badly clawed. He also set a record that, even in this day of short-lived marks, will probably stand for some time—he deliberately stampeded, for movie purposes, a herd of African buffalo, the most dangerous animal on the veldt! His account of this hair-raising and never-before-attempted feat will appear in an early issue.



## A sporting brief for brogues

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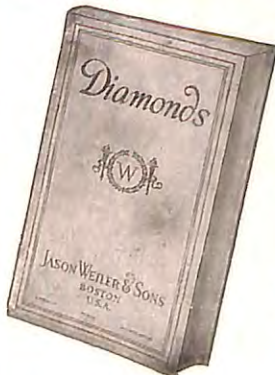
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# The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 29)

gold that's here! And you braved them to tell me so.

He stared fixedly at the Texan.  
"No!" Jep was emphatic in his denial. "If it was just you I'd have kept out of it. It's her!"

He swung his arm quickly toward Dolores. The girl's lips parted but she did not speak.

"Get her out of here! Get her out of sight in the hills. Patten hates you—he wants the gold—but Goss, he's after her! I smashed him in the face when he said he was going to take her with him up in the 'Dobe Hills, but that didn't make him give up the idea. 'Butcher,' they call him. Can you guess what that means? That's why I come in here!"

He rose suddenly and took a quick stride toward the door. His voice dropped to more normal tones.

"That's why I come. You and me are square now. You saved my life—even if you did turn me loose on the desert. Now I've saved you your place—and maybe somethin' more! We're quits!"

HE LAID his hand on the knob but halted at a detaining gesture, slightly impatient in its quickness, from Burton. Dolores had slipped down into the big chair. One corner of her lower lip was caught on a white tooth and her blue eyes darted swiftly from Jep to her father—resting longer on the slim strong figure of the cowboy.

"You'd better get her out of here," Starr repeated, "it's either that or give Goss and Patten a dose of their own medicine by layin' for 'em and shootin' 'em up plenty the second they start down the trail."

"Shooting!" boomed Burton's deep tones. "There speaks the voice of the world. Shoot! Kill! Slay!" He bowed his head at the last word and, as he had on that morning below the rim of the Crimson Cliffs, prayed.

"Thou knowest, Oh Lord, whither the use of firearms has led me before. Guide me, Lord, and aid me to keep my vow that never shall weapon be drawn in this valley."

Jep shuffled uneasily.  
"D'you really mean all you've said, Burton?" he inquired. "Don't you ever go heeled in there?"

"Never!" There was absolute sincerity and conviction in the terse negative and Jep instinctively knew it to be the truth. He unbuckled the broad belt about his waist and thrust the .44 gun towards the old man.

"Take it!" he urged impulsively. "Take it and keep it for Goss—when he comes after Dolores!"

Burton recoiled several paces, throwing his hands before his eyes as if to shut the weapon from his sight.

"No!" he half shouted. "No! Are man's thoughts ever on anything but killing and murder and bloodshed? Is the entire history of Arizona to be one of man's blood-lust toward his fellows? May God forgive you all!" He was silent for a few moments as though again in prayer.

"I suppose I should thank you for coming here, but as you have said, it squares the account. Keep away from Hidden Waters!"

He turned on his heel. Jep stared angrily for a moment after his retreating figure and then, with a short laugh, drew the belt again about his body. Dolores, with never a glance at her father, crossed the room and extended her hand to the Texan.

"But I will thank you, Jep Starr!" she said clearly. "It was noble of you to come to warn us and I will never forget it."

For an instant her hand lay in his while, in the shadows by the doorway, Burton glowered. Then, with an embarrassed "It wasn't nothin'," the rider turned, walked to where his pony stood, and a moment later was galloping swiftly through the cold moonlight toward the foot of the Crimson Cliffs. Framed in the yellow panel of light behind him, the girl stared into the darkness until the sound of the beating hoofs died away.

With the moonlight to render landmarks more distinct, Starr made faster time on his return journey. He changed horses frequently,



swinging from one to the other without noticeably slackening his speed, and he rode them harder. In spite of his efforts to make up the time lost by the wordy encounter in Aguas Perdidas the gauzy haze that comes before the dawn had drawn its curtain across the stars in the eastern sky as he plunged down the steep bank and forced his weary beasts into the muddy flood of the San Ignacio. On the northern shore he stripped blankets, surcingle, and hackamore from the sweating black and turned him loose. He knew the animal would work back to the upland pastures toward the 'Dobe Hills where he had been kept for months. He would have liked to have taken time to rub him down, to remove some of the stains of the night's hard ride in case some puncher came across the beast, but there was not a moment to spare.

He spurred the remaining pony into a reluctant gallop and reached the bench-land pasture along the river while it was yet dark. There he unsaddled and, using one of the blankets he had brought, rubbed down the animal carefully, removing the signs of travel and the evidences of the swim across the river.

Daylight was upon him with the startling suddenness of the dry ranges, flooding the rolling flats and the distant flanks of the 'Dobe Hills with the gold and crimson glory of the dawn. Jep straightened his weary back and drew a deep breath. He had ridden more than seventy miles since sundown; every muscle in his lean frame throbbed with a separate ache; he had been flouted at the mid-point of his journey; his motives misunderstood by the man he had thought to serve—but it was worth it!

He stretched slowly and luxuriously like a waking dog, flexing every tired muscle; then mounted again and rode to search for the remuda he had neglected through the long night hours.

The luck that had so far followed his clandestine expedition held with him. The entire bunch were grazing quietly in one of the shallow draws leading down to the river. He counted them over to make sure none were missing and when Carson and Beldon rode out to relieve him was drowsing comfortably with his back to a cedar. He rose leisurely as the two men approached.

"You've got one less to watch," he shouted. "That there little black eased himself out in the brush and got away some time about moonrise."

Beldon nodded. "I was 'fraid he might," he admitted. "He made a couple of breaks yesterday. We got plenty without him. Go on in and eat and get some sleep. Patten was drunker than usual last night and he ain't goin' to ride till t'morrow."

Goss made no comment beyond a grunted "Hold th' others all right?" when Starr reported the loss of the horse from the remuda he had been night-herding. There was nothing unusual about the incident and Jep hurried in to beg a special breakfast from the black cook, rejoicing that the condition of his clothes, still damp from swimming the river, had apparently escaped notice.

Beldon had not exaggerated Patten's condition. Three empty bottles still stood on the long table amid a litter of sodden cigarette butts and burned matches. The rancher did not put in an appearance until supper-time when, shaky and red-eyed, he took his place at the head of the table.

VIII

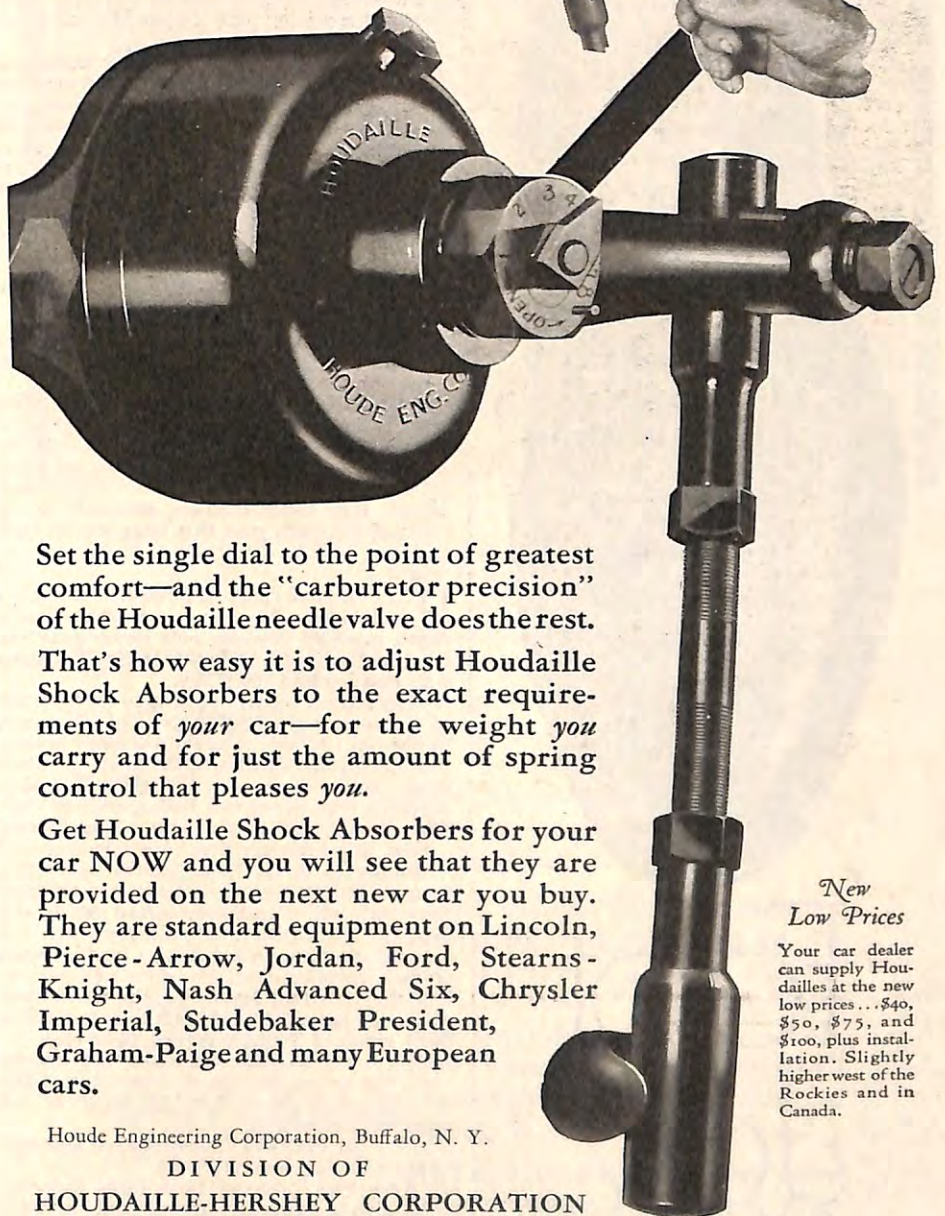
THEY left the ranch at sun-up, six men on six fresh horses riding through the crisp, cool, diamond-bright dawn; the wind from the peaks fresh on their faces, the odor of miles of dew-damp sage sharp in their nostrils. Patten led the way to a ford, the existence of which Starr had not known, and they splashed through without wetting their boots to face the thirty miles of saltweed and turpentine bush that swelled gradually upwards to the distant, horizon-bounding line of the Crimson Cliffs.

Waterless desert for hundreds of miles to the south; desert and sheer canyon and naked rock to the north and east; desert, inaccessible mesas, and the mighty gulf of the Grand Canyon to the west—Head Mountain was well protected.

They stopped for a brief rest at the waterhole of which Stedman had spoken. It lay in a gulch considerably off the track Jep had followed in

(Continued on page 60)

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## The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 59)



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his unguided trips across the waste. Then cinches were drawn tight again and they pounded steadily on to the crest of the cliffs and again Jep gazed down upon the green oasis that was Aguas Perdidas.

Patten halted on the rim for the other members of the raiding party to join him and issued final instructions.

“Jep, you take th’ lead,” he commanded. “You know th’ trail. Rest of us come right after you. When you get to th’ bottom wait till th’ last man’s down. Then go on, easy, till somebody sees us. Soon as anybody—Injun or anybody else—makes a break, start shootin’ an’ all hands take out, fast as yuh can pack, for th’ house.

“There’s only thing to remember. Th’ man that hurts Dick Burton has me to figger with! I want him alive.”

“S’pose th’ old coot throws down on me?” grumbled Carson.

“I’m not doin’ any supposin’,” snapped Patten. “You heard me. Kill him an’ see what you tore off f’r yourself!”

He bit the final words out between clicking teeth as he raised his bridle hand to signal the start—a signal that was never given. As his hand poised, a clear whistle, quavering yet penetrating, rang out on their right. Every man turned, their hands dropping nervously to the butts of the black guns that hung low on their thighs.

OUT of a small clump of piñon that masked a gully where they had been hidden a file of a dozen mounted Navajos rode slowly over the crest and followed one another down a steep trail that led into the valley.

They seemed utterly oblivious to the existence of the compactly huddled group of white men on the rim. Elbows high, shifting easily in their rawhide-covered saddles to the motion of their ponies, they rode one after the other out of sight beyond a ridge of red rock that shouldered itself from the canyon floor above the rolling plateau.

Goss licked his dry lips. His mouth opened as he started to ask some question of Patten, then clicked shut as the whistle was repeated from their left. Again they turned swiftly and again a band of Navajos rode down into the canyon, appearing from behind a tumbled mass of rock halfway down the slope and angling into the trail that lay before the white men. Again the signal assailed their ears and still a third group of Indians showed themselves far below, trotting across the green flat whence burst the springs that made Lost River. The Slash-X owner shoved back his sombrero and wiped his forehead.

“He’s got us licked,” he whispered hoarsely. “Stopped before we start.”

“Rush ‘em!” shouted Goss, fairly slaving in his disappointment. “Injuns can’t shoot an’ they’ll break an’ run if we charge ‘em hard!”

Beldon turned level eyes, hard as agate, on the speaker.

“Where do you figger on bein’ while th’ chargin’ is goin’ on, Butcher?” he asked coolly. “Seems to me I’ve heard that you play your cards closer to your vest than that!”

Patten wheeled his horse. “Come on!” he ordered. “We’re whipped. Somebody sure must have tipped Dick off!”

“Who th’ hell could have?” argued Goss as they rode, heads constantly turning to see if pursuit was coming from the valley, back toward the San Ignacio.

“That’s what I’d sure like to know,” snapped Patten, “but that show was put on for us. That’s as plain as th’ nose on your face! Dick knew we was comin’ and was ready for us. Turned us back and never fired a shot!”

Jep Starr, following quietly behind, felt a little thrill of recollection. Patten had practically repeated old Burton’s words when the Texan had borne to him the warning of the coming raid. Navajo Dick had said he was capable of protecting Aguas Perdidas without gunplay and he had succeeded. He had made a show of force, a force that Jep felt confident was entirely unarmed, and he had repulsed the invaders without one of them setting foot in the lost canyon.

The return journey to the Slash-X had little of the confidence that had marked the outward trip. Patten, his face a thundercloud, rode apart from the others and Carson presently joined him, shuffling along through the bitter dust at his chief’s side, talking earnestly. They forded the river and the Nevada man left the party, continuing north toward the higher ground that led to the ‘Dobe Hills as the others rode to the ranch. They unsaddled and Patten hurried to the house where Goss had already placed their evening bottle on the long table. He snarled an angry command for silence at Limpy Laird who was loudly proclaiming what would have happened had he been taken on the raid.

“Bluffed by a bunch of Navvies!” cackled the old man. “An’ six of yuh too! Why, when I was down in th’ Chiricahuas with Crook—”

“Shut y’r head!” exploded Patten with an oath. “Somebody tipped our hand to that old son-of-a-biscuit, an’ if I thought it was you—with yore damn loose-jawed windbaggin’ all th’ time—I’d shore as hell make jerky outa yore tongue!”

Limpy, really hurt at the implication of treachery, subsided and retreated to his customary corner by the empty fireplace. Jep sat with him for the space of a couple of cigarettes and then went to bed. As he was dropping to sleep he heard, dimly, the sound of the corral gate being opened and a man’s voice softly cursing a horse. Then—it seemed the next instant—a hand was gripping his shoulder, violently shaking him awake.

“Who is it?” he muttered protestingly.

“Laird—Limpy,” came the old man’s voice. “Git up, boy, an’ git yore clothes on! Hustle, f’r God’s sake!”

Starr was awake in an instant and reaching for his trousers and boots.

“Don’t put yore boots on,” hissed the veteran. “Slide down th’ hall and into my room. Yuh can make a sneak from there!”

As he spoke he made a quick survey of the room and then slashed a great hole in the netting that a former occupant had tacked about the window-frame.

“They’ll think yuh made a getaway here!” he whispered as Jep followed him down the hall.

“What th’ devil’s wrong?” Starr demanded as the door of the old man’s room closed behind them.

“Shut up!”

As he spoke Limpy kicked off his boots and pulled the clothes from his skinny frame. He jumped into the bunk and drew the blanket about his chin.

“There’s a closet right there,” he said, pointing. “Second yuh hear anybody comin’ down th’ hall you jump in there an’ keep yore hand on yore gun. If yo’re forced out come a-shootin’! I’ll make out I’ve gone t’ bed an’ try t’ bluff ‘em.”

“All right. Now tell me what’s the play.”

“Lissen here, son. It ain’t none of my business but you an’ me are out of th’ same state. We’re lodge-brothers thataway an’ I got t’ help yuh save yore skin. Right now yo’re shore holdin’ th’ bag. Jep, yuh tipped off Navajo Dick that that outfit was goin’ t’ jump him, didn’t yuh?”

Jep could see no object in lying.

“Sure, you know damn well I did. You put the idea in my head.”

“Well, Patten an’ Goss are on to it now, that’s all—an’ they’re sure goin’ to be out t’ nail yore hide to th’ fence!”

Jep whistled softly.

“Didn’t take ‘em long, did it? How did I come to tip my hand?”

“Carson. That hombre has th’ makin’ of a damn good scout. He relieved you that mornin’ an’ he noticed yore clothes were pretty wet. He didn’t think anything of it until after Dick had put on his little show. Then it come back to him an’ he remembered that you had lost a hoss—or said yuh had. He knows these hills like a book so on th’ way back he cut right out an’ rounded up that bronk an’ brought it in. It still showed signs of bein’ rode pretty hard but that wasn’t enough f’r Carson. He wanted t’ be shore—wanted t’ have enough t’ hang yuh.



He went back up th' river an' rounded up a old Piute that picks up a livin' snakin' out driftwood an' sellin' it f'r firewood. And old Billy Burro told him yes, that he'd seen a white man ridin' one horse an' leadin' another come up from th' river jest about dawn yesterday an' that th' white man had turned th' led horse loose. Carson's gone back t' bring Billy Burro in now. Patten wants th' Injun t' see you an' then he an' Goss are f'r beefin' yuh right here an' now!"

"Kinda looks like I'm due to be caught out in the wet!" said Starr softly. "I think I'd better pull out pretty pronto, Limpy."

The old man shook his head.

"It was too late t' do that an hour ago. Yuh can't get away without a hoss an' Goss is watchin' th' corrals with a shotgun under his arm. They figger yo're in bed. When they find yuh ain't they'll begin thinkin' yuh made a getaway afoot earlier. Then yuh'll get a chance t' sneak away a bronk."

He broke off suddenly as the door at the end of the long corridor banged open and several men, making no effort to muffle their footfalls, tramped toward the door of the room where the Texan had been sleeping. Jep stood poised by the closet door, ready to slip in and close it behind him.

"He's gone!"

The voice was Carson's. Patten was evidently close behind him for Jep heard the ranch owner cursing savagely. There was the sound of a match being struck and the Nevadan spoke again.

"Bed's been slept in but it's cold. He's been gone some time. There's where he made his getaway—screen's tore plumb outa th' window."

"Git goin'!" roared Patten. "There's only one place he could be goin'—back t' th' canyon. He's afoot. We'll take out for th' river an' spread out an' git him 'fore he can meet up with Dick an' th' hosses!"

THEY rushed out of the room and down the corridor, their loud voices presently sounding from the direction of the corrals behind the kitchen. Limpy climbed out of bed and pulled on his boots.

"Stick here," he cautioned. "I'll try t' find out which way they went an' mebbe yuh can make a break."

His footsteps died away in the hall and Starr stood alone in the darkness. Suddenly, through the window, he heard Goss' thick voice.

"I don't care a monkey's hurrah what Carson says; that hombre never got away from here!"

"Yo're crazy, Goss—" Limpy Laird was expostulating—"th' bed was empty an' th' screen was split clear across!"

"Mebbe it was, mebbe it was." The foreman's tones were those a man uses to a questioning child. "But he never left this place. I seen him go in to bed an' then Patten told me about Carson's suspicions an' I come straight out to th' corral. I tell yuh he's in th' house an' I'm goin' to turn him up!"

"Better wait till th' boss gits back," suggested Laird.

Goss spat explosively and expressively.

"I want him all f'r myself," he snarled. "I'll—I'll make him wish that gotch-ered hoss had got him! He's here, I know it. Wish t' God I had a dog!"

"Yuh ain't an' I ain't goin' t' play hound for yuh," stated Limpy. "That feller Starr means business. He'd have all th' breaks; he'd know you was closin' in on him an' you wouldn't know where he was till he uncorked that old .44 gun of his'n. Let Patten do th' dirty work."

"Mebbe he'd have th' breaks but I got two loads of buckshot in this here an' I'm goin' to rout him out!"

He walked noisily, boots rustling in the dry weeds, toward the kitchen.

Jep considered. It would never do to be caught there. Before the foreman could come through the kitchen and disordered living-room to the hall Jep slipped through the door, crossed the corridor, and entered the adjoining chamber. He left the door ajar and stood behind it, his .44 in his hand.

"Closer he gets to me with a shotgun," he told himself, "th' better off I'll be. Fifteen feet away I wouldn't stand a chance. Two feet and it's all in my favor."

A creaking sounded as the door opened at the

(Continued on page 62)



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The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 61)

end of the hall and through the crack at the hinges, his cheek pressed tightly against the rough 'dobe plaster, he watched Goss approach.

Despite the stories he had heard about the man—that he killed remorselessly, but only when he himself was in no danger—despite his own intuitive hatred of him, Jep found himself admiring and respecting the courage with which the foreman went about his self-appointed task.

This man was brave. Although realizing that the youth he sought might be in any of these rooms he strode in boldly, pushing back the doors with his left hand and stepping swiftly across the threshold. He carried the shotgun in his big right hand as another man, less powerful, might carry a six-shooter. The rubber butt-plate was jammed into the crook of his elbow and his thick hairy fingers were locked like bands of steel about the pistol-grip. Once, coming from the room which had been Starr's, he paused and Jep shrank more closely against the wall as he saw the almost insane glitter in the pale blue eyes. Goss paused only to dash the beads of sweat from his low forehead and plunged into the next room. Starr stiffened. His turn was to follow.

Goss appeared again in the dimly-lighted hallway, strode to the door behind which the Texan crouched and shoved it wide with the flat of his hand. Jep moved quickly to one side as the door swung back, then leaped forward, noiseless in his stocking feet and gripped the barrel of the shotgun. With the same motion he drove his .44 into the man's gross paunch, feeling the metal sink into the yielding folds of flesh as into soft grease.

"Stick 'em up, Goss!" he barked.

IX

WITH an inarticulate bellowing roar that was neither anger, surprise, nor fear but something of all three Goss wrenched backward, striving to break the grip that Starr had on the gunbarrel. Jep never knew why, at that moment, he did not press the trigger about which his forefinger curled.

He pushed the twin muzzles well away from his own body and at the same time thrust the gun sharply to the rear and then jerked it forward again. Goss' finger was within the loop of the trigger-guard and contracted involuntarily against the sudden tug on the weapon. Both shells exploded with a deafening roar, the charges of heavy buckshot tearing into the wall and the bunk across the room. Starr jabbed the muzzle of the revolver deeper into the fat flesh.

"Stick 'em up, Goss!" he hissed. "Quick, or I'll blow the guts outa you!"

The foreman realized his weapon was empty—a useless club in his hands—and with the realization the false spurt of courage that had sent him charging from room to room oozed from him like water from a leaking jug.

"Don't shoot, Starr," he begged. "Don't shoot! They're up!"

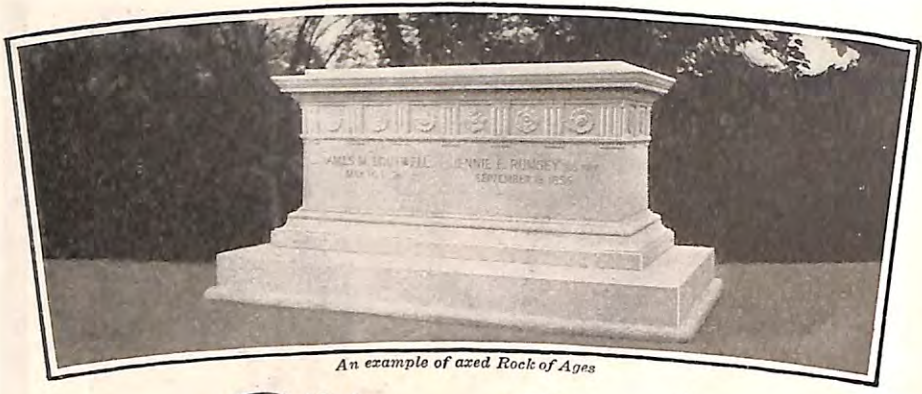
The plea was almost a whine and Jep slowly withdrew the .44 from the man's side, holding it at the level of his hip, his thumb on the hammer, as he curtly commanded Goss to precede him through the door. Limpy Laird was somewhere out there, he knew, and he must protect the old man.

He found him in the untidy living room and he stuck up his hands obediently at a threatening gesture with the weapon.

Jep then ordered Limpy to carry the lamp and marched the pair into the storeroom, a thick-walled 'dobe structure with heavily-barred windows that was built as an L to the kitchen. There the negro cook and his Mexican helper slept and the black rolled his eyes in terror at the sight of the foreman, arms in the air, and the gleaming gun in Starr's hand. The Mexican boy slumbered quietly, one sallow arm thrown outside the grimy blanket and hanging over the edge of the bunk.

Jep remembered the stout door was furnished on the outside with a hasp and staple and rarely-used padlock. He satisfied himself that the hinges were secure and that the hasp could not be broken save from without and signed to Laird to place the lamp on an empty packing case.

"I'm takin' my time about pullin' out of



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here," he told the thoroughly cowed Goss, "so if you know what's good for your health you won't make any breaks."

Over the foreman's shoulder he winked at Limpy, striving by a glance to convey to the old man the gratitude he felt. Then he backed out of the storeroom and snapped the lock in the hasp. From the kitchen he helped himself to half a side of bacon, flour, sugar, salt, and coffee, and rolled the plunder in a slicker which he tied behind the cantele of the saddle he had been using. Then he walked leisurely into Patten's room and inspected with critical eye the guns that were stacked in a corner. He selected the best of the lot—a .30-30 carbine—and also appropriated a leather scabbard which had been made for the weapon and several boxes of shells for both rifle and revolver.

At the corral he "built a loop" in his rope and looked over the horses that remained there. He wanted one that had not made the long trip to Aguas Perdidas and his eyes quickened as they identified, with the instant recognition of the cowboy for any animal no matter how intense the darkness, a rawboned, stout-hearted roan that he knew was Carson's "top cutter."

"Might as well hang myself right while I'm about it," he said half aloud as he climbed the fence. "This business is goin' to send me out with the Wild Bunch for sure, I reckon."

He dropped the loop over the animal's head and was leading him towards where the saddle lay when he heard, clear on the still night air, the rapid drumming of approaching hoofs. He listened for a moment intently. The posse—or some of them at least—were returning. He could distinguish the sound of one horseman well in advance and riding more rapidly than two or three others. He cursed himself for having dawdled so long selecting and packing his food. Hastily he pulled the bridle over the roan's ears and lifted the heavy saddle to its back. Working with feverish haste he drew the cinches tight, slung the loop of the stolen rifle scabbard over the horn—time to adjust that later—and led the animal to the gate. There was another corral to cross and yet another gate to open before he would be clear of the fenced enclosures about the ranch house—and the beating hoofs were perilously near at hand.

"It's going to be a damn tight squeeze!" he muttered, running as rapidly as he could across the second pen and jerking the roan along after him. He unfastened the wire that held the gate and pushed it back, swinging to the saddle as a horseman, riding at a smart lope, galloped up the gradual slope.

"Who's that?" the voice was Carson's. "Limpy Laird," replied the Texan quickly, striving to pitch his tones to the old man's falsetto. "I'm goin' after Patten."

The cowboy was not so easily deceived. "It's him!" he roared. "Here he is, boys!"

His hand dropped to his gun but Starr was almost on top of him and brought the barrel of his own heavy weapon crashing down on the other's head. The shout on Carson's lips died away in a throaty gurgle. As the two horses reared and wheeled in the confusion, the man pitched slowly forward over the animal's withers to the ground. Jep drove home the spurs and raced past the unconscious figure, around the corner of the corral, and out into the night.

"God!" he muttered. "It's fittin' worse every second! Maybe I've killed that Carson, I'm ridin' a stolen hoss, I got a rifle and saddle that ain't mine, an' they want me for tippin' their hand to Navajo Dick! If I get out of this with nothin' more than bein' hung I'll be sure lucky! This country'll miss me a heap when I'm gone—and I'm goin' right now!"

His only avenue of escape was to the south where lay the desert that had so nearly killed him the first time he had braved its desolate, waterless expanse.

He checked the roan at the end of the first mile and listened closely for sounds of the chase. Only the piping of crickets and other night insects and the soft whisper of the wind in the sage came to his ears. He jogged on, heading back to the north so as to reach the "second bench"—a long break that followed the river for miles. The Slash-X ranch was built on the level of the "first bench" and the refugee felt that this greater eminence would enable him more readily to observe any pursuit. Too, they'd be looking for him along the river. He knew that with the first light Patten and Goss

and their men would be scouting every inch of the bank for signs of his crossing.

He remembered having seen scattered clumps of scrub timber along the second bench and pushed on through the night until he encountered it, finding cover for his horse in a rocky gully below the trees. He tied the animal to a piñon and made himself as comfortable as possible with his back against a stump further up the slope, the rifle across his knees.

As the light dawned—long silver streamers slipping across the sage-grown flats and penciling with a clear gray luminance the more distant ridges and peaks—he searched the country for signs of his pursuers. The roan horse was restless—probably from thirst—and whickered eagerly but softly as Jep placed the heavy saddle on his back. The man rubbed the soft nose.

"Sooner have you dry than foundered," he remarked as he drew the cinches tight, "you'll travel better. I wish to the Lord you wasn't such a loud color. That strawberry roan coat of yours shows up against the sage like a blueberry in a pan of milk!"

**H**IS hunters were closer than he dreamed. The men who had passed his hiding place in the night must have been an outpost sent by Goss or the astute Patten to guard against just such an escape as he had planned. His first warning of the presence of this picket was the sharp crack of a rifle. The roan leaped wildly and Jep, glancing down, saw an oozing red welt across the animal's shoulder. He turned in the saddle to see a haze of bluish-white powder smoke hanging over a thicket three hundred yards behind and to his right. Two men were mounting horses that had been tied there. The cowponies plunged and dragged on the reins, obviously excited by the firing. They were far out of range but Jep, holding high over their heads, sent a couple of shots in their general direction.

"They've got reinforcements—Lord knows where from," he muttered as he failed to recognize the two. "Might as well let 'em know I'm heeled. They might slow up a little when it comes to closin' in on me."

The firing had also drawn the attention of the watchers along the river bank. He saw one man riding swiftly to intercept his course and behind the first pursuer another, too far distant to be dangerous. Only directly ahead, to the west, did the way seem clear and he swung the frightened roan in that direction, steadying him to a rapid gallop that was less tiring than his panicky run. The bullet seemed merely to have plowed a furrow through the skin of the shoulder. There was some bleeding, staining the powerful foreleg and spraying back over the rider's boot, but Starr did not think it was sufficient to weaken the animal.

Jep knew the territory ahead of him was impassable for a mounted man. Even the ridge that now faced him, less than a mile away, was unscalable and to detour around it would place him directly in the path of the two riders that had fired on him from their hiding-place on the crest.

There was but one man between him and the river on his left. Jep turned the galloping roan, checking his speed slightly so as to conserve his strength for the final dash, and loped easily toward the southern end of the ridge as though he were going to essay a detour around that flank. Behind him he heard the shouts of the two who had been on his left. One of the men fired twice, but they were far beyond pistol range and he had little fear of stray bullets. He was confident that the shots, like the loud shouts, had been to direct the attention of the third man to the fugitive's maneuver.

This one needed no warning. He too changed his course, spurring vigorously, so as to intercept the fleeing Starr before he could round the rocky point of the ridge. As he drew nearer Jep recognized Green, the Slash-X puncher. Now only a hundred yards separated them—now seventy-five. Green stood in his stirrups and shouted above the thunder of the pounding hoofs.

"Pull up there, you Starr, an' throw up your hands or I'll drill yuh!"

Jep gave no sign that he had heard the command and the man's hand dropped to his belt. At the motion the Texan swung the roan sharply to the left, drove home the spurs in the swearing

(Continued on page 64)



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The Navajo's strong teeth flashed in a quick smile.

"Ya-táy!" he exclaimed, patting his chest vigorously. "Me Deec man. You come!"

He waved his hand beyond the confines of the valley in an emphatic gesture, apparently took Jep's silence for assent, and remounted his pony to round up the Texan's horse.

"Doyahshón!" he muttered, clicking his tongue sympathetically as he inspected the wound in the powerful shoulder. He saddled the animal, waiting for Starr to mount, and then led the way at a smart pace to the south and east.

The dusk was gathering as they left the valley. Jep saw a slender black spire—a volcanic "blow-out"—on his left, flanked by the red cliffs of a narrowing canyon that bit deep into a high mesa, and then, ahead of them, the twinkling blazes of half a dozen fires. The Navajo dismounted at the edge of the encampment, showed his new friend where to hang his saddle and equipment on the rails of a large corral, and turned the roan into the enclosure where a dozen or more Indian ponies squealed and fought over a great fragrant pile of alfalfa hay.

"Kleea ya-táy!" he said confidently—"Horse all right!"—and led the way towards the largest hogan of the village.

It was dark now and the fire from the interior of the structure threw the doorway into sharp rectangular outline. Jep could see the unsteady crimson light flickering on bronzed faces and gleaming from silver necklaces and belts. He heard a single throbbing note from a hide-covered drum and then, suddenly on a shouted throaty note, a wild chant burst on the night air. It ended as suddenly as it had begun, on a high-pitched rising note—and his guide tugged sharply at his sleeve. He stooped and followed the man through the narrow opening, squatting at his side among close-packed ranks of Indians who moved over to make room for them but paid no further attention to the newcomers.

The hogan was the largest he had ever seen—much larger than those at Aguas Perdidas. At least forty Indians were packed into it, sitting in three rows, elbow to elbow and knees against backs, around all but a few feet of the circumference. The fire blazed almost in the faces of those in the front row, its fitful light gleaming on a cleared area beyond the blaze where an old man, naked except for a loin cloth and moccasins, his muscular body like polished bronze in the firelight, bent over some work on the floor. Jep rose to his knees and peered over the shoulders of the men in front of him. The Indian he had met in the valley and who apparently was sponsoring his presence at the ceremony turned slightly.

"San'-paintin'," he whispered, adding some words in Navajo that the Texan could not understand.

JEP leaned forward once more to view the wonderful symbolic pictures in sand of the Navajo. The youth he had seen in Aguas Perdidas had been a novice striving to perfect himself in the secret arts. This before him now was the product of a master.

The area beyond the fire had been levelled as carefully and truly as a billiard table and then covered to a uniform depth with a layer of pale yellow sand. On this surface the naked old man was putting the finishing touches to the painting—vivid in coloring, sharply definite of outline, bold in design, and executed entirely with the vari-colored sands, stained to the desired hues by careful blending with vegetable and mineral dyes, that were kept in covered baskets close to his hand. He used no tools nor guide lines, merely picking up a handful of sand of the color desired and allowing it to trickle between his fingers in a thin stream, tracing an outline as precise and as delicate as a draftsman could execute with T-square and ruling-pen.

The artist gave a signal, invisible or inaudible to Jep, and a brown arm was thrust forth over his shoulder to drop into the fire a great handful of the dried stalks of the turpentine-bush. As the flames leaped upward the chant broke out afresh, wild and pagan, accompanied and intensified by the insistent throbbing undertone of the drum. The wavering light gleamed from the naked sweating body of the priest, from turquoise and silver and coral ornaments, from the

(Continued on page 66)

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## The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 65)

gaily-patterned blankets that the men, despite the intense heat and the stifling contact of close-packed bodies, hugged about their shoulders, and from the more uniform, less gaudy, black and red "squaw dresses" and the white blankets with deep red borders that were the garb of the unmarried girls.

The chant rose and fell and rose again and a clear soprano voice from among the women rose and fell with it, dominating all the singing and lingering in a sweeping note as true as the tone of a silver bell.

Jep craned forward to see the singer and then sank back in dumb amazement. Half revealed by the uncertain light, half hidden by the portly body of a fat squaw in front of her, clad in knee-length moccasins and two-piece dress of white wool and scarlet "bayeta," a double strand of turquoise about her slender throat, and a broad silver bracelet on her bare wrist, was Dolores Burton!

### X

SHE saw him—and recognized him, for the color mounted in her cheeks and she bowed her head in grave salutation. When the chant ended she moved from her seat, skirted the wall of the hogan, and, without turning her head, left the building. The singing began again—a more rhythmic, monotonous chorus led by the old man and four others who squatted behind him—but Jep shoved his way crabwise through the press of bodies and gained the narrow opening.

His eyes, from long staring into the firelight, were almost blind and he walked hesitantly away from the hogan. A figure moved in the darkness and the girl's hand was laid on his arm. He turned quickly and she led him to one of the low, lightly-thatched "wickiups." A fire had been burning there and he tossed fresh fuel on the embers that he might see her more clearly.

"Oh, Jep!" she exclaimed softly. "Has anything happened at Hidden Waters? What are you doing here? How did you find me?"

The man grinned at the series of excited questions.

"Gosh, no! Your dad's all right. I—I just figured that I'd stayed with that Patten outfit long enough. They was sure anxious for me to stick around—but I moved on!"

"But what made you come here—to find me?" she insisted.

"I didn't," returned Jep. "I was campin' out here a piece and one of the Injuns invited me over."

She was silent for a moment and then, as her quick brain pierced the jest in his remarks, turned on him impulsively.

"Jep! You had to leave that ranch! What happened? Did they find out about your coming in to Toh-doelish?"

He nodded and in a few words sketched the happenings of the past twenty-four hours, omitting all reference to the possible killing of Carson and the sham fight at the crossing of the San Ignacio.

"I've sure got to keep on the dodge for a while," he concluded. "All I did in makin' a getaway was to steal one man's rifle and another fellow's hoss. They sure would like to see me come back."

Her hand rested again on his arm.

"I'm glad I was here, Jep, and found that out. I know you haven't told me all—you didn't get away as easily as you have tried to make me think you did. And I can't forget that you did it all for me; that you took those chances to warn us!"

The man shuffled uneasily in his embarrassment and at the gentle pressure of her soft fingers. To escape replying he turned and thrust a handful of dry chips on the fire. The wood was pine, rich in resinous sap, and the fierce yellow light flamed on the girl's grave face.

Her only garment was the bulky, shapeless blanket-dress, made in two identical pieces sewed together at various points along the edges so as to form a rude tunic with openings for head and limbs. The dress was confined at her waist and bound about her by a seven-foot crimson and black sash with long fringed ends,

wound again and again about her body in a broad girdle. Her throat, slender but smoothly-rounded, rose above the bag-like garment, the turquoise beads falling across the crimson border. A broad silver bracelet set with a marvelous piece of turquoise matrix surrounded by a dozen smaller stones banded her wrist. Her arms were bare to the shoulder and beneath the shapeless enveloping blanket—at throat, shoulder, breast, and knee—were glimpses of white, frank, young flesh.

The man rolled and lighted a brown-paper cigarette.

"Forget it, Dolores," he said at last. "Me and Goss were due to tangle tails anyhow. Tell me what're you doin' way out here. Is your father at this jamboree?"

She shook her head.

"No. He's at Hidden Waters. After you—after those men rode over there I think father became frightened, even though they had turned back when they saw the Indians. He was just a little afraid, I think, for—for me. Anyhow, when some of the Indians left that afternoon he sent me with them—out here to Hosteen Na-chee's."

"So that's where we are, is it?" Starr commented. "I'm sure glad to know. What's this show he's puttin' on, Dolores—somehin' to celebrate your payin' him a visit?"

She laughed infectiously.

"Oh, no! That—" and she jerked her head toward the brilliantly-lighted hogan behind them—"That is the War-God, that painting you saw. Do not make fun of it, even if you want to. Nagay-nesgaani is very real to them. Hosteen Na-chee has not been feeling very well; he's an old, old man. And he thought that if there was going to be war in Hidden Waters that he should get ready for it so he is giving this 'sing' to Nagay-nesgaani."

"He's the big boss, eh?" inquired Jep flip-pantly, and then—for the scene in the smoky hogan had affected him more deeply than he cared to admit—"he's like—like our God?"

"Yes, I guess he is, in a way," said the girl thoughtfully, "although they have Ut-say Hosteen, too. That means 'First Man,' but he made everything."

She rose with the effortless ease of the Indian, crossed to the hogan and stood for several minutes listening to the sound of the chanting that rose and fell within. Jep saw her exchange a few sentences with a Navajo who stood at the low doorway. Then she returned and seated herself again beside the Texan.

"They will keep that up all night, now," she observed, her teeth gleaming in the firelight, as she smiled, "and half the morning to-morrow. They'll never miss me. Besides, Hosteen Na-chee is not of my clan. He is a wolf."

"And what are you?" inquired the man lazily.

"My clan is the Ol-jáy-toh—the Moonlit Waters'—" she answered. "There are forty-eight clans in all among the Navajos. But tell me, Jep, what do you plan to do now?"

"I don't know, Dolores. Of course I'm through with Patten and Goss and that crowd. That goes without sayin'. They're lookin' for me all right but I don't think there's much danger of them comin' over here. They're scared of your father and the Injuns. But they haven't given up their ideas about Hidden Waters, Dolores. You don't ever want to forget that, and somebody ought to tell your father about it, too."

"I think he knows it—knows that the mere fact that he scared them away once wouldn't mean they wouldn't make another raid. He'll be ready."

"He's a fool!" interjected Starr hotly. "Can't you make him see, girl, that there's only one way to fight an outfit like that? He's got to arm his Injuns and just naturally blow Patten and Goss off the map when they show up!"

The golden head shook in decisive negative.

"He never will, Jep. I don't know why—but father would let them take the place, would let them kill him, before he would touch a gun!"

Though neither mentioned it they both sensed, in this unexpected meeting, a freedom that had never been present during the weeks Jep had spent in Aguas Perdidas. They knew

that the old man's harsh eyes were not watching them nor were his ears paying critical attention to their every word.

Insensibly they relaxed. Jep spread his saddle-blankets on the ground as a seat for the girl and leaned back against one of the stout posts of the wickiup. He found a large log and rolled it to the fire where it burned slowly with a grateful warmth into a deep bed of glowing coals.

Imperceptibly, however, the steady monotonous rhythm of the drum intruded itself upon them. Jep was the first to yield to its grumbling insistence. He had had no sleep the previous night, had ridden hard all day, and the unending booming of the tom-tom had an almost hypnotic strength. His head drooped slowly to his breast and he slept. Dolores, when she saw him, smiled understandingly into the heart of the fire. She spread the blankets on which she had been sitting and then roused the slumbering man.

"Lie down here," she ordered, ignoring his drowsy protest and half-shoving him to the more comfortable resting place. From one of the hogans she brought other blankets to cover him—wide coverings in broad stripes of black and white, fashioned of the soft merino fleece, warmer than fur and as soft and clinging as silk. The Texan was sound asleep again before she had spread them over his body.

She stood over him for several moments, a new softness in her great blue eyes and a smile of almost maternal tenderness on her lips. "Nihi-dazi," the "Little Sister" of the Navajos, had become a woman since this breaker of wild horses had ridden into her life—though as yet she did not realize the palingenesis.

Finally she turned away and, with the unconscious frankness of the Indians with whom her life had been spent, spread her own blankets beside his. As she snuggled down into the warm robes she reached across the narrow strip of trodden earth between their beds and, on an impulse she could not define, touched the strong, tanned hand that was thrust outside the man's blankets. Then she too slept, slept soundly, while a few rods away the Stone Age chant to the grim Nagay-nesgaani rose and fell in savage cadences punctuated by the booming tempo of the drum.

HOURS later she awoke, roused, she thought at first, by the chill in the air as the fire died. Then she realized that the "sing" had ceased and she was instantly wide awake. She knew that only a vitally important interruption would terminate the chants of the War-God prior to the completion of the ceremonies. From the foot of the gentle slope at the summit of which the encampment stood she heard the rapid pounding of hoofs—several horses being ridden hard from the eastward. A shout rang out, the repetition, she suddenly realized, of a cry that had roused her.

The Navajos were streaming from the hogan, chattering excitedly as they ran to meet the new arrivals. The invasion was obviously a friendly one; enemies do not signal their approach. She rose, pushed her yellow hair back from her eyes, and ran from the wickiup. Two men, riding horses that were ready to drop from exhaustion, were dismounting and speaking to Hosteen Na-chee. The first words Dolores overheard laid a cold hand of fear over her heart. Disaster had come to Hidden Waters.

"They came in the darkness," the man announced, his fine grave eyes watching the girl. "Sammovah-bega they shot when he tried to bar them from the house. They fired many shots, driving us back who had no guns as they closed in on Dogi-stlani, our father."

"Hoh! He was a man! He faced them as a great bear faces coyotes—but his bravery meant nothing. They had their guns and they threw ropes around him and tied him to the back of a pony. But before they carried him away they crowded into the great house and struck at the walls everywhere with pickaxes and crowbars they got from the tool-sheds. They tore the rugs from the floors and broke down the walls between the rooms."

"At last they took him away with them—one of the men urging the others to hurry. But before they went they burned the corrals and the hay that was stacked behind them. One of the

(Continued on page 68)





# “They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak”

*—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound*

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say—“We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn.” It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on me for a speech! No time to beg off—no chance to wriggle out of it!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table.

“Watch him make a fool of himself,” I overheard someone whisper. “He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice.”

“He'll die on his feet!” came another whisper. “This is going to be funnier than ‘Abie's Irish Rose!’”

I knew they were laughing at me and expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I only grinned inside. I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

### “But When I Commenced To Speak—”

Almost from the first word, the smiles of doubt and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous—amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers now—nothing but breathless attention from every one of those hundred listeners! My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unflinching—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes that held them spellbound! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a furious, deafening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous, excited, thrilling! Somebody pushed forward and grasped my hand. Others followed—and everybody started talking all at once.

“Great work, Byron, old man! I didn't know you had it in you!”

“You sure swept them off their feet! You're a wonder!”

### Was Once A “Human Clam”

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. “Gee, that was a great speech!” he said enthusiastically. “You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place to-night. . . . And yet they used to call you ‘a human clam’—and the quietest man in the office!”

It was true, too. All my life I had been handicapped with a shy, timid and retiring nature. I was so self-conscious that it almost hurt. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by into positions of social and business prominence simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening!

### A Lucky Accident

At last I began to despair of getting anywhere—when I accidentally ran across a little book entitled, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. And I want to say right here that that little book actually helped me change the course of my whole life.

Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement, popularity and success. I don't mean to say that there was any “magic” or “mystery” about it, because I went at the thing systematically in the privacy of my own home, simply applying 20 minutes each day. And the results were certainly worth it.

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I

am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worth-while people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest possible degree! And furthermore, the sheer power of convincing speech has been the big secret of my success!

The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secrets of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right thing in the right way at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun! And the secret behind it all is so simple that it is astonishing!

### Send for This Amazing Booklet!

Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free, a copy of *How to Work Wonders with Words*. This remarkable little book, will show you how to develop the priceless “hidden knack” of effective speech that has brought success, social position, power and wealth to so many. It will open your eyes to a new realization of what life holds in store for men who master the secrets of Effective Speech. See for yourself! There is no obligation. You can obtain your copy free by just sending the coupon.

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- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to overcome stage-fright
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to be the master of any situation







She glanced back toward the figure of the mounted foreman three hundred yards to the rear, then forward to the distant line of the brooding cliffs. Her yellow locks whipped across the man's face and Jep was suddenly aware of that most elusive of scents—the delicate, sensuous fragrance of a woman's hair.

"He'll never come near us!" she cried. "He'll never even see us after we turn that point!"

Her slim hand waved to the nearest point of the cliffs—a headland of sandstone five hundred feet high, sculptured like a temple plinth by centuries of erosion and blood-red in the westering sun. It was less than a half-mile away and she checked the pinto pony to a more restful gait, looking back once or twice toward Goss, her eyes smiling faintly as they met the Texan's.

They rounded the foot of the cope, the pinto's tiny hoofs drumming like the patter of summer rain on the hard-packed ground, to be confronted by another and yet another in a bewildering succession of crimson promontories jutting from the cliffs on either side into the bed of an ever-narrowing canyon. Between them, lesser canyons, dark with piñon and the stately symmetry of Douglas firs, gashed deep into the flanks of the mesa a thousand feet above.

She turned the pinto up the second of the tributary ravines, slowed him to a trot, and jogged unconcernedly up the slope and into the thick fringe of timber that masked the foot of the cliffs. Tracks of horses, sheep, and, very rarely, of cattle crossed and recrossed one another in a bewildering confusion but she never hesitated. She seemed to know every inch of this labyrinth and infallibly followed the proper path to a deep hollow at the base of a sheer wall of smooth red rock against which, like painted trees against the backdrop of some great auditorium, towered three tall firs.

The pony stopped, obedient to her hand, and Jep slid off. Dolores dismounted too, dropping the reins over the animal's head and stretching out on the ground.

"They'll never find us," she said confidently. "Even if they came right 'up this draw we could leave the horse and follow a foot-trail I know that leads up to the top of the mesa."

"Goss is alone, I'm pretty sure," said Jep. "Looks like he figured he might run into you and hung back on purpose. But don't you think he might camp at the mouth of the canyon and wait for us?"

"I hope he does! If I can only keep him away from where they have father until we get there, I'll be—I'll be almost happy. I hope he thinks he has us bottled up. It looks like he has, doesn't it?"

She waved her hand to embrace the encompassing circle of seemingly inaccessible cliffs. Here she was guide and leader. The man could only follow and obey.

"We—" for an instant her voice choked—"I don't see how we can go on to the Slash-X to-night. We'll have to camp. We'll wait here about a half-hour and then go around this point, back to the main canyon, and up to a good spring that's not very far. To-night—" and her eyes widened—"to-night, Jep, you'll sleep in the most wonderful place in this whole wonderful country. You'll sleep in the houses of a dead city—a city that's been dead for hundreds, maybe thousands, of years. I'll take you to Betata'kin—'The House in the Side of the Hill!'"

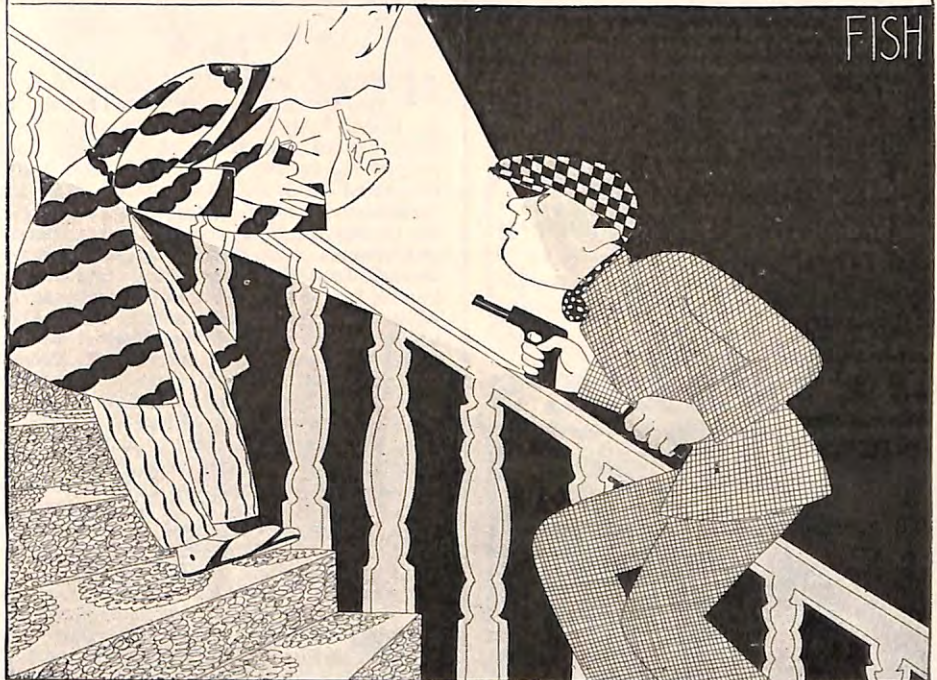
Her lids drooped and she leaned back against the low grass-covered hummock, relaxing every muscle of her slim body with the instant perfect control of the Indian.

(To be continued)



### EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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a burglar, and you find you have . . .  
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FISH

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# News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 37)



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ILLUSTRATING over 1600 useful articles for the home, yours with little effort under the Larkin Plan.

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specially chartered steamer brought forth a gathering of more than 400. A stag party wound up the interesting events of that day. It was held in the beautiful Elks Theatre, located in the Lodge Home, the only Elks Theatre in the United States.

The ritualistic contest for the Joseph T. Fanning cup was won by the Bluffton Lodge, whose officers exemplified the ritual in such a way as to win not only the plaudits of Indiana Elks but those of surrounding States. This marked the second consecutive year that this Lodge has carried off the honors in this contest.

The invitation of LaFayette Lodge, No. 143, to the Association for the 1930 meeting was accepted unanimously and it was further decided to hold the meeting in June, the date to be decided by Lodge No. 143.

With the installation of the officers by Past President and Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, Frank J. McMichael, the convention was brought to a very successful close and the officers and members of the Indiana Elks Association returned to their homes praising the open-handed hospitality of the city and New Albany Lodge.

### Illinois

HENRY C. WARNER of Dixon Lodge, No. 779, was unanimously chosen President of the Illinois State Elks Association at its twenty-sixth annual convention at East St. Louis, August 20, 21 and 22. Mr. Warner, who is prominent in Illinois legal circles, is a Past Exalted Ruler of his Lodge; Past District Deputy for Illinois, Northwest, and last year served as Chairman of the Illinois Association's newly-created Lapsation Committee. He is well-known, too, as a ritualist, and several years ago while serving as Exalted Ruler of Dixon Lodge was chosen as the all-Illinois Exalted Ruler.

Other officers elected included R. Emmett Costello, East St. Louis, First Vice-President; A. F. Buedel, Springfield, Second Vice-President; John L. Cornwall, Elgin, Third Vice-President; Geo. W. Hasselman, Chicago (LaSalle Lodge), Secretary; William Fritz, Peoria, Treasurer; and the following Trustees: Max Ephraim, Chicago; Harry Teer, Galena; J. F. Mohan, Pontiac; Earle Thompson, Galesburg; Dr. J. C. Dallenbach, Champaign; Truman A. Snell, Carlinville; Walter H. Moreland, Jr., Metropolis.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell installed the new officers, and immediately after assuming the gavel President Warner reappointed the Rev. V. H. Webb of Monmouth, the veteran Chaplain of the Association, to the office which he has held for so many years.

Among the prominent visitors who attended the convention was Grand Secretary J. E. Masters, whose talk was enthusiastically received by the many Elks from all over the State.

The featured business of the convention was the report of the Crippled Children's Commission, and the master clinic held under its direction. A detailed account of this remarkable event is given at the end of this account.

As has been the custom for years, the finals of the Illinois ritualistic contest occurred in connection with the convention. Aurora Lodge, No. 705, representing the Northeast district, won first place and possession of the beautiful trophy donated by Charles A. White, Past Grand Treasurer; also the cup donated by Rudolph Noel, of Chicago Lodge. The winning team scored 96.27. Monmouth was second with 96.16; Metropolis third with 95.88; Carlinville fourth with 95.07; and Ottawa fifth with 92.75, despite a 3 per cent. penalty for substitution of one officer.

The entertainment program offered many happy hours for the delegates and other visitors. There were cabaret performances, a luncheon at East St. Louis airport, dances and an evening parade both beautiful and impressive in numbers.

Selection of the 1930 convention city was left to the officers and trustees, who will convene in the near future to consider the subject.

The doors of the first day's session, given over to the report and the work of the Crippled Children's Commission, were opened to the public as well as to accredited delegates, the first time in the twenty-six years of the Association's history that such a procedure had been

followed. Visitors came in generous numbers to learn at first hand the details of the plan by which it is proposed to bring help to 18,000 boys and girls in Illinois whose physical condition now classifies them as cripples.

As interesting as the program and the audience was the scene of the gathering—East St. Louis's foremost hospital, St. Mary's. Delegates and guests were graciously welcomed by the Sisters of Charity and nurses in uniform, and discovered almost immediately that the trustees and hospital staff had turned all the facilities of the institution over to the Elks Commission, so that they might graphically portray their new activity.

The formal report of the Commission having in charge the crippled children's work was read by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, its chairman, who dwelt on the accomplishments of the last year and the plans for the future. So interesting was his presentation that the entire assemblage remained at close attention for more than an hour on a sultry morning; and such importance was attached to it by the newspapers that they printed the report in its entirety—a full newspaper page.

When Mr. Campbell had finished, the stage of the Auditorium was converted into a hospital room, into which were brought boys and girls, deformed in one way or another, to be examined by Dr. Henry Bascom Thomas of Chicago, head of the University of Illinois Orthopedic School and chief of the Illinois Elks' staff of diagnosticians. Second in command was Dr. A. B. McQuillan of East St. Louis, assistant chief of staff, aided by others of the medical profession who are giving of their time and talent, without compensation, to further the work of the Illinois Elks.

As the crowd became impressed with the tremendous handicaps under which these children must face the future, unless properly cared for, the scene was quickly changed and the brighter side of the picture was portrayed. A dozen youngsters who had undergone treatment for varying periods were brought in. The marvelous physical changes that had been wrought and the realization that, through the help of the Elks, these children would go forth with normal bodies and minds, brought applause from every section of the hall.

When the Illinois Association laid its original plan, the Commissioners presupposed the unified assistance of the 40,000 members of the Order in that State. How well this supposition was founded is shown in the fact that in six months' time 80 of the 83 Lodges definitely committed themselves to the program. The plan likewise contemplated the cooperation of the medical profession, and again the soundness of the supposition was shown by the approval accorded the program by representatives of the various medical organizations in Illinois.

Already, in many localities, numerous cases of crippled children have been recorded, and so that they may have prompt attention clinics are being established as fast as Lodges can arrange for them.

### Ohio

AGAIN holding its annual convention at Cedar Point, outside of Sandusky, the Ohio State Elks Association enjoyed a most successful and pleasurable time, and the meeting was made especially notable by the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews.

The opening ceremonies were marked by a splendid program of musical numbers, addresses of welcome, and the response by President Fred W. Maerkle. The next day was given over to the many social and sporting events prepared for the visitors, including card parties, receptions, sight-seeing tours, a boxing show, and so on. The first business session held the following morning was largely confined to the reading of reports, among the most gratifying being that of the Credentials Committee, which showed an unusually large registration, including twelve Past Presidents, and that of the Secretary, which revealed that the number of member Lodges had grown to eighty-six. The annual memorial services were then held. Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews arrived that afternoon and was met by



a committee that included Past President and Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee William H. Reinhart; Past President Blake C. Cook; District Deputies Max Friedman and Samuel G. Austin, and other well-known Ohio Elks. Mr. Andrews, who had stopped off at Bucyrus Lodge, No. 156, was accompanied to Sandusky by a large delegation of its members. A dinner and reception in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor were held that evening.

The high point of the meeting, the colorful street parade, was reached the next morning. With Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews taking part, the great aggregation wound its way through the streets of Sandusky. In the selection of the route was shown a fine example of the best Elk spirit of thoughtful fraternity. Jay J. Hennessey, a member of Findlay Lodge, No. 75, now residing in Sandusky, has been for the past twelve years a delegate from his Lodge to meetings of the State Association, where his geniality and enthusiasm had endeared him to many. Unable to attend the sessions this year because of illness which had confined him to his home since March, he was greatly missed, and as a tribute to his popularity, the parade was routed to pass his residence, where he was able to view it from the porch.

Lakewood Lodge, No. 1350, won the prize for the best appearance in the parade, with New Philadelphia, No. 510, headed by an eighty-five-piece band, second. Toledo Lodge, No. 53, had the largest turn-out, and Cincinnati won the prize given to the parade group coming the longest distance. Coshocton Lodge, No. 376, defeated Marion Lodge, No. 32, for the John G. Price Ritualistic Trophy in a spirited contest.

That afternoon Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews addressed the business session, after which the election of officers took place. Those who will serve the Association for the coming year are: President, William G. Lambert, Cleveland; First Vice-President, J. C. A. Leppelman, Toledo; Second Vice-President, J. Charles Schaffer, Chillicothe; Third Vice-President, William G. Campbell, Lorain; Secretary, Harry D. Hale, Newark; Treasurer, William Patri, Cincinnati; Trustees, Ernst Von Bargen, Chairman, Cincinnati; N. C. Parr, New Philadelphia; and Howard Robinson, Coshocton.

A dinner-dance and entertainment wound up the day. The following morning saw the closing business session and the installation of the new officers, while the rest of the day was filled with informal band concerts, excursions and parties, bringing to a close a highly satisfactory gathering.

**Alabama**

THE Elks of Alabama conducted their annual pilgrimage to the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil Manly Allen, at Elmwood Cemetery, Birmingham, on Sunday, September 29. The committee in charge, headed by E. J. McCrossin, President of the State Association and Past Grand Inner Guard, had arranged for an interesting and appropriate program of oratory, eulogy and music.

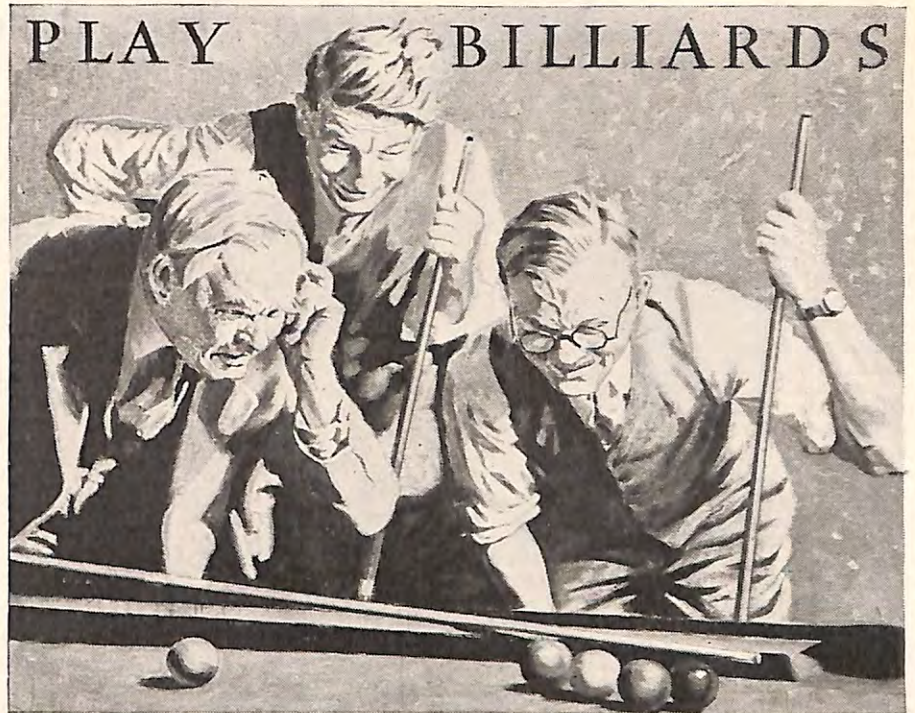
**Oregon**

DUE to an oversight several prize winners at the annual Oregon State Elks Association convention, held in Klamath Falls, were omitted in our account of the meeting which was printed in the September issue. They follow herewith: Salem Lodge, No. 336, won the ritualistic contest; the golf tournament was won by Raymond Demoss of Corvallis Lodge, No. 1413; and Mrs. Walter P. Andrews, wife of the Grand Exalted Ruler, was high in the trapshoot.

**Pennsylvania**

THE annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association held in Sunbury on August 26, 27, 28 and 29, and entertained by Lodge No. 267, was one of the most notable in its history, numbering among the large attendance many distinguished visiting members of the Order who took active part, including Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Murray Hulbert, and Charles E. Grakelow, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Secretary of Labor James J. Davis and William T. Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association.

Visitors began to arrive over the week-end and throughout Monday, the opening day, when registration started. The convention was official. (Continued on page 72)



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**Too Fat? You Can Reduce**

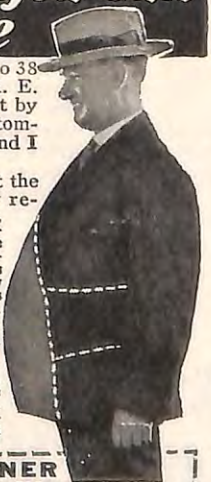
"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

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# News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 71)

cially opened in the evening at a public session held in the Chestnut St. Opera House, presided over by Exalted Ruler Leroy H. Garverick of Sunbury Lodge. Those who made addresses on this occasion were Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow and Grand Secretary Masters, Mr. Davis, Mr. Garverick, Mayor W. E. Drumheller and Howard R. Davis, retiring President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. The speaking program was interspersed with vocal and instrumental music.

Brief addresses were made at the opening business session the next morning by Mr. Hulbert, Mr. Masters, Mr. Grakelow and Mr. Phillips, followed by the election of the new officers. They are: President, Louis N. Goldsmith, Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2; Vice-President, John F. Nugent, Braddock Lodge, No. 883; Secretary, William S. Gould, Scranton Lodge, No. 123; Treasurer H. W. Gough, Harrisburg Lodge, No. 12; member of the Board of Trustees, Lloyd W. Faylor, Mahanoy City Lodge, No. 695. Reading was selected as the place of next year's meeting. Later under an escort of Past State Presidents and Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Mr. Andrews was escorted to the rostrum where he spoke for over an hour to an impressed audience. At the afternoon business sessions various committee reports were read and a resolution providing for a state-wide program fostering child welfare was adopted.

During the day the visiting ladies were fêted by the ladies of Sunbury Lodge, and the trapshoot, golf tournament, patriotic Flag Day demonstration by the American Legion and numerous band concerts were held, concluding with a dance in Legion Hall that evening.

On Wednesday after a brief business meeting there was an Elks stag picnic held at Island Park. Throughout the day many events had been arranged for the entertainment of the visiting ladies including a sightseeing tour, a picnic and a theatre party. Convention memorial services were held in the morning under the direction of Past State President James P. Brownlee with Lawrence H. Rupp, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, as chief speaker. Numerous band concerts were given around the city during the afternoon by visiting Elks organizations and the ritualistic contest was held that evening in the banquet hall of the Masonic Temple under the direction of Joseph Reisenman, Jr., of Franklin Lodge. It was won by the degree team of the Pennsylvania, Southwest, District. The third day's activities were rounded out with two dances, one at Island Park and the other in the American Legion Home.

The grand parade of the convention was held on Thursday, the final day, and was declared to be one of the greatest Elks processions ever seen in the State. Over 3,000 members were in line and it was estimated that more than 30,000 onlookers crowded the line of march. Throngs poured in all morning from outlying districts

until at parade time the sidewalks over the four-mile route were jammed with people. It was a pageant of purple and white, of snappy music from thirty bands, and cleverly drilled men, with every section of the State represented. Cash prizes were awarded to the following: Lodge with largest number of uniformed men—1st prize, Danville; 2nd prize, Milton; 3rd prize, Philadelphia. Lodge making best appearance—1st prize, York; 2nd prize, Danville; 3rd prize, Philadelphia. Largest exclusive Elks band—1st prize, Reading; 2nd prize, Philadelphia; 3rd prize, Allentown. Best band for music and appearance—1st prize, York; 2nd prize, Berwick; 3rd prize, Reading. Floats—1st prize, Milton; 2nd prize, Mount Carmel; 3rd prize, Coatesville.

A business session; competitive drilling by various drill teams; more band concerts around the city streets; and a grand fireworks display on the river, were part of the last day's program which ended in the Convention Ball held in the Legion Home.

## Minnesota

THE twenty-fifth annual convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association held at Red Wing on August 22, 23 and 24, with Lodge No. 845 acting as host, was crammed with activity from start to finish as the whole city dressed in purple and white attire for the event. Lavish preparations had been made for the entertainment of the visitors and from the opening blare of band music, through the business sessions, parade, water carnival and other program events, the convention was pronounced one of the most successful ever to be given by State Elks. Registration started early as the visitors poured into the city by air, train, automobiles and river craft, and were met by a local committee which conducted them to headquarters in the St. James Hotel. Among the distinguished registrants were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. The Red Wing Lodge band, Rochester Lodge Drum Corps and Riverside State band enlivened things with their musical programs, while the trap shoot and first executive meeting of the Association were the main features of the morning's activities. The opening meeting was marked by the speech of retiring President Judge William M. Ericson and the various committee reports. Officers were elected to serve for the coming year at the final business meeting of the Association held that afternoon. They are: President, Charles F. Englin, Stillwater Lodge, No. 179; First Vice-President, O. M. Thurber, Owatonna Lodge, No. 1395; Second Vice-President, Dr. B. J. Branton, Willmar Lodge, No. 952; Third Vice-President, Dr. A. K. Cohen, Brainerd Lodge, No. 615; Secretary, Vincent C. Jenny, St. Paul Lodge, No. 59; Treasurer, Michael F. Sullivan, Mankato Lodge, No. 225; Trustee, Don A. Freeman, St. Cloud Lodge, No. 516. John S. Siverts of Hibbing Lodge, No. 1022, and Thomas J. Griffith of

Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44, the other trustees, were still serving out their appointments. Both Mr. McFarland and Mr. Masters addressed the body on the welfare work of the Order. All during the afternoon the visiting bands and drum corps paraded around the streets giving impromptu band concerts and exhibition drills, and at 5:20 a banquet and brief get-together meeting were held in the Masonic Temple for Grand Lodge officers, State officers, past and present officers of Red Wing Lodge and visiting Past Exalted Rulers. Retiring President Ericson presided.

Following the banquet an impressive memorial service was held for the late State chaplain, the Rev. Warren L. Bunger of Minneapolis, at which the Rev. Clair Ames, present chaplain, delivered the eulogy. The ritualistic contest was dispensed with owing to the absence of the Duluth Lodge officers, and in its place a splendid exemplification of the ritual was conducted by the officers of Stillwater Lodge, who initiated two candidates. A concert at Central Park by the Red Wing band, a largely attended dance and a special entertainment for Elks in the local Lodge Home were events of the evening.

With all business out of the way the delegates and other Elk visitors set out to enjoy themselves for the remainder of their stay. The golf tournament, and a reception with varied entertainment for the ladies, opened the second day's program. Ladies to the number of 250 were taken on a tour of the city and then proceeded to St. Hubert's Lodge, Old Frontenac, where a lawn show was presented. At noon a sumptuous luncheon was served the guests at the Frontenac Inn and before the party left the lakeshore each lady was presented with a gift.

Two bands, Mankato and Owatonna, and three drum corps, Rochester, Willmar and Owatonna, competed for \$850 in cash prizes during the afternoon. Rochester Lodge won first honors in the drum corps contest with Willmar second and Owatonna third, and in the band contest Mankato Lodge carried off first prize. Later the spectacular convention parade was held, followed by a barbecue at Levee Park. Then came one of the peaks of the convention, the colorful fireworks display, water pageant and river carnival. As dusk fell thousands of watchers along the shores of the Mississippi River were waiting expectantly as the first aerial bomb burst. Immediately the entire river and shore burst into a myriad of colored lights, sky rockets, and brilliant festoons of fire, and the water pageant was under way.

The last major event connected with the convention took place the next morning when Gov. Theodore Christianson dedicated the citizens' memorial stairway up Mt. La Grange. Miss Beatrice Lillyblad, Queen of the Convention, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting, cut the purple and white cord across the foot of the stairway which formally opened it to the public.

Numerous sporting, recreational and musical events rounded out a notable meeting.

# Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 36)

## Union Hill, N. J., Lodge's Outing For Underprivileged Children

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, recently staged one of the most successful outings for crippled and underprivileged children ever given in the history of the Lodge. Hundreds of orphans, day nursery and Salvation Army children, crippled and poor youngsters, participated to their huge enjoyment in the affair. Buses, together with a number of private cars, under an escort of police, conveyed the children from the Home to the Alpine section of the Interstate Park, and from there to Columbia Park. On their arrival the little ones were provided with lunch and entertained with a showing of motion pictures and a concert rendered by the band of the Hebrew Orphans Home. After luncheon every privilege of the park was thrown open to the children through

the courtesy of its proprietor, Otto Aeschbach, a member of the Order. John Bussow, chairman of the crippled children's committee, along with other Lodge members, took the crippled children around the resort in wheel-chairs and small wagons, and later on an open-air entertainment was enjoyed by all the youngsters. Fresh milk and candy in quantity were provided for the Elks' guests during the day.

## Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Host to 2,500 Youngsters at Outing

More than 2,500 underprivileged youngsters of the city and vicinity were the guests at a day's outing of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, a few weeks ago. Transported to Mountain Park in 300 automobiles, the happy and excited children were provided with strip tickets which gave them entry to all the many amusement devices. After several hours of romping and

merrymaking, a bugle called them to the mess tent, where each little guest was provided with a pint of milk and a well-filled luncheon box. After these were disposed of more play, followed by an entertaining variety show, filled the afternoon. The successful affair, one of the best of its kind ever held by Holyoke Lodge, was arranged and handled by a committee headed by Henry J. Toepfert.

## Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge Holds Fair on New Premises

Approximately 1,000 persons were in attendance on the opening night of the Fair given by Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge, No. 1490, on its new premises, formerly the Mrs. J. Harry Estey estate, the purchase of which was reported in these columns some time ago. Headed by the American Legion drum corps, a parade of Elks

(Continued on page 74)





# Blame Yourself

## *If This Message Doesn't Bring You A Big Salary Increase!*

Take any ten men in blind-alley jobs at low pay. Analyze each case. You'll find that every one of them has had a golden opportunity. They either have failed to recognize it, or else they lacked the courage to follow it up. Now comes your chance. If this page doesn't bring you a big increase in salary—quick!—you have no one to blame but yourself.

By CHARLES MICHEL

LET'S be specific. What do you want in life? You want more money than you're getting. You want your own home, a car, membership in a good club. You want to wear good clothes, educate your children and put away enough money to make you independent. If you are like other men, you want to be your own boss in a position that grows every day in interesting fascination. You want to travel, see the world, and meet the wide-awake people who are doing things.

All right, I'll tell you a quick, easy way to accomplish all this. If you don't take it, you are the only loser. You are the only one who will have to face the accusing finger of the man you might have been. If you do take it, you'll thank me the rest of your life for putting this information into your hands. For now it is possible for you to quickly enjoy bigger earnings, and have all the joys in life that your bigger self demands. If this was a guess I couldn't print it. I know it to be a certainty. It is *proved* by the cases of thousands of other men who have done the same thing. Listen.

J. A. Ferland of Quebec, Canada, was a railroad conductor when this chance was offered to him. He took it—and not long after he finished his course he found himself District Sales Manager for an insurance company at twice his former pay, as a start. Chas. H. Barth of Philadelphia was, as he himself said, "a failure financially," making \$50 a month when he saw and seized his

opportunity. Today he is making \$6,000 a year. J. H. Huppert got tired of starving along at \$23 a week as a plumber's helper, and when this wonderful chance came along he used it so well that in the first three months after he finished his course he made two years' pay at his old job. I could name thousands of other examples.

These men started from scratch—without any experience or training of any kind. None of them had ever sold anything in their lives; in fact, most of them believed the old superstition that a salesman must be "born." Yet we took them, and in a short time made master salesmen of them. Then our Free Employment Department which receives calls for over 50,000 salesmen annually, helped them to select the right jobs and they were off with a flying start to the success they had dreamed of.

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There's a remarkable little book called "The Key to Master Salesmanship" for ambitious men. It tells *how* and *why* thousands of men with no previous experience have succeeded in salesmanship. Every one of the men I've named to you read it before he started on

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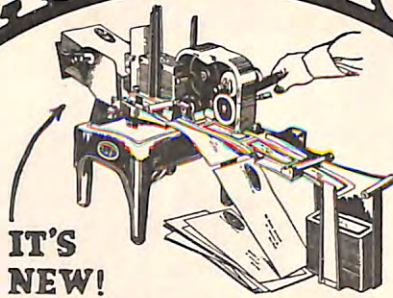
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 72)

and citizens marched to the spacious grounds of the Home, where a dozen or more booths were arranged in a semicircle around a platform erected for a vaudeville performance. Following an act of vaudeville the midway was thrown open to the public, which gave a generous patronage to the various booths. The second night of the fair was scheduled as Keene Night when members of Lodge No. 927 at Keene, N. H., were expected to be present with their orchestra to render a program of vocal and instrumental music.

### "A. Charles Stewart Class" Initiated by Frostburg, Md., Lodge

In honor of his election as Grand Trustee, A. Charles Stewart's fellow members in Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, recently initiated a class of candidates named for him. A fine attendance was on hand for the gala meeting, which was followed by a buffet supper and social hour. As this was written a further honor for the new Grand Trustee, in the form of an A. Charles Stewart Night was being planned by Frostburg Elks.

### Frankfort, Ind., Lodge Holds First Children's Picnic

More than a thousand children were the guests of Frankfort, Ind., Lodge, No. 560, when it gave its first summer picnic in T. P. A. Park. While children between the ages of six and fourteen had been invited, there were many even younger who shared equally in the afternoon's fun. On their arrival at the Park the youngsters were entertained by a novelty band and were given tickets which entitled them to a swim in the park pool, cracker-jack, pop and candy. A treasure hunt for hidden pieces of money, running and swimming races with bathing suits as prizes, were other events of the outing. Later, the children enjoyed another band concert and more refreshments before leaving for their homes.

### A Warning to All Lodge Secretaries

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has been requested by Secretary A. J. White, of Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1359, to publish notice of the fraudulent use being made of the stolen card of a Lakewood member, J. C. Bacon. Mr. Bacon's card is numbered 181, issued March 15, and his membership number is 476. Mr. Bacon's wallet, containing the card, was stolen by a young man to whom he gave a lift in his automobile. This swindler's system is to make a small purchase, and then to request the cashing of a check, using the card as identification. Up to the time of writing he had cashed more than twenty forged checks by this method, the first of them in Indianapolis, Ind., and St. Louis, Mo.

### News is Sought of Clarence George Vornkahl

Henry J. Vornkahl, of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, is seeking news of his brother, Clarence Vornkahl, born in St. Louis, Mo., thirty-nine years ago, an actor by profession, of whom he has heard nothing for sixteen years. Anyone knowing of Clarence Vornkahl's whereabouts will be conferring a real favor by bringing this notice to his attention, or by notifying his brother, whose address is 1027 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

### Crippled Children's Outing Of Rahway, N. J., Lodge

The largest and most successful crippled children's outing ever given by Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, was held in August at Olympic Park, Irvington. Under an escort of police and in company with a large number of Elks and citizens to look after their comfort, some seventy-five underprivileged little ones wearing souvenir hats and wielding rattles, whistles and other noisemakers, were driven in buses and private cars to the park. A specially prepared lunch,

accompanied by plenty of milk and sodas, was served by Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Abbott, and then the youngsters enjoyed the many concessions of the resort and were entertained by a number of professional comedians.

Soon after the opening of the new Memorial Hospital, there will be another examining clinic conducted by Dr. F. H. Albee, noted orthopedic surgeon, under the auspices of Rahway Lodge. Nearly 100 children have been benefited by the clinics sponsored by No. 1075.

### District Deputy Beck Visits Huntington, N. Y., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck paid an official visit to Huntington, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1565, and acquainted the membership present with a report of the proceeding of the recent Grand Lodge sessions at Los Angeles. District Deputy Beck was accompanied by Past Exalted Rulers Albin N. Johnson, Arved L. Larsen, Charles R. Coffin and Harry A. Curley of Freeport Lodge; Evariste J. Cormier, Past Exalted Ruler of Glen Cove Lodge, and Past Exalted Ruler Horace Sullivan of Lynbrook Lodge.

Delegations of officers and members from Freeport, Glen Cove, Great Neck, Lynbrook, Queensborough and Brooklyn Lodges were present to greet the distinguished guest.

Huntington Lodge is planning a gala celebration at a date to be fixed in September at which time the charter of the Lodge will be formally presented to Exalted Ruler La Clair.

### Brenham, Tex., Lodge Acquires Germania Club Property as Home

As a result of negotiations which included virtual amalgamation of the two organizations, Brenham, Tex., Lodge, No. 979, is now the owner of the valuable property formerly belonging to the Germania Club, for more than half a century one of the best-known social organizations of the State. The property in question consists of a beautiful four acre park, located on a main highway, only six blocks from the center of the city. The successful conduct of the negotiations which preceded the favorable votes of both organizations was largely due to the efforts of Past Exalted Ruler Fred L. Amsler, for many years both President of the Germania Club and Secretary of Brenham Lodge, who labored for months on the movement. Brenham Elks have ambitious plans for the improvement of the property, including the erection of a spacious modern Home, construction of a children's playground, further beautification of the park, and so on.

Some weeks after the acquisition of the property, fifty-four candidates, thirty-two of them former members of the Germania Club, the largest class ever taken into Brenham Lodge, were initiated by the degree team of Houston Lodge, No. 151, ritualistic champions of Texas, at a gala meeting. With this infusion of new blood and the interest aroused by the prospect of a commodious Home, Brenham Lodge is expected to make notable progress.

### Dispensations for New Lodges Granted by Grand Exalted Ruler

Dispensations for the following new Lodges have been granted since the publication of the list in our July issue; Havre de Grace, Md., No. 1564 (instituted on June 24); Huntington, N. Y., No. 1565 (instituted on June 29); St. Albans, Vt., No. 1566 (instituted on June 28); Gilroy, Calif., No. 1567 (instituted on August 8); Maynard, Mass., No. 1568; Clifton, N. J., No. 1569; Compton, Calif., No. 1570; Mineola, Texas, No. 1571 (instituted on August 23); Gadsden, Ala., No. 1572.

### Elks at National Home Hold Spirited Billiard Tournament

Twelve residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., whose combined ages total 844 years, accepted a challenge to settle the billiard



supremacy of the Home, and engaged in a tournament that lasted more than a month. The idea originated in the mind of William S. Emery of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211, in whom, despite his eighty-two years, the sporting spirit is still strong. Two games of 100 points each were played nightly before large and interested audiences. The details of the tourney were handled by Henry William Helfer, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, and James H. Lane, of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 885. Sixty-six games in all were played. Prizes were donated by Mr. Emery; Superintendent Robert A. Scott; Mr. Helfer, and George Denham.

**Two Lodges of Panama Canal Zone Set Elks Foundation Record**

To be the first Grand Lodge district reporting a 100 per cent subscription to the Elks National Foundation is the honor claimed by the two Lodges making up the district of Panama Canal Zone. Some weeks ago, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur W. Goulet introduced a motion at a meeting of Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542, which resulted in that Lodge's subscription of \$1,000 for an Honorary Founder's membership in the Foundation, and a short time later Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, took similar action upon a motion made by Past District Deputy Richard M. Davies.

The officers of No. 1414 recently had the pleasure of entertaining John J. Doyle, President of the California State Elks Association, and vice-chairman of the Sixty-fifth Grand Lodge Convention Executive Committee. Arriving at Balboa by steamship, Mr. Doyle, accompanied by his wife and son, was met at the dock by a committee headed by Past District Deputy Davies, and taken to the Century Club for luncheon. Spending the afternoon in sight-seeing, Mr. Doyle, in the evening, was guest of honor at a dinner at the Miramar Club, tendered by the Canal Zone officers.

**Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge Holds First Picnic for Children**

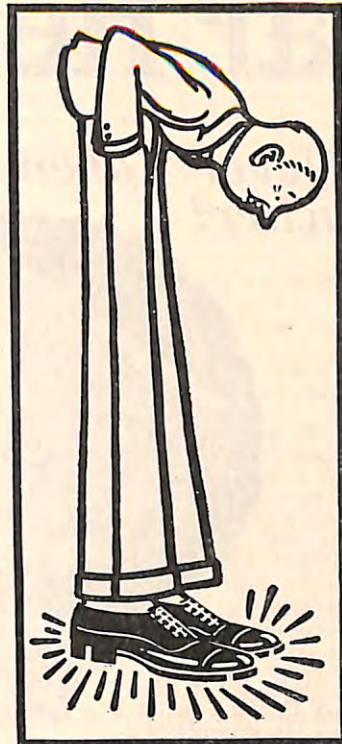
Practically the entire juvenile population of the city was at the fairgrounds for the first annual outing given by Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 93. The invitation included all Hamilton children under fourteen years of age and it was estimated that upwards of 5,000 youngsters attended the picnic as well as a large number of members, parents and friends, who seemed to enjoy the fun as much as the little ones. Movement toward the fairgrounds started at an early hour and by two o'clock the crowd had assumed tremendous proportions, with the Elk committee kept busy dispensing lemonade, ice cream, crackerjack and candy. The track events which featured the afternoon's program were composed of foot races, bicycle races and various novelty contests. Substantial prizes were the reward of the winners. So successful was this initial outing that No. 93 plans to make it an annual August affair.

Hamilton Lodge recently sponsored the appearance of George J. Mulhauser, a tenor soloist of note, with Inman's band at its third seasonal concert held in Sutherland Park. Mr. Mulhauser, a member of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, and director of its quartet, rendered an excellent program of old and new selections.

Headed by Exalted Ruler C. W. Simpson and Secretary Charles Howald, a group of members from No. 93 paid a recent visit to the children's health camp on Wilson Hill and were enthusiastic in their endorsement of the work done among the fifty under-nourished and tubercular youngsters there. The Elks on their arrival were guests at a dinner of the Public Health League, sponsors of the camp, followed by a meeting during which Exalted Ruler Simpson pledged the full support of the Lodge membership for the season of 1930. Secretary Howald, in recalling the origin of the camp as a tent colony, spoke of the benefit given some time ago in its behalf by the Elks and hoped that No. 93 would be in a position to stage a similar affair in the near future. Other speeches were made by Dr. C. J. Baldrige and Miss Anna M. Doyle, director of the League.

(Continued on page 77)

**LOOK AT YOUR SHOES!**



A good shine covers a multitude of shoe sins. ★ ★ Old or new, keep your shoes neat and trim with frequent shines ★ ★ If you propose to put your best foot forward—see that it is well polished. ★ ★ It counts a lot with men who make quick decisions!

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# It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

## We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher!

WE always thought of her as an onlooker, you know. A sort of social wallflower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the center of attraction in any gathering.

That night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Greig"—we thought she was *joking*. A rather poor joke, at that. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed—and went right on chatting. I was a little sorry for her. But I saw her chin go up, her eyes flash. She played a chord, and it rang through the room like a challenge. "Listen!" it seemed to say.

And suddenly the room was hushed . . .

She played *Anitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire. Everyone sat forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, she turned around and faced us, her face glowing, her eyes happy. "Well!" she seemed to be saying, "you thought I was bluffing. But I *can* play!"

We were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward in a mass to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "Why you are wonderful!" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!" An onlooker no longer—she was popular! She played for us all evening, and now no one would even think of having a party without inviting her.

### She Told Me About It Later

We were lifelong friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You played superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?"

"No secret at all!" she laughed. "I just got tired of being left out of things and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course. In my spare time, you know."

"You don't mean to say you learned how to play so beautifully by yourself, right at home in your spare time?" I was astounded. I couldn't believe it.

"Yes—and it's been such



"She played *Anitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire."

fun! Why, it's as easy as A-B-C, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I began playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz. From the notes, you know." "You're wonderful!" I breathed. "Think of playing like that, and learning all by yourself."

"I'm not wonderful," she replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. Why, it's like playing a game."

"You always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise everyone, the way I did?" I took her advice—a little doubtfully at first—and now I play not only the violin but the banjo!

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The amazing success of students who take the U. S. School course is largely due to a wonderful, newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply 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. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The admirable lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not *entirely plain*, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

Whether you take up piano, violin, 'cello, organ,

saxophone, or *any other* instrument, you find that every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always *practical*. Little theory—plenty of *accomplishment*. That's why students of this course get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast*—as those who study old-time, plodding methods.

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| Guitar                               | 'Cello    |
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George C. Lauer,  
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"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces. I knew nothing about music when I started."

Ethel Harnishfeger,  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of music I wish. My friends are astonished. I now play at church and Sunday School."

Turner B. Blake,  
Harrisburg, Ill.



# Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 75)

## News of the Order From Far and Near

Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge recently held a most successful carnival and circus.

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge has had its Home completely redecorated for the coming season.

The annual picnic of the Junior Elks of Portland, Ore., Lodge was held at Island Station on the Willamette River. The picnic was given by George Routh, physical instructor of the Lodge, and swimming, boating, racing, baseball and various other sports were on the program. Prizes were awarded the winners of the various events.

Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge is considering plans for a new Home to cost in the neighborhood of \$25,000.

Fine progress is being made on the Home of Reading, Pa., Lodge, which is undergoing extensive renovating.

The Elks Glee Club of Berkeley, Calif., Lodge has resumed rehearsals after the vacation period. The club plans an ambitious program for the coming year. The Glee Club wound up its season's activities last June with two shows, one at Livermore for the World War veterans, and one at Yountville for the old soldiers.

Some 75 visiting Elks from South Dakota, Oklahoma and Colorado, who were on their way to the Grand Lodge Convention, were entertained by the members of Ouray, Colo., Lodge. The visitors were taken over the million-dollar highway as far as Red Mountain, and on their return were shown some of the scenic attractions of the city and enjoyed a swim in the Elks pool and fine lunch in the Home. After lunch the guests departed for Montrose.

The new drill team of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge is now organized and established. Regular practice is held on Friday evenings, and these meetings are well-attended and thoroughly enjoyed. An escort, or degree team of 16 selected members, augmented the initiatory services of a recent meeting of the Lodge. Rifles for the team will soon be on hand from the United States government, and a distinguished uniform is being considered.

The new home of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge is now practically completed and the tentative dates for its opening are contingent on the acceptance of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews or his representative to be present at that time.

Members of Toledo, O., Lodge, returning for the first meeting held after the summer vacation, found the interior of their Home completely renovated and redecorated.

During the month of July hundreds of Elks and their families who stopped off at Salt Lake City were entertained by members of the Lodge there. The arrivals were met at the train and taken to the Home, where refreshments and a buffet lunch were served and numerous sight-seeing trips were arranged. The visitors were loud in their praise of the hospitality displayed.

The annual picnic of the Pennsylvania Southwest District Elks Association was held at Kenywood Park on August 12. All the Lodges of the district were represented and the event was a gratifying success to the committee in charge.

The annual stag picnic of Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge was attended by about three hundred members and guests. It was to have been an outdoor affair but heavy rains made it necessary to hold the function in the clubhouse. Features of the event were a fish fry at noon, numerous concessions and a dinner in the evening. The affair netted \$1,400 for the charity fund of the Lodge. This indoor picnic was so successful that it is planned to have another late in September.

The children's camp, which has been maintained throughout the summer by San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, has been closed for this season.

It will be reopened next year with E. F. Kneuper again in charge. San Antonio Lodge recently held its orphans' picnic, which is an annual affair.

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge will send a Glee Club to the Grand Lodge Reunion at Atlantic City in 1930. This organization, to number at least a hundred, is now practically recruited, and rehearsals will commence early this fall.

Members of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge and their ladies have been transporting children selected by the Salvation Army to its Fresh Air Camp at Ferguson.

One of the most successful entertainments to be given in some time by New Orleans, La., Lodge, was its recent big midnight show held in the auditorium. An unusually large crowd of Elks, Antlers, and their ladies were on hand to enjoy it.

At the Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias of the State of New York, held in Ogdensburg the last week in July, Past Exalted Ruler Edward Stephen O'Connor of Utica Lodge was re-elected for a third term of four years as one of the five representatives to the Supreme Lodge. During the entire season Utica Lodge kept open house for the Pythians, not only entertaining the 75 Elks who were members of the Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias, but also those who were not members of the Elks.

On September 6-7, the Pacific Association of Railway Surgeons held its annual convention in Reno, Nev., and Reno Lodge extended the use of the Home and Lodge room to the members during their stay. Many of them were Elks and all enjoyed the hospitality of the Home and its privileges.

Members of the Honor Guard of Seattle, Wash., Lodge and their families recently enjoyed a fine outing and picnic on Lake Washington. A boat was chartered, and what with music for dancing and good things to eat, a most enjoyable time was had. The Guard has planned a number of ambitious activities for the coming months.

The carnival held by the Social and Community Welfare Committee, assisted by the ladies, of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, for the benefit of the crippled children's fund, was a huge success.

A glee club of 100 voices is being formed under the direction of Joseph Ecker, of Boston, Mass., Lodge, to take part in next year's Grand Lodge Convention.

Sixteen Past Exalted Rulers of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge recently honored one of their members, John T. Stafford, with a banquet in the Home on the occasion of his birthday.

About 200 crippled children from the New York Orthopedic Hospital, St. Agnes' Hospital and other institutions, were taken on the annual outing of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge to Bronx Park and Playland.

Members of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Newton, Mass., Lodge recently visited the Peabody Home for Crippled Children, Mothers' Rest, the Working Boys' Home and the City Home. Refreshments were provided by the Elks at all of the above institutions, while at the Working Boys' Home prizes were awarded the winners of various games which were played during the visit.

The famous band of Seattle, Wash., Lodge brought cheer to the bed-ridden blue-jackets on board the United States Hospital ship, *Relief*, with a recent concert. The Elks band serenade on the *Relief* is always a big feature of Fleet Week. The band also has given several recent public concerts at various civic affairs.

The Elks Baseball team of El Paso, Texas, Lodge won a huge silver cup as a result of its game with a team from the local Shrine. The cup was donated by J. P. Frieden, who is both an Elk and a Shriner.



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**Taking a Profit**

By Paul Tomlinson

"WHAT'S on your mind to-day?" inquired the banker as he motioned his caller to a chair beside his desk.

"I have a profit on some stock," said the caller, as he seated himself.

"Congratulations," exclaimed the banker. "You're a lucky man."

"A puzzled one, though," said the caller. "I want to know what to do about it."

"All right," smiled the banker. "Tell me the story."

"Well," said the caller, leaning forward over the desk, "two years ago I bought twenty shares of National Noname common at eighty dollars a share. It is now selling at one hundred and thirty, so that I have a fifty point profit amounting to a thousand dollars. I think I ought to take it, but I want your advice first."

"Fair enough," said the banker. "My advice is, don't sell."

His caller looked startled. "But," he protested, "that's a big profit on an investment of sixteen hundred dollars."

"Yes," said the banker. "Very nice indeed." "I've often heard it said that no one ever went broke taking a profit. I have a profit. Why not take it?"

"Suppose you had a loss in this stock instead of a profit. What would you do then? Would you sell?"

The caller considered. "No, I don't think I would."

"Why not?" "Well, it hurts my pride to take a loss, and besides I think the stock is good."

"You're all alike," exclaimed the banker, laughing. "If you have a loss you'll hang on till the heavens fall, but the minute you get a profit you are all excited and want to sell right away."

"Not 'right away' in this case."

"Well, no. But that thousand dollars bothers you, doesn't it?"

"It's on my mind," the caller admitted. "Suppose by hanging on you could make another thousand dollars?"

"Suppose I hang on and lose the profit I have already?"

"Listen to me," exclaimed the banker swinging forward in his chair. "Taking profits is good business in many cases, but you're not a speculator are you? You're an investor."

"Yes."

"All right. Well I happen to believe that National Noname is one of the best companies in the country. It is well run, financially sound, and its products are in demand. Is there any reason to suppose that because its stock has already advanced in price it has no chance of advancing any further?"

"I suppose not."

"Isn't it reasonable to suppose that if the country continues to prosper—and you think it will—that National Noname will prosper, too?"

"Yes."

"What dividends does the stock pay?" "Six dollars a share."

"At the price you paid that gives you a yield of seven and a half per cent."

"That's right."

"Not bad."

"Not bad at all," the caller agreed. "Ever get any extra dividends?"

"Yes. Last month a dollar a share."

"Not bad either."

The two men looked at each other in silence for a moment. There was a smile on the banker's face, a puzzled expression on the countenance of his caller.

"Let me ask you a few more questions," said the banker. "Do you ever have people tell you that they once owned some Steel common and sold it at less than a hundred?"

"Yes, I've heard people say that."

"Do you know any people who sold American Tel. and Tel. at a good deal less than its present price?"

"Yes."

"They all made a profit presumably."

"I believe so."

"Do you think they were wise to take a profit?"

"Not as things have turned out, no."

"At the time, though, they undoubtedly thought they were pretty shrewd investors. But the stocks kept on advancing in price, and in my humble opinion National Noname will do the same thing."

"But you don't know that for sure."

"Of course not. No one knows anything for sure in this world. The point I wish to make is that there is no more reason—probably there's less—for selling when you have a profit than when you have a loss."

"A bird in the hand,——"

"Yes, I know," the banker exclaimed. "If you're speculating for a turn that's one thing. But you're an investor, and from my experience I can say that the investors who have bought good stuff and stayed with it are the ones who have made the largest profits."

"You believe in buying something good, and putting it away and forgetting it?"

"I DO not," said the banker emphatically. "I believe in keeping in touch with one's investments all the time. Keep yourself as fully informed about what is going on as possible. It may be that you will find yourself with a profit, and it will seem advisable to sell; maybe you'll have a loss and it will seem wise to sell and take your loss in order to save yourself from a larger one. There is no set rule about investments; investors have got to keep their wits about them, and use their heads."

"National Noname is a stock you think I ought to hold."

"I do. I believe it is good, and you yourself have agreed with me. The only reason on earth you have for selling is because you have a profit, and that in itself is no reason at all. Suppose you did sell, what would you do with the money?"

"Buy something else."

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Financial Department

**THE ELKS MAGAZINE**



"What?"  
 "I don't know."  
 "Well, there you are. You've got something good now, something which pays you a handsome return on your original investment, and shows a fine profit besides. You're in a very comfortable position. Now you want to sell and reinvest, and yet you don't know what to buy, and you have no assurance that you can find anything else that will do as well for you. Why give up a thing that's practically sure for something that's questionable?"  
 "You're probably right," said the caller. "I've always heard, though, that it's often possible to change investments to advantage."  
 "Often it is. There is no point in changing just for the sake of change, though. Certainly there's no point in changing just because you have a profit."  
 "Suppose the price goes down?"  
 "Possibly it will, but suppose it does. Prices are always going up or down, you know, and I don't believe there ever was a stock that went consistently up, day after day. There are what are known as swings in the market, and when prices go down the good things go down along with the bad. But if you know a thing is good you have no cause to worry. Investors presumably are buying for the long-pull and it's what a stock does over a period of time that counts, not its fluctuations from day to day or from week to week."  
 "I'd hate to feel that I'd missed the top price."  
 "You talk like an amateur speculator when you say that," said the banker with a laugh.  
 "How?" demanded the caller.

"THE amateur is always trying to buy at the very lowest price and sell at the absolute top. He seems unwilling to let anyone else have any of the profit. And usually he goes wrong as a result. I heard of a case just yesterday. Two men held some of the same stock; they had both bought it about twenty and it had gone up ten points. One put in an order to sell at the market and his order was executed at thirty and three-quarters. The other thought he'd be smart and he put in his order to sell at thirty-one. As it happened thirty and three-quarters turned out to be the top price, and the second man's order naturally was never executed; he still has his stock and it is now selling at around seventeen dollars a share."

"Why didn't he sell when the stock started down, and before it reached the price he paid for it?"  
 "Why not, indeed?" exclaimed the banker. "The trouble is he had set his heart on getting thirty-one, and seemed unwilling to take anything less. It's a problem for the psychologists."  
 "But," said the caller, "if he had been sensible and taken his profit he would have been all right. If he'd taken any profit at all. How do I know that National Noname won't go down to less than I paid for it? Why not take my profit when I have a chance?"  
 "Listen to me," said the banker. "These two men I was talking about a minute ago were speculators. You're an investor. The stock they bought was speculative, but your stock is an investment. There's a great difference there, and a most important one. Investment stocks are stocks to hold. Stay with them, and as the country prospers they will prosper too. Furthermore, they are the only kind of stocks to buy. They may not make you rich over night, but over a period of years they'll pay you handsomely. At least that has been my experience in the twenty-five years I have spent in the banking and investment business. Take the stock of this bank, for instance. It's a sound and legitimate institution and as the city has

grown and prospered the bank has prospered too. Suppose you had bought some of our stock twenty-five years ago; you'd have made money, wouldn't you?"

"I wish I had bought some," said the caller.  
 "I bought some," said the banker. "It's worth over three times as much now as it was then, but I think I'd be crazy to sell it. It's going to be worth still more as time goes on, and after I'm gone it will be a fine thing for my children. What's happening in this bank is happening in other banks, and in any number of corporations. Don't sell your good stocks. Sell the poor ones and reinvest in something good."  
 "Even if I have a loss?"  
 "Sometimes taking a loss saves you money!"  
 "How's that?"

"A loss now may be less than a loss later on, you know. Besides, it is possible that if you get your money out of a poor stock, and put it into something good, you may make up your loss. Personally I believe that on the whole a man is liable to do better taking a loss than he is a profit. Of course that's a general statement, and like all general statements subject to exceptions."

"It's interesting anyway."  
 "From my observation," the banker went on, "it seems as if losses tended to grow and that profits tended to grow too. I don't mean that if you buy a good investment stock and it goes down a few points in the next month that you ought to sell. What I mean is a stock that seems to be going into a chronic decline, one that keeps going down against the general trend of the market. Those are the fellows to watch. When you get a stock like that, look into it at once and try to discover the trouble. Maybe it's a temporary thing, and you need not worry, but if not it may be the better part of wisdom to accept your loss and get out as quickly as you can. It's no disgrace to take a loss; everyone has them at times. Good investing calls for cool judgment, you know."  
 "I suppose that's true," the caller admitted, as he rose from his chair. "Thanks for talking to me this way."  
 "That's what I'm here for," exclaimed the banker cordially. "Drop in any time. Meanwhile don't forget that having a profit is in itself no reason at all for selling a good investment."

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**Address of P. G. E. R. Raymond Benjamin**

(Continued from page 38)

in other States in connection with State Associations which give us reason to pause and consider the premises upon which we as an organization stand, and to consider the situation in which we find ourselves insofar as our relation as a State Association is concerned, both to the Grand Lodge, as well as to the Subordinate Lodges. And I know that you will indulge and bear with me a moment if for the purpose of the conclusion

I expect to state, I briefly sketch the situation as it appears to me, so you may see it as I see it—if I may convince you to that effect.

In the first place, to run back in the history of this Order, you will remember that there was at one time very violent contention regarding the legality or illegality of State Associations. That controversy raged over a period of several years,  
 (Continued on page 80)

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# Address of P. G. E. R. Raymond Benjamin

(Continued from page 79)

and became in the Grand Lodge of Elks and throughout the Order something in the nature of a running sore,—something which had to be cured; something which could not longer be endured under the conditions which were found at that time, with the result that at the session of the Grand Lodge in Denver in 1914, a resolution was passed by the Grand Lodge authorizing the creation of a Committee upon State Associations for the purpose of solving the problem and presenting its conclusions to the Grand Lodge and to the Order. That Committee was headed by Brother Bruce Campbell, of East St. Louis, Illinois, as the then Grand Exalted Ruler. I had the honor of appointing him to that position, and the work that he did as Chairman of that Committee was so splendid, so comprehensive and thorough that the State Associations organized under the amendment to the Constitution drawn by him, and reported at the session of the Grand Lodge in 1915, and adopted at that session, as a matter of fact authorized and legalized State Associations, placed them upon the footing that they have today, and gave them such sanction and authority (and restriction of authority) as they have today. That work constituted one of the shining marks in the progress of this Order of ours. So signal and so splendid was the work that Brother Campbell did upon that particular subject that there was no question but that he would be in time elected as Grand Exalted Ruler of this Order; and that occurred, and was followed by a magnificent demonstration of his ability in that eminent capacity.

**B**UT it was then the purpose of the Grand Lodge, and it was the consensus of opinion of the Subordinate Lodges, that under no circumstances or at any time, or in any way, should State Associations be constituted or organized or authorized or empowered to proceed with any activity which might impinge upon or be in derogation of the activities, the authority and the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks; nor should they act, nor should they be authorized to act in interference with or in derogation of the activities or authority or jurisdiction of the Subordinate Lodges, the integrity of which should at all times be preserved most sacredly. It was to be a voluntary organization, maintained for social and educational purposes. It has its place in the Order, and that place cannot be preserved unless it functions within the scope of the authority granted to State Associations by the Grand Lodge, religiously remaining within the limitations set; nor can it be maintained with success if at any time the State Associations endeavor to invade the field or usurp the powers or purposes, or perform the functions of the subordinate Lodges, which constitute the foundation and strength of this magnificent National organization culminating in the Grand Lodge, embracing the entire United States of America, which has for its beacon lights the one Grand Lodge, the one country, the one flag, the one Bible, and the one set of antlers which spread their protecting prongs over each and every member of the Order in this United States of America.

Never at any time should these fundamental principles be violated. And yet I blush in a spirit of contrition to think that I should have been almost one of the first to suggest violation of those very principles to which I have just adverted—by advocating committing this State Association to a program which would have done exactly what I have said should not be done. But it is better to be wise and pause, than to be foolish and blunder ahead (even though kindly and laudable sentiment might dictate that blunder) and proceed to a point where disaster would be sure to follow.

Now, I can safely say, in all honesty, all candor and all sincerity, that I believe that there are other than social functions that the State Associations may perform; there are charities that the State Association, as such, may undertake and foster, and in fact should undertake and should foster, without entering such a dangerous field of operations as I have mentioned, and without acting in derogation of or in conflict with the rights and powers of the Grand

Lodge and its authority, or of the subordinate Lodges and their field of authority.

Just what those activities and duties should be, just what line of work that may comprehend, I am not now prepared to suggest. Each proposal must be judged by itself; no standard formula can be safely adopted. Inasmuch as the State Association is but a voluntary organization of the respective Lodges of the State—there being no legal obligation that binds the various Lodges of the State to enter or remain in the State organization—the Association is thus automatically deprived of the opportunity or of the privilege (or the necessity if such should arise in case of financial depression) to compel contributions to or support of any proposed State Association fund, by the subordinate Lodges. That is an impossibility under the present law. Consequently you will see that however worthy a project might be, or however advisable it might be, or however necessary it might be, should a State Association commit itself to a project of a character involving the collection and expenditure of a large sum of money (and the project that we had in mind would involve a million to a million and a half), it would be impossible to be sure we could collect the money, because, as I said, contributions cannot be enforced. And in financial affairs, unless collection of needed funds may be enforced and penalized for non-payment, and unless the delinquency of one may be transferred to and met by another, the foundation of such a financial structure is unbusinesslike and unsound and doomed to failure. As long as it is possible for a Lodge contributor to stay in or withdraw without reason from the support of a project that requires an exact and continuous contribution from such Lodge, the unfortunate fact is apparent that the project and its maintenance is precarious and threatened with collapse at any moment. And this is the exact status of a State Association, which can neither compel the subordinate Lodges of its State to join the Association, subscribe to Association projects, or remain in the Association if it chooses for any reason, or no reason, to withdraw from the Association. So it is obvious that it would be futile for a State Association to attempt the establishment of such a project as we contemplated without a sound financial structure, involving authorization to collect money from the Lodges and all the Lodges, irrespective of whether they desired to live up to their pledges or not. And in order to secure such a financial structure, and maintain such a project in all its dignity and benefit, we would some day be seeking from the Grand Lodge a further resolution authorizing the State Association to compel 'contributions' from subordinate Lodges, and that is a thing that I contend should never be done, and as far as I am concerned it never will be done, because I believe thoroughly that the maintenance of the dignity and the grandeur of this Order and its prestige in the United States and the various communities depends largely, if not solely, upon the preservation of the integrity and individuality of the subordinate Lodges as such, and in not turning them into mere collection agencies for the support of some ambitious project installed by a State Association.

**T**HE strength and value of every subordinate Lodge is founded in the fact that it is distinctive in its community—it is the only Elks Lodge toward which all eyes in that city must turn—it is the one Elks Lodge devoted to charitable works in its jurisdiction—and it is amenable to no authority except the Grand Lodge. We must not by law or voluntary pledge submerge this subordinate Lodge individuality by permitting its field to be invaded by another organization, its ability to relieve suffering within its territory to be diminished or impaired by the demands or necessities of any other State fraternal authority, its generosity restricted by financial drain in support of a project so large, so expensive as to require constant contributions over a period of years to erect and thereafter maintain.

From this you will realize the project which we had in mind appears, irrespective of its merits

(and I confess a sense of keen personal disappointment to be obliged to come to this conclusion), irrespective of its merits, I say, it appears impossible to put such a project through, even if for no other reason than I have stated, we should not hesitate to depart from the consideration of such a project.

In the second place, we must consider the policy that has been established by the Grand Lodge and the subordinate Lodges finding fruition through constitutional amendment adopted by the subordinate Lodges of creating an Elks National Foundation Fund of at least twenty million dollars principal, the income of which is to be devoted to the charitable work of the various organizations, and local Lodges throughout the United States. If the State Association of California should engage upon such a project as we have been contemplating, all the Lodges of California being ready, able and willing to put their shoulders to the wheel, and bring about the establishment of the project, it would seem to me that the contributions made by the local Lodges, as well as any personal contributions by the members of the Order, looking to the establishment of this particular character of project, involving as it would the expenditure of such a large sum of money, would unavoidably be in derogation of a Grand Lodge activity which finds expression in the Elks National Foundation Fund. The ability of our subordinate Lodges to support major projects is and always will be circumscribed by their own necessities. They certainly cannot take on support of more than one major project, and as the Foundation Fund is already a major project instituted by the subordinate Lodges to be administered by the Grand Lodge and one to which they all stand committed, we certainly should not divert or divide our support from that great movement and objective.

Consequently, as a member of the Grand Lodge, I feel it my duty to advise abandonment of the plan for establishing the proposed reconstruction school—and that as a constituent part of the Grand Lodge—we, as a State Association, should not at any time, now or hereafter, commit ourselves to a financial policy or project involving the collection and expenditure of large sums of money for any purpose, irrespective of the character, which would jeopardize in some measure and to certain extent our support and maintenance of the National Elks Foundation Fund, and its dissemination of charity upon broad and general lines.

**A**ND so it is that the dream I have had of seeing this State Association do something of a substantial character, something on a magnificent scale, something of which it might well be proud—that dream must remain a dream. It can never come to fruition, for the simple reason that it would cause embarrassment to the Grand Lodge, embarrassment to the local Lodges, and possibly humiliation, in the event of failure so far as this particular project is concerned. I am thoroughly convinced, in my own mind, that we can and must find some means, some medium, some method whereby our concentrated efforts may be expended for the benefit of humanity, and whereby we may perform those charitable acts that are otherwise impossible for us to perform through local Lodges, and whereby our concentrated efforts can accomplish things that otherwise cannot be accomplished. But we must seek to do these things in such a way that it will not mean disaster in the event of financial depression, and which will not put us in a position where it is impossible by authority or through moral persuasion to compel the necessary constant and steady support, either from the subordinate Lodges or our own local membership. As a general policy that is a condition we will have to guard against in our deliberations and plans and something we will have to keep in mind in all our future activities.

And so, as much as it grieves me, as much as I regret it,

Brother President, I move that the Committee on Reconstruction School for Boys be discharged and further consideration of that project be laid on the table. (Motion Adopted.)



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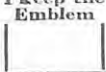
Dept. EK, 10 U. S. LEATHER GOODS CO., 564 W. Monroe St., Chicago  
Send me **NEW POCKET ORGANIZER** for free examination, with name, address and emblem in 23K Gold as per instruction below. If I decide not to keep the **POCKET ORGANIZER** I'll return it at your expense within one week and call the deal closed. If I keep it I will send you special price of \$5.00. **POCKET ORGANIZER** comes regularly for 8 passes. Extra 4-pass inserts 50c.

I understand that my credit is good but I want the \$1.25 key case Free, so I am enclosing \$5.00. The key case is mine to keep Free, whether I keep the **POCKET ORGANIZER** or not.

Name.....

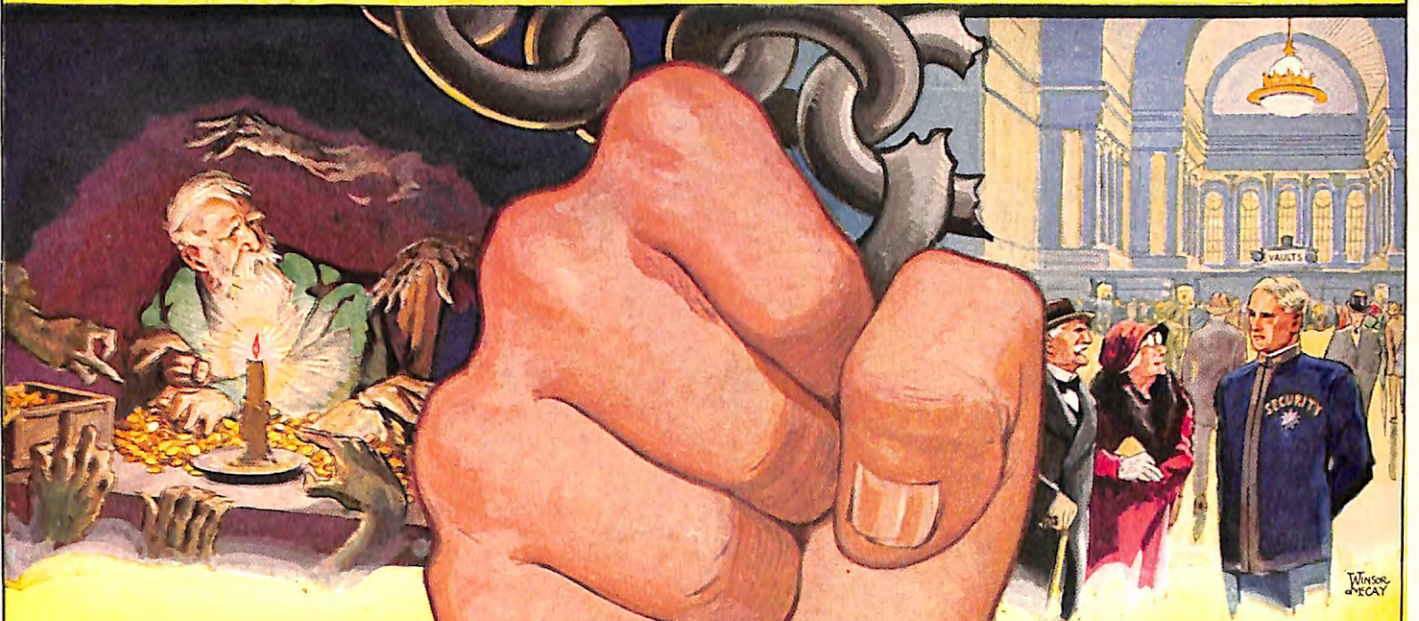
Address.....

Print Name and Address Plainly





# AN ANCIENT PREJUDICE HAS BEEN REMOVED



*Hoarding gold with the fanatical zeal of the miser has vanished. AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE sponsors thousands of banking institutions to which the individual safely entrusts his wealth.*



**"TOASTING DID IT"—**

*Gone is that ancient prejudice against cigarettes—Progress has been made. We removed the prejudice against cigarettes when we removed harmful corrosive acrids (pungent irritants) from the tobaccos. Thus "TOASTING" has destroyed that ancient prejudice against cigarette smoking by men and by women.*

## **"It's toasted"**

**No Throat Irritation—No Cough.**