

EKBERGE

NOVEMBER, 1929



This Month: "This Way Out—Of Jail" by Boyden Sparkes, "Football Follies of 1929" by W. O. McGeehan, "Take a Taxi" by Berton Braley, "Cockeyed" by Jack Casey



Every Saturday...in every stadium... SORE THROAT!

Gargle with Listerine when you get home ...

HERE, as any doctor will tell you, is a bit of sound wisdom for those who attend late season football games.

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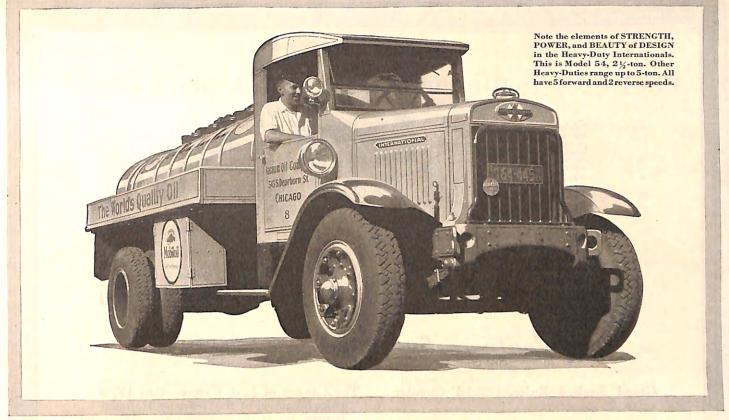
Even such stubborn organisms as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 are killed by it in 15 seconds, repeated laboratory tests show. Yet Listerine is so safe that it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

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The Elks Magazine

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

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Volume Eight Number Six

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The Elks Magazine

Office of the Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Two

526-9 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga., October 8, 1929

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

My dear Brothers:

FIENENENENENENENENENENENENEN

Thanksgiving Day

I am pleased, upon this occasion, to revert to bits of our National History, in order to impress upon all our brother Elks the significance and solemnity of our observance of Thanksgiving Day.

In 1776 and 1778 Congress declared a Day of Thanksgiving for the victories of the Continental Army.

In 1789, and again in 1795, President George Washington proclaimed a National Thanksgiving Day.

President Madison ordered a Day of Public Thanksgiving for the successful termination of the War of 1812.

Following the Madison Proclamation for Thanksgiving, nothing further was done, in this respect, for thirty years.

We then became largely indebted to Mrs. Sarah Hale, of New Hampshire, for the reestablishment of a National Day of Thanksgiving, who had privately observed such an occasion in her own household, as a day of feasting and charitable ministrations to the hungry poor about her.

National Thanksgiving Days, previously proclaimed, were occasions for tendering thanks for successes in battle, or achievements of honorable peace.

It was the constant purpose of Mrs. Hale, for which she earnestly and prayerfully strove, for many years, to establish a Day of Thanksgiving upon which to render thanks to God for His many gifts, blessings, and mercies to mankind.

She wrote and appealed constantly through the columns of her Magazine, known as "Godey's," for the establishment of a National Day of Prayer and Thanksgiving; and throughout a generation she appealed to the Presidents of the United States and the Governors of the States to set aside a Day of National Thanksgiving.

By 1858, she had succeeded in getting Governors of twenty-five States to proclaim a Day for Public Thanksgiving, but a *National Day of Thanksgiving* was not proclaimed until the year 1863, when President Lincoln declared a Day of Thanksgiving for the victories of his armies.

But this declaration did not fully satisfy Mrs. Hale, for it was not for the victories in battle that Sarah Hale wanted a Day of Thanksgiving, nor for the achievements of human hands and human efforts; but she wished a National Day of Thanksgiving, when all the people might render thanks to God for plentiful harvests, public health, peaceful pursuits, prosperous times, and all His other manifold blessings, richly bestowed upon our country and our fellowmen.

She finally gained the promise from President Lincoln that while he remained President, he would annually proclaim the last Thursday in November, as a Day of National Thanksgiving.

Succeeding Presidents, and likewise Governors of the States and Mayors of our Municipalities, have followed this custom down to the present time, setting aside the last Thursday in November, of each year, as a special Day of Thanksgiving, calling upon all our people to refrain from their daily labors and vocations, in order to render their thanks and devotions to Almighty God for His countless good and perfect gifts to us all.

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The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, distinctively typifying the true spirit of Americanism, has been long accustomed to enter wholeheartedly into soulful participation in these annual occasions of Thanksgiving; and the Subordinate Lodges have established a custom of distributing baskets and needful gifts to the poor, on each recurring Thanksgiving Day, in keeping with their practices of Charity, and in compliance with their conviction, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive".

I, as Grand Exalted Ruler, invoke the special attention of all our Lodges and Brother Elks, to the privileges, duties and obligations, that will be presented to us all, on the last Thursday of November, 1929, *Thanksgiving Day*, when we will be called upon to devote our hearts and thoughts to meditations upon the manifold blessings that we have enjoyed during the last twelve months.

Let us return thanks to God, and give evidence of our sincerity by seeking out the poor and unfortunate, in our midst, and rendering such aid to them, as we would wish to receive, under similar circumstances.

Please remember, my brothers, now and always, that Elkdom prescribes and enjoins the highest, noblest, and sweetest sentiments and performances known to fraternal life.

"The King shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Armistice Day

The Peace Conference of Versailles declared an Armistice on November 11, 1918, which ended the great World War.

I am moved to direct the attention of Elkdom to the profound consideration of thankfulness and patriotism, which this Momentous *Day* should stir in our hearts; and I urge the constant practice and dissemination of our adopted virtues—Charity, Justice and Brotherly Love, the application of which, to international affairs, *could* and *would preserve* a *righteous peace among all peoples* and *nations* of the *world*.

Elks Memorial Day

The attention of every Subordinate Lodge of Elks is hereby directed to Section 226, G. L. S., which reads as follows: "The first Sunday in December of each year is dedicated as a day on which shall be commemorated by every Lodge of Elks in sacred session the memories of departed brothers, and shall be known as 'Elks Memorial Day'. It shall be incumbent upon every Lodge to hold such services upon that day and upon no other day".

All Elks look upon Memorial Day, as an occasion of fraternal opportunity, afforded to them, to join in sorrowful recollection and loving tribute to their "absent brothers".

These memorial occasions should bring together all brother Elks and their families, for the purpose of participating in those ceremonies of the respective Lodges, which all of us hopefully anticipate will, someday, honor our memories.

Announcements

I announced the following appointments: Brother K. G. Robinson, Cordova Lodge, Number 1483, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, Alaska-Northeast; Brother A. F. Fisher, Houston Lodge, Number 151, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, for Texas-South; to succeed Brother H. C. Sterling of Port Arthur Lodge, Number 1069, who resigned.

Conclusion

Again, I earnestly urge constant, devoted and loyal service to all the activities of every Lodge, to the end that we may achieve, this year, splendid progress and growth in Elkdom.

I count upon every Elk to do his duty.

With Brotherly Love and Greetings to all,

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hatter P. andr

Grand Exalted Ruler.

This Way Out—Of Jail

THE opening battles of a war are usually less bloody than the fights which occur later in such a struggle. Bull Run was less determined and less sanguinary than Gettysburg. The early rounds of any fight are usually less intense than the later stages. Similarly, the Colorado prison riot was the bloodiest because it was the latest in the sequence of convict mutinies that have occurred this year.

It seems reasonable to predict that there will be others in the near future. This warfare between convicts and their keepers is one that can not be ended with a treaty of peace. It will go on so long as there are prisoners. The leaders of one strive to improve their strategy by studying the failures of attempts to break out of other jails. Undoubtedly in many prisons today there are desperate, sullen, watchful men for whom the affair at Canon City stands as a laboratory experiment with which to check their own scheme of jail delivery, just as the riots at Dannemora, Auburn and Leavenworth undeniably had been considered by those convict leaders at Canon City.

By Boyden Sparkes Drawing by R. L. Lambdin

The significant feature of the attempted jail delivery at Canon City was the deliberate killing in cold blood, one by one, of seven guards. Those guards had been captured by the mutinous convicts in the first stage of their uprising. They intended that these representatives of society should serve them as hostages. They would, they said, trade the guards for freedom. When the warden refused at such a price to save the lives of subordinates for whom he must have felt some affection, he served not only the people of Colorado, but all the people of the United States in a way that entitles him to everlasting respect. In other prisons in times

past desperate convicts have sometimes succeeded in bartering the lives of hostages for a chance beyond the walls, a chance to get away. Because this warden, F. E. Crawford, would not sell out on any such terms, you may be sure that many a desperate criminal in other prisons, perhaps in your own community, is at this moment less inclined to try that way of getting out. Equally important is the fact that Warden Crawford's behavior has set a similar standard for all others who are in charge of penitentiaries and jails and their pitiful, desperate, and often vicious inmates. It has happened before (and it will happen again) that the hostage held by convicts bent on escape has been some one bound by close ties to the man in charge of a prison gate. The hostage is a common part of the pattern of attempts to break out of jail.

The convict uprising in Canon City has been described too vividly in the newspapers of recent weeks to require retelling here.

Lead key carved

by prisoner

The important thing is that this hideous struggle was but a single skirmish in a warfare that is constant. Wherever there is a prison there are men scheming to effect an escape. If you live in a city,

somewhere in your vicinity there are walls which shut in all of the chemical elements which were mixed in the compound that exploded in Canon City. No matter where you live, though, your life and the lives of members of your family might be endangered if the wardens of state penitentiaries or county jails were generally disposed to surrender in situations like that which confronted Warden Crawford.

For every case of jail breaking or attempted jail breaking that reaches the ears of the public there are dozens of attempts of which nothing is heard beyond the walls of the prison where it occurred. Prior to the riot at Canon City the newspapers printed accounts of riots that occurred in three others of the country's large prisons.

THE first occurred in Dannemora, which is called the Siberia of New York. Thirteen hundred desperate men mutinied and sought by means of incendiary fires to destroy the prison. Three convicts were killed and six were wounded in that affair. Two guards were badly injured. Six days later 1,700 prisoners in Auburn set fire to half a dozen prison buildings and seized the arsenal, arming many of their number with machine guards and one fireman were wounded. The significant feature of this mutiny was that four convicts managed to escape during the excitement. Four days afterward while the ruins of \$1,000,000 worth of prison buildings were still smouldering, there was an outbreak in the Federal prison in Leavenworth, Kansas, sound evidence of the contagion, the emotional infection, that causes news of these affairs to react upon the populations of other prisons. One convict was killed and three were wounded.

Many persons have tried to explain these outbreaks since then. Overcrowded conditions were said to be responsible. A measure of the blame was attributed by some to the severity of senten ces imposed in recent years as a means of ridding society of the presence of habitual criminals. I asked an expert what he thought about it. He is Joseph Fulling Fishman, a penologist who was for many years the prison inspector of the Federal government. Other years of his life were spent in the study of prison problems under the aegis of the Sage Foundation, and then, after a bloody struggle in the Tombs, New York's city prison, in which the was retained as an expert by the Department of Correction. I asked him what he thought was behind these outbreaks.

"Just one thing," he said. "One time, when I was inspecting a prison in the South, an old negro convict asked to see me. 'What

> Leaden Revolver carved by pris-

oner and used as

bluffin attempted escape

do you want?' I asked him. 'Ah wants out,' he replied. That is what all men in jail or prison want. They want to get out and the intensity of their desire is perfectly understandable. Prison riots are generally engineered by shrewd convicts who hope to make their escape under cover of the excitement that results from such outbreaks. They occur year after year, but as a rule so sporadically that public attention is not directed to them so strongly as in the recent affairs when three occurred in the space of a few days. You must learn to think of it as a war, a war that is eternal.

AMBD

9

"There isn't any such thing as an escapeproof prison. Every prison is a challenge to the ingenuity of the men confined in it and they are quite willing to accept that challenge. Under the spur of their necessity they plan and patiently execute long campaigns of preparation. They plot and study in advance of the day when their chance comes. When it does come they are quick to seize it."

IT WAS Mr. Fishman who told me about Dick Osborne. Dick Osborne was being kept in a cage. He was locked in it every night, in an apartment smaller in proportion to this occupant than the space alloted to any rare animal confined in a zoological collection. In five short steps Dick could go from the round steel bars of the front to the steel wall at the rear. The side walls were so close together that this tenant might touch them simultaneously with the elbow of one arm and the palm of the hand of the other.

The cage was one of many cages that were part of a single structure called a cell block. They were arranged in three tiers and throughout the night at intervals a guard

would pad along the galleries giving a sharp look at each of his charges sleeping there under lock and key in a concert of hideous noises, of stertorous breathing, snoring, coughing and sniffling. The inmates of these cages were doubly sheltered. In



The yard of the Tombs prison just after three desperate convicts had attempted a break for liberty, killing two keepers

addition to the walls that enclosed them as the pupe of wasps are enclosed in a comb there was a master structure which in turn enclosed the cell block. This was the cell house. At no place were its walls closer than forty feet to the walls of the cell block. The flat top of the cell block was not so high as the ceiling of the cell house by thirty-five feet.

There was a trap door precisely in the center of the roof of the cell house. Convicts who were sent to repair or clean the roof from time to time opened that trap door to adjust its fastenings. Looking down through that aperture at the dusty top of the cell block thirty-five feet below one would be impressed with a notion of the difficulty of negotiating the gap. One might jump down, risking serious injury from such a height, but surely no man who ever lived could



The release of the prison guards held as hostages signalled the unconditional surrender of more than 1,000 rebelling convicts at Folsom, California's penitentiary for its most "hard boiled" criminals



Detective Walter Halstead, scaling the wall of the Tombs prison yard to open fire on the three convicts cornered there

jump up. With a ladder it might be done, but where would a convict get a ladder? The possibility was so remote that on occasions the trap door was propped open for the sake of the improved ventilation. These occasions were the stifling nights which farmers of the Mississippi plains refer to thankfully as corn weather, tropical nights when the jointed stalks of corn extend themselves with a magic almost to be compared with the bean stalk that was planted by Jack the Giant Killer.

Dick Osborne could not see that trap-door as he lay in his cell at night, except in fancy. There, in his mind's eye, so to speak, he saw little else. The trap-door was the way to freedom. Beyond the trap-door were many things which Dick Osborne had not always fully appreciated before he was shut away from them. Beyond it was a wealth of unpolluted air. Beyond it was a world of beckoning adventures, cities filled with houses to rob, of banks to be swindled. A land overflowing with milk and honey. The word honey sent Dick's mind off at a tangent. He thought no longer of food. He thought of women. Then he thought some more about the trap-door.

SIX days a week, fifty-two weeks in the year, year after year, Dick Osborne worked in the prison harness shop. He worked with about as much enthusiasm as you might expect from a slave never rewarded and always repressed. Nevertheless he worked to avoid penalties, savage penalties. Once in a while he managed to steal a few pieces of leather, stiff thongs about eighteen inches in length. Slyly he took advantage of rare opportunities to punch holes in those thongs he was cherishing. He kept them strapped to his leg most of the time. Then finally, when his collection was large enough for his purpose, he stole a handful of the short copper rivets with which harness is fashioned. These copper rivets, pinched under the leverage of a tool like a nut-cracker, spread at their ends so as to bind two pieces of leather in a

The Elks Magazine

joint that will not give under the straining of a team of horses. What Dick Osborne made out of his numerous thongs was a device that resembled a folding carpenterrule. To the end of this he fastened a strong steel hook. Long before this Dick Osborne had managed to saw through two of the bars of his cell. His saw had been stored deep in the drain pipe of his toilet bowl. He knew he could get out of his cell any night he chose. The problem was to bridge the space between the top of the cell block and the trap-door in the ceiling of the cell house.

One night in mid-summer he feigned sleep as the patrolling guard padded along the gallery. An instant after the guard had descended to a lower tier he had wrenched



Wrecked interior of the cell house where flames forced several hundred of the mutinous convicts to surrender, at the Colorado state prison at Canon City

out the bars and stepped out of his cell, With an agility that would have been admirable in an arboreal ape he swung himself to the flat top of the cell block. He had carried his leather contrivance in his teeth. Now he opened it, section by section. It was plenty long enough. The trouble was its flexibility. Extended it would bend of its own weight. Dick Osborne, though, had evolved a way to stiffen this curious in-strument. Through holes in each joint he had threaded a stout piece of cord. When that cord was drawn tight the joints were surprisingly rigid. Then he began to fish upwards striving to catch the hook of the far end on the combing of the trap-door. The slightest noise, he knew, would bring disslightest noise, he knew, would bring the aster down upon him. For a time he trembled so badly that he had to stop and breathe deeply. Then he succeeded. His hook caught where it was darkest under the patch of starry sky above. Hand over hand he mounted. A chain, he thought, is as strong as its weakest link. He mounted higher. He was drenched with perspiration, and his breath was a vapor. With one hand he reached for the combing of the trap-door; grasped a hold and then reached out with the other.

How he happened to slip I do not know; but slip he did. He fell to the top of the cell block with a crash that awakened all the prisoners and brought guards running double quick. He was punished for his attempt, of course, but six months later he did get away in a manner concerning which

November, 1929

Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N. Y., (right) seen from the air just after the quelling of the riot of long term prisoners, showing smoke from burning building

Below, a view of Post No. 4 at Danne-mora where rebellious convicts fired and razed the prison store-house while under fire from the guards on the wall



I am not informed, only to be picked up later by policemen in Seattle. If he is in prison to-day you may be sure his inventive mind is concentrated on that important problem: How to get out.

It was Torrez, the Mexican killer, who proved that a man may sing his way out of jail. Roberto Torrez, gunman from the tragic land south of the Rio Grande. Hangman's nooses made slick with talcum powder were ready for the execution of this criminal and five who had been his accomplices in a plot to escape from the state penitentiary. Because they had killed a deputy warden in that attempt the six had been tried for murder, and were to be hung.

Even the most callous jailer is disposed to be lenient with a prisoner condemned to die. Consequently Torrez was permitted to play his guitar and sing during those last days in Joliet. Sometimes he sang until nearly midnight. He sang "La Paloma," "La Cucaracha," "Sobre Las Olas," "La Golondrina" and other songs of old Mexico, and whether he sang of the dove, the cockroach, the waves or the swallow, his voice, was always admirable. Except for the inevitable effluvia of mop-water, disinfectants, and unclean humanity, to say nothing of its steel bars, the jail had become gayer than most clubs. The turnkeys,

guards and deputy sheriffs enjoyed the music quite as much as the other prisoners. Sometimes a fox trapped in a pen digs furiously to undermine its prison wall. So did Torrez sing, with an amazing energy and spirit for one condemned to die.

It was a Friday night when Torrez stopped singing. In adjoining cells the two of his fellows who were also Mexicans whispered to him in Spanish.

Then, as if he had been given magic power, Roberto Torrez plucked from the front of his cell two of the bars that had held him a prisoner and stepped through the aperture thus made onto the steel floor of the gallery. His companions were waiting for him. Each had a revolver and until he could get a better weapon Torrez kept a tight clutch on the short length of steel bar taken from his cell. As silently as cats the three hastened past cells where other prisoners slept. The door of the strong room which enclosed these cells was guarded by two blue uniformed figures who were unaware of any danger until voices whispered viciously in their ears and revolver barrels prodded them in the back. Quickly these men were disarmed and their keys taken from them. Then they were gagged and spread-eagled to the front of the vacant cells by means of their own belts and suspenders. But there

An aerial view of Auburn prison, N. Y., showing smoke rising from buildings fired by convicts during their recent rebellion in which two of them were killed

were other barriers in the way of freedom.

Downstairs the jailer heard a rap on the door that made him suppose one of his associates was coming out of the cell room. He unlocked and opened the door—and stared into the barrels of two revolvers. Before he had time to think, he was tied up beside the helpless guards. Now the three prisoners had four guns and only one other barrier opposed their freedom. This was the main door of the jail. Near it in the office lounged three deputy sheriffs. All were disarmed and two were tied up. The third became the hostage of the escaping prisoners.

UTSIDE the jail stood the automobile of the sheriff. It had been brought there by the deputy who was now the captive of the condemned men. He knew these killers meant every savage word they addressed to him and so he did what most men would have done in the circumstances. He obeyed them. He got behind the wheel of the sheriff's car and stepped on the gas. Two guns pressed against his shoulder blades, held there by the hands of the men in the Two rear. Another, cocked, was held an inch or so above his hip. Away they went at fifty miles an hour. As they left the city and whizzed along a concrete road bordered by corn fields the Mexicans demanded more speed. The deputy gave them what they asked for. Almost before the alarm had been telephoned to Chicago and other cities the car had crossed the state line.

At Indiana Harbor the machine broke The four men entered a restaurant down. and directed a waiter to call a taxicab in which, presently, they resumed their journey. If they could get into Chicago-There are many Mexicans in Chicago. Entire slum districts are crowded with them. Secure hiding places awaited them. In conduits beside the very road over which they were riding, though, electric impulses were whispering in the earth. Joliet policemen had been flashing alarms to all surrounding towns. Indiana Harbor, in turn, had telephoned Chicago.

At South Chicago a police car suddenly forced the taxicab to the curb. The shooting began at once. The first policeman who stepped from the car was shot in the leg. The next one died in his tracks. One of the escaping men jumped from the cab and ran. The others continued to shoot.

The taxicab driver, bewildered by this amazing situation in which he found himself involved, sat directly in the line of fire. Before his face where there had been a wind shield there were suddenly sword-like shards of broken glass.

(Continued on page 64)





Football Follies of 1929

HE game of American Intercollegiate Football, according to a British sports magazine, is like nothing on land or sea. It started from Rugby but where it will stop—if it ever stops—nobody knows. For this we have a football rules committee.

Of course the American game of football has passed through three distinct periods. First there was what might be called the primitive period. This was followed by what might be called the Camp era because the influence of Walter Camp dominated that period of football.

The forward pass and the opening up of the game changed it ruthlessly from the Camp influence. The phase at which inter-collegiate football stands to-day I would like to call the Rockne period, for it is my conviction that Knute Rockne, the coach of Notre Dame, has left quite as great an impress on the game as Walter Camp left on the football of his epoch.

The first game of American Intercollegiate Football was played by Rutgers and Princeton more than sixty years ago. It was a crude and impromptu version of the English Rugby. If there are any survivors of the spectators of that first game they would no more recognize the modern game as a descendant of the Princeton-Rutgers battle of their era, than anybody who saw Major Abner Doubleday and his friends play the first game of baseball, would recognize the national pastime of to-day.

But the changes in baseball have been slow and sure. It has been years since there has been any drastic modification of the game since it was well established. Of course there have been restrictions on the pitchers for the sake of more hitting, also there is talk of the league ball having been made livelier with the same end in view

However, in the national pastime they do not change the rules annually as they do in football, apparently merely for the sake They have no rules committee of variety. in baseball. If they had, the baseball rules committee would be producing as many yearly laws as a state legislature-or a football rules committee.

For this season, Mr. Walter F. Okeson, who is a football commissioner for the eastern sector, has invented a set of signals, designed to inform the spectators and the inmates of the press box as to what is

By W. O. McGeehan

Drawings by Dick Mackay

going on in the field when a play, that is apparently perfect, is disallowed, or a team, that seems to have made a perfectly good gain, is set back from five to fifteen yards.

Heretofore incidents of this sort have bewildered the spectators and caused the experts in the press stands to do much guessing, which afterward has turned out to be about fifty per cent wrong. There are twelve of these signals, and those of you who want to follow your football games in-telligently should proceed to memorize them. It will take you only a few days if you are bright. Otherwise it may not be until the last game of the season that you will be able to understand what the referee is trying to impart in dumb show.

In baseball the umpire uses only four signals. He signals strike or ball behind the plate. On the bases when the umpire jerks up his arm, you know that the runner is out or rather that the umpire thinks he is out. When he spreads his palm toward the earth you know that this indicates the runner is safe. An umpire could be dumb. Many players insist that all umpires are dumb, but in another sense. Football, requiring twelve signals to baseball's four, therefore, is more complicated

and the end is not yet. While the changes produced

by the rules committee seem few enough this year, Mr. Okeson made many tours and held many meetings prior to the opening of the season. Coaches and officials were called into consultation and the various amendments were discussed at length.

In the spring practice Har-vard University held a "foot-ball clinic" and played one game under the new rules, but none of the contingen-cies provided for by the amendments happened to arise in this try-out. That there was some apprehension among the rule makers as to what the new rules might do to the game was evident by the holding of the various meetings.

The most radical amendment lessens the

penalty for fumbles to a minimum. It takes away the chance for the thriller that might have occurred in any game before the new ruling was made. You can recall some of the melodrama that used to be staged when the loose ball belonged to the alert young man who scooped it up, and then ran like

man who scooped it up, and then ran like a startled deer to the enemy goal line. It was heart-breaking, of course, to the side that fumbled, but then the rule of the game used to be, "You must not fumble." You have seen the Red team advancing to the Blue goal line in straight rushes, with the Blue fighting desperately. On swept the Red team to the five-yard line.

THE Blue team charged desperately as the ball was snapped back for the last thrust. The ball shoots free. A roving Blue back scoops it up, eludes the first line, dodges through the others, and then starts a run the length of the field with the Red pack panting behind him, on and on, until he staggers across the Red line for a touchdown. No sport could produce a thrill to equal that one.

But under the new rule, if the Red team fumbles on the Blue five-yard line, the alert player who pounces on the loose ball must player who pounces on the roce is an open pause in his tracks, though there is an open field before him. The eternal vigilance, pause in his track. The eternal vigilance, field before him. The eternal vigilance, which ultimately used to bring something in football, pays only half a re-ward for the vigilant and min-

imizes the penalty for the unpardonable mistake.

The argument in favor of the change, which was favored by a majority of the coaches, is largely sob stuff. The plea is that it is unfair to penalize an entire team for the mistake of one player. Then again it is insisted that the player committing the fumble might have his entire college career ruined by brooding over the error.

The success of any play on the attack usually depends upon the weakness of one player on the defending side. If it is true that a player making a fumble that would cost a game would have his entire career blighted then that is evidence that the game of football is taken altogether too seriously and it is time to take steps to bring about



a new mental attitude. This is a problem that the football rules committee might take up at the next meeting.

As this is the main change produced by the committee it seems strange that all of the officials and coaches should convene to consider it. It must have been that they

saw some chances for a catch in it. Frequently rules come out of the committee that sound perfectly lucid. Then some clever coach thinks it over and finds a way to make this rule nothing at all like what the committee meant. Like all other legislative bodies, the football rules committee

has some difficulty in making itself coherent. The rule seems to be simple enough. The fumbled ball is dead at the point where it is recovered. Evidently it was the amendment in regard to the forward pass that really caused the meetings. This amendment is as complicated as a section from any state penal code. It reads: "If the side in possession of the ball

"If the side in possession of the ball makes a forward pass; no player of the said side who has crossed the line of scrimmage shall, either before or after the pass has been made, interfere with an opponent until the ball has been touched, except in an actual attempt to catch the ball.

"On passes which cross the line of scrimmage such players as are ineligible shall be penalized for interference if they in any way obstruct the right-of-way of defensive players. In case of doubt as to such interference or obstruction of right-of-way, the penalty shall be inflicted."

I call the attention of the members of the rules committee that this is against all legal and sporting precedent. It is one of the first principles of penal law that the suspected culprit be given the benefit of the doubt when charged of any offense incurring a penalty.

If this section of the amended football rules were brought before the Supreme Court of the United States, I am quite sure that the revered justices sitting en banc would be horrified at this flouting of one of the primary laws. Football has become such a serious matter that, should a crucial game be lost through the infliction of such a penalty through doubt in the minds of the officials, some old grad might bring the entire case to the United States Supreme Court. The football rules committee is that stubborn that it might take a United States Supreme Court decision to correct it. It is in the enforcement of this rule that

many injustices may be committed by the officials. An ineligible member of the side on the offensive might be overcome with vertigo or something and fall across the path of a member of the defensive side who is attempting to intercept the pass, tripping him up. Or the same

member of the offensive side, looking into the grand stand to see if the girl friend is there, might accidentally collide with a member of the defensive side who is about to intercept the pass. Even though he excused himself, the side of the player making this palpably unintentional interference would be penalized. It seems that in this instance the defensive side would not be compelled to prove intent to interfere.

According to the wording of the rule, the referee may be in doubt as to the intent of the accidental offender. But the moment there is one scintilla of doubt the player is guilty as suspected, and the penalty is inflicted on his side.

NATURALLY in the course of a football game there is no opportunity of getting all of the evidence and hearing the charges and the defense. As it is there are enough delays from other causes to keep the average football game dragging along until it is almost too dark to see it. But that is no excuse in law for penalizing a player and a team on mere suspicion, and because there is doubt in the mind of the official. Fiat justitia, even if a football game lasts for weeks, and it is necessary to take every doubtful point up to the United States Supreme Court, with the possibility of making a final appeal to the President of the United States.

Also this ruling is almost insulting to the officials. In baseball the umpire always is right. Some of the baseball players and managers still argue with him, but in the history of the national pastime there never has been an occasion where a decision was won over the umpire.

On a close decision on the bases or behind the plate the umpire never is in doubt. The man is safe or out, and what goes by the batter is either a ball or a strike. Sometimes the spectators are very much in doubt, but the umpire never. It strikes me that it will tend to weaken the influence of the football officials if it is admitted in the rules that occasions could rise where they might be in doubt.

TO WHICH the rule makers might retort that at least they are franker in football than they are in baseball. They will insist that the baseball umpires sometimes are in doubt, though they never admit it, and the baseball magnates pretend that such a thing is impossible. They might further contend that more injustice is committed in baseball through the assumption that the baseball umpires never are in doubt than through the acknowledgement that the football officials might be in doubt.

At the same time it seems against all sense of justice to hang a man when you are doubtful as to his guilt. The football rules committee will have to give this rule another overhauling next season, because there are bound to be many rulings made because of doubt. One referee and one umpire cannot see everything that happens when the fields are scattered for a forward pass or the threat of a forward pass. It is fortunate that the spectators at football games do not throw pop bottles or their pocket flasks, or the field at some game this season would be filled with glass and silverware, following a palpably unjust ruling on the forward pass.

The penalty is severe. The rule provides that "if such offense (or doubt of such offense, we might interpolate) occurs before a fourth down has been declared, (i. e., if it occurs during a play following either a first, second or third down) the offending side shall put the ball in play fifteen yards back of the spot of the preceding down, and the play shall count as a down. The point to be gained shall remain the same.

"If, however, such an offense occurs after a fourth down has been declared (i.e., if it occurs during a play following a fourth (Continued on page 62)

MACKAY



Bliss for the Bookworm

With Biography, Romance and Other Sound and Varied Volumes, He is All Set for a Happy Time

THE only chance in the world of our keeping up with the vast stream that

pours as a freshet from the publishers' presses, would be to have Congress pass a bill forbidding all professional writers to set a word on paper for a year. And even then, when the embargo would be lifted, we would find that we had had time merely to nibble around the edges of all the reading that had piled up about us.

For surely we are a race of authors. A book appears as magically as a rabbit out of every man's hat these days, and a distinct sense of shame and failure wraps itself like a gray cloak around us if we can't present our trusting friends with a copy of "MyLife."

Scribbling is a fever in our blood. We know one young man, aged eighteen, who having completed his agonized biography (not yet published, thank God) is now starting in on two books at once: "The Bible Unmasked," and "Do Watches Pro-duce Heart Disease?"

We were trapped into reading these in manuscript, but we must confess that they had the virtue, at least, of making all the rest of the work's reading look like the work of giants. So we are happy to get down to the job of citing a few volumes that we think will appeal most strongly to you.

Biography

WiTH what to us was really thrilling appropriateness, we read "Mad An-thony Wayne," by Thomas Boyd (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), while we were on a visit to Philadelphia which included motor trips into historic Germantown, Valley Forge, Monmouth and Brunswickto mention a few of our objectives

Mr. Boyd's book, which is all about one of our favorite Revolutionary heroes, always went along with us for we found it particularly fascinating to link up the graceful old-time charm and even the mere names of these places with the account, for example, of Anthony Wayne's simple departure, at the command of Dr. Franklin, from his farm at Waynesborough, to take his place on the Colonial Committee of Safety, in Philadelphia.

From thence forward, his life belonged, in what we would now call a "large way, to his country. It was in him to give advice worth listening to, but it was deeply more in his nature to tighten his sword-belt and play a more dangerous and bold rôle in the rising rebellion. Indeed, in Mad Anthony there was that dash of impatience and recklessness that we so adore to meet in a hero. He held a disposition to snip red tape not only in two, but three, and to walk blithely into battle-picturesque and valorous instincts which were so vividly illustrated at Brandywine, at Stony Point and at York-

Washington himself believed him "more active and enterprising than judicious and cautious," and doubtless there was truth in that, but in a new army, in a young country fighting to the death for freedom, there was need for just such qualities as he possessed. Some of the most dramatic chapters in Mr. Boyd's book are devoted to Wayne's career after the end of the war, and after

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Mad Anthony had stalked out of Congress chafing for fresh worlds to conquer.

A grateful government finally gave him command of what was left of the American Army. But pity a poor Commander-in-Chief who was to go forth toward the West, to take over border-line strongholds, protect the frontier, make treaties with the Indians and yet was admonished to keep his sword in its scabbard!

Mr. Boyd's splendid character portrait of the gallant Pennsylvanian makes you realize

A Few Additional Suggestions

The Romance of the Rails, by Agnes C. Laut. (Robert M. McBride & Co.) The Happy Parrol, by Robert W. Chambers. (D. Appleton & Co.)

The Uncertain Trumpel, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown & Co.) Tide House, by Maud Caldwell. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

Class of 1902, translated from the German of Ernst Glaeser by Willa and Edwin Muir. (The Viking Press.)

Sober Feast, by Barbara Blackburn. (Little, Brown & Co.)

The Life of an Ordinary Woman, by Anne Ellis. (Houghton Mililin Co.)

The Private Life of Tut-ankh-Amen, by G. R. Tabouis. (Robert M. Mc-Bride & Co.)

how positively devastating such an order must have been to both Anthony and his sword!

And, equally as interesting, the book gives a colorful account of the Major-General's work out in the vast "Ohio country" where, finally, from an old, old wound inflicted at Yorktown by an overzealous Yankee sentry, the fine soldier died in agony, yet, absorbed as always in his love of country, cried as he passed: "Bury me at the foot of the flag-staff, boys."

Mr. Boyd has written this biography with imagination and fine simplicity; and, with a wealth of historic data well presented, has given us a fascinating and important book.

Thousands of lovers of "Moby Dick" will receive as tidings of great joy, the news that a new "life" of Herman Melville, the author of that epic tale, has recently been published. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New Vork.)

In this volume, Lewis Mumford gives us a good deal of fresh thought both on the man and the book which readers who incline to that which lies below the surface of great works of literature will appreciate. "Moby Dick" is one of the pillars of

American letters—a great piece of prose dealing with the sea, "fundamentally a parable," says Mr. Mumford, "on the mystery of evil and the accidental malice of the universe." It is a volume beloved by young and old alike. It has even gone into the very movies themselves, which, though some may roll their eyes as people beholding a sacred temple invaded, was to our way of

thinking a very happy event, for it brought this famous story of a "whale" before an audience who might never, otherwise, have heard of it.

Mr. Mumford's book is an illuminating piece of work which embraces biography, history and criticism.

Romance—Or What Have You?

IN THE matter of novels, we pause first before Mr. Irvin S. Cobb's "Red Likker" (Cosmopolitan, New York).

This, in the language of the magazine that published it serially, is a novel of his "old Kentucky home." It was evidently a labor of love with Mr. Cobb. You have to keep that in mind to estimate it justly because as a story it hasn't much point, yet the writing enthralls one with its sense of pride and understanding and with its authentic pictures of some sterling traditions of the old South.

The rise and fall of a family of Bourbon aristocrats whose destiny is interwoven with the making of whiskey is the theme; and Mr. Cobb is so careful not to take sides on the whiskey question that it must be considered as a spectacle-rich with color and atmosphere-rather than as an answer, one way or another, to the Eighteenth Amendment.

The romance records three generations of Birds in Kentucky, from old Isham Bird, pioneer of the Wilderness Trail back in 1793, down to Morgan Bird who fights in France and returns to find the "likker" that has flowed like a river through the pages of his family history, drained off, as it were, leaving a strange order of things to be learned by a fresh brood of Birds.

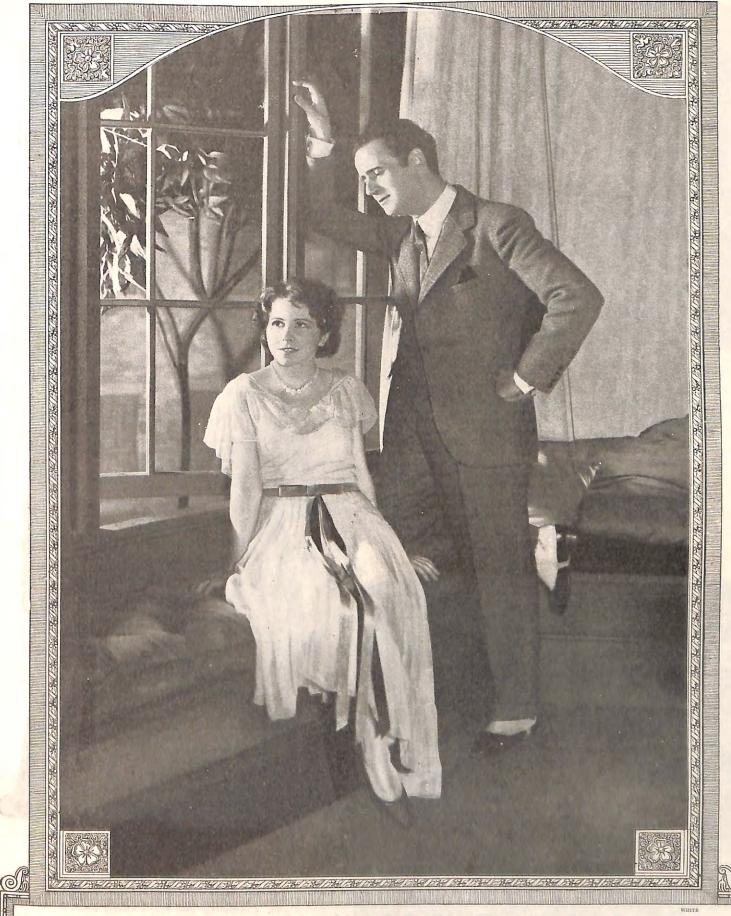
Of a vastly different type is "The Path-way," a novel by Henry Williamson (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York). Here is an exquisite, heart-probing piece of fiction, an after-the-war story of an English family in which the young people wrestle, perplexedly, with a new poverty, a new standard of manners and morals, a modern reaction to the world around them, but experiencing the same fundamental hungers that have been man's heritage since the beginning of time-that need of some belief, some assurance as to an ultimate destiny, some solace for an almost inescapable loneliness.

In "The Pathway," Mr. Williamson centers these emotions in the person of his young writer, Maddison, and in a group of girls, one of whom he loves deeply, and the story-with small outward drama-moves inevitably to a tragic close.

The writing is so good, so compassionate, so deep in the secret of life and youth and of the very country scenes among which his people move that it makes "The Pathway" a shining beacon in the midst of this season's fiction.

"The Field of Honor," the last novel that Donn Byrne ever wrote (The Century Co., New York), is the most ambitious of all the works of this author whose death, a little over a year ago, was a distinct loss to contemporary literature.

(Continued on page 50)



Muriel Kirkland and Tullio Carminati

NEITHER of these names has ever before headed the cast of an American play, yet both well deserve their present prominence. Miss Kirkland has played many supporting parts for Broadway and Mr. Carminati was Mme. Duse's leading man. Now they share honors in the best written comedy

the season has so far produced. The piece is by Preston Sturges and is called "Strictly Dishonorable," a provocative title to a play which never lets you down for a minute. In dealing out laurels it would be unfair to pass over the names of William Ricciardi, Carl Anthony and Louis Jean Heydt—E. R. B.

RUMANGARAN MANARANANGARAN PERMANAN MENUNTUKAN PERMANAN PERMANAN

It is no detraction from the merits of the melodrama called "Gambling" to say that it is mostly George M. Cohan. He wrote it with a judicious eye to its mixture of comedy and drama, and he acts the chief rôle with his own peculiar charm and an author's understanding of its possibilities. He is pictured here surrounded by competent members of his cast — Isabel Baring, Robert Middlemass, Harold Healy and Mary Philips

> Captions by Esther R. Bien

VANDAMM

To judge from "Sweet Adeline," a tuneful feast concocted by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, the gay nineties, despite their gaiety, held the usual share of struggle and heartbreak for striving actresses and reigning toasts. Certainly there was plenty of heartbreak for Addie Schmidt, who was forced to resign her lover to a grasping younger sister and leave her father's friendly beer garden in Hoboken for the perils and rewards of the Broadway music halls and theatres. Helen Morgan (right), by all odds one of the most seductive actresses on our stage, is the lovely heroine, while Charles Butterworth remembered in "Americana" raises gales of laughter with his solemn foolery and the cast as a whole toes the mark of high excellence





The "Scandals" are having their tenth anniversary this year, but they are not giving as good a party as you might expect from previous performances. Costuming and stage effects, especially the mermaid finale, are as extravagant as ever, but the show is way short on hit melodies and prominent names. Frances Williams' dancing, (left) and Willie Howard's comedy lead the list, with George White himself doing a couple of solo dances. There is, however, no dearth of chorus girls, gorgeously tricked out and exceptionally good to look at if that will console you



"Hawk Island," by Howard Irving Young, is the story of a young man who, finding his house party on an isolated island going very dull, stages a fake murder to liven things up. Just about the time he decides to confess his hoax, the genuine article turns up and he has considerable difficulty convincing his guests, that there ever was a joke. Clarke Gable (above) is the prankish host and Elaine Temple the good fairy who gets him out of the mess

Ingenuity and novelty are the strong points of "Remote Control," a mystery play by Clyde North, Albert C. Fuller and Jack T. Nelson. In a totally dark theatre you hear W P H, Chicago announcing, and then the curtain goes up on the broadcasting studio where murder is done and thrills abound while the station is kept on the air. To the right are Walter N. Greaza, the announcer, and Patricia Barclay his assistant, beside the body of the murder dspiritualist, Edward Van Sloan. You won't have a dull moment either before the murder or while its mystery is being solved The four dancers above give a remarkable and breathtaking exhibition of acrobatic dancing in "Murray Anderson's Almanac." Charlotte Ayres symbolizes a rivet and three riveters—Jean Myrio, Harvey Karels and William Rasche—catapult her through the air with beautiful and terrifying rhythm. The revue has arid spaces, but it balances them with amusing interludes when Jimmie Savo or Trixie Friganza holds the stage

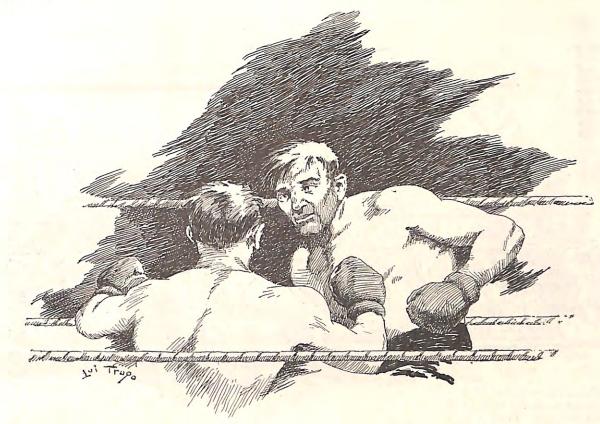


VANDAMM



"CANDLE LIGHT" is billed as a harlequinade in three acts. How much of its fantastic drollery is due to the original author, Siegfried Ceyer and what part to P. G. Wodehouse, the adapter, is difficult to say. Suffice that the first act is brightly effervescent, the second settles a little in the middle, and the third bubbles up in spots with the original sparkle. All in all a most amusing entertainment made memorable by the brilliant acting of this trio, though it does seem a pity to cast Miss Lawrence, who can sing and dance to the queen's own taste, in a rôle that entirely eclipses her fine talent for such antics—E. R. B.

9



Cockeyed

The Story of a Bluff that Turned Into a Boomerang

HENEVER the Gimrack brothers, Benny and Gus, spoke of Eddie Regan, and for some time they spoke of little else, their conversation sounded as if they had contributed at least half to Mr. Roget's well-known Thesaurus. Their superlatives and similes would have left a commencement orator gasping for gas while occasionally they uncovered a few that would have prompted their hearers to suspicion them of having consumed a brochure or two if they had had hearers who knew a brochure could be consumed sans napkin or knife. Boiled down and what the boys called the asparagus separated from their fillet of gab the bill of goods the Gimracks sold on Eddie Regan was as follows:

boys called the asparagus separated from their fillet of gab the bill of goods the Gimracks sold on Eddie Regan was as follows: "The only fighter in history what was born and not made. He was born cockeyed and that's the secret of his success. He wins his fights by outlooking his opponents. By the time they have absorbed the fact that where Eddie looks he don't hit they're bein' brung to and the janitor is asking their seconds won't they please remove the corpse so's he kin douse the lights and go home. Three or four more fights an' he'll be champion of the world, the first cockeyed champion in history. Right now we wouldn't sell our interest in Eddie Regan for a million dollars—well, fifty grand, anyway. No sir, Eddie Regan is certainly headed for the championship and as his managers we take great pride in announcin' that fac'."

The Gimracks were cauliflower cultivating on the wholesale plan when Eddie Regan first came to their notice. They managed a troupe of fighters, ranging from massive human pachyderms to sprightly flyweights. Lowbrow fight writers referred to the troupe as the Gimrack stable but Benny and Gusnever! There was nothing stable about their

By Jack Casey

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

boys, not even the smell. Their business, said the Gimracks, was as high class as opera. Any fight club manager in the country could have an entire fight card furnished him on a day's notice, as many bouts as he desired, from curtain raiser to main event, and at any weights his customers liked. In fact Benny and Gus would furnish both opponents for each bout did he wish it. They booked their engagements on the road show plan when possible, one city after another, with a route from Chicago to the coast. Benny went ahead in charge of the bally-hoo, while Gus stayed behind and chaperoned the battlers, shrewdly avoiding trains carrying diners. It was Gus Gimrack who invented a method to profitably sleep fighters on Pullmans. One of his forbears was a sardine packer. Gus bedded down a welter and two flyweights on an upper; a heavy, light and feather to a lower. When a motion-picture producer used it as a gag in a picture Gus threatened to sue for not getting screen credit.

It was after a tour as far West as Seattle when the troupe was back again in Chicago's loop, three of the heavyweights reduced to the middle weight limit through lack of nourishment, that Eddie Regan appeared.

Eddie was well set up with good arms and excellent fists but with a left eye as crooked as a night club waiter's addition. That eye had been crooked as far back as he could remember. Presumably he had had it from birth. He recalled his mother once saying it was the only thing that kept him from being handsome and it should be straightened. But it had never been straightened and he presumed it couldn't be or his mother would have seen to it. She died when Eddie was fifteen and with her went all that for Eddie was sweet in his life. She had converted a shabby stock-yards district tenement into a sunny home, had kept Eddie at school and been his stalwart protector from a father who drank. She had been fiercely ambitious for him and whenever he appeared with evidences of a fist fight on his person she wept. She thought he fought because he enjoyed it and that maybe, like his father, he'd end up "in the yards." Eddie wouldn't tell her, but the defective eye caused the fighting. Because of the cruelty characteristic of children Eddie's eye had been the target for soul-searing abuse from the time he could walk. Every insult was a challenge to fight. As there were hundreds of insults there had been hundreds of fights. At fourteen Eddie Regan was the toughest fighter in one of the toughest districts in Chicago. When his mother died Eddie left home and for five years roamed. He was at sea, followed the Western harvest, dug gold in South America, mined coal in Ohio, suped in Hollywood, washed dishes, hoboed and fought. Through all vicissitudes he stayed clean, never lost the anguish for his mother and with the ambitions she had bequeathed him knew the desire for success but was ignorant of how to obtain it. After groping for weeks he decided on the prize ring.

IN San Antonio he got his first bout, a preliminary in a semi-soldier show. The pay was five dollars but so anxious was he for a professional tryout he would have gone on for nothing. For three rounds he was a flop. He was nervous and wild. His opponent was a novice also or he would have disposed of Eddie without difficulty. They were being booed by a disgusted audience when Eddie accidentally found himself. His opponent

mannes

He crashed a right to Harri-son's belly and a left hook to his jaw. Har-rison went down so suddenly Eddie Regan tripped over him

resenting the audience's jeers and wishing to taunt Eddie to action made the mistake of discussing Eddie's bad eye. From a ham performer Eddie became a driving, thump-ing, bloodthirsty savage. He forgot audience, ring-officials and rules and became the battling boy of Chicago streets. crowd's startled roar he never even heard. The He came to only when the referee had pushed him clear of the battered and unconscious fighter on the floor and snarled: "What'n hell's matter with yuh,

crazy? . . He's out. . . I counted him. You won. . . Beat it. . . Cripes!" He fought half-a dozen times after that in different cities, then returned to Chicago for

a shot in the big time. The Gimracks, Benny and Gus, would give a boy a tryout and push him if he had the goods. Eddie found the Gimracks in the room

they used as an office on the parlor floor of a second-class loop hotel. Gus, walking up and down and waving his arms, was in the midst

down and waving ins arms, was in the indest of what sounded like a speech. "I tell yuh, Benny," he was saying, "it don't pay keepin' so many fighters and barnstormin' with them. We should

get one good fighter and concentrate on him. We'll build him up till the public thinks he's a wonder. When he's about to be shown up we'll sell his contract. That's the only way to make dough." "The idea's all right," said

Benny "but complacently, where yuh goin' to get a good fighter?"

Gus scratched his bald head. "I thought o' that, too," he aid lamely.

"We got nineteen on our hands right now," continued Benny. "The only guy any of 'em knocked out on the last trip was a referee." Gus nodded. "Still there's always a

chance you'll pick up a good boy.'

"As much chance as there is of pickin' up a bathin' beauty in Alaska," said Benny. Gus was about to reply when he looked

toward the door. Standing there cap in hand was Eddie Regan.

"We don't want any," said Gus emphatically.

"No fighters?" asked Eddie, puzzled. "Yuh a fighter?"

Eddie nodded. "A lightweight," he said. "Where yuh been fightin'? Eddie told him. "Get licked?

The boy shook his head.

Benny threw up his hands. "They never do," he said, "till we manage 'em. Then they never win."

"I'll win," said Eddie, "just try me out." Gus looked him over carefully. wouldn't cost nothing to try him. Still he looked like a palooka and they were overburdened with palookas already. He started to tell the boy they had decided not to add to their troupe when something he couldn't define prompted him to change his mind. He took out his watch. "Be up at Mellon's gym at four o'clock," he said; "we'll see what you can do.'

Eddie thanked him and left.

Benny turned on Gus. "Don't tell me yuh think he's a good boy. He can't even look you straight in the eyes."

The Gimracks fed Eddie Regan "Roughhouse" Rutz, a welterweight, for Eddie's début at Mellon's on the theory that if a lightweight can digest a welterweight, well, the con-clusion is obvious. Eddie Eddie knocked Rutz cold with the first punch and Gus's bloodpressure went up alarmingly. Benny was calm though. It

looked like a lucky punch. A friendly rival manager offered them the services on one 'Mississippi" Rivers, a colored battler of such ferociousness he once caused two ringside spectators to faint by the simple process of looking at them. "Mississippi" arrived with a grin, assault and battery being his favorite pastime. He was still grinning when he donned gloves and squared off. Then he became thoughtful, then puzzled. Somehow or other he was unable to fathom the attack of the man before him and presently was scurrying for cover. Eddie Regan, unabashed by his opponent's reputation because in ignorance of it, outscurried the scurrying one and in a corner beat down his guard and felled him unconscious. "Mississippi" was out for five full minutes. When he came to he breathed the epic thought that

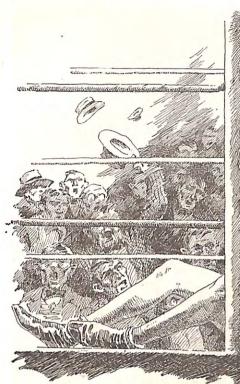
started Eddie to fame. Said "Mississippi": "They ain't nobody got no bizness fightin' a cross-eyed man. Where yuh think he's goin' to hit is jest where he don't."

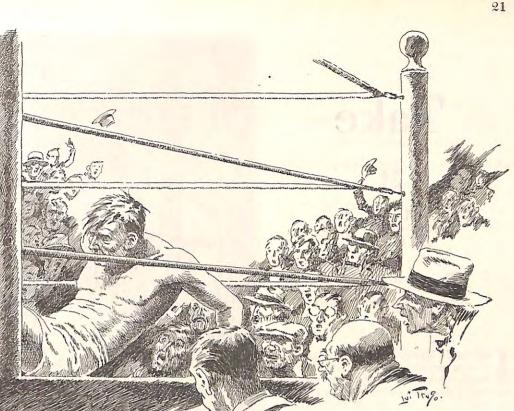
That was the cue for Benny and Gus. They had regarded Eddie Regan's bad eye a handicap to discover now it was his best asset. It enabled him to lick the other fellow before the other fellow could fathom his attack. They checked out every battler they had and concentrating on Eddie launched the ballyhoo to bring him fame and them fortune.

'HE first blast of publicity so enraged THE first blast of publicity so children of the office of Eddie Regan he repaired to the office of the Gimracks, Benny and Gus, determined to prepare them for autopsies. They wouldn't make a sucker out of him printing stories about him being a freak because of his eyes. They could leave his eyes out of things. He was a fighter and had proved it. He fought with his fists, his eye didn't have a thing to do with it. Within three minutes of his arrival Gus and Benny Gimrack had so successfully inoculated him with an in-feriority complex Eddie's belligerency vanished and his ego went with it.

Eddie fight! said the Gimracks in chorus. Don't make them laugh. Why, they knew flyweights that could make a sucker out of Eddie. He couldn't lay a glove on them. was a punch if you weren't able to park it nowheres. Fortunately because of his faulty glimmer—they took "Mississippi's word for it-Eddie was able to confuse opponents and deposit his punch. But-and the Gimracks laughed heartily-what a sad time Mr. Regan would have if it wasn't for that eye. They positively hated to think of the number of boys in the loop who could make hamburger of his features if he had to get by on his merits as a fighter. Why the only reason they had taken him up at all was because he was something they could build into a sensation and a profit. The public was always interested in a new racket, Eddie







was informed. Having seen a million fights in which fists alone was the attraction they would fight for the privilege of paying money to see a fighter who could win by his eyes. So, if Eddie wanted to be a sensational success all he had to do was get it through his bean once and for all that he wasn't a fighter but a freak. The rest he could leave to Benny and Gus. They would feed him pushovers until the public was convinced Eddie was everything they claimed him to be. They would see that all the bums he knocked out gave out interviews to the effect that Eddie had hypnotized them. The more this hooey was fed the public through the public prints the more timid other opponents would become, and Eddie would have no trouble going right to the top. Eddie left Benny and Gus thankful his fate was in such able hands, and, as fully convinced that he was a freak and not a fighter, as were Benny and Gus. Possessed of normal eyes Eddie Regan, seid Benny and Gus, would be the most ordinary of ringmen.

Eddie developed into a sensation. He went up like the price of coal. The reputa-tion the Gimracks built for him in the newspapers had a disastrous effect psychologically on his opponents. They found themselves looking at Eddie Regan's eyes in spite of their efforts not to. They were still looking at them when his fists crashed home and they went down and out. Managers raved, sought return bouts, were accommodated and all to no avail. Their battlers had no better luck in a second fight than the first. Last minute instructions to "Lay off his lamps, kid; lay off his lamps, watch his dukes" had just the opposite effect. They found themselves gazing once more at that fascinating eye. Always too late they remembered not to.

N SEVEN months Eddie Regan put fifteen sensational fights behind him and Chicago managers were not only bidding for his services but he was in demand at charity fêtes and benefits. At one of the latter, a society affair, he met Sheila Shannon who was as pretty as her name. Was she society? Indeed not. She was, as she so frankly and aptly put it to the embarrassed Eddie, just one of the exhibits like himself the society

dowagers used to get funds for the poor and their pictures in the papers.

"Mostly," said Sheila, "to get their pictures in the papers.

"Benny figured it was good advertising to show here," said Eddie, "that's why I come.'

Who's Benny?"

"My manager. That is one of 'em, his brother Gus is too."

She eyed him with renewed interest. "You must be good if it takes two guys to

manage you.

He smiled but made no reply.

"Fighter?

He nodded.

Suddenly she focused her big gray eyes bis had one and he flushed hotly. "Oh I on his bad one and he flushed hotly. "Oh I know," she said, "you're Eddie Regan, the fellow who gives them the evil eye." She was all admiration. "You and Ben Turpin certainly know how

to turn handicaps into money."

It was on his lips to tell her to "Go to the It was on his hips to tell her to "Go to the devil" and walk away. Why couldn't people leave his eye out of things. Before he could speak though she pressed his arm, said. "Wish me luck," and was out on the stage. She stood poised a few seconds while the orchestra vamped, then opened her mouth and sang her way right into the heart of Eddie

Regan. Standing there, tense with admiration, his heart contracted from the melody she pour-ed forth, he didn't think it possible that a little girl like her could own such a great big, beautiful voice. Five times the audience called her back then she gave her final encore. It was "Mother Machree." As she poured forth the sweet old song, her liquid notes vibrant with emotio

notes vibrant with emotion, Eddie Regan gulped back tears, then let them fall unheeded. It was the one song that flooded him with memories of his mother, the mother who like so many of her time was toil-worn with care. Sheila Shannon took her final bow and saw Eddie Regan's tears. "I know, Kid," she said, pressing his

hand. "Mine's dead too. Here, lemme fix

your makeup. And if you hurry I'll wait for you. I like a fellow who knows how to cry

That was the beginning and it was based on what the beginnings of so many love affairs are based on, the age-old desire to every girl to mother someone. To Sheila Shannon, Eddie Regan was just a kid who hungered for mother love. She gave it to him in rich companionship. Then, as girls so very very often do, she woke up one day to discover she loved him and was much dismayed. It came suddenly one night as he was leaving her at her Northside rooming house after escorting her from a fashionable night club where she sang. He had been awkwardly delaying his goodnight for some moments. Finally-

"I got to go into training to-morrow for the Towne fight, Sheila," he said huskily, so I won't see you for a couple weeks.

"Do you mind—eh—do you mind—" She didn't. With the warm-hearted impulsiveness of her race she gave him her lips. Poor kid! Why embarrass him? What's a little kiss anyway? He embraced her hungrily, crushed her lips and his fire was such she trembled as later in her room disrobed for bed she looked into the mirror at her still hot cheeks. After a week of loneliness she never thought she could experience over any man she wrestled with her soul and capitulated to the inevitable.

She was in love. In love with a prize fighter and a cockeyed one at that. It was unbelievable. She, who had thought herself so shrewd and smart; who had avoided the pitfalls of her occupation; who had scorned the men who would compromise her; who had fiercely vowed to wed only a man who could shower her with every luxury to offset an impoverished girlhood. In love

with a fighter! She Sheila Shannon in love with a pug. Still, he was a nice sweet boy and clean. She knew that. And a perfect specimen of physical manhood. That is all but that eye. That eye! Sheila got to thinking about it. She knew she could never stand a lifetime of living with that eye. She (Continued on page 45)



Take a Taxi

By Berton Braley Illustrated by Austin Jewell

VE made up my mind to one thing. If I ever acquire money enough, or get publicity enough to rate an interview on what I'd advise young men to do to be successful, I'm not going to spill the Horatio Alger stuff.

Work and Win, Save and Succeed is noble counsel, and it both works and wins in lots of cases, but you can't always play it across the board. Look at Larry, for instance.

On what Grantland Rice calls the Grand Old Dope the handicappers certainly would have laid a hundred to one against Larry Loughran, and figured every bet put down on him as so much velvet.

For this bird Loughran didn't conform to the specifications the books—copy books—demand in a success entry. Was he thrifty? Listen, if he didn't spend money when he had it, it was because all the places were closed. If he didn't spend it *before* he got it, it was because his credit wasn't working at the time.

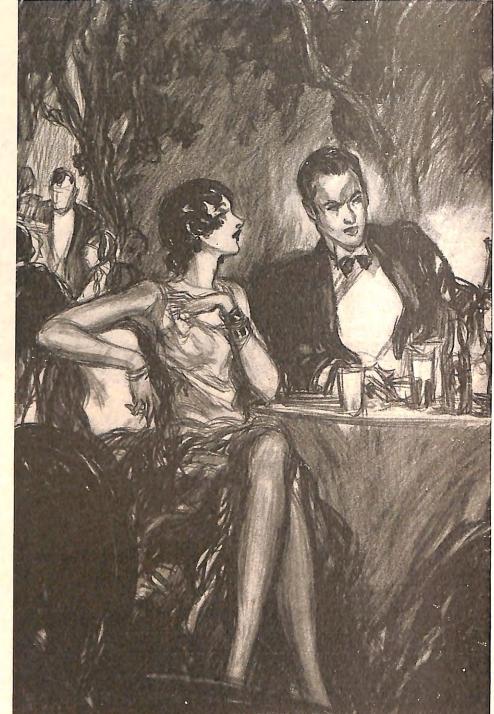
They say bucking up against the world early and earning your own living teaches you the value of money, but this lad was getting his own living, whether he earned it or not, when he was nineteen-and the only value jack had, and has, for him was to blow. Interest to Larry is what you pay when you can't borrow from your friends.

Was he hard-working? I'm leffink! Any time a job meant more than four hours a day of applied energy, Larry left

Was he honest? It depends on what you mean. He wouldn't steal, he wouldn't double cross you, he was a square shooter and a sportsman, but he sure did capitalize his prospects heavily when he wanted to make a touch; and though he always paid up eventually, it was seldom on the date

Did he have ideas, imagination, personality? Check. Large and luxurious ideas, an imagination that facts couldn't bind down, and a personality that enabled him to buy a spare tire on credit in a strange garage without the garage-man even tak-ing his license number.

Larry left high school about the time I graduated from college. He'd had a good allowance from his father, which he always spent in two days after he got it. He was nineteen and all set to come to college when his Dad died, leaving ten thousand dollars insurance and a mortgaged farm ten miles out of town. Tom,



six years older than Larry, was a long course agric, and he promptly got his mother and the two younger kids—Milly

and Jack—to move out to the farm. "Not for me," said Larry, when his brother suggested that if he'd work on the farm summers he could probably go to college in the winter. "The tall grass gives me hay fever, and milking cows is the bull." "No milkie, no eatie, no catchum col-

"The big stiff," Larry said to me, after-wards. "I told him where to get off at. He can't make a hick out of me." "What'll you do?" I asked.

"What'll you do?" I asked. "Oh, I don't know," Larry replied, "sell something, I guess. Say, lend me ten dollars, will you, until I decide what to sell?"

Well, I happened to have ten dollars in my pocket, and Larry got it. He could always borrow all the money you had on you—he can now. And more.

He promised to pay it back the next

"What I need," he added, as he ordered lars a throw, "is bigger and better ex-

week, but I left town to take a job in three

II

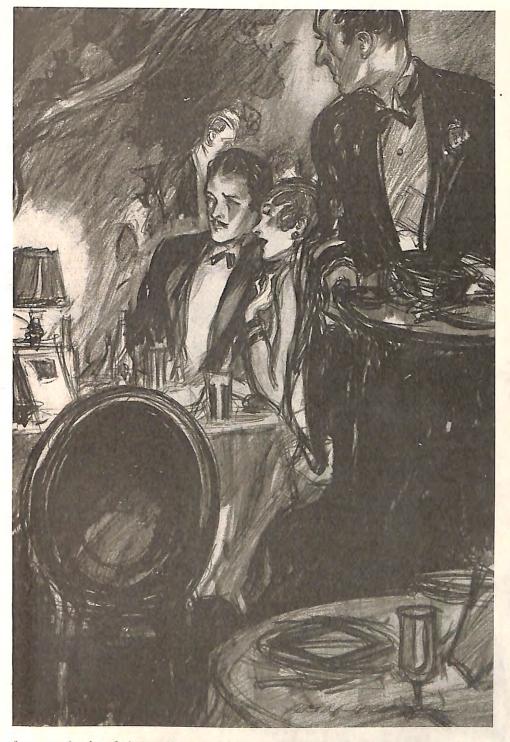
THE next I saw of Larry was when he dropped into my office in the city,

four years afterwards. "Hello, Sam," he said, before he even shook hands, "slip me five bucks on account.

"On account of what?"

"On account of the taxi waiting down below," he said. "The meter was 4.35 before I took the elevator. Gimme-I'll be right up again."

He shook the hand with which I extended the bill, ducked for the elevator, and in three minutes was back at my desk. A man followed him, carrying two sumptuous pig-skin suit cases.



four more bottles of ginger-ale at two dol-penses—so stir the old bean to activity"

"Give him a half a buck, will you, Sam?" said Larry. "The five's gone." I shelled out, the man departed, and

Larry sat down. "Swell baggage, Larry," said I.

"NOT paid for," Larry admitted, "and nothing in it. A suit in one, three shirts in the other. Newspapers to make bulk and weight. But they'll get me by in a good hotel. I'll fill 'em up later with a metropolitan wardrobe. No use bringing small town togs to the main stem. What's the smartest caravanserai you'd recommend?"

"Listen," I said. "I'm glad to see you. You can borrow anything up to a hundred from me. But what's the big idea of blowing up here in a taxi you can't pay for and ""

for and ____," "I always take a taxi," said Larry. "It's part of my overhead. How come?

It's a long story, mates. Got time to hear it?"

"Come out to lunch at the club," said "I'll *take* the time." "It'll be on me," said Larry. "So slip I.

me the other ninety-four fifty you promised and me'n you will discuss the menu and the good old times." "We'll stop at the bank while I cash a check," I said.

"How far is this club of yours?" asked

Larry. "About a mile," I said. "We'll take

"About a mile," I said. "We'll take the subway and—____" "Take a taxi," Larry amended. "I want to smoke. Hey, taxi." The chauffeur drew up at the curb and Larry pushed me in. "You tell him where to go," he ordered, "and don't forget to stop at the bank." I signed the check at the club, but Larry noted the total and handed me the amount in spite of my protests

amount in spite of my protests. "Briefly," said Larry, as we smoked our

cigars after lunch, "the tale is as follows.

Careful, Cautious, Canny and Conservative May Spell' Success for Some -But Larry Loughran Wasn't Built That Way at All

"I got into a crap game with that ten I borrowed from you-remember?-trying to increase my business capital. Ran it up to a hundred, too, but shot the wad trying to double that.

"Guy who won was agent for some new aluminum ware, and looking for students to peddle it. I got the job. Salary nothing whatever and commission twenty-five per cent.

"He's going to teach me the sales talk and the rest of the hooey with it, but I've

got my own hunch. ""What'll make me work hardest on this thing?' I say to myself. 'Make a bet,' myself says to me. 'Not a mental bet, a *real* bet. You're a gamblin' fool—play your hard that way. Careful cautious, canny hand that way. Careful, cautious, canny and conservative isn't your line.' "'How'll I bet and who with?' I say to

myself.

"TAKE a taxi,' says myself to me, 'and peddle your stuff in it. With that meter tickin' away while your talking to the lady of the house you'll have

bet enough!' "'Well, look. It's not such a rotten hunch at that. Who has to get by the best -the guy with no expenses or the bird with a lot of 'em? You know the answer. Besides, if you drive up in a taxi to a house you get in.' "So I took a taxi. And I picked out a driver with a mean look and a heavyweight build

build. And believe me when I started to talk aluminum ware to my clients I could not only hear that meter tickin' off ten cent pieces, but I could hear the ambulance gong ringing in the distance if that taxi driver didn't get his fare. "I'd never learned anything about sales-

manship, but I had to sell that aluminum ware. And I sold it. I got into the swell houses because no peddler ever blew up in a taxi before—and kept it waiting. I got into the ordinary places because the taxi impressed 'em. And once in I talked fast, and knocked sales resistance as flat as the taxi driver would knock me if I didn't pay for every tick of that clock.

"After two hours, with nine dollars and fifty cents on that meter and the driver getting doubtful, I had him go to the hotel where the sales manager was staying, and shoving a bunch of orders signed on the dotted line before him, I get a twenty-five dollar advance out of him. I gave the driver ten bucks and we continued on our way.

"Well, I made a record. I guess I aluminumed every kitchen in the country that summer-and some of 'em I aluminumed twice. It got so women would rush out the door with a pencil all ready when I drove up, because it was the only way to

keep me from coming in. "I kept changing drivers, though. Be-cause otherwise they'd a trusted me—and then where'd be the menace of that tick-tick on the meter? "I made enough money to buy me a car

of my own, and I bought it, too. But I didn't use it to peddle in. 'Take a taxi' was my motto. 'Take a taxi where the meter ticks-ticks 'no tick.' Then you've gotta sell your line.

"Time college opened I've got my own car part paid for and three hundred dollars to start the term.

"Then I get rushed for the swellest frat in the U. and join up. In other words I 'take a taxi' through college-traveling with a gang that drives Dad's Eight and

my touch. Now let's taxi back to the office. I'll run up and get the suit cases, and you can tell me what hotel is worthy of that luxurious luggage."

All I'm giving you of our conversation is what seems pertinent to this narration, you understand. And for that purpose it's necessary only to add that Larry got his suit cases, and breezed off in his taxi to the Borobudar, newest and loftiest of hotels, bidding me goodbye with a "thanks for the stake—see you when you've saved some more!"

III

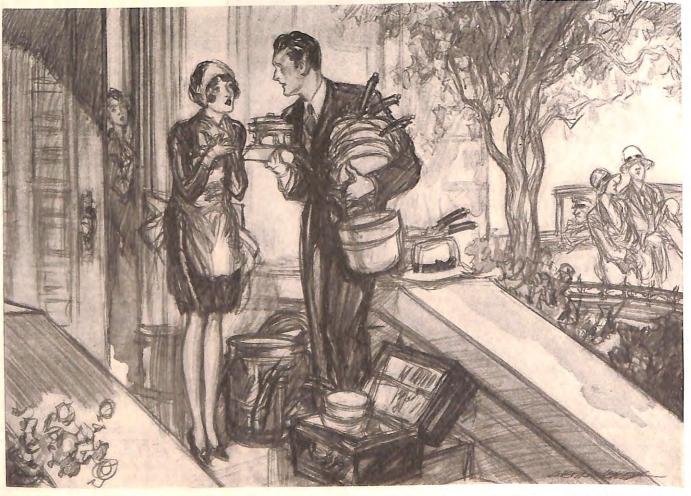
IT WAS just about a month later that he sailed into the office again, tossed a hundred dollar note on the desk, and said, "Returned until again needed. Thanks a lot.

"Flush?" said I.

"For the nonce, or whilhom," replied arry. "This is not a difficult town." Larry.

calls. 'Tell Mr. Loughran to call Mr. McGee of the Amalgamated Oil Company. Very important.' 'Tell Mr. Loughran to Very important.' 'Tell Mr. Loughran to call Mr. Baker of the National City Bank.' Tell Mr. Loughran Mr. So and So of the Apex Advertising Agency wants him to come in at his earliest convenience to go over the matter of the United Hardware

Stores account.' "How was the Borobudar outfit to know that I paid a few people a dollar apiece to call me up? And as to outgoing calls you can call up anybody in any office and ask if he's in. If he's in you tell the teleask if he's in. If he's in you tell the tele-phone girl you wanted to know because you're coming over to keep your appoint-ment; if he's out you find out when he'll be back and promise to phone again. "Things were grand until the Vernal Taxi Company made their inquiries." "The plot thickens," I said. "Where does the taxi company come in and why?" "I am coming to that," Larry remarked. "You see," he went on, "I figured I ought



don't even have to pay for the cup grease. In a way there's a meter ticking in my ear all the time. Brother isn't doing anything for Larry who refuses to milk, so Larry has to do it for himself. Larry does. I live high, wide and handsome for four yearstaxiing aluminum hither and yon all summer, and swinging every kind of student business stunt during school—from agenting for a laundry to being business manager of the Daily Cardinal.

"And now here I am, B. A. at last, with only eight hundred dollars worth of debts back in the good old college town, and with assets of two fifty dollar suit cases; youth, health and extravagance, and my good friend Sam."

"One hundred's the limit," I said.

"Don't let's mention money in that mercenary way," said Larry. "I've made

I got into the swell houses because no peddler ever blew up in a taxi before-

"You have a job?" I asked. "Job?" said Larry. "The word is vulgar. I am an entrepreneur. If you've forgotten your economics, that means a guy who operates for himself, who exploits his op-

"As how?" I queried, "second story work?"

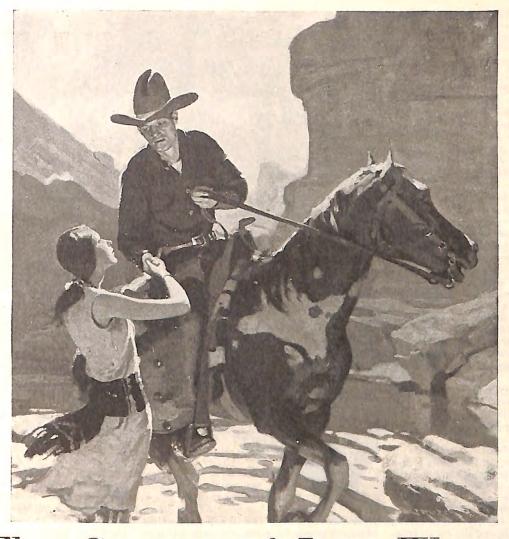
"No, I live on the tenth," he responded. "Room and bath, twelve bucks a day. Meals averaging six cases extra. All on the bill. Fourteen days before the manager found me worth his personal attention.

"One of the reasons the manager hadn't bothered me before was the telephone calls I received. Oh, I got some swell 'phone

to familiarize myself with the city before attempting to do battle with it. So after

attempting to do battle with it. So after locating modestly at the Borobudar, I____" "Took a taxi," I suggested. "Exactly," agreed Larry. "I took a taxi to the office of the biggest taxicab company and paid a call on the manager. After some slight sales-effort I convinced him that I could use his service to advantage in my explorations, and that as it was a darn nuisance to be waiting while chauffeurs got change and too expensive not to wait for change, I wished to open a charge account. I told him I was an advertising man-well, I had written ads for the college paper - and I may casually have mentioned that I was at the Borobudar. Anyhow he opened the account. It isn't a difficult town, as I told you.

(Continued on page 42)



"You wait here and if I don't get back by mornin' you'll know that—that I've run a nail in my foot, or somethin' else has happened to me

The Canyon of Lost Waters

Part IV

EP kept watching the opposite rim of the hollow but he saw no sign of Goss nor heard the tell-tale ring of shod hoofs on the rocks. Burton's daughter rose, shook herself, and signed to him to mount.

"I'll walk," she announced when he protested. "I know the trail and you don't. Besides, I have moccasins on while you're wearing those foolish boots. It's not far."

He mounted and followed the slender figure along a dim trail that wound along the foot of the cliff below the three sentinel firs to lead gradually back to the main canyon.

Where a second stream joined the first, beneath a cliff-face carved by erosion into three massive columns, she turned to the west up a branch canyon. It closed swiftly, the trail following a narrow shelf. She stepped out into the sunlight and waited for the mounted man to overtake her.

Look!" she commanded softly.

They had reached the end of the branch canyon. The thousand-foot rock walls, as sheer and smooth as the side of a house, flung across their path in a magnificent sweeping arc. Immediately before the man's eyes-distant but a hundred feet from where he sat on the unimpressed pinto ponythe smooth surface of the barrier was broken by a great cave, a cavern shallow but tremendously high, caused by the cleavage of the rock along vertical planes. Tons upon tons had fallen away, leaving, as the scar of the fracture, this enormous gash in

By Hoffman Birney

Illustrated by Jerome Rozen

the cliff, a niche that tapered to a point high above their heads and swung smoothly down in a perfect Gothic arch on either side. The girl's voice seemed to come from

miles away. "There it is," she said. "The dead city.

Betata'kin-'The House in the Side of the Hill.'

"The dead city?" he echoed stupidly.

She pointed again and he saw what he had previously overlooked, saw the manmade walls that were dwarfed to the insignificance of wasp's nests by the God-made walls that sheltered them. The sharply walls that sheltered them. The sharply sloping rock floor of the lofty cavern was covered with tiny houses, or rather with one great house made up of a hundred or more tiny rooms. The windows—oblong holes of blackness against the red-brown walls of the dwellings—stared blankly out across the canyon, blind eyes waiting patiently for the return of a people who had gone forever.

The rooms rose in terraced tiers one above the other, the walls as strong, the mortar as perfect, as on the day of their construction.

They camped among the outer rooms above the spring, their fire blazing in a corner already deep with ashes and blackened by the soot of other fires that had been extinguished for centuries. As the light flickered uncertainly on the plastered walls Tep reflected that this scene—a man and a woman crouching above a blaze-must have been repeated a hundred times from one end of the cave to the other in the days when the village had housed its full popula-

tion. "This is your country, Dolores," he re-marked. "Just where are we and what do you figure our next play has got to be?"

The girl stared into the crimson heart of the fire that beat back on her smooth cheeks and fair hair.

'I'm putting myself in Goss's place," she said slowly, "trying to think as he'd think. He doesn't know this country. If he tries to follow us up the main canyon he'll run into hogans and the Indians will turn him back

N^O," SHE she said at last as though re-plying to a question, "he'll camp and watch until morning from some place where he can see us if we come out of the canyon where we went in. When he finds we don't he'll start asking himself where we could have gone. He doesn't know that we've found out about the raid on Hidden Waters and he'll think we've climbed the mesa and are going on there. And so-since he wants to kill you and now that he's seen us together he'll be even more anxious to catch us-he'll scout back toward the Crimson Cliffs.

"Somehow or other I don't think he'll go back to the Slash-X until he's made another trial to catch us. And he'll never dream of our going in that direction. In a way I'm glad we saw him. We know he isn't with Patten and I think that father will be safe until Goss gets back to the ranch. We've got to beat him to the river, Jep—and we'll do it!"

XI

THEY reached the San Ignacio early in the afternoon of the following day. Dolores, familiar with every inch of the rough untravelled country, obtained a horse to replace the slaughtered one at the first camp they encountered after leav-ing the dead city in the great arched cavern. Then she led the way up a twisting side canyon along a trail that writhed like a broken-backed snake up the face of the cliff, down again from the crest of the mesa, and across the gullied tawny desert toward the muddy stream be-yond which lay the Slash-X ranges. They approached the river by following a long wash that lay between two bare brown hills and afforded perfect concealment from the view of watchers who might be patrolling the opposite shore.

The girl protested when Starr insisted that she re-

main on the southern bank while he made a survey of Patten's ranch, but was overruled.

ruled. "The Slash-X lays about two miles down the river," he told her. "There ain't any sense in tryin' to get your father loose till night—and even then it's only fair to tell you that chances are slim. They'll be watchin' him pretty close.

"I'm goin' to cross the river here, fetch a big circle, and come up on the ranch from the far side—the north. There's some timber there on the bench and I can cache my hoss and do a little scoutin' to see how the land lays. You wait here and if I don't get back by mornin' you'll know that—that I've run a nail in my foot or somethin' else has happened to me. Then you can go on back to the Injuns and make up a war party, if you feel like it." He did not wait for her further objections

He did not wait for her further objections but, with a farewell grip of her hand, turned his horse and splashed through the muddy waters to the northern shore. An hour later he was crouched in a clump of piñons on the bench above the ranch and, through the screen of branches, carefully surveying the familiar scene.

For at least an hour his scrutiny was profitless. The only sign of life was when the negro cook pushed through the kitchen door and emptied a pan of scraps to be fought over by a dozen chickens. Then Patten appeared and walked to the 'dobe storehouse wherein Jep had imprisoned Goss and Limpy Laird. The rancher unlocked the heavy door—Jep could see him fitting the key in the rusty padlock—and disappeared in the dark interior of the structure. The Texan grinned his satisfaction. It appeared obvious that the 'dobe was also serving as Burton's cell.

The Slash-X owner was out of sight for only a few minutes. When he reappeared he slammed the door angrily, snapped the lock back into the hasp, and stalked into the house.

Jep settled back in his hiding-place but leaned forward eagerly a few minutes later when Limpy Laird hobbled out of the house and crossed to the corrals. The old man saddled a horse, mounted, and rode leisurely to the westward, driving two riderless ponies before him. The Texan studied the veteran's course for a few moments and then drew back carefully from the piñon clump, retreated around the slope of a hill, and ran down the further bank to a point where he could intercept the old-timer.

The horses that were trotting in advance of Laird shied suddenly as they sighted the man crouching in the sage. Limpy herded them quickly back to their former course and then checked his pony a few yards from Jep.

"I thought it'd be you," he exclaimed, grinning delightedly. "I had a hunch that you'd be showing up 'round here. Wait here in this holler while I haze them bronks back to the upper bench. I want t' talk to you."

He was gone for only a few minutes. When he returned he dropped the bridle reins over his horse's head and shook hands enthusiastically.

"I knowed you'd be turnin' up, son! Knowed it as soon as they brought old Burton in here. Say, it didn't take 'em long, did it? Everything broke jest right f'r Patten. Four tough hombres from up towards Robbers's Roost rode in here that night just after yuh made yore getaway, an' Sam shore gave 'em a job pronto—a job chasin' you! When yuh got 'crost th' river—_."

"Yes," interrupted Starr. "Gosh, yo're a rotten shot, Limpy!"

"My eyes ain't as good as they was thirty years ago!" mourned the old man in simulated grief. "But, Lord, son, yuh shore scared me that first time yuh fell! I thought a ricochet had got yuh!"

"As I was sayin', Patten figgered that Dick was waitin' for yuh on th' other side an', arguin' that way, that there wouldn't be anybody in Aguas Perdidas. So th' whole gang lit right out an' rode in there, thinkin' they'd turn th' place inside out an' find any gold Dick had cached. They didn't get no gold, but they picked up the last man they expected—old Dick himself! He'd sent th' Navvies away an' it was as easy as shootin' fish!"

easy as shootin' fish!" "Have they hurt the old coot?" asked Jep. "Lord knows I don't love him but his daughter's worried sick—'though she's too damn game to show it. I can't for the life of me savvy why the stiff-necked old fool didn't take a thirty-thirty and blow the daylight through Patten and Goss!"

daylight through Patten and Goss!" "Sit down here a while," Limpy commanded. "Yuh got lots of time. Yuh can't do anything till it's dark, anyways, an' yuh can just put in th' time listenin' to a story I should've told yuh long ago. Don't worry about Dick. They was kinda rough with him comin' out—man-handled him a little, I reckon, an' a man can't stand a heap of that at his age—but he seemed pretty perky this mornin' an' was sittin back there like God's own bandmaster, strokin' that long white beard of his'n an' in that high-toned solemn way of speakin' he was invitin' Patten t' go to hell an' take th' first turn to th' left every time he stuck his nose in th' door.

"Patten ain't tried t' work on him yet. He wants t' wait till Goss gets back then he'll make some excuse t' send Green an' Beldon an' mebbe Carson an' me away—"" "Carson!" interrupted Jep quickly " then I didn't kill him?"

"Hell, no! Even if yuh had you'd only have been savin' some sheriff th' job of stringin him up! His head's too thick f'r a gun-barrel t' do more'n dent it a little. Son, you ain't got *nothin*' to worry about. I want yuh to hear about Dick Burton—

'bout him an' Sam Patten an' Al Goss—an' th' bustin' up of their pardnership."

He settled his back more comfortably against the side of the wash and with meticulous precision rolled himself a cigarette, brushing the crumbs of flaky tobacco "How about her!" he screamed. "Maybe you ain't afraid to die, Dick Burton, but d'yuh wanther to? Say you'll take us out t' them diggins of yores or by God Fll kill her right here!"

from his knees with careful strokes of his gnarled hand. Jep knew the old man could not be hurried; that his thoughts were far away from the Slash-X, ranging back through the years of his long life on the frontier. When he spoke his voice was dreamily retrospective.

"Sam Patten ain't got no idea I know th' whole of this here story," the old man began at last. "He'd shore run me ragged if he did! He thought I was away over in th' Big Hatchet Mountains when it all happened. That's where I was willin' f'r folks t' think I was but as a matter of fact I was right over in Galeyville an' keepin' mighty quiet. Billy Breckenridge was deputy sheriff of Tombstone them days an' he kinda wanted t' find me!

"I'd crossed up with th' three of them— Goss an' Patten an' Burton—now an' then long before th' Tombstone days. There always was talk about Dick. Even when he was younger he showed by all his talk that he was an educated *hombre*—but he never let out a peep about where he come from or what it was that drove him West an'kept him roamin' 'round from one camp to th' next. "Some said he was lookin' f'r a man that

"Some said he was lookin' f'r a man that had broke up his home back East. Another tale was that he'd been a preacher an' had jumped his church an' gone with th' Wild Bunch 'cause a woman he was goin' t' marry went wrong an' he wanted t' find her. Still another was that he was takin' th' blame f'r a crime that his brother was guilty of.

guilty of. "Nobody ever really *knew* a thing. Dick Burton. . . . 'Navajo Dick'. . . ."

WITH a power and dramatism of which he was completely unconscious the withered, crippled old-timer painted, with simple phrase and homely gesture, a picture of the West of the days when the vast trailherds of long-horned cattle were driven from the rolling plains of Texas across the Red River and the Canadian, through the territory of savage Comanche and Cherokee and Kiowa, to their destination on the Indian reservations of Wyoming and Montana or to delivery to buyers in Kansas and Nebraska. Prior to Limpy's first acquaintanceship the partnership with Goss and Patten was formed—an association

brought about through circumstances as unknown as Burton's true identity, but which continued for years. Up and down the cattle-trails, back and forth across Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona, the three "drifted"—Burton the mysterious and the brains of the combine, Patten the sinister, with guns as quick as his temper, and "Al" Goss the braggart—the blustering tool of the stronger wills of the other two, but useful by reason of a physique that nothing could tire and who thought no task too difficult if it was capable of accomplishment by muscular effort alone.

complishment by muscular effort alone. "And then," continued Limpy Laird, "Patten an' Goss come back from Tucson t' Tombstone to find that Dick Burton had got married and was settlin' down with his new wife in a cabin th' three of them had out on th' road t' South Pass. They took one look at th' gal an' another at their pardner an' went up town an' stayed drunk f'r three days!

"Folks that held Dick had spent all his life lookin' f'r some gal that had gone over with th' Wild Bunch

with th' Wild Bunch shore said 'I told yuh so' when they seen who he married. But 'course Navajo Dick never heard none of that talk. He was a dif'rent man from th' day he walked out of th' church in San Miguel with her on his arm. Some say he'd spent all th' night before in th' church, stretched out flat on his face in front of th' altar rail.

"I ain't qualified t' say why Bella Wilcox married him. Mebbe they'd knowed each other before, like some folks said, an' mebbe she was just tired of a life that was gettin' t' mean one dance hall after another in all th'boom towns of th'West. Again, there's always th' chance that she loved him! Dick loved her. I know damn well that if she asked him to he'd 've gone down on his knees an' kissed th' ground she'd walked on!

"Everybody knew her. She'd been in Leadville an' old Port Bowie an' Douglas—an' she was no better an' no worse than a hundred others of her kind. That's th' best an' th' worst I can say f'r her!"

The partnership with Goss and Patten seemed doomed from the date of Burton's marriage, the yarn developed, although there was no open break with the other men. Dick's withdrawal from the combine seemed purely a spiritual one, as though marriage had completed and filled his life. He was de-termined upon settling down, of establishing himself in some definite line of endeavor and identifying himself permanently with a community. Tentatively, even distrustfully, he attempted various things; among others several trading trips into the Navajo Reservation in the northern

part of the territory—expeditions from which he returned with the nickname that still stuck to him. He was gone for months on end during the first two years he was married and while he was away his bride waited alone in the little 'dobe house in the midst of the hurly-burly that was Tombstone.

Limpy Laird drew a merciless picture of Bella Wilcox—former dance-hall girl and now wife of Richard Burton. And with consummate skill he even wove into the narrative something of the discontent that must have been hers as she waited alone and stared across the miles of greasewood and chapparal that stretched beyond the sinister slopes of "Boot Hill" towards the rounded blue line of the Dragoons and the rocky headlands that marked the location of the famous "Stronghold" of old Cochise, wily leader of the renegade Chicahua Apaches.

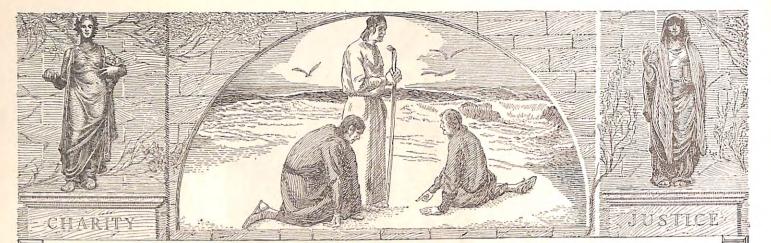
And every day, twenty-four hours a day, there rang in her ears the jangle of pianos and the laughter of girls from the dozen of "honky-tonks." The ceaseless stamp of feet on wooden sidewalks as the two groups of miners that were "off shift" surged up and down Allen and Fremont and Tough Nut

Streets in search of easily-found amusement; the roar of voices from the crowded bars of the "Crystal," the "Oriental," the "Alhambra," and "Moses & Hatch's"; from the "Can-Can Restaurant" and the "Bird Cage Theatre."

This life—the clatter of dance hall pianos, the rattle of poker chips, the low voices of the emotionless dealers of faro and stud—had been Bella Wil-

cox's until the day of her marriage to Navajo Dick. She had been a definite part of its excitement and its tawdry gaiety. And to remind her of what she had put aside there was (Continued on page 56)

The Elks Magazine



EDITORIAL

KEEP IN GOOD STANDING

EMBERS who fail to pay their Lodge dues on the designated dates automatically lose their privileges until restored to good standing by making the required payment. This is in accordance with Grand Lodge Statutes, which subordinate Lodges may not disregard.

If you have failed to pay your installment due on October first, you are not qualified to attend the sessions of your own Lodge, nor to visit a sister Lodge, nor to avail yourself of the club facilities. Important matters may be pending in your Lodge in the discussion and disposition of which you can have no part.

It would seem that these facts alone should prompt every Elk who values his membership in the Order to avoid the delinquency for which such penalties are imposed. But there is another, and an equally important, consideration. It is the duty involved, irrespective of any statutory suspension of privileges.

A Lodge of Elks is essentially a fraternal association. But it is also, just as essentially, a business organization. It has varied financial liabilities which it must meet, in the main, out of the membership dues. If its business be properly budgeted, an estimate of its revenues has been made and its expenditures arranged accordingly. That anticipated income is based upon the assumed payment of dues by every member on the rolls. And failure to make such payment promptly when due, necessarily affects the ability of the Lodge to effectively carry forward its adopted program.

Each member, by virtue of his very membership, has specifically obligated himself to pay his dues in accordance with the statute. It is as definite a liability upon him as any other financial obligation. He can properly relieve himself of it only by requesting a dimit in due season.

If one desires to retain his membership, he should recognize the financial duty it involves. It is as unbusinesslike as it is unfraternal to neglect to comply with its demand. Every Elk should maintain his good standing; and if he be now delinquent he should restore his proper status by prompt remittance to his Lodge secretary.

A THANKSGIVING SUGGESTION

ELSEWHERE in this issue of THE ELKS MAGA-ZINE will be found a communication from the Elks National Foundation Trustees. It contains a special message to you, whoever you may be, who now read this editorial.

The meat of the circular is contained in this sentence, quoted from it, relating to individual donations to the Foundation: "A few members have been most generous-but only a few.

It should be remembered that the successful growth of the Foundation Fund will depend on voluntary subscriptions—not on assessments levied upon the subordinate Lodges or the membership. No one is compelled to subscribe.

The Trustees are confident, however, as is THE ELKS MAGAZINE, that practically every member of the Order wishes, and intends, to make a contribution to this splendid cause. Why not show a real Thanksgiving heart by making that contribution during the Thanksgiving season, when it would be peculiarly appropriate? have much to be thankful for. Make You Make your donation now as a thank offering upon this Elks altar of Charity.

If you have not already done so, turn now to the circular on page 30 and read it carefully. Repeat aloud the suggested seasonal toast. "Here's to the Elks National Foundation— Success!" Then help to make that expressed sentiment a real prophecy—by generous use of the appended coupon.

DISTRICT DEPUTY EXPENSES

WHETHER the respective subordinate Lodges or the Grand Lodge should pay the expenses of District Deputies, incurred upon their official visits, has been a question that has repeatedly engaged the attention of the Grand Lodge. First one and then the other method has been adopted. But for some years past the burden has been distributed among the local Lodges, for the definite purpose of relieving the general treasury of the quite substantial amount involved each year.

And yet it would seem clear that such items are very properly a Grand Lodge expense. A District



Deputy is a Grand Lodge official. He is the personal representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler; and he exercises a general supervision over the Lodges in his jurisdiction. This is primarily for the benefit of the Order as a whole, although it is incidentally of ultimate value to the several Lodges themselves. And in assessing the expenses against the Lodges visited, there is no practicable method of equitable apportionment. While the amounts are usually inconsequential, yet in many instances the smaller and weaker Lodges have the larger sums to pay.

Moved by these considerations, Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert recommended that the Grand Lodge should again undertake the payment of these expenses. Happily the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission were able to suggest that the earnings from THE ELKS MAGAZINE were now available to take care of this additional obligation. The Grand Lodge welcomed the opportunity to relieve the local Lodges of the burden, under the suggested plan which would avoid any increase in the per capita tax; and the statute was amended accordingly.

The District Deputies will in the future be saved the natural embarrassment which attends the presentation of a bill to a Lodge for the expense of a visit which results in a critically adverse report. In many instances in the past this embarrassment has led the official to refrain from submitting any bill. In many others, the tone of the report itself has been materially affected by the thought of the account to be rendered.

It is but a frank recognition of human nature that prompts the prediction that District Deputy reports will hereafter be more accurate and more honestly candid. Since it is only such reports that have real value, the wisdom of the amendment is obvious.

The management of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. have a just pride in this additional verification of the prophecy made at the time of its establishment, that it would become an increasingly dependable source of revenue in assisting to meet necessary Grand Lodge expenses.

BUILDING PROGRAMS

THE members of every subordinate Lodge have a very natural desire to own their own Home. And they wish it to be as complete and commodious as their resources can properly provide. This is quite as it should be; and it is this spirit that has placed the Order so far in the lead among fraternal organizations in this respect.

But the enthusiasm of some Lodges led them to undertake the construction of such elaborate and expensive Homes, that they became involved in liabilities beyond their reasonable capacities. This caused embarrassment to those Lodges and to the Order as well; so that it became necessary to provide certain statutory regulations of local building projects, in the effort to insure their soundness as financial and fraternal ventures.

Yet even those provisions were not wholly Instances of serious over-extension effective. were still too frequent, resulting inevitably in an appreciable curtailment of charitable and benevolent activities, which are, after all, the real objects of the Order. And the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles, acting upon a recommendation of the Committee on Good of the Order, which had made a careful survey of the situation, adopted an amendment to the pertinent statute, providing a further safeguard against unwise undertakings of this character. No Lodge may now purchase property, or construct or remodel a Home, unless it will have an equity in its property, upon completion, of at least 40 per cent of its total value.

This should have a salutary effect upon future building programs. And in connection with new rules adopted by the Grand Trustees, requiring more satisfactory evidence of the conservative financial status and prospects of the Lodge in question, it should prevent undertakings the success of which has not been practically assured in accordance with sound business principles.

It is earnestly hoped that the Lodges proposing to embark upon such enterprises will cooperate to this end in good faith, for a Lodge that is financially overburdened, is a weaker fraternal unit than one not so hampered. This fact should be kept steadfastly in mind.

Office of the Elks National Foundation Trustees

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

> 15 State Street Boston, Mass. October 10, 1929

The Season's Toast

Here's to the Elks National Foundation—Success!

This is the toast which should be on the lips of every Elk during this season of Thanksgiving and Good Will. Let us propose the toast with enthusiasm and follow through by making a Thanksgiving and Good Will offering to the Elks National Foundation.

Why not inaugurate the custom *this* year of making a gift to the Foundation *every* year during the period from Thanksgiving to Christmas. Let every member of the Order follow his generous impulse and do something *now*. The amount of the gift is of minor consequence. It is the spirit in which the contribution is made that is of chief importance.

You may be planning to make a substantial gift to the Foundation. You may intend to become a subscriber for a Founder's certificate. You may be waiting for the time when the matter will be brought up in your Lodge and some special appeal made to the members. Whatever your thought has been in this respect, respond to the toast! Here is an opportunity for every member of the Order to become enrolled as a promoter of Elkdom's great philanthropic movement.

A year ago the Elks National Foundation was made an institution of our Order by an almost unanimous vote of approval of the membership. The national aspect of the proposition had its appeal. The Foundation was recognized by our members as a response to their long-felt desire that the cardinal principles of Elkdom might find expression in a nation-wide movement along philanthropic lines and in attunement with the highest ideals. It is a wonderful thing to contemplate that eight hundred thousand men have determined to raise an endowment fund of Twenty Million Dollars, the income of which will be distributable annually through the agency of our Order to bring health and happiness and Subordinate Lodges of the Order are showing their interact in the Foundation by

The State Associations and Subordinate Lodges of the Order are showing their interest in the Foundation by subscriptions of \$1,000 for Honorary Founders' certificates. The progress which is being made along this line is most favorable and exceedingly gratifying. Rarely a day passes which does not bring one or more of the Subordinate Lodges into the Honor Roll.

A few members have been most generous, but only a few. The enthusiastic demonstration of the delegates to the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles last July, when they "stopped the show" at the completion of the report of the Foundation Trustees and insisted upon making contributions which totaled more than $\$_{25,000}$, was so spontaneous and so generous that it indicated an interest on the part of the membership reaching into every part of the country. This wide-spread interest has not been reflected in the list of contributors to the fund. We know that it exists and that it will be registered when something happens to translate intention into action. Let this be the occasion for which you have been waiting. Let now be the time. All rise for the toast in the spirit of Thanksgiving and Good Will. May your good intentions find effective expression in a contribution sent in at once. Here's to the Elks National Foundation—Success!

Fraternally,

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

John F. Malley, Chairman RAYMOND BENJAMIN, Vice-Chairman JAMES G. MCFARLAND, Treasurer John G. Price, Secretary CHARLES E. PICKETT EDWARD RIGHTOR CHARLES H. GRAKELOW

Thanksgiving, 1929	Offering	Christmas, 1929
In the spirit of Thanksgiving 	and Good Will, I make offering to the shown by the enclosed check.	he Elks National Foundation of
	Name	
You may count upon me for annu	al offering	
of \$	Lodge	
	M	failing Address
Make checks bayable to File National I	Foundation and mail to John F. Malley, Cha	irman, 15 State Streel, Boston, Mass

The Annual Conference of District Deputies

Held in Chicago, September 21 and 22

HE annual conference for the installation and instruction of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers was called this year by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews for Saturday, September 21 and Sunday, September Saturday, September 21 and Sunday, September 22, in Chicago. Following the precedent set last fall, when the event was expanded from a one-day to a two-day conference, the newly appointed District Deputies assembled on the Saturday at the Elks National Memorial Head-quarters Building. There, divided into groups, they conferred in turn with the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Grand Secretary and the Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. In these small and intimate meetings they were given an small and intimate meetings they were given an opportunity to learn in detail the requirements of their offices, to ask questions, and to meet per-sonally the aforementioned officials. They had an opportunity, also, many of them for the first time, to see the National Memorial Head-quarters Building and its beauties, at first hand.

On the second day the conference was held following an informal luncheon at noon in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel. At this session the gathering was addressed by Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Grand Secretary, J. Edgar Masters and Grand Trustee John K. Burch. Masters and Grand Trustee John K. Burch. Immediately preceding the luncheon, the Grand Exalted Ruler called upon District Deputy J. Bradford Pengelly, of Flint, Mich., Lodge, No. 222, to invoke the Divine Blessing. At 2.15 P. M., the meeting was called to order. The first action of Grand Exalted Ruler

Andrews was to administer the oath of office to the new District Deputies, following which he addressed them informally, summarizing and adding to his instructions of the previous day. Mr. Andrews spoke, in part, as follows:

"This meeting is one of utmost and vital importance to Elkdom and to you, and, cer-tainly, to me. Occupying, as I do, the high and responsible position of Grand Exalted Ruler of our wonderful Order, I am charged with an overwhelming duty, involving a multitude of intricate obligations to perform, all of which pertain to the welfare of our Order, and each of you is my right hand. Inasmuch as I can't be everywhere throughout the country at one time, or even during the whole year, I take great pride and gratification in the fact that I will be repreand gratification in the fact that I will be repre-sented everywhere by such men as you. Look-ing into your faces I feel confident that you are men of the right type, and the right caliber to carry on in this great work, and I congratulate those men charged with the duty of assisting in your selection upon the magnificent job that they have done for the good of this Order.

"Now, I am not going to undertake any speechmaking this afternoon. This is a business meeting. I have invited to come to this meeting several of our most distinguished officers, who represent various vital organizations of this Order, and I am going to invite them to address you upon the various subjects with which they are identified and therefore I shall not are interare identified, and therefore I shall not go into the subjects that they are here to discuss with you. I shall discuss with you certain matters more particularly and exclusively pertinent to your own offices

"When I first became active in the official life of Elkdom, I was impressed with the theory of District Deputies. I remember remarking on numerous occasions what a wonderful theory it was, when back in the old days, way back yonder, it was more of a theory than it was of a good, genuine active practice. That was due to the fact that the Grand Exalted Ruler never had an opportunity to meet his District Deputies. They didn't have any opportunity to meet him.

There was never any personal contact estab-lished between the Grand Exalted Ruler and his intimate associates in the work that he had in It was more or less of a haphazard charge. proposition. You were never present to take the oath administered by him to carry out the duties and obligations of your office. This oath that and obligations of your office. This oath that you have just assumed is one of great impor-

you have just assumed is one of great impor-tance, and I know you take it with due and proper solemnity, and that you mean to execute every word as you pledged you would do. "Now, my Brothers, the District Deputy system is up to date. It is modern. It is active. It is efficient. We now have adopted this method of choosing our District Deputies, and bringing them together and letting them meet each other, rub shoulders with each other, and come to-gether, face to face and heart to heart with the Grand Exalted Ruler, and the other heads of the Order with whom they are thrown in contact. Order with whom they are thrown in contact, and from whom they receive instructions and

"I feel sure that you are going to leave here with a consciousness of having been greatly strengthened and prepared and inspired for the strengthened and prepared and inspired for the work that you are going to undertake back in your various districts, and the present system of bringing you here and giving you instructions, as you might say, might be termed a school for District Deputies, in order that they may go back and do their work in accordance with a concerted effort and a prepared plan." Mr. Andrews then called the attention of the District Deputies to Section 48 of the Grand

District Deputies to Section 48 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, which deals with the duties of their office, urging them to study it carefully. "Your attention is called to Section 99, which

treats fully of the proposition of dispensations and charters, and how new Lodges may be organized. Read that carefully. Study it care-fully. In that connection, my Brothers, I want to say that there are hundreds and hundreds of splendid cities throughout this country that are big enough and strong enough to have first-class and excellent Elks Lodges, but they have none. Now, I want each one of you to study his district and see what cities there are and what localities there are where an Elks Lodge should be established, where none exists, and report that to me. And then, let us take up the proposition of organizing an Elks Lodge there. sition of organizing an Eliss Lodge there. I would like to institute this year one hundred new Lodges. It can easily be done, if you will co-operate with me, and if you will be active. The time in which you have to do this work will soon be over, in only a few months. The main bur-den of your work will be finished by May 1st, and that time will pass before you hardly realize it. I want you to organize new Lodges. We it. I want you to organize new Lodges. We have quite a number under way now and with a little extra work and a little time devoted to this

little extra work and a little time devoted to this service by each one of the District Deputies, the result will easily be one hundred new Lodges in our Order this year. "Attention is called to Section 144a, Grand Lodge Statutes, regarding persons otherwise qualified who have been initiated in the Order on representations of citizenship mistakenly but honestly made. If at any time, anywhere, some person has been initiated into the Order who is not an American citizen, but where no fraud person has been initiated into the Order who is not an American citizen, but where no fraud was practised and where the party was perfectly innocent about it—and that does happen some-times—why, the Grand Exalted Ruler can vali-date it if he sees fit. "Attention is also called to Section 145, which is as follows:

"No Lodge shall act upon an application for membership received from any applicant residing in the jurisdiction of another Lodge until the Grand Exalted Ruler shall have granted a dispensation therefor under the provision of Section 149."

"For instance, if a brother lives within the territory or jurisdiction of one Lodge, but for good and valid reasons he wants to join another Lodge, he may put in his application and fre-quently that Lodge doesn't stop to read the statute, but goes ahead and elects him before it has found out whether or not the Grand Exalted Ruler will grant a dispensation. I charge you to look carefully into matters of that sort and see that no application is acted upon until the matter has been presented to me and I have granted a dispensation to permit the brother to join a Lodge outside of the territory where his residence is. I have hundreds and hundreds of such cases. They come in to me in every mail, such cases. They come in to me in every mail, and most of them I grant, but some of them I turn down. Of course, it is my duty, as soon as I get one of these applications, to confer with the Lodge in whose jurisdiction the man resides, and then, if this Lodge objects to the granting of the dispensation, it is a question for me to to take such evidence as I see fit, and then act to the best of my judgment.

"I strongly impress upon you the strict compliance with Section 148, regarding applications for membership, their investigation, and all the provisions therein contained. Now, Brothers, provisions therein contained. Now, Brothers, I am talking here about the regular application for membership that you have in all Lodges. In many cases these applications are not fully filled out. Some questions are left blank. They are put there to be filled out, and I want you to see to it that the Lodges fill out those applica-tions. It frequently happens that where a man has not lived in the jurisdiction for five years they never make the investigation that the law they never make the investigation that the law requires as regards the place he did live before he came to said jurisdiction of the Lodge which he seeks to join. My observation is that in nearly every case, whenever you fail to make that investigation, as the law requires, trouble follows from it. Something happens. The man was not desirable and probably was in trouble in the place where he came from. You then have him on your roll, as a member of the Order of Elks, unless you strictly carry out this law. I urge you to see that this is done in accordance with the letter of the law. Attention is called to Section 149, which is very important and constantly in use, wherein they never make the investigation that the law

very important and constantly in use, wherein the Grand Exalted Ruler is authorized to grant the Grand Exalted Ruler is authorized to grant dispensations for an applicant residing in the jurisdiction of one Lodge to become elected and initiated in a specified Lodge for reasons that he may deem sufficient. I practically covered that a while ago, but Section 149 is very im-portant. No doubt it will be called to your attention many times during the year, and many subordinate Lodges will ask your advice and opinion about it. Section 149 is a section that

you should constantly bear in mind. "Attention is also called to Sections 150 and 151, regarding action upon rejected candidates. After candidates have been rejected one time After candidates have been rejected one time they can not apply again for six months, as you know. A lot of our smaller Lodges pay no at-tention to these things. They just go ahead. If a man applies after six months, it must be read twice at two subordinate Lodge regular meetings—two separate meetings. I hope that you brothers will constantly keep these things in mind and advise the Lodges about them. Warn them against violations of them, because every time you violate these things you weaken the whole system to that extent. A lot of small the whole system to that extent. A lot of small subordinate Lodges and some of the large ones are prone to disregard these requirements and say, 'Oh, we will just go ahead and do that

say, 'Oh, we will just any any of the Grand I ask the "I also call your attention to, and I ask the "I also call your attention 172, regarding life strict observance of Section 172, regarding life membership. At the last session of the Grand Lodge, in Los Angeles, a new statute was

adopted allowing the sale of life membership for twelve times the annual dues, to be not less than two hundred dollars in any case. Now, that is an important matter. As far as I am concerned, I do not favor the sale of life memberships. never have believed in them. It is a quick, easy way to raise some money, and then you have men on your list as a result who never pay any more dues. I know how an Elks' Lodge You sell five or six life memberships operates. and you get a thousand dollars in from them. Then, up jumps some fellow and he moves to appropriate that money, and the money is gone before you can say 'Jack Rabbit.' Elks are the most liberal people with the Lodge's money that I ever saw in my life. So I would sell life mem-berships very sparingly, because after a man gets on your list as a life member he is through paying subordinate Lodge dues for life.

"Now, in regard to honorary life member-ships—that is something that is violated all the time. You can not legally grant a man an honorary life membership in any subordinate Lodge of Elks except for 'distinguished services.'

"Now, here is something that I want you to take up immediately. It is very, very im-portant. It relates to Section 173, regarding the by-laws of subordinate Lodges. I suppose that 50 per cent. of our subordinate Lodges have by-laws that are ten or fifteen years old. Some are out of date and some may be lost, and many of our subordinate Lodges are without any by-laws at all. I would like, when you visit a Lodge, on your first visit, for you to find out whether or not they have by-laws and when they were last approved by the Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, and ask to see them. Look over them, and if they are not right, why, then instruct the Lodge to amend their by-laws and bring them down to date. If you need any assistance to have that done, I will be glad to

help you. "Now, here is a proposition that I want to call to your attention, one in which I am unusually interested. I refer to the Antlers. Now, I am for The Antlers one hundred per cent. Throughout Elkdom everywhere, in all the subordinate Lodges, we have numerous brothers who have passed the fifty-year mark. They are facing life's shadows instead of the rising sun, and our percentage of losses by death will increase more and more as we go along. We have got to fill the ranks with young blood; and, from the selfish standpoint of seeking new members from the youth of the country, I think The Antlers will prove a marvelous thing for Elkdom. It will also give us a wonderful opportunity to help these boys from fifteen to twenty-one years of age. They do not have to be sons of Elks or related to Elks. Your Lodge is authorized to pass a resolution providing for the organization of a Lodge of Antlers. And after you have done that, you can write to me for a permit to organize a Lodge of Antlers in connection with your Lodge, and Brother Masters, the Grand Secretary, is now completing the publication of the Rituals and By-laws and other data necessary for Lodge-room work. Such a Lodge would be, for instance, 'Antlers of New York Lodge No. 1, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.' That would be the name. Likewise, every other Lodge, sponsoring the organization of the Ant-lers, would give its name to that Lodge when formed. It is ming to give us an opportunity formed. It is going to give us an opportunity to come in contact with the youth of our country and to impress ourselves upon them and bring them into our Lodge rooms and let them hold their meetings in our Lodge rooms or in some room provided for that purpose in our Elks Homes. It will give us a chance to help them with their troubles and advise them and gain their confidence, respect and love. In addition to that, while we are doing it, the mothers of to that, while we are doing it, the mothers of these boys, the fathers of these boys, and the relatives of these boys, will cast their eyes toward your Lodge, and toward Elkdom. It will give us wonderful publicity and a fine standing in the community, and will give us an opportunity to open our doors to a flood of new membership of a desirable character in the not distant future. I am in favor of it. I hope you will do that. Any time you want to correspond with me on the subject I will be glad to hear from you.

"I call your attention to Chapter 14, beginning with Section 205 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, which treats of the subject of Homes and Clubs.

That is a question I am going to study very carefully this year, with the assistance of the Committee on Judiciary. That is a mixed-up section of our laws. Some Lodges operate in one way and some in another, and it is a greatly confused proposition. I am going to call the attention of the Committee on Judiciary to that and give Chapter 14 very close study, with the probability of recommendations at the next meeting of our Grand Lodge.

"I also direct your attention to Chapter 16, Sections 226, 227, 228 and 229, in regard to Fils, Memorials and the great importance of their observation. Now, Brothers, these Memorials that we have, such as Flag Day, Memorial Day, Mothers' Day, and these public occasions, give us a chance to go before the public. We have beautiful rituals, we have impressive services, and we have a wonderful chance to interest the public through these Memorials, and I ardently hope that the District Deputies will see to it that every Lodge shall comply with these laws and hold such Memorial services.

"I also call your attention to Chapter 17, beginning with Section 230, on the general topic of State Associations. Now, Brothers, of course, State Associations have no authority or juris-diction to do legislating, and we ardently hope that they will not complicate with their jurisdiction the jurisdiction which belongs exclusively to the Grand Lodge. The only body in Elkdom that can do any legislating is the Grand Lodge of the Order. I want the State Associations to of the Order. I want the State Associations to operate strictly within their functions. There is a wonderful work, wide open and fine, for the State Associations to accomplish. Throughout the country I am observing, and I am delighted to say that the State Associations are doing a wonderful work. They hold Ritualistic con-tests. They have visitations or inter-visitations of Lodges, and the Brothers meet each other and talk to each other, and they confer with each other, and talk about carrying out and execut-ing the things that the Grand Lodge has pre-scribed should be done. You have a wonderful field in that respect, and I hope the District Deputies will give a great deal of attention to State Associations. Visit them. Do not let Association Convention pass your State by without visiting it. Invite nearby District Deputies to come and meet with you, and make it a

notable Elks function, wherever you can do so. "Brothers, this is a very hasty running state ment of some of the things you will be called upon to do. As I said, I had no speech prepared at all. I am just talking to you, just as though I were the head salesman in a great corporation, and you were my men who were leaving to morrow morning to go out on the road in behalf of your corporation. I do not regard this as a speech, but all that will be said this afternoon will be put into a little volume and mailed to you so that you may have it for reference and guidance.

"I just want to read to you a portion of a letter that I received, to illustrate my point. When I became Grand Exalted Ruler, the first thought I had in mind was to get into close, honest-to-God brotherly contact with the sub ordinate Lodges and the Exalted Rulers. The subordinate Lodges are the units of the Order, and the Exalted Ruler is the key man, the head of the Lodge. I wanted to get in touch with the Exalted Ruler, and I wrote a letter to every one of them, in which I couched my thoughts in as cordial, brotherly-love terms as I could possibly command, and I have received hundreds of answers, and it has been a glorious thing to me to read these letters. They have been inspira-tional to me, showing that the very thought that I had in mind had struck home to the hearts of the Exalted Rulers of the subordinate Lodges. Without reading the name of this Brother, or giving his Lodge, I will just say that he writes:

"Dear Brother Grand Exalted Ruler:

"Dear Brother Grand Leatted Ruler: "Your letter of August 7th duly received, and as requested it will be read before the officers and members of our Lodge. It is certainly inspiring and personally much appreciated. What particu-larly appeals to me is the paragraph concerning the building of the Lodges from the inside. In our case this is exactly what we need and I will this year use every effort to this end. We need inspira-tion such as is derived from your letter and we invite more of them, for as I have said, the most important problem concerning us in this locality is the strengthening of this Lodge from within."

"Well, what he says there about his Lodge represents the condition and situation of nearly all our Lodges. We need construction from within. Our Grand Lodge has provided won-derful organizations. These organizations are functioning, but we need construction from We need Ritualistic work put on propwithin. within. We need Kitualistic work put on prop-erly and impressively, and we need all the internal affairs of the Lodge carried on according to the laws, the rituals, the principles and the ideals of the Order, and I hope that you will give me every assistance in the world this year in accomplishing these things, because I am very ambitious to make a good report at Atlantic City regarding the condition of the Order, the entire Order, which will mean the aggregate of the subordinate Lodges, and I feel that this year is the year when we are going to come out of the red squarely into the black, and I shall be keenly disappointed if I do not report a wonderful gain in membership and in Lodges at Atlantic City.

"We can do this by work. Everything that you have gained in this life that is valuable or worth something has been achieved through work. Nothing ever happens to you except trouble. That will come freely and easily with-out your doing anything, but the good things, the big things, and the great things of life, are the result of work. I do not favor membership drives, but I do favor the constant, daily, weekly, monthly 'hitting the line,' and keeping on the job, and working with the available, desirable material that abundantly exists in the jurisdiction of every Lodge of this Order.

Now, my Brothers, I had invited Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, the Chairman of the National Memorial Headquarters Commission, to be present this afternoon to speak upon sion, to be present this afternoon to speak upon behalf of that Commission, which is one of the great enterprises in our Order, but, unfortu-nately, Brother Tener is very ill. He has been at the very point of death on several occasions and has been extremely ill for a period of a full month. We now hope that he is on the road to recovery. He is unable to be with us this afternoon, and I am going to ask Brother Joseph T. Fanning to address you upon behalf of the National Memorial Headquarters Com-mission as well as THE FLKS MAGAZINE. Brother mission, as well as THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Brother Fanning is Secretary-Treasurer of the National Memorial Headquarters Commssion, and he is Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. I now have great pleasure in intro-ducing to you Brother Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning."

Mr. Fanning's address is published herewith:

"We had expected that Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener, Chairman of the National Memorial Headquarters Commission, would be here to speak to you of the Memorial Headquarters Building, but, unfortunately, his illness prevented him from attending this meeting

"You have all seen the building and know, from the evidence of your own eyes, how beau-tiful it is and what good use is made of it. We We wish every member of our Order could see it, as thousands already have done.

"I do not intend to burden you with a lot of figures, but I would like to leave with you one or two facts regarding the building that may one or two facts regarding the building that may be useful to you. The building proper was erected at a cost of $\$_{2,500,000}$, which amount was appropriated by the Grand Lodge for the purpose, to be raised by per capita assessments on the entire membership. Of this sum, each member on our rolls from the year 1921 to the year 1926 paid $\$_{3,100}$ as his share of the cost of the building. The mural paintings, sculptures and other art features cost an additional \$480,000, which was secured not by further assessments on the membership, but out of the surplus earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

⁴⁷It is interesting and gratifying to note that the real estate on which the building stands has increased enormously in value since its purchase by the Commission. The land alone today is The land alone today is worth almost as much as the building itself cost to erect.

The remaining mural paintings for the Grand Reception Room, and the two bronze sculptural groups representing Fraternalism and Patriotism, will all be completed and set in place before the end of the present calendar year. With the installation of these features, the building will be finished in every respect. "I am very happy to have the privilege of

repeating to you, all together, the gist of what I said to you yesterday, when in the groups into which the Grand Exalted Ruler divided you, you visited the offices of THE ELKS MAGAZINE at the National Memorial Headquarters Building.

"Being busy men, occupied not only with your personal affairs but with the affairs of our Order, it is natural that you should not be as familiar with the inner workings and the problems of THE ELKS MAGAZINE as are those of us who have been in direct charge of it. For the same reason, it is to be expected that a good many of the members of subordinate Lodges do not know as much about their official publication as we should like to have them know. Our object in having you visit the Magazine's offices yester-day was to give you a background of information about the Magazine, so that on your visitations to the subordinate Lodges you will be in a position to talk on the subject and, if necessary, answer any questions regarding it that may be put to you.

To some of you, who have served as District Deputies before, what I said yesterday and what I am going to say now may seem like an old story. I ask you who are veterans in the service to bear with me, however, for the benefit of those to whom the story is relatively new. As a matter of fact, we are constantly being surprised by the lack of information regarding the Magazine displayed by some of our brothers who, we would have thought, should by this time know something about it. We still receive, for instance, letters from subordinate Lodge secretaries, inquiring the amount of the yearly subscription, and letters from members asking what they must do to become subscribers. When they must do to become subscribers. people are very close to a subject and very full of it, they are liable to take it for granted that the rest of the world is as interested in that subject, and as well-informed regarding it, as they are themselves. We can not expect all the officers and members of all subordinate Lodges to show as keen an interest in THE ELKS MAGA-ZINE as we do, but we do believe they should be familiar with the fundamental facts concerning its founding, its purposes and its accomplish-ments. And we rely on you, gentlemen, who will be in direct contact with all the subordinate Lodges during your year in office, to spread this information on your official visitations, whenever the opportunity presents itself. "There are certain facts that every Elk ought

to know regarding THE ELKS MAGAZINE. shall enumerate them very briefly

"THE ELKS MAGAZINE was established by vote of the Grand Lodge at its Convention in Los Angeles in 1921. The purpose of establishing a publication was to provide a vehicle which should arry, to every member of the Order direct, authentic news of the activities of the Grand Lodge and of the subordinate Lodges and official communications and circulars from Grand Lodge officers, committees and commissions. Before the Magazine was established, the membership at large did not know what was going on in the Order as a whole; while only those who attended Lodge meetings regularly, or who visited the Lodge Home frequently, either heard the official communications read, or saw them posted on the bulletin board. THE ELKS MAGAZINE has changed all that. Every Elk in good standing, no matter where he may be living—and we have addresses on our mailing list in Africa, China, South America and other distant places—every Elk can now keep abreast of the news of his Order and keep informed as to the activities of the Grand Lodge. As an illustration I might mention the Elks National Foundation, every step in the development of which has been accurately reported in the Magazine.

"Every Elk in good standing is entitled to receive the publication every month. It is there-fore essential that our mailing list be kept up To do this we depend on subordinate to date. Lodge secretaries to inform us promptly of all members' changes of address, to send us all names and addresses of new members and of members who for any reason have been dropped from the rolls. You can help us by reminding from the rolls. You can help us by remin secretaries of the importance of this duty.

'In addition to furnishing the essential fraternal information, the publication was designed to publish stories, special articles and illustra-tions of the highest standard, so that it might be of interest to every member of an Elk house-As any one knows who has ever perused hold.

even a single copy, THE ELKS MAGAZINE is on a par, in quality of literary content, with any periodical in this country. The result of this policy of printing general as well as fraternal material has been to interest the families-the wives, mothers, sisters, sons and daughters of Elksin the ideals and accomplishments of the Order. In other words, the Magazine has inter-preted our fraternity to literally hundreds of thousands of persons, giving them an under-standing of its principles and enlisting their sympathies for its undertakings. You will often hear an Elk say: 'I don't get much time for reading, myself, but my wife reads the Magazine every month.' Of course, we would like to think that every Elk read it himself. But as long as thousands of wives go on reading it, we can feel rewarded. For a wife can do much toward making her husband a better Elk.

When THE ELKS MAGAZINE was established, your Commission predicted that eventually its earnings would go far toward lightening the financial burdens of the Grand Lodge and, hip. At the therefore, of the entire membership. time that prediction was made, it was contemplated that several years would probably elapse before this condition was realized. At the end of its first two years, however, the Commission was able to turn over to the Grand Lodge, for its use, the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, cash, from the surplus earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. This dividend, if we may call it that, was used by the Grand Lodge to reduce the per capita tax from 35 cents to 15 cents for the year 1924 to 1925. Since that time THE ELKS MAGAZINE has paid, out of its surplus earnings, at the direction of the Grand Lodge, 480,000 to defray the cost of the mural paintings, sculptures and other art features of the National Memorial Headquarters Building; it has paid \$350,000 to defray the cost of a new dormitory cottage and power house at the Elks National Home, in Bedford, Va. And it has also paid, in round figures, the sum of \$107,000 for maintenance and other expenses of the National Memorial Headquarters Building from June 1, 1926, to May 31, 1929, and the sum of \$87,000 for the administrative expenses of the National Memorial Headquarters Commission, covering the same period. All told, the Maga-zine has expended, at the direction of the Grand Lodge and out of its surplus earnings, the considerable sum of one million, two hundred sixty-four thousand dollars—in round figures. You will find the exact amounts in the annual report of the Commission, on page 37 of our August issue.

"As those of you who are familiar with the proceedings of the 1929 Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles will know, THE ELKS MAGA-ZINE, with the approval of the Grand Lodge, has undertaken to defray the cost of the initial visits of you District Deputies to the Lodges in your jurisdictions. Under the provisions of Section 48-B, a new statute adopted this year, the expense of these visitations is transferred from the subordinate Lodges to the Grand Lodge, and to make the sum available without increasing the per capita tax, your Commission pledged that the required amount would be paid by the

Magazine. "From the foregoing it will be seen that in the matter of financial aid to the Grand Lodge THE ELKS MAGAZINE has more than fulfilled

expectations. "The surplus earnings of the publication have been made possible by the revenue from the sale of advertising space. The money we receive from the one-dollar-yearly subscriptions of mem-bers is not enough to meet the cost of publication. As with every other large periodical, THE ELKS MAGAZINE depends on its advertising revenue to help meet its costs and to supply whatever surplus it earns. It is essential, therefore, that the Magazine continue to attract and hold advertisers; and to this end it is important that our members and their families patronize the firms who advertise in our pages. This is one message we ask you to convey to the membership in your districts.

"Another message we ask you to convey is this: we are anxious to publish the news of subordinate Lodge and State Association activities and we hope that every Lodge and every State Association will send us their news regularly. Many Lodges are never represented in our news columns because no one in these Lodges

has been assigned the duty of sending the news We want to give every Lodge fair in to us. representation, but we can not do this unless the Lodges take the initiative and send us their material. Please explain this, when you make your visits. "You may tell them, also that at the request

of any Lodge we shall be glad to send THE ELKS MAGAZINE, free of charge, to the hospitals and libraries in their communities that are not already receiving it. We can not do this on the request of an individual, but if any Lodge asks us to we will gladly do so. "The District Deputies, in the past, and the

officers of subordinate Lodges, have helped the Magazine greatly by their cooperation. I am sure that all of you, also, are willing to work with us. It has been a great pleasure to have had the opportunity of meeting you personally and of talking with you about THE ELKS MAGA-ZINE. I thank you very much for the interest you have shown and wish you all a happy and successful year of service.

At this point the Grand Exalted Ruler introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A.

Campbell, who spoke as follows: "Grand Exalted Ruler and My Brothers: know that the news which Brother Fanning brings us that Governor Tener is convalescing is a matter of great joy to all of us, because no man in the history of the Order has ever contributed more to its upbuilding and prosperity and growth. He has served the Order as Grand Treasurer, as Grand Exalted Ruler, and, during the last twelve years, he has served it con-tinuously, first as Chairman of the Elks War Relief Commission and later as Chairman of the National Memorial Headquarters Commission. During more than eleven years of that service it has been my privilege to serve under him as a member of those two commissions. He has a deep interest in this Order and loves it next to family and God and country itself. I therefore move you, Grand Exalted Ruler, that you be directed to send this telegram to Governor Tener:

"The District Deputies and other Grand Lodge Officers in session assembled direct me to express to you their great pleasure at the welcome news of your convalescence. All present send their love and fraternal greetings and their sincere hope for your speedy and complete return to health. All of us regret your enforced absence and are with you in spirit today and always. In all these sentiments I personally join. "WALTER P. ANDREWS, "Grand Exalted Ruler."

"I move the adoption of the motion by rising vote of this assembly."

The motion having been unanimously adopted by rising vote, Mr. Andrews said he would send the telegram with a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure. He then introduced the next speaker on the program, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, who addressed the meet-

ing, in part, as follows: "The interest and enthusiasm of this gathering are most encouraging, and I might say, inspiring, to one who has been entrusted with a great responsibility in behalf of the Order. I wish to thank the Grand Exalted Ruler in behalf of my associate Trustees and myself, for this my associate Trustees and mysel, for this opportunity of coming before you, the contact men of our organization, and speaking to you about the Elks National Foundation, in order that at the very outset of our work this year we common understanding as to might have a

"You inspire us with confidence, and we feel that you are going forth into the Districts to which you have been assigned and work for the good of the Order along the lines that have been indicated by the Grand Exalted Ruler. I wish to take this opportunity to say to him, and say publicly, what I have expressed in private, that although he has been in office a very short time, already he has won the affection of the entire Order, and he has shown the Foundation Trusthat he is deeply interested in the Elks onal Foundation. He has done them even tees National Foundation. a greater service. He has attuned his administration to brotherly love and in that way he has made it an agency through which we may easily and effectively broadcast any program (Continued on page 51)



The Bugle Corps of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, which celebrated its first birthday, by winning first place at the National Convention at Los Angeles, and also in the California State Association competition

Under the Spreading Antlers News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Springfield, Mass., Lodge Aids Boy's Club Camp

MONG the pleasing events of the summer for members of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, was the dedication of the build-ing, at the Boys' Club Camp at Brimfield, which the Lodge had financed. Heading a delegation of some thirty officers and members Exalted Ruler Robert E. Cosgrove conducted the sim-ple ceremonies, after which the boys at the camp competed in various events offered by the visitors. visitors.

Site of New Home of Marysville, Calif., Lodge Was Gift of City When Marysville, Calif., Lodge, No. 783, decided to build the new Home which, though not yet formally dedicated, it has been occupying since last June, the city authorities presented it with one of the most valuable and beautiful sites within the community limits. In a muni-cipal park, overlooking a lovely natural lake, the handsome, dignified building stands alone, un-crowded by other structures. Its hospitable doors are always open to the travelling Elk, and members of the Order away from home find a cordial welcome. Plans for its dedication are now being made, and the ceremonies will be reported in a forthcoming number of the Magareported in a forthcoming number of the Magazine

Worcester, Mass., in an Ambitious Program of Activities

With a selective membership campaign, de-signed to add 200 new members to its rolls, suc-cessfully under way, Worcester, Mass., Lodge, No. 243, has an ambitious program of activities for the fall and winter. At the time of writing plans were being discussed for elaborate cere-monies in connection with the burning of the last mortgage on the handsome Home of the Lodge. Summer activities included a number of Lodge. Summer activities included a number of initiations, and the annual outing, at which more than 1,000 Worcester Elks and their guests en-joyed a day of sport and general good times. A polo game between two well-known teams, a program of athletic events, and a clambake, were the features of the occasion.

Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge Enjoyed A Busy Autumn Season

A season of varied activity was inaugurated by Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530, when it moved into its commodious new quarters. These consist of the top floor, especially designed for consist of the top moor, especially designed for the Lodge, of a recently completed modern build-ing. To celebrate the event, No. 1530 held open house, and some 500 residents of the city en-joyed the refreshments, orchestral music and dancing provided for their pleasure. A short time later Children's Day was observed by the



Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, held a gala open-air celebration of Flag Day

Lodge at the Lake Worth Casino, when several hundred youngsters disported themselves as guests of No. 1530.

The first large official function in the new rooms was the initiation of "The Presidents Class," in honor of President Harold Colee, of the Florida State Elks Association. Excellent performance of the ritual and a large and enperformance of the ritual and a large and en-thusiastic attendance of members and visitors from Lodges all over the state made the occasion a notable one. Among the distinguished guests were, in addition to President Colee, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; Past Dis-trict Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edwin Palva: Scantene of the State Association; and Baker, Secretary of the State Association; and officers and past officers of many Florida Lodges, who complimented the Lake Worth members on their proficiency and enthusiasm.

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Maintains Prize-winning Drum and Bugle Corps

The splendid drum and bugle corps of Long Beach, California, Lodge, No. 888, pictured in these pages is, though little more than a year old, one of the best known units of the Order in Southern California. National and State Champion, by virtue of its wins at the recent Grand Lodge and California State Elks Association conven-tions, it is one of the prides of Long Beach members, who have spent more than \$3,000 in raising, training and equipping it. Composed of forty-two members, the corps

takes part in all Lodge and municipal functions, and its fine playing is in demand by many other organizations. Long Beach Lodge has already started to raise funds to send it to the 1930 Grand Lodge Convention, at Atlantic City.

Willimantic, Conn., Lodge Host to Children on Two Occasions

Among the recent undertakings of Willimantic, Conn., Lodge, No. 1311, was its annual outing for the children of the city, held at Crescent Beach, some forty miles distant. Twelve hun-dred and fifty youngsters were the guests of the occasion, requiring 180 private cars, five busses and three trucks to transport them and the and three trucks to transport them and the edibles for the day. A splendid day on the beach and in the water, a bountiful lunch and a visit to the 100 or more crippled kiddies at the Seaside Sanitarium, made up the program. The visit to the Sanitarium was enlivened by a con-cert by the Knights of Columbus Boys' Band, which had accompanied the Lodge's guests, and by the distribution of lunch boxes, candy and

toys. The following week Willimantic Lodge held its eleventh annual four-day Country Fair, when more than 2,000 children of the community were admitted, free of charge, to the grounds and concessions. The fair itself was the most succoncessions. The fair itself was the most suc-cessful ever held, the attendance for the four



days exceeding 35,000, with persons coming from all over the surrounding country. With these admirable summer events behind it, the Lodge is turning its attention to a vigorous winter pro-gram of fraternal, social and welfare activities.

Compton, Calif., Lodge Is Instituted By District Deputy Lake

Compton, Calif., Lodge, No. 1570, was in-stituted on September 4th, in the Lodge room of Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415, with a charter membership of forty-six, of whom twenty-four joined by dimit, and twenty-two were initiated by the officers of No. 1415. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred W. Lake presided, and a number of Grand Lodge and California them were Grand Trustee Dr. Ralph Hagan; Past District Deputies Taylor Renaker and Past District Deputies Taylor Renaker and Frank Cryderman; and Robert Snodgrass, State Association Vice-President. Also there were the Exalted Rulers, or other representatives of nearly all of the eighteen Lodges of the South Central District. Various Lodges and indi-viduals presented the new Lodge with many useful articles for their Lodge room and their charity fund was given a splendid start by gener-ous contributions from well-wishers. Glen Rood ous contributions from well-wishers. Glen Rood is the Exalted Ruler of the new Lodge and H. W. McKean is the Secretary

Applications have already been filed which will have brought the membership up to over one hundred members by October first.

Fort Pierce, Fla., Visited by State Association President Colee

Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520 was hon-ored recently by a visit from President Harold Colee of the Florida State Elks Association. Mr. Colee complimented the Lodge upon its fine new Home, and particularly upon its record of social and community welfare endeavor. With a per capita expenditure of \$16.00, Fort Pierce leads all other Florida Lodges and stands seventh in an other Finita Longes and stands seventh in national ranking for contributions per member to the great charity work of the Order. The State Association President also announced that he would present a loving cup to the Lodge securing the greatest proportionate membership increase during the year, and Fort Pierce Lodge at once made plans for a gala class initiation.

Splendid Record Set by Member f Leavenworth, Kans,, Lodge

Louis Hoffman, Inner Guard, Chairman of the Lapsation Committee, and for more than twenty-five years head of the Sickness and Distress Com-mittee of Leavenworth, Kans., Lodge, No. 661, occupies a unique place in the hearts of his fellow members. A loyal and devoted Elk, who has rendered outstanding service in his various positions of trust, he is credited by his fellow members with being largely responsible for the high esteem in which Leavenworth Lodge is held in its community, and some years ago, he was presented with an Honorary Life Mem-bership in recognition of his untiring efforts on behalf of No. 661.

Baltimore, Md., Lodge Took Prominent

Part in Municipal Celebration Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, in existence for fifty-two years, took a part befitting its age and

standing in the city, in Baltimore's celebration of its two-hundredth anniversary. A mammoth fraternal parade in which every outstanding society took part was one of the features of the program, and No. 7's contribution to this was a colorful one. Its entries in the line of march included a uniformed mounted guard; a uni-formed degree team; officers and members in uniform dress; and a handsome float, which was awarded first prize. The Baltimore Elks, who were accompanied on the march by a large delegation from Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, were escorted by the band of the United States Naval Academy.

Cornerstone, Laid for New Home of Cocoa, Fla., Lodge

The corner stone for the new home of Cocoa, The corner stone for the new home of Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, No. 1532, was laid by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edwin Baker recently. Past Exalted Ruler L. L. Anderson presided; William Hindle, Chaplain, delivered the invocation and H. A. Thompson and A. J. Beardsley, respectively Secretary and Treasurer of No. 1532, placed an account of the activities of the Lodge to date, as well as a copy of the Cocoa Tribune in the stone. Cocoa Tribune in the stone. Harold Colee, President of the Florida State

Association, who instituted the Lodge two years ago, was also present and, in an address, told of the fine work of the Florida Lodges and of the ideals of the Order in general.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Gives Fourteen Ponies for Children

As soon as the fourteen Shetland ponies, which were given by San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216, to the San Antonio Zoological Society, are broken in by C. F. Fulton, trainer and his staff, the youngsters of that city will be able to have free rides to their hearts' content. At the presentation of the ponies, which were accepted for the city by Jacob Rubiola, City Park Commissioner, and G. P. Tuttle, secretary of the Zoological Society, Jack R. Burke, Exalted Ruler of San Antonio Lodge, said that the gift was part of the Lodge's work for under-privileged children.

University Athletes Entertain Oakland Lodge

group of athletes from the University of California recently presented an interesting en-tertainment at Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171. The young men, who were brought to the Lodge by Ralph A. Proctor, director of intramural sports at the University, gave exhibitions of their prowess in various branches of athletics. There were wrestling matches, demonstrations of jiu-jitsu by two members of the California Japanese Students Club, boxing bouts, ground jumping and ground tumbling, while several others performed on the parallel bars

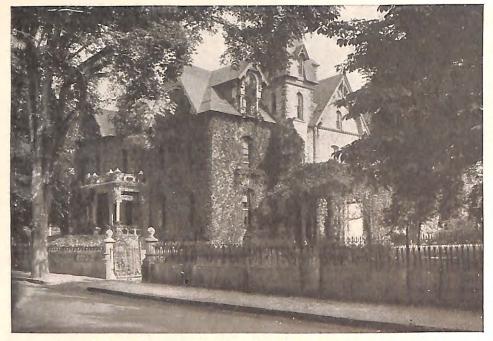
Kenneth F. Wills was chairman of the entertainment committee which sponsored the successful affair.

Crippled Children's Outing of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge

At the annual picnic for crippled children given by Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, sixty-five happy youngsters disported themselves at an amusement park in Atlantic Highlands. Arriv-ing in autos which were furnished by the Lodge, the children, besides participating in the amusements found at the park, were given dinner and



The newly dedicated Home of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, No. 480



This attractive building is the Home of Worcester, Mass., Lodge No. 243

presented with toys and candy, donated respectively by Edward A. Collins and William H. Hintelmann, both members of Red Bank Lodge. W. J. Wolfert, chairman of the picnic committee, and Thomas McKnight, who arranged for the cars to carry the youngsters, were among those in charge of the successful affair.

Revere, Mass., Lodge Celebrates Twentieth Anniversary

Revere, Mass., Lodge, No. 1171, celebrated its twentieth anniversary with an elaborate banquet, served in its handsome Home. Among the speakers and honor-guests of the occasion was Mayor Andrew A. Casassa, a charter member of Revere Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler Robert Pirie, the first to head No. 1171; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Arthur T. Jacobs, who instituted the Lodge, and William H. Mco Sweeney; and Thomas J. Brady, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association.

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge Host to 4,000 Children at Picnic

What was estimated to be a crowd of about four thousand youngsters were entertained at this year's picnic of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, at Pass-a-Grille beach. Through the generosity of public spirited citizens, business organizations and city officials, the Lodge was enabled to give these young residents of St. Petersburg and Pinellas County an ideal outing. In addition to swimming and playing games, for which prizes, donated by merchants of the city, were awarded, the happy children were feasted on picnic goodies to their hearts' content. Many of the officers of the Lodge, all of whom were present for the occasion, spent their day serving the two hundred gallons of soft drinks and the thousands of frankfurters which the Lodge had provided for the youngsters.

Charles Teaff was again general chairman of the picnic committee, while Al Werly, assisted by City Judge George N. Bickner, took charge of the many cars and buses used to take the children to the beach. Music for the day was furnished by the Lodge band.

Everett, Wash., Lodge Band Popular in Home City

The band of Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, enjoys widespread popularity in its home city. Under the direction of Pietro Carrabba, these twenty-six musicians have had an active summer. Besides participating in the band contest at the Sixty-fifth Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles, where they were awarded second prize, they have been heard at the North Pacific Fair, the impressive ceremonies in connection with the dedication of Everett's new city hall and other widely attended gatherings. At a recent concert held on the grounds of Everett Lodge, the audience, estimated at 2,000 persons,crowded the street near the Lodge's Home and perched on automobile tops and on the roofs of nearby houses. On another occasion the band, mounted on a truck, assumed the role of dance orchestra for the crowds at a large street celebration in the city.

Malden, Mass., Lodge Host To Boston Braves

In spite of unfavorable weather, more than 1,500 people attended a baseball game between the Boston Braves and the Malden, Mass., team of the Twilight League held at Malden High School athletic field by Malden, Mass., Lodge, No. 965, for the benefit of the Lodge's outing fund for children. Following the game the players, as well as Judge Fuchs, owner, and Secretary Cunningham, of the Boston team, Paul Shannon, the sports writer, John Devir, Mayor of Malden, and other officials were entertained by the Lodge. After a dinner, speeches were made, and "Hammering Hank" Gowdy, catcher coach of the "Braves" was persuaded to autograph baseballs for many of his admirers. Mayor Devir was largely responsible for getting the Boston players to come to Malden, while Past Exalted Ruler John Howard, Chairman of the House Committee of the Lodge, was one of those most active in entertaining the visitors.

San Mateo Lodge Conducts Initiation for San Francisco Lodge

The officers of San Mateo, Calif., Lodge, No. 1112, early in September conducted an initiation for San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, and many members accompanied them to the latter city to witness the event. On this occasion the visiting Elks were royally entertained, the initiation ritual was splendidly exemplified and the orchestra of San Mateo Lodge, which furnished the music, was highly complimented.

orchestra of San Mateo Lodge, which furnished the music, was highly complimented. San Mateo Lodge has had an active season this fall and is planning for an even more active winter. The Christmas charity show committee issued its call for rehearsals the first week of October. Some forty members of the Lodge played in the first of what is to be an annual golf tournament for members. The evening of the last Saturday in September was the occasion for the first dance of the season. On October 16, "San Mateo Night," the Lodge held an initiation, which was followed by an enjoyable entertainment. And on October 26, it gave its annual Hallowe'en party and dance.

New Home of Schenectady Lodge Dedicated

The beautiful new Home of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, No. 480, pictured on page 35, was formally dedicated on September 17, which was the second of a three-day program arranged in celebration of the event. On the first day, the building was thrown open to the public for inspection and attracted a throng of visitors who expressed their admiration of its spaciousness. its comfort and the completeness of its facilities. On the second day there was an afternoon reception attended by many prominent officers and past officers of the Grand Lodge and of the New York State Elks Association and of other Subordinate Lodges in New York and adjoining states. Following this reception, a large delegation of those present went to Vale Cemetery in the late afternoon to pay tribute at the grave of Dr. Simon Quinlin, who had been Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order for two terms, beginning in 1889. Among those who made the pilgrimage to the cemetery were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, who placed a wreath on the grave and made a brief memorial address, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Theodore Kalbfleisch, District Deputy Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr., Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Quilty, of Saratoga Lodge, No. 161, William M. Frasor, Past President of the Illinois State Elks Association, Exalted Ruler Claude V. Fish, of Schenectady Lodge and many members of that Lodge. Col. Jacob Clinton, Chaplain of the Lodge, led the assembled-Elks in prayer. In the evening the Lodge entertained the

In the evening the Lodge entertained the visiting officials and members at a dinner in the Home, following which the formal dedicatory



The new Home of Marysville, Calif., Lodge, No. 783, which is soon to be dedicated



Winning float entered by Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, in the parade celebrating the 200th anniversary of the founding of the city

exercises took place. The dedication was con-ducted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, who was introduced by Exalted Ruler Fish. Hon. Daniel Naylon, Jr., first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, delivered the address of welcome. The oration was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, who spoke on the subject of the Elks National Foundation. Assisting Mr. Hulbert in the dedication ritual were Past Grand Trustee Drislane, Past District Deputies Byrne, Denton, Buchheim and J. R. Parker, and present District Deputy Hanrahan. The dedication ceremonies over, a social session for members of the Order was held in the Lodge room.

On the third day there was a formal banquet, followed by dancing. The new Home of Schenectady Lodge occupies

a lot approximately 45 x 135 feet, is of red brick with white stone facing and trim and comprises four stories and basement. On the main floor is a beautiful and commodious lounge, luxuri-ously furnished. Back of this is the main diningroom, with seating capacity for some 200 persons. In the rear is the model kitchen, containing every modern facility for the preparation and handling of foods, including a large specially designed refrigeration plant. On the second floor are the parlors, with offices for the Exalted Ruler, Secretary and Trustees. Off the lobby is a finely equipped dressing-room for ladies. Back of this is the ante room, with entrances to the Lodge room, which is handsomely decorated in a color-scheme of golden brown, with carpets of red plush and furniture of massive mahogany up-holstered in red velvet. On the third floor is the library and reading room, across the front, with library and reading room, across the front, with the billiard room extending from front to rear. There is also a room for the storage of Lodge supplies and equipment. On the fourth floor are card and game rooms and three living rooms. Opening from this floor is a roof garden. In the basement are the bowling alleys and the members' grill. Here, too, are showers with dressing rooms, lockers and every comfort for bowlers, both men and women. The building is heated with oil burning eoupment.

beated with oil burning equipment. The building is heated with oil burning equipment. Schenectady Lodge, which was instituted April 20, 1899, is to be congratulated on the sound growth which has made possible its erec-tion of so splendid a Home.

Philadelphia Lodge Holds Enthusiastic Fall Reunion

A splendid demonstration of fraternalism marked the fall reunion of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, on September 17. A renewal of friendships, and a rededication to the principles of Elkdom and to the work of the Lodge, came with the presentation, in groups, of members illustrating the activities of the organization. The reunion was reminiscent of the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association in August, when Louis N. Goldsmith, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 2, was elected State President. Under the direction of Harry S. Goldstein, Exalted Ruler, the uniformed units of the Lodge were presented and as each command appeared a pledge of loyalty to the Lodge was given by its

leader. The units included the brass band, string band, mounted guard (unmounted), the Legion of Honor, drill corps and motorcycle squad. This demonstration of the Lodge activity was continued at the meetings on October 1 and 15, when the gymnasium classes of the members, their ladies, the Antlers, the several swimming teams and the glee club were made. One of the strongest organizations in The Antlers, the junior organization of sons and boy relatives of members, is a Boy Scout troop and this was present in full force. Heads of committees were presented at the September reunion and the charitable and other phases of the Lodge work retold by them.

Hoboken Lodge Home Has Been Remodeled

During the past summer the Home of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, was extensively enlarged and remodeled. Its grill room, in the basement, has been redecorated and designated as "The Cave." The walls of this room are covered with old-time pictures giving a historical record of the Hoboken that used to be. The bowling alleys have been completely overhauled. The main floor, on which are the lobby, the reception room, the billiard room, the game room and the office of the House Committee, has been entirely renovated and much new furniture installed. Two new tables in the billiard room give added facilities for this game. The game room, which is a new addition to the building, has service direct from the grill, by means of a dumbwaiter. A modern kitchen has been installed in the southeastern corner of the main floor and the equipment is the last word in efficiency. The upper floors, where the ladies' dining-room, ladies' parlor, ante-room, Lodge room, secretary's office and other rooms are located, have also been re-modelled and redecorated. The re-designing and redecorating of the Home was the work of Robert Eglit, a professional decorator who, out of friendship for Chairman Andrew Wallace, Jr., of the House Committee, gave his services to the Lodge without charge.

Indianapolis Lodge Entertains Orphans at Outdoor Frolic

More than five hundred orphans were guests of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, at the twenty-eighth annual all-day picnic and frolic given by the Lodge at Riverside Park, Indianap-olis, in September. The fun began at ten o'clock in the morning and from then until noon the ability of the marry corround the the children rode the merry-go-round, the thriller, and all the other amusement devices. At midday brief speeches were made to the children by Vayne M. Armstrong, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, and Judge Frank J. Lahr, of the Juvenile Court, after which picnic lunches were served in the pavilion. During the morning and afternoon, music was furnished by the Newsboys Band.

Games and contests comprised the afternoon program. In a monster singing contest, the Indianapolis Colored Orphans' Home was judged to be the best group of singers. The Indianapolis Orphans' Home won second place and the German Protestant Orphans' Home third. Trans-portation to and from the park was provided through the courtesy of the Indianapolis Street Railway Company, the general superintendent of which, James P. Tretton, was transportation manager of the committee. Street cars and busses were used in delivering the children safely to their homes. W. J. Fahey, a Trustee of the Lodge, was chairman of the picnic committee, while A. W. Colter was in charge of the rides and concessions at the park.

Blue Island Lodge Opens **Remodeled** Quarters

Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331, ushered in the autumn season with a grand opening of its newly remodeled Lodge and club rooms on the evening of October 3. A splendid plate supper was served free to members in good standing, followed by a two-hour entertainment. Every room of the Home has been redecorated in pleasing color schemes. New and modern facilities have been installed wherever needed. New entrances leading from the main Lodge hall into the various social rooms have been provided. An executive office, long wanted, has been built into one end of the reception parlor, while another new feature is a ladies' rest room. The diningroom has been rearranged and the kitchen enlarged and newly equipped. The many members who attended the grand opening expressed them-selves as being extremely pleased with the inno-vations, and congratulated the Building Committee on their fine work.

Trenton, N. J., Lodge Host to a Thousand Crippled Children at Picnic

Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, was host to over a thousand crippled children at a picnic at Woodlawn Park this summer. From early in the morning when the excited youngsters began to arrive at the scene of the outing and all through the eventful day, the Lodge did everything in its power to make the affair an enjoyable one. The children were given free rein of the Park's many amusement devices, they were presented with toys and goodies, and games of all sorts were arranged for them. At noon the Lodge's band led the way to the picnic grounds where, after a salute to the flag, the youngsters were served with a fine luncheon, during which two brief

addresses were made. More than one hundred and fifty adults, including the Elks Guard, members of the Lodge, nurses, and women of the vicinity, super-intended the picnic. Joseph G. Buch, General Chairman of the Crippled Children Committee, and Walter D. Clayton, Chairman of the Outing Committee, together with other Lodge members, were in charge.

Prominent Elks Attend Initiation at New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge

A goodly number of candidates for membership in the Order were initiated at New Smyrna, ship in the Order were initiated at New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, last month. In addition to members of No. 1557 and guests, including a group of thirty-seven Elks from DeLand, Fla., Lodge, No. 1463, and the Exalted Ruler and Secretary of Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, No. 1532, L. F. Chapman, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Florida East; Harold Colee, President of the Florida State Elks Association, and David Sholtz, of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Com-mittee, were present and addressed the rathering on subjects in connection with the good of the Order. The Ritualistic Team of New Smyrna Lodge, composed of Exalted Ruler J. A. Rogero and other officers, took part in the ceremonies and made an excellent impression on the officials and guests attending.

Park City, Utah, Lodge Receives Cup Won in Ritualistic Contest

One of the most interesting and gratifying one of the most interesting and grathyng meetings ever held at Park City, Utah, Lodge, No. 734, took place in September, when the cup won by the degree team of this Lodge in the Utah State Elks Association ritualistic contest was presented. A large turnout of the members (Continued on page 71)

Visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler

-THE ELKS MAGAZINE requests that the NOTE -Exalted Ruler of every subordinate Lodge which is visited by the Grand Exalted Ruler direct the usited by the Grand Exalted Kuler direct the Secretary, or some other member, to send in immediately after the event a full report of the proceedings. In order that we may publish ac-counts of all such visitations, without omissions, it is essential that we receive the information promptly in each case.—THE EDITOR.

THE first official visitation made by the Grand Exalted Ruler in September was on the ninth of that month, when he was the guest of Columbus, Georgia, Lodge, No. 111. The occasion was specially notable for the reason that for the first time since its institution some forty years ago the Lodge was receiving a visit from a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order in person.

Accompanied by Secretary R. E. Reynolds, of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews arrived in Columbus in mid-morning, and was met at the railroad station by Exalted Ruler John D. Odom and the officers of Columbus Lodge, together with a large delegation of Past Exalted Rulers and other members, who escorted him to the Lodge Home which had been beautifully decorated in his honor. A luncheon and informal reception occupied the balance of the morning and the afterno n, during which several delegations from other Lodges in Georgia and Alabama arrived to greet their distinguished visitor. After a dinner tendered to him by the Lodge,

the Grand Exalted Ruler rode in a parade of decorated cars, headed by the drum and bugle corps of No. 111, through the streets of the city, returning to the Home for the big event of the evening, a meeting, followed by the initiation of a class of forty-one candidates, at which he officiated. It was a most successful visitation, marked by high enthusiasm on the part of all

present. Returning to Atlanta, the Grand Exalted Ruler was occupied there with office work until Dimensionary Ruler was occupied there with office work until September 15, when he visited Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 70. On this occasion Mr. Andrews participated in Memorial Services at the grave of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil Manly Allen, in Elmwood Cemetery. These services began in the Home of Birming-ham Lodge, where the Police Band rendered a program of sacred music. Following this, the assembly journeyed to the cemetery. Rev. Frank Willis Barnett, Chaplain of the Lodge, offered the opening prayer, Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews delivered the oration, and laid a offered the opening prayer, Grand Exalted Kuler Andrews delivered the oration, and laid a wreath upon the grave. The eulogy was given by William S. Pritchard. Following the services, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited the home of Past Exalted Ruler Harry W. English, a charter member of Birmingham Lodge, and viewed his collection of documents and objects pertaining

to Elk history. The next day, back once more in his home city, Mr. Andrews participated in a radio broadcast known as "Grand Exalted Ruler's Hour," put on the air by station WSB. A musical program under the direction of Emilio Volpi, with Madame Nora Allen as soloist, the Elks Quartet of Atlanta Lodge, and a chorus singing operatic selections, served as a prelude to a splendid address by the Grand Exalted Ruler on the "Ideals, Principles and Teachings of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Members of all Georgia Lodges, as well as members of Lodges in the Carolinas, Alabama, and Florida, listened in, while reports came from as far west as Pasadena and Hollywood,

Cal., of the program being heard and enjoyed. On September 18, Mr. Andrews left Atlanta for Springfield, Ill., arriving there the following morning. Met at the station by a delegation morning. Met at the station by a delegation from Springfield Lodge, No. 158, Lincoln Lodge, No. 914, Beardstown Lodge, No. 1007, and other nearby Illinois Lodges, he was escorted to the home of No. 158, where, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, he was enter-Mr. Campbell, by Past Exalted Ruler Frank Bollin of Lincoln Lodge, Past Exalted Ruler Martin A. Brennan of Bloomington Lodge, No. 281, and several other members of Springfield and Lincoln Lodges, the Grand Exalted Ruler motored to the tomb of Abraham Lincoln. He placed a wreath on the tomb and spoke as "In the name of the Benevolent and follows: Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, in the name of Americanism, in the name of our undivided and indivisible Republic, I reverently lay this wreath upon the grave of Lincoln-the Immortal.

After this ceremony, the party proceeded to Lincoln Lodge, which, like Columbus, Ga., Lodge, had never before been visited by a Grand Exalted Ruler. It was the occasion of the Lodge's silver anniversary and two hundred and fifty members, including representatives of ten other Illinois Lodges, were present for the banquet held in celebration of the date. The banquet was given at St. John's Church and was banquet was given at St. John's Church and was attended by twenty-one of the thirty-five charter members still living. After the invo-cation by Rev. J. A. Hoefer, Past Exalted Ruler Charles H. Woods, toastmaster, introduced the guests, following which he introduced the charter members and read expressions of regret and good wishes from those who were unable to be present, among whom was Hon. Louis L. Emmerson, Past Exalted Ruler of Mt. Vernon, Ill., Lodge, No. 8 to. and Governor of the State. Ill., Lodge, No. 819, and Governor of the State. The first address was by L. B. Stringer, who spoke for the charter members. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell spoke next,

followed by Past Exalted Ruler Brennan of Bloomington Lodge, after which came the principal address of the evening, by Grand Ex-alted Ruler Andrews. The meeting was closed by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." From Lincoln, Mr. Andrews went to Spring-

field, en route for Chicago and the Conference of District Deputies, which is reported else-where in this issue, whence he returned to Atlanta.

Atlanta. On Friday, October 4, the Grand Exalted Ruler went to Durham, N. C., where Exalted Ruler C. E. Hooker, Secretary J. T. Muse, and a committee from Durham Lodge, No. 568, met him at the train. That evening he was the guest of the Athletic Department of Duka University. The next day however Duke University. The next day, however, after witnessing the Duke-Pittsburgh football game, he and the two newspaper men who were his companions were entertained at dinner at the Washington-Duke Hotel by a committee of Elks, and later in the evening attended a smoker at the Home of the Lodge.

En route to Atlanta, October 6, Mr. Andrews stopped off at Greensboro, where he and O. B. Keeler of the Atlanta Journal were ne and O. B. Keeler of the Atlanta Journal were met at the train by Exalted Ruler E. G. West, Secretary O. W. Patterson, Past Exalted Rulers Julian Price, W. B. Merryman, Norman A. Borein, J. Max Rawlins, J. R. Clamrock and other members. The party were entertained at members. The party were entertained at luncheon at the residence of Mr. Price and in the afternoon were driven around the city and over the battlefields of Guilford Courthouse. At 4 o'clock a reception was held in the home of Greensboro Lodge, No. 602, where some fifty of the members had assembled to greet the Grand Builty Discharge was ward Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Andrews was very pleased with his reception in Greensboro, and assured the members—as he had also assured those of Durham Lodge—that he would return later for official visitations to both Lodges. It is his intention, during the latter part of his administration, to make thorough visitations through the southeastern States. The Grand Exalted Ruler's visits from October 15 will be reported in our December issue. His

The Grand Exalted Ruler's visits from October 15 will be reported in our December issue. His itinerary beginning November 1, as the pres-ent issue went to press, was as follows: No-vember 2, Lincoln, Nebraska; 3, Fairbury; 4, Manhattan, Kansas; 5, Wichita; 6, Indepen-dence; 7, at noon, Blackwell, Oklahoma, in the evening, Enid; 8, Oklahoma City; 9, Tulsa; 10, at noon, Sapulpa, in the evening, McAlester; 11, at noon, Dallas, in the evening, Forth Worth (joint meeting); 12, Temple (joint meeting with six other Lodges); 13, San Antonio (joint meet-ing of Southwest Texas Lodges), staying in San Antonio through November 16; 17 to 20, in-clusive, Houston (for dedication of the new Home of Houston Lodge and initiation of a class of candidates). class of candidates).

News of the State Associations

Oklahoma

THE twenty-second annual meeting of the Oklahoma State Elks Association was held in Ponca City during the first three days of September. The evening of September 1, a barbecue was given by Ponca City Lodge, No. 1522, for the officers and members of the Associa-tion. The convention was officially opened 1522, for the officers and members of the Associa-tion. The convention was officially opened Monday morning, September 1, with an open session in the City Auditorium, which was pre-sided over by Past Exalted Ruler D. M. Morgan, of Ponca City Lodge. After the singing of "America" and the invocation, delivered by Rev. H. L. Verdin, of Ponca City, Mayor M. B. Shire made the address of walcome which was Shire made the address of welcome, which was followed with several musical numbers. Mr. Morgan then introduced President L. A.

Browder, who, after a few remarks, asked Exalted Ruler Norman M. Vaughan, of Okla-homa City Lodge, No. 117, to respond to the address of welcome. The officers of the Association were introduced by B. B. Barefoot, of Chickasha Lodge, No. 755, Past Member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Louie

Forman, of Bloomington, Ill., Lodge, No. 281, Past Member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, attended the meeting as the personal representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews and made a brief talk, which was broadcast.

Following the meeting, the officers and members of the Association were taken by automobile to the Miller Brothers ror Ranch, as the guests of Col. Zack Miller, at the twenty-fifth Annual Round-Up and sixth Terrapin Darkers antrebut were in Oldeburg and fifth Annual Round-Up and sixth Terrapin Derby, a notable event in Oklahoma, and one that was greatly enjoyed.

That evening the ritualistic contest for the Street Trophy was held, the degree team of Tulsa Lodge, No. 946, being the winner. After the ritualistic competition there was a boxing contest on the program. A few miles from Ponca City some two thousand Ponca Indians were holding a pow-wow and many of the visiting Elks went to watch their interesting tribal ceremonials

The business session was held Tuesday morning, September 3, and was featured by a helpful address by Loufe Forman, to whom was given a

vote of thanks. Regular business occupied the business of the unguided boys confined in the Okla-homa Training School at Paul's Valley, the an-nual elections took place. The following were elected to serve for the year: President, H. I. Arton, McAlester Lodge, No. 533; First Vice President, Don Copeland, Tulsa Lodge, No. 946; Second Vice-President, R. E. Helper, Mangum Lodge, No. 1169; Third Vice-President, E. R. Walcher, Blackwell Lodge, No. 1347; Screetary, busis F. Pfotenhauer, Oklahoma City Lodge, No. 173; Treasurer, A. V. Smith, Enid Lodge, No. 176; Sergeant-at-Arms, L. O. Street, Wood, No. 176; Sergeant-at-Arms, S. O. Street, Wood, No. 176; Sergeant-at-Arms, S. No. No, No, 176; Sergeant-at-Arms, S. No, No, No, 176; Sergeant-at-A vote of thanks. Regular business occupied the

The clouds are within your reach

Enjoy the world's greatest thrill!

Elks Magazine - MONOCOACH

It is easy to learn to flymany Elks are practiced pilots

WHEN you fly, every journey becomes a thrilling adventure for you see a world you have never seen before.

You will want to repeat the experience; they all do.

Every day, literally thousands of people fly whose names never appear in the headlines. These are the people of moderate means who use aviation not for stunt purposes but simply as a great convenience and enjoyment.

Every day sees further refinements in airplane manufacture and a further elimination of Chance. Aviation has passed its majority, has acquired all the conservatism of middle age. Planes are being built with the precision of fine motor cars and sustained flight is a certainty.

Another factor contributing toward the development of aviation is the B. P. O. Elks National Air Marker Plan which has been adopted by Elks lodges for the aerial marking of the cities in which they are located. "A great Plan and a most unselfish one" say the eminent men of America.

Judging by the many Elks lodges that have so marked their cities, it is a Plan that is very welcome to the Elks.

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

THE ELKS MAGAZINE Aviation Department

Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Aviation Department,
Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, Chicago, Ills.
I am interested in aviation. Let me have informa- tion about:

Name...

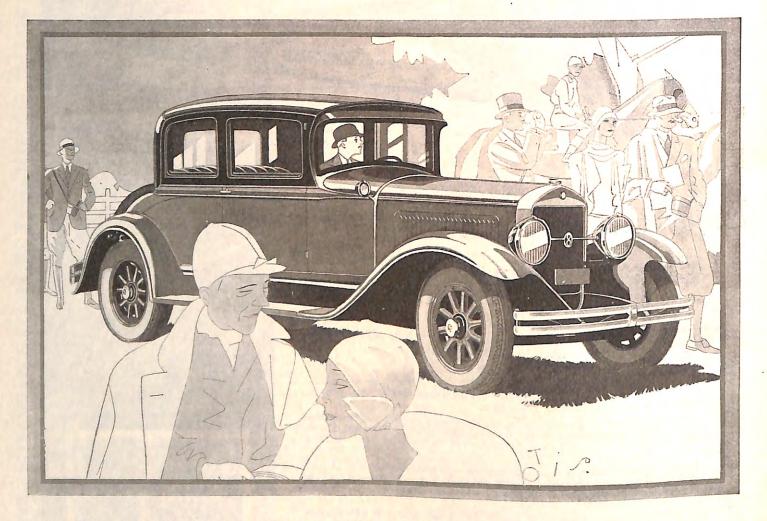
Address

This splendid airmarker is the work of Miami, Florida, B. P. O. Elks No. 948 & & &

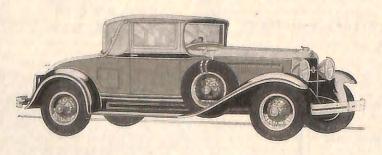
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The Elks Magazine

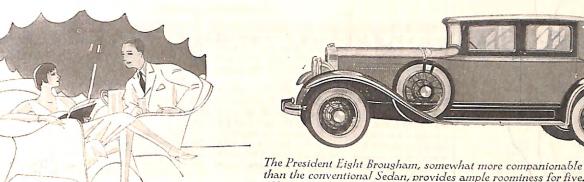
OUT OF ITS SPIRIT GREW ITS STYLE, The youthful clean=lined vigor of Studebaker's coachcraft was inevitable....and is irresistible!

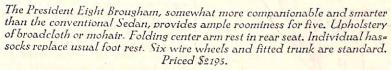


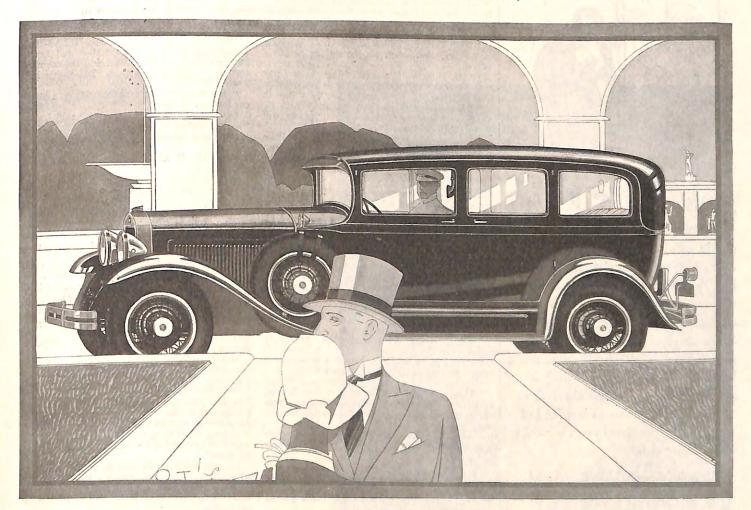
The Commander Victoria for four provides individual chairs for driver and companion; lounge seat for two extra passengers. Sociability is furthered, without crowding. Upholstery is of soft, fleecy mohair. Luggage compartment in rear. A very popular Studebaker for profes= sional or personal=social usage.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



The Commander Convertible Cabriolet for four—an open roadster or closed car, just as you wish. Two are seated in the lounge and two in the commodious rumble. Windows may be raised or lowered with top up or down. Six wire wheels and trunk rack are standard equipment. Priced at \$1595 for the eight, \$1445 for the six. THERE is no sham to the look of tireless fleetness borne by these great motor cars by Studebaker, Builder of Champions. These spirited cars hold undisputed 126 official stock car records for speed and staying power. With such inspiring performance to quicken their imaginations, is it to be wondered that Studebaker designers were able to create the masterpieces of coachcraft which today wear so proudly the shield of Studebaker? (Nor is youth alone served, though world champion swiftness and keen-tuned style would seem to







favor those young in spirit. Travel ease, too, of a sort unknown until pioneered by Studebaker, is due to ball bearing spring suspension and powerful hydraulic shock absorbers. **(** With such excellence at One-Profit prices, recognition has been swift . . . as expressed in Studebaker's world leadership in the sale of eightcylinder cars. The President Eight State Limousine, most luxurious and impressive of Studebaker's fifty-nine models, offers the utmost in comfort and dignity. A movable glass partition isolates the driver's compartment when desired. Upholstery is broadcloth or mohair, with front in genuine Morocco grain leather. Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers. Six wire wheels and luggage rack are standard. Priced \$2350.

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

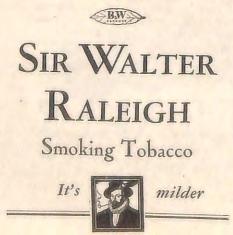




HERE comes a time when a man's pipe is called on for more than its ordinary draught of consolation. Sir Walter Raleigh stands awfully well, men; it's soothing, fragrant and a lot milder. But don't take our word for it. Try a pipeful. Smoke it slowly-it's surprisingly cool and mild - right? Keep a low fire, almost let your pipe go out, then drag it up again-now you get all the real rich aroma of the fine tobaccos blended in Sir Walter. Try it once and you'll be satisfied with nothing else.

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. 216, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.



Take a Taxi

(Continued from page 24)

"Well, I saw the city very comfortably— made a lot of business calls of one sort and another, and everything was jake until I took a cab to a country club party, forty miles out

of town. Lovely party—nice people one meets at the Borobudar. "But the taxi-meter read thirty-five dollars when I got home, and the next day the manager 'phoned the hotel manager and wanted to know how good I was. I should think the fact that I'd run up a taxi bill of \$125 in two weeks ought to have shown him how good I was, but it evidently wasn't good enough. So then the hotel manager looked at his books and read \$210-and made

"Now, what a bird like me has to have in order to amount to anything is incentive. I just can't work without an incentive. Well, if what I owed the taxi-company and what I owed the hotel and what the hotel manager owed the hotel and what the hotel manager threatened to do to me wasn't an incentive, I don't know one.

"I am thinking fast while the hotel manager is talking, and when he pauses for breath I

hop in: "'Mr. Haskins,' I remark, 'why *should* I pay you \$210 for the space and meals provided in this hotel. I've lived better for \$3 a day in some places. How do you get away with it? Give me five good reasons for your prices, will

you? I'll bet you five bucks you can't!' "He sputtered and swore around a little longer, but finally he calmed down a bit and began to tell me things about running that kind of a hotel. Land rents, building costs, leases, overhead, unknown service, dull concerns overhead, upkeep, service, dull seasons, and about all the low-down and high-up of the business. He even worked it down into figures on my own room and showed me where the

on my own room and showed me where the hotel was lucky to average a dollar and a half a day actual profit on the room. ""All right,' I said, when he'd finished. "Here's the five. You win. Now take this key and lock me in. Come back and get me in four hours. By that time I'll have the wherewithal to pay the bill." And I shoved him out.

him out. "He locked the door, all right. And I got busy. Four hours later, when he came back, I paid the bill." "What with?" I asked. "A promisory

note?" "I paid it," said Larry, "with a typewritten

copy for an advertising folder entitled: "How We Get Away With It—and Why!" "Five hundred words, and a few figures, which showed guests of the Borobudar where

they got their money's worth. "And I ended up with a few well-chosen words on prestige that knocked that manager for a gool.

"INCENTIVE did it. Get a lot of expense first and you've gol to make good. Or go to jail. And jail is too confining for a guy of my restless temperament. "So now I've got a two-room suite and the Porobudar has a press agent. No salary, but

"So now I've got a two-room suite and the Borobudar has a press agent. No salary, but the suite is real comfortable. "With that settled I took a taxi to the taxi manager's office and paid *his* bill." "Another folder?" I asked. "Nope," said Larry. "An idea for a series of ads with the title----" "Take a Taxi," I suggested. "You said it," Larry confirmed. "TAKE A TAXL."

TAXI.

TAKE A TAXI-your baggage goes with ""TAKE A TAXI—you've always got a seat." ""TAKE A TAXI—No parking problem." ""TAKE A TAXI—No parking problem."

"You get the idea? A whole series of peppy stuff like that -boosting the taxi business and

stuff like that -boosting the taxi business and tying the boost to this particular line. "Now look. See the value of Incentive? "Suppose I'd come into his office cold, without owing him money. Would I have the same Incentive to sell him? Would he have the same Incentive to buy? All those in the affirmative say Nay. He'd have said 'Yeah. Very nice. I'll think it over. You'll hear from me.

"But I owe him money, I have him worried about it. I come along with a perfectly gool idea that looks worth what I owe and more. Anyhow, it's better than suing me, and if he has me arrested he has to lose time prosecuting me. So—he's sold." "I've seen one or two of the ads," I said.

"And they almost convinced a thrifty tight-wad like me that I ought to use taxis exclusively

"Take a taxi is the dope," said Larry. "And by the way, I've copyrighted that name TAKA-TAXI. And I've sold it to Downs, the taxi-man, and we'll spring it after this series of ads is completed. Getting ready for the paint job

now." "You seem to be taxi-ing to success," I com-

"Well, *there's* a question for you, Sam. Are people successful because they ride in taxis, or do they ride in taxis because they're successful?

"Me-I figure the lad who thinks taxi thoughts is going to ride further and better than the guy who thinks nickel-in-the-turnstile Maybe I'm wrong, but that's how thoughts. I see it."

"If he doesn't think taxi thoughts on a street car income," I said. "If he really has taxi thoughts," said Larry,

"he won't stick at a street car income. Wrap that up and take it home with you in the sub-

way!" "I'll take it home with me in a taxi," I grinned.

IV

IN THE next year I saw Larry ever and anon. Had him out to the house a few times, and put him up for membership at the club. He put nim up for membership at the club. He went like a breeze with my wife, and at the club nobody found him hard to like. He spent money like a cowboy with six months' pay, but there always seemed to be more where that came from. Yes, he touched me for fifty and a hun-dred now and then, but merely because he hadn't from. Yes, he touched me for hity and a hun-dred now and then, but merely because he hadn't brought enough money with him for whatever it was he wanted to do. No matter how much he carried he never had quite enough. That was Larry. He paid these loans promptly enough.

enough. But in spite of his apparent prosperity he was always complaining that he wasn't getting

"Whither are we drifting?" he asked me. "Whither are we drifting?" he asked me. "Is life just one inconsiderable check after another, or is there something bigger and better for a young man of my nature and ambitions? If I keep on getting thrifty and provident the way I've been doing the old Incentive is gonna gone." be

He was talking this way in a night club to which he had taken me and my wife and a girl he'd just met the day before, and at the compara-tively early hour of two A. M. his check amount-ed to 26

ed to \$65. "What I need," he added, as he ordered four more bottles of ginger-ale at two dollars a throw, "is bigger and better expenses. Something to stir the old bean to activity and creation. This parsimonious penny-wise existence is stagnation.

I saw a bright gleam in the eyes of the girl who sat across the table from Larry. She was an expensive-looking young lady, anyhow. "If accumulating expenses interests you," she said with a smile, "I understand that you

can get champagne here for twenty-five dollars

"A woman of broad views and noble ambi-tions," said Larry. "Let us go into conference with the waiter."

The total check for that party was one hun-dred and fifty dollars. It would have been Incentive to me to go into a nervous decline, but when Larry got the check he greeted it with a glad eye and paid it with a nonchalance worthy

of a cigarette ad. "There is," he observed as he put his depleted roll back in his pocket, "a certain imaginative quality about the prices in this place that Stimulates and Inspires " (Continued on page 44)

(Continued on page 44)

"The wide-awake man is the man who sleeps well,"

T IS THE MAN who is really wide awake to the importance of health habits, who appreciates the value of sleep of good quality. He sees in good health his greatest asset in life . . . and he knows that the *keeping* of good health depends to a considerable extent on getting hours of complete rest and relaxation, obtained through sleep that is deep and restful.

"For me the question of proper sleep has been answered by Simmons. I find that my Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring give just the profound rest at night that I need to keep in good physical condition. From my own experience I sincerely and unreservedly recommend these two products."

The results of years spent in scientifically studying sleep 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. Ask your dealer today to explain the scientific construction that makes the Beautyrest and Ace a more comfortable and more restful sleeping equipment.

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.

Copyright 1929, Simmons Company



(Below) Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring . . . a development of the popular helical spring type but so greatly improved as to have slight resemblance. More coils than most springs.

(Above) Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring are here shown together. They may be purchased singly. Note the inner coils in the Beautyrest... coming clear out to the edge.



says JAMES G. MCFARLAND



JAMES G. MCFARLAND, of Watertown, South Dakota. Former Judge Advocate General, South Dakota National Guard . . . three times a member of the South Dakota Legislature . . . One of the state's leading attorneys.



WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

The only Knife for an Elk

Sorrage -

to carry

with engraved ELKS . insignia

\$1.00

... Sterling Silver too!

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

An Important Notice to Chairmen of Welfare Committees

Write for our plan that has been amazingly successful in increasing contri-butions to welfare fundsinmanyprom-inent Elks Lodges. 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 11. 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
CiryState

Take a Taxi

(Continued from page 42)

We lingered for another dance or two and then Larry took us home—in a taxi.

T WAS three months before I saw him again, and then he came into the office and slumped

down in a chair. "I'm in a jam," he said. "What's the matter?" I asked, "not enough expenses?"

expenses?" He threw up his hands. "I guess my philosophy doesn't go double," he moaned. "As long as I ran up my own Incentives I could climb over them. But when I got help—Help! Help! Succor—and some sucker, too." "Meaning—" I asked. "Meaning that the girl you met on that party has abilities in the spending end that show me up as a nickel-nurser and a dime savings bank.

has abilities in the spending end that show he up as a nickel-nurser and a dime savings bank. She can burn up more kale than a steam yacht." "I thought she was a gold-digger when I sized her up," I said. "Gold digger!" exclaimed Larry. "She can mine more gold than Cecil Rhodes and the Guggenheims."

Guggenheims." "Well," I said, the answer is simple. Drop her." "As simple as that!" replied Larry. "Not quite. You see—I love her. I'd like to marry her." "Then why don't you?" I asked. "Isn't she willing?"

willing?" "Yes, she's willing, but I can't afford her. I was attracted to her first because she looked like a real free-spending Incentive; a spur to achievement. But she rowels me raw and runs me ragged and still I'm losing in the race with the

ragged and still I'm losing in the race with the overhead, if you follow me." "Then whether you love her or not you'd better give her up." "I can't; for two reasons. First, I wouldn't give a damn for success without her, and sec-ond if I don't marry her, she'll sue me. I've— I've written her letters." "Blackmail?" I suggested. "Look here, Larry—snap out of it. Fight her. Juries aren't as free with verdicts as they used to be, and if she's the kind thet would hold you up— you don't really want her." "Hard as nails and ruthless as ruin," admitted

"Hard as nails and ruthless as ruin," admitted Larry, "but I do want her. She's the pride of my eyes and the throb of my pulses and

of my eyes and the throb of my pulses and mercenary or not she's worth what she costs if I could only payit. And if it weren't for what she's already cost me I could pay it." "How?" I wanted to know. "Downs, of the Takataxi Company wants to retire. He's one of these fourteen hour a day birds and he's worn himself out. He's strong for me and he's offered to turn over the business on notes and a mortgage—if I'll raise twenty-five thousand cash. Boy—what I could make out of that business. and not in fourteen hours out of that business, and not in fourteen hours

a day, either! "Well, I know where I can borrow ten thou-sand, but the other fifteen is just about what Milly has dug out of me in the past three

Minly has dug out of the in the past three months." "Phew!" I said. "Five grand a month. Where did you get it and what did she do with it all?" "I made some of it," said Larry, "the rest I dug out of my advertising clients—including Downs and the Borobudar—as advances. I've mortgaged my income for the next five months

already." "Have you told the girl about this chance?"

"Have you told the girl about this charter: I asked. "I haven't seen her since I heard about it," Larry explained. Downs just made me the offer this morning. That's why I came to you. Would you tell her?" "Why me?" I asked. "If I told her," said Larry, "she'd probably coax a set of sables out of me on my prospects. I'm the well-known wax in her fingers. Besides, she thinks I'm a partner in the business, anyhow.

she thinks I'm a partner in the business, anyhow. That's what I told her.

"You posed as the mint," I observed, "and she's acted accordingly." "And how!" said Larry. "But if you saw her maybe you'd find a soft spot in her golden

shell. You see, shell or no shell, she's the pearl of pearls to me. That's the kind of a fool I am

"I'll see her," I promised. "Where does she live?" "At the Borobudar," said Larry. "Zowie," I exclaimed.

VI

BUT I went to see Miss Millicent Lavell in her suite at the Borobudar. When I 'phoned from the desk she told me most cordially to "Come right up." "Miss Lavell," I said, as we sat down in her sumptuous living room to which the maid had led me, "I am here on a mission that may not prove wholly pleasant. Mr. Loughran is a friend of mine, and I have come to tell you—"

"That his Incentives have become the straws that break the camel's back," interrupted Miss Lavell. "Well, I figured it was just about time.

I've done my best." "Your best!" I shouted. "Your worst, you mean. You've just about drained the kid

mean. You've just about drained the kid dry." "As per schedule," said this astonishing young woman. "What else would a modern, grasping, clutching vampire of a gold digger do?"

"He says you have threatened to sue him if he doesn't marry you," I said.

She nodded, smiling brightly. "And he says he wants to marry you, but you're too expensive." "He seems to be in difficulty either way,"

said Miss Lavell.

"So I came to ask if you wouldn't consent to some sort of compromise. You see, Miss Lavell, Larry has the opportunity of a lifetime. He told you he was a partner in the taxicab

"Anyhow, the present manager has offered to turn over the business to him if he will raise twenty-five thousand dollars cash. Larry can borrow ten thousand, but the other fifteen—" "He has spent on me," Miss Lavell finished

for me. "Fifteen thousand two hundred and fortyfive dollars and sixty-five cents," she said, con-sulting a bank book in her hand. "That doesn't of course, count the parties. I thought he could afford the parties."

"You thought he could afford the-and you've

"You thought he could afford the—and you've got the exact figures on—say, what's the big idea, if I may be so abrupt?" "The big idea, Mr. Tolliver," said Miss Lavel, "is rather simple. I've got every cent I weedled out of Larry for supposed dresses, jewels, a car, furs and other things on deposit in my bank. The things he thought he was paying for and for which he got the bills I bought myself. I happen to be pretty well acquainted with the managers of the shops where I got there things, and when Larry paid the bills the checks were endorsed to me." "What for, for the love of Mike?" I asked,

"What for, for the love of Mike?" I asked, though I began to get a glimmering. "Because," said Miss Lavell, "he's a dear boy and I love him. Because he was a reckless, im-provident idiot whose improvidence was going to wreck him and wreck him badly in time, in spite of the fact that he thought his success was due to it. Because if I didn't put him flat up against it soon, somebody else who didn't care for anything *but* what they could get out of him would do it later.

for anything but what they could get out of him would do it later. "That's why I turned gold digger. That's why I even took a chance on acting like a black-mailer. It's also why I waited until Larry began to show the strain before I had Mr. Downs mal e him that offer. You see, Mr. Tolliver, I happen to own most of the stock in the Takataxi Com-pany. It's worth a lot more since Larry took hold of the advertising. It's good business to let him run it—especially as it will all be in the family.

let him run it—especially as it will the the family. "That, however," she added, "Larry isn't to know until we're married. Heaven knows how he'd act if he learned too soon that he was

She turned to the desk and wrote a check. She handed it to me. "You can tell Larry," she chuckled, "that you

dug it out of the gold digger. You can also tell him that I've promised to give him back his letters, if he'll come for them. The rest, I think, can safely be left to me." "The rest of his *life*," I bowed deeply as I said it, for this was a wonderful woman, "I think can work the left to you."

safely be left to you.'

VII

THE wedding was an unusual affair and got a lot of publicity. Mainly because, after the invitations were all engraved, Larry sneaked down to the engravers, and had him add to the plate. "P. S.-

-Take a Taxi."

And he sent one to bring every guest. The curb on both sides of the street at the church was bright green for a block.

When the ceremony was over and he and his

When the ceremony was over and he and his bride were getting ready to depart he pulled me aside and whispered: "Listen. They've got our car decked out like a float in a parade. Our compartment in the west-bound Pullman is knee deep already in white ribbon—so my chauffeur tells me. "We want to duck all this and sneak away to Philadelphia. Eve wired to have the baggage

"We want to duck all this and sneak away to Philadelphia. I've wired to have the baggage taken off there. How about lending me your car for the trip?" "My car," I said, "is in the garage with a broken axle." "Gee," he mused, "what'll I do?" I grinned at him. "Take a Taxi," I said. And I'm darmed if he didn't—all the way to

And I'm darned if he didn't—all the way to Philadelphia. And not one of his own taxis, either.

Cockeyed

(Continued from page 21)

shuddered. It was brutal to think of poor Eddie's handicap that way, he was such a sweet, patient kid and so utterly dependent upon her when they were together. He'd do anything for her. But the eye! She had never mentioned it to him. Could she now without offending him? And if she did—? She thought of his success. The papers said it had been built on that eye. What would he say if—? Her heart skipped a beat. When he proposed she would ask him. Eddie Regan returned from the Wisconsin woods, where he had trained, and beat young Towne in three rounds. His enthusiastic mana-gers Gus and Benny promptly signed him up for the most important fight of his career, a fight which would decide whether he was to sweep to the top or be swept into the discards. His It was brutal to think of poor shuddered.

which would decide whether he was to sweep to the top or be swept into the discards. His opponent was to be "Clipper" Harrison, a youth who could both sock and travel at top speed with the best of them. The champion had been avoiding "Clipper" for a solid year and would avoid him indefinitely, the "Clipper" having been so thoughtless once as to knock the cham-pion cold while acting as his sparring partner. It was generally concluded the "Clipper" could repeat this performance for money or marbles, any time, any where. If Eddie Regan got by Mr. Harrison he would not only become a national attraction but would be in line for a fight with the champion. If he didn't get by "Clipper" Harrison then all hopes of achieving anything big would be gone; he'd be just one of those freak sensations that crop up every so often, burn like red fire—then sputter out to be heard those freak sensations that crop up every so often, burn like red fire—then sputter out to be heard of no more. And to lick Harrison, said Benny and Gus, he'd have to trust to his eye to confuse him then fire everything he had at him as fast as he could. If he didn't get the "Clipper" within two rounds, they said, he'd be cut to ribbons for Harrison was not only fast but mur-derous. It was a spot the Gimracks could have avoided but a fat guarantee had proved irresist-able. Then as Gus so brightly said: "If Eddie's glim works against nalookas it orta work against glim works against palookas it orta work against good guys. Psychologically they're just as sus-ceptible to the hoodoo." Gus could talk when he wanted to. "All we has to do is a Paul Revere—spread the alarm that

Eddie's on his way to the championship, is going to be the first cockeyed champ in history; that every day we're turning down fortunes for his contract and we'll have Harrison licked before he gets into the ring."

(Continued on bage 46)



THE WARWICK \$9

In the grain

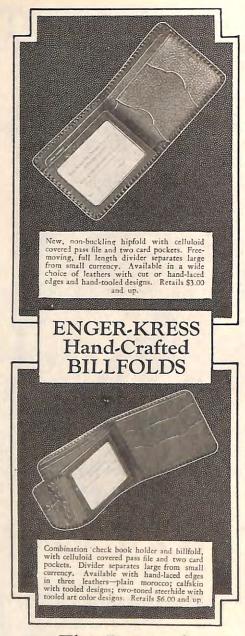
Your practiced eye will recognize here a definite type of shoe. A style we are accustomed to think of as English. A rugged-grain leather we know as Scotch. In these shoes you will find a deep, easy fit .. soles of substance for cross-country comfort . . well-bred trimness for days in town. Wear them. Watch how they respond to polishing. Good looks that are inherent. Quality in the grain.



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ENGER-KRESS COMPANY West Bend, Wis.



Cockeyed

(Continued from page 45)

The Gimracks promptly mounted their publicity steed to spread the alarm while Eddie Regan sought out Sheila Shannon. It was but Towne. The Harrison fight was thirty days distant. He would have a week to rest up in before he again went into training. In that week he meant to see if he couldn't persuade Sheila Shannon to manage him for life.

HE DIDN'T know much about this love racket, he reflected, as he drove to the North Shore right club where Sheila sang, but maybe if a guy went at it in as whirlwind fashion as he went at an opponent in the ring he might be successful. Still there was no comparison to standing before a pug and a beauty like Sheila. All a pug could do was mash in your face, bust your ears or maybe knock you cold, but a girl like Sheila! One look and she could make you feel as if she'd caught you robbing poor boxes in a church. He parked his car opposite the supper club's canopied entrance, had the doorman send in word he was outside and waited. He had never gone into the club, much as he had often longed to go and hear Sheila sing. It was the eye again. He was, despite publicity to the contrary, still sensi-tive about it and shy to boot. He disliked being recognized and pointed out and he knew in his case recognition was all too easy. Sheila came, after a long wait, a smiting vision with a welcome for the boy that made her eyes sparkle as pretfor the boy that made her eyes sparkle as pret-tily as the single gem which hung on a fine gold chain at her throat. An evening cloak of red velvet and fur was draped carelessly over her shoulders and it fell away revealing a stimulating flash of flesh above and just below the low-cut evening gown, as slipping in beside him she leaned forward and received his kiss. She sighed

"Where to?" asked Eddie. "Along the lake," she replied, "it's too glorious to think of sleep. Look at that moon." Then as an after thought. "What about the fight? Did you get hurt?"

"Naw, not much. He stung me a couple but he couldn't take it. I got him in the third." She was silent. He shifted gears, moved into the line of traffic on Sheridan Road and headed the line of trainc on Sheridan Road and Leaded toward town. He drove slowly. On the left, beyond tree-bordered walks and bridle path lay the lake, ghost-like in the moonlight; above, the heavens, with clouds that resembled beer foam blown across the sky; on the right great buildings there to and compart as easing as loshua trees blown across the sky; on the right great buildings of lime stone and cement, as ceric as Joshua trees in a moon-lit desert; ahead the ruby tail lights of moving cars. The boy was conscious of it all but gave it no thought. Neither did the girl. "How," asked the boy, "should he head off to get under her guard with a proposal and a clinch? Did the clinch come first? Or did you lead first?" you lead first? "How" asl

you lead first?" "How" asked the girl, "should she go about broaching the subject of his eye? Should she do it right after he proposed— she knew he'd propose, it was that kind of a night,—or should she wait until a few days later and then broach the disagreeable subject?" She was as perplexed as was he. They passed the Northwestern Tower a black

She was as perplexed as was he. They passed the Northwestern Tower, a block off the avenue and a few moments later, the monster chewing-gum temple hard by the Chicago river, erected to commemorate the "jaw and the profits." Just this side of the Art In-stitute whose great stone lions seemed carved out of shadows, they turned off the Boul' Mich', crossed the railroad tracks and passing the Field Museum and mammoth Soldier Field headed south. He parked facing the lake, turned off lights and engine and they both sat silent. He proposed as she knew he would in halting

He proposed as she knew he would in halting words and as delicately as she could in halting tioned his eye. He froze on the instant and He froze on the instant and

tioned his eye. He troze on the instant and looked at her as though she were a stranger. "You mean," he said, "that you—you—the girl I dreamed and dreamed about and hoped some day to have and found her in you—that you—" he laughed a little hysterically—"that you too care about the eye. And to think "— he was bitter—"that I compared you to my mother who would have loved me if I hadn't had any eyes."

He gripped the wheel, started the car and whirled about.

She was crying but she didn't let him know it. All the way to her rooming house they rode in silence. At the curb she turned as he opened

"I'm sorry I hurt your feelings, Eddie," she said, her voice shaky, "but I'm glad I found you out." "What do you mean, found me out?" he

asked savagely.

asked savagely. "Why you see," she said, "while you were away training for your last fight I discov-ered I loved you. I honestly believed you were a fighter and not a freak. I was mistaken though. I see that. You don't want to do anything about your eye because you're afraid if you did you couldn't beat Harrison. If you had effered to take a chance for me I would have felt ashamed and taken you as you are. As it is ashamed and taken you as you are. As it is here's good-bye and good luck Eddie."

She held out her hand. He ignored it and drove away. He was mad enough to kill.

THE next day he left her for the woods to go The next day he for the for the words to go into training for the fight of his career. Afraid to be licked, eh! Would be a bum without that eye, eh! She didn't put it that way but that's what she meant. He'd show her. He caught a what she meant. He d show her. He caught a train for Madison and went alone. The Gim-racks demurred but Eddie was obdurate. He wanted nobody with him. He'd show up the day of the fight ready to step into the ring, that's all they had to worry about. As both Benny and Gus regarded anything minus a population of upp one as woods and as there was enough and the 100,000 as woods and as there was snow on the ground, something both of them could always get along without, and as a considerable item get along without, and as a considerable item would be saved in railroad fares and overhead, the Cimracks didn't demur very loud. Then too, you could depend upon Eddie, said the Gim-racks. He was always in shape and he was the one guy who could go away and come back looking just the way you expected him to look. The first week Eddie spent in a private hospi-tal in Madison, Wis. He came out minus \$1,000 but with two perfect eves. The operation had

tal in Madison, wis. The came out minus \$1,000 but with two perfect eyes. The operation had been a delicate one involving the cutting of cords behind the eyeball followed by a week in a semi-darkened room under the most careful surveil darkened room under the most careful surveil-ance. The eye in its new position must be strengthened gradually. A high fever when Eddie was an infant, the specialist surmised, had caused the cords to contract and the eye to be impaired. His mother could have had the to be impaired. His mother could have had the operation performed when he was small. No doubt misplaced sympathy or lack of funds had prevented. Eddie, who used an assumed name to prevent the news of the operation leaking out, assured the physician it was not misplaced sympathy. When he was able to read under a strong light without sense of strain or soreness he was discharged. He paid his bill in cash and headed for the woods, to make up for his inac-tivity with the most vigorous training he had yet headed for the woods, to make up for his inac-tivity with the most vigorous training he had yet undergone. Afraid to fight was he? He'd show her. Afraid he'd be licked? He'd show her. By God after he licked "Clipper" Harrison he'd get into the soup and fish and walk right into the night club on her. He'd show her. Guess she'd do some thinking when she saw him a real Gebtar with two good lamps, and dammit his do some thinking when she saw him a real fighter, with two good lamps, and dammit, his mother was right, he was good-looking with his eye straight. Damned if he wasn't. Well, it would be just too bad when she drank all that in and discovered it was too late, too late. He packed in snow-shees, a rifle, grub, and with a huge hunting guide who said he could box and who owned a cabin far in the woods Eddie Regan went into training. The day "Clipper" Harrison started his training in a smoke-laden gymna-sium in the loop Eddie Regan tramped thirtyfive miles over hard-packed snow.

Eddie Regan came out of the woods as hard as nails and tough as leather. He telegraphed from Madison that he would arrive the day of the fight, then hopped a sleeper which would get him to Chicago the day before. He had some shopping he wished to get done before the battle and didn't want to be annoyed with managers. There were evening clothes to be fitted on and all

that went with them even to the proper overcoat and the proper hat. These were to rest in his dressing-room during the fight to be donned afterwards and escorted with himself inside them to the North Side night club where Sheila Shannon sang. His body was drenched with health, his soul with bitterness. He'd show her, not only new clothes but a new eve and a fightnot only new clothes but a new eye and a fight-ing man. Afraid, was he! He'd show her! The fight was scheduled for ten Friday night

in a South Michigan Avenue auditorium. At three Friday afternoon he was due to weigh in. At two o'clock the Gimracks, Benny and Gus, in their office awaited Eddie's arrival. While

weighing in ceremonies were only an hour distant the Gimracks were calm, very calm. You could depend upon Eddie. He'd arrive on time: in the pink and looking just as they expected him to look. Furthermore, they believed the talisman which had swept him through fifteen battles which had swept him through fifteen battles successfully—even though some of the oppo-nents were set-ups—would bring him victory over the toughest fighter of them all. The betting odds were three to one on "Clipper" Harrison to "take" the "cockeyed wonder" as Benny and Gus liked to refer to their boy, but the Gimracks's confidence was in no wise shaken. They had they told the wide world event confi Gimracks's connected was in no wise snaken. They had, they told the wide world, every confi-dence that the magic glim which had worked on fifteen opponents would certainly work on Mr. Harrison. They would be very much surprised, they stated in the public prints, if the "Clipper" was not clipped into unconsciousness within two was not clipped into unconsciousness within two was not chipped into unconsciousness within two rounds. No matter how good a fighter was, said the Gimracks, admitting that the "Clipper" was plenty good, before he could fathom Eddie Regan's attack and made headway he was was plenty good, before he could fathom Eddle Regan's attack and made headway he was knocked out. Eddle was fearless and aggressive and possessed a punch, but all three combined, said the Gimracks wouldn't get him a bottle of milk in the prize ring if it wasn't for his mislead-ing eye. That was the magic. It upset oppo-nents, untracked them and left them wide open. Take that eye away from Eddle, the Gimracks said, and he would be a rank set-up for an ex-perienced battler like Harrison. But Eddle possessed the eye, and that was that. Then Eddle walked in and both managers jumping to their feet greeted him with saluta-tions and outstretched hands. "You look great, Kid; cripes, yuh look like a million," said Benny pumping Eddle's left hand with both of his. "How do you feel?" "Don't he look great? Cheese, you'll kill Harrison," said Gus pumping Eddle's right hand with both of his. "Never saw yuh lookin' so good. Yuh actually look different." "Don't he?" said Benny. "Sure as hell, he does," said Gus.

"Sure as hell, he does," said Gus. **SUDDENLY** Benny turned white, grabbed his face in both his hands and reeled back. Gus looked at him alarmed then looked from Benny's bulging eyes to Eddie Regan. With a cry that was half choked he dropped the hand he had been shaking and stood transfixed his popped eyes trained like a rifle on Eddie Regan's face. "Well?" Eddie looked at them and smiled. "The eye," stammered Benny: "the eye! where is it? Wotcha do to it?" Gus, speechless, moaned. "Wotcha do to it, Kid? Wotcha do to it?" asked Benny almost prayerfully. "Yuh can't fight without it, you'll get killed." Eddie smiled, then grew hard. "All right," he said. "I'll get killed. What of it if I do? You sharks wouldn't even go to my funeral if I did. I had the eye straightened in Madison. And if I can't fight without it that's just too bad—for you."

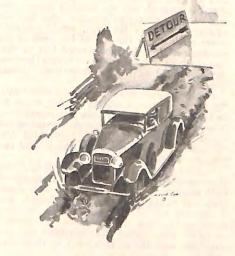
bad-for you.

Fifteen minutes later the Gimracks were still vehemently denouncing Eddie Regan as being ungrateful and a fool. Every time they recalled what they had been offered for his contract a few short weeks before they thought up new insults. Why hadn't he told them he was going to have repairs made? They could have sold out and

repairs made? They could nave sold out and split with him. "If you two sharks ever split anything in your lives," said Eddie, "it was wood." Gus and Benny were parading their virtues in chorus when the door opened and Manny Akers, one of their spies, burst into the room waving his arms. "Whaddye yer think, whaddye yer think?" he yelled. "Harrison's been trainin' in private (Continued on page 48)

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HOUDAILLE hydraulic double-acting SHOCK ABSORBERS

Cockeyed

(Continued from page 47)

with four special sparrin' partners he brought on from New York." "Well, what of it?" interrupted Benny: "any-

thing excitin' about that?" "Soit'n'ly," said Manny, "every one of 'em's cockeyed."

WITHIN five minutes Eddie Regan had bought his own contract for a song and left

to weigh in. "He'd have been licked either way," the Gimracks sadly consoled each other. "Mc-Carthy outsmarted us. I'll match you to see who

arrison entered the ring first, lithe and active, McCarthy his manager with him, handlers in their wake. The "Clipper" got a big hand. The house was a sell-out, the noise voluminous. A radio broadcasting the fight carried the noise to the world outlide

to the world outside. In her room on the North Side Sheila Shannon sat tense before a tiny crystal set, headpieces to her ears. In a silver frame on a dresser beside to ner ears. In a silver frame on a dresser beside her was a photograph of Eddie in fight togs. It was a newspaper clipping but that didn't matter. It was Eddie. And she loved him, bad eye and all. If he only knew how sorry she was that she had been so outspoken. She had tried every day for a week to reach him to tell him. She had left word that he should phone. He hadn't, so he word that he should phone. He hadn't, so he must still be bitter. All evening she had waited, hoping and hoping the phone would summon her to the hall below. It had rung several times but to the hall below. It had rung several times but not for her. Even now she should be getting dressed for work but she couldn't move. She had to help Eddie; concentrate with him for victory. She had lost him, would probably never again know the feel of his arms or his passionate kisses, but she wanted him to win, just the same. If she could have fought Harrison for him she'd have even done that. Sheila Shannon's love was 14-carat. In his dressing-room Eddie calmly talked with

In his dressing-room Eddie calmly talked with "Spider" Murphy, a veteran handler, whom he had engaged with several seconds to handle him. The seconds were outside the door awaiting the signal to move ringwards. News that the

The seconds were outside the door awaiting the signal to move ringwards. News that the "Clipper" was already in the ring pleased the "Spider" mightily. "Let him get good and cold and it'll take him three rounds to warm up," he said. They waited until summoned for the second time, then made their way to the ring. Eddie was cheered. He bowed and sat down. Across in the opposite corner sat Harrison. He looked able. He sneered at Eddie who smiled. Introductions and in-structions over the fighters went to their cor-ners.

ners. "I thought you said this guy was cockeyed," said Harrison to his manager as he shuffled resin and awaited the bell. "He ain't cockeyed." "Sure he's cockeyed," said McCarthy. "The hell he is," said the "Clipper," "didn't I just mitt him?"

"Well he was cockeyed the las' time I see him fight," said McCarthy. "Maybe you're cock-eyed from boxing those boys all week." "If he's cockeyed then one of us is wrong,"

replied Harrison.

The bell rang and they ran almost immediately into a clinch. "Are yuh cockeyed, Kid, no foolin??" asked Harrison of Eddie as they

into a chuch. "Are yun cockeyed, KRd, ho foolin'?" asked Harrison of Eddie as they wrestled in close. "Sure," said Eddie, "can't you see?" Harrison looked him in the eyes. "No, honest to God, you look okay to me." "Sure, I'm okay," said Eddie, "but I'm cock-eyed. I studied it in school." The referee ordered them to break, then stepped between them. Harrison, Eddie re-flected, seemed genuinely puzzled. He'd keep feeding it to him. He let his head slide with a right cross but was stung enough to realize that Harrison could hit. He was fast too. He kept dancing around him. Eddie got down to busi-ness and concentrated on his knitting. He'd show her. He'd show her he could fight. Zam! He leaped unexpectedly forward and planted a hard rght into the "Clipper's" midriff, then drove a left-hook perfectly timed to the jaw. Harrison went down. He'd show her! He could fight!

roared and Gus and Benny Gimrack in ringside seats looked on stunned. Why, Eddie was fast. He looked like a different boy. Harrison arose and rode a bicycle for the rest of the round. This kid could hit. "You'll lick him," "Spider" whispered as he

"You'll lick him," "Spider" whispered as he fed the boy water to rinse his mouth and a seg-ment of lemon to suck on. Eddie, he noted, was scarcely breathing. His condition was perfect. Over in the Harrison corner the "Clipper" still insisted that Regan was not cockeyed. "All right, then he ain't," his manager finally agreed, "but I'll tell the world you'll be if he clips you like that again. If he'd have been set for that first sock his hand would have come right out

first sock his hand would have ocen right out your back. No foolin'." They went at it again. The "Clipper" jabbed Eddie three times on the nose and the blood ran down his body. He followed it with a blood ran down his body. He followed it with a solid clout on Eddie's jaw and Eddie backed up. The "Clipper" sensing an advantage leaped in to follow it up. Eddie ducked an uppercut, slid away from a flying left then stepping quickly under the "Clipper's" guard pumped vicious lefts and rights into the other's solar plexus. As Harrison brought his guard down Eddie stepped back and again laid a left-hook squarely on the "Clipper's" jaw. Harrison went down and while the crowd went wild took the count of nine. Eddie tore after him the second he regained his Eddie tore after him the second he regained his feet but the "Clipper" was fast. He bicycled

teet but the "Clipper" was fast. He bicycled until he felt his head clear then clinched. "It's hard to dope out a cockeyed guy's style," said Eddie, "is that why yuh sit down?" "No I wanted to look up a word in the diction-ary," said Harrison. "Ask me," said Eddie, "I shot one before I was five years old." The referee separated them

The referee separated them.

The referee separated them. The bell rang as they were mixing it hard on the ropes, and the crowd was on its feet. It was a great fight and Regan was certainly dealin' 'em off the arm. Twice he had set Harrison down. That was hittin', and the crowd, ex-changing comments, didn't mean perhaps. Over in her North Side room Sheila Shannon was trying to keep from ruining a seventy-five-cent manicure with her teeth. Eddie was ahead. She grabbed up his photograph and kissed it

cent manicure with her teeth. Eddle was ahead. She grabbed up his photograph and kissed it. Oh, if he'd only win. Two more rounds and the tide suddenly changed, and only Eddle Regan's perfect con-dition saved him from going out. The "Clip-per" had gotten warmed up and was dealing our murderous jabs and crosses that stung and our murderous jabs and crosses that stung and cut. They seemed to come in showers. Just as Eddie would start to get going, zam, zam, zam! He never saw so many gloves in his life. He would be untracked completely. Abset di as Eddie would start to get going, zam, zam, as Eddie would start to get going, zam, zam, zam! He never saw so many gloves in his life. He would be untracked completely. About the time he was set to go again the "Clipper" laid down another barrage and was on his way. It was painful for Eddie. He plodded ahead only to have his head snapped back on his shoulders, at times, it seemed, almost knocked off. But he crouched and carried on. I'll show her! I can fight! This guy'll tire. I'll get him. For two more rounds he took such a beating the crowd, including the Gimcracks, Gus and Benny, said it was turning out a slaughter. In the seventh he was knocked to the floor. It was so unexpected he felt silly. On one knee he man-aged to get "Spider's" signal and remained for a count. He could use a rest. He was tired. His breath hurt when he sucked it in through bruised lips. He rose at nine, and Harrison was on top of him. The crowd roared, frantic for a knockout. The barrage of punches went sock—sock and, bewildered, the boy weaved and covered. Blood spurted. Each blow split flesh or bruised it. The roar of the crowd never ceased. . . "On the button! . . . Knock him out! . . Sock him, 'Clipper'!" It was a shambles, and still Eddie Regan managed to remain upright. With teeth set he crouched and took it, forearms and elbows up before the bloody head that was tucked in like a turtle's. He never lost heart, never stopped talking. "Til get him . . Til show her. . . He'll tire." Only his fierce hate, indomitable courage, and cast-iron condition kept him from dropping. The crowd, so many thousand maniacs, sud-denly forgot its lust for blood, and a wave of shame rippled through it.

shame rippled through it.

"The Shoe that's Different THIS cement age of ours . . . hard pavements . . . concrete floors . . . no wonder that at 5 o'clock your feet ask you to sit down. That 5 o'clock tired feeling in your feet, legs and back is the result of wearing "just shoes."

Contraction of the State

Change to Foot-Joy . . . the shoe that is smartly built to combat hard pave-ments . . . the shoe that supports your weight from heel to toe, relieving the strain from nerves, muscles and arches . . . "the shoe that's dif-ferent"—in style and in comfort. Send for our illustrated catalogue of

smart styles for all occasions.

The above statement is also true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass. Established 1857

Name..... Address.....(EMZ)

"Stop the fight! . . . He'll be killed. . . . Throw in the laundry. . . . Stop it." Just as frantic was McCarthy, Harrison's manager, yelling at the "Clipper" to step back and "measure him." The crowd became almost silent as Harrison, tired, punched out, and halfmad at his inability to drop the boy before him, stepped back to measure him. Regan was ap-parently helpless. One blow would do it. Harrison held out his left hand to steady the human target and cocked his right. It was a matter of a second, but in that Eddie Regan leaped forward. He was mad, blind mad. Tears coursed his checks, salt tears, that mingled with the blood. He tasted them and they tasted good. The blood tasted good. He remem-bered first tasting blood in a street fight as a boy. Memories of that brought back the fights he had fought because of his bum eye. These fights had made him the terror of the district. At fourteen he had been invincible. He could fight! He could always fight! And now he did

fight! As "Clipper" Harrison let go the blow that was to have finished Eddie Regan, Eddie stepped inside it and let fly both hands. Both blows landed and hurt, and Harrison was rocked. Two more and he staggered back. His guard came up automatically as Eddie feinted another, and he wanted to run, but he was all in and couldn't untrack himself to run. In a flash Eddie Regan was all over him, as bloody and fierce as a gored young bull. He ignored the now harmless fists Harrison tossed forth. He sank punch after punch on the pitiless boy who a moment before had been cutting him to the bone. Harrison's knees wobbled and he began to wilt. Eddie Regan sensed it, and suddenly was as ice. Without seeming to he measured the boy for the blows that would crash him unconscious. The crowd was a bedlam. He could see hats going skyward out of the corners of his eyes. His breath still hurt, his lips felt as big as balloons. In the press box a man's as big as balloons. In the press box a man's face, tense, lips apart, awaiting the final crash, his eyes mingling horror and admiration for the boy who had taken everything Harrison had and come back, looked up at him. He saw Sheila trying to hold him back; prevent him from dropping the boy who had cut him to ribbons. And that brought him choking out anger-wracked sobs, "Wasn't good enough, eh? ... Cockeyed and afraid. ... Well, I showed yuh. ... I showed you. ... I can fight."

HE CRASHED a right to Harrison's belly and H $\stackrel{\text{E}}{_{a}}$ CRASHED a right to Harrison's belly and a left hook to his jaw. Harrison went down so suddenly Eddie Regan fell over him. It was agony to reach his feet. He wanted to close his eyes and lie there. The canvas felt cool and soft. But he was finally up, "Spider" shouting instructions and waving like a madman. Up and teetering to a neutral corner. He laid his blood-soaked gloves for dear life. If he ever let go he'd fall, and he knew it. The referee must be counting eight hundred, he thought. His blood-spattered light arm went up and down, as he stooped above the crushed foe. His blood-spattered tight arm went up and down, as he stooped above the crushed foe. Up and down, up and down, and, thought Eddie Regan, taking a year to do it in each direction. Harrison seemed to be dead. Then his left leg at the thigh twitched a little, and Eddie knew he wasn't. Up and down went the referee's arm while the time-keeper in a ringside seat called out the count. The auditorium was still a madhouse. You could hear all kinds of talk.

talk. "God, what a fight! . . . What a finish. . . . This Regan's another Nelson. . . . Can take everything and come back. . . . What a fight. . . . You'll never see another like this one." Down in the front row were the only two passive customers in the madhouse. "Pass me the centing and Cus Cimrick: "my headache's

the aspirin," said Gus Gimrick; "my headache's worse

worse." "I ain't got none," groaned Benny. "We only had a dollar's worth an' I ate all that." The referee's blood-stained arm went down for the last time. He leaped and waved. It was "ten and out." "Spider" Murphy leaped to Eddie Regan and dragged him to his corner. Punch-drunk, the boy sat bloody and spent, with but one thought and one monotonous chant. "I showed her, I showed her. Now I'll show her some more." (Continued on page 50)

Try 10 Cigars

Send No Money-Just Mail the Coupon

No matter what you smoke now, no matter whether you have ever ordered cigars by mail—now is your chance to try *absolutely* free a box of full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigars—the kind that more and more smokers every day say they've "hunted years for."

This is "my treat"

Sign and mail the coupon now. I'll personally see that you get a box of freshly made, full flavored cigars, size and shape as in illustration, postage prepaid.

My new La Parcela, the cigar illustrated, is a full five-inch cigar. Sumatra-wrapped—has richness and rare flavor. Made in the popular Londres shape. Foil-wrapped to insure freshness and prevent break-ing in the pocket. Very mild, yet full-bodied enough to permit com-plete enjoyment at any and all times. Hand-made by skilled adults in clean, airy surroundings.

You save jobber and dealer profits

profits For twenty-five years I have been selling cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. Customers tell me that I save them upwards of 5 cents on each cigar. My selling policy is simple. I make the best cigars I know how, put a box in a customer's hands, ask him to smoke ten. If he likes them, he pays. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at my expense. The trial costs him nothing.

Why I lose money on the first box

I don't expect to make a penny on the first box of cigars sent to a new customer. In fact, I lose money— and am willing to. Suppose, for instance, you and 299 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 300 into \$1360 (the cost of this

advertisement) gives \$4.53. In other words, it costs me \$4.53 to induce you to try a box of 50 cigars. So I must offer an extra-ordinary cigar; it must be better than you expect. The flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities must delight you. Otherwise you would not order again. And I would lose more and more money on every advertisement.

Snap up this offer quick

Snap up this offer quick Let me send you a box of 50 cigars at once. If, after you smoke ten, the box doesn't seem worth \$3.00, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days—no explana-tion necessary, no questions asked. You will not be obligated in any way. In ordering please use your business letterhead or the coupon, filling in the line marked, "Refer-ence." Or, if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop me a postcard and you can pay the postman \$3.00 when the cigars are delivered. I'll pay the postage.

Order today—enjoy the cigars right away

As I said before, you take no risk. The cigars won't cost you a penny if you don't like them. Now is your chance to try a wonderful cigar free. Mail the coupon to me.

NELSON B. SHIVERS, Pres.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.

15	
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Send 10¢ for

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Cold water to close the pores. In severe cases do this every other day until scalp clears. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. Then keep up *regular* weekly Packer shampoos, to prevent recurrence. You can't reasonably expect now-and-then care to keep your scalp clean of dandruff—and it won't.

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Cockeyed

(Continued from page 49)

looked at his eyes, fascinated, before seemingly able to reply.

"Sheila's home. Poor kid, she's all in." "What's the matter with her?" Eddie

Eddie Regan forgot his victory in the alarm he felt.

Marge looked at him, for ages it seemed to him. "Don't you ever tell her I told you. Well, we live in the same place you know. To-night him. we live in the same place you know. To-night when I went to her room to get her—we always walk over together y' know—I found the poor kid in a heap on the floor by the bed. She had been listenin' in on the fight, over that little radio you made for her, and when you was gettin' beat as near as I can figure she passed out. I left her crying like a fool. She don't even know you won—" know you won-

Eddie Regan was on his feet in a flash. "Listen Marge," he said, "hold this table for me and tell the waiter to keep that stuff I ordered hot. I'll be right back and Sheila'll be with me." Bareheaded he ran to the sidewalk and leaped

into a cab.

into a cab. Burrowed down in a corner almost crying at his brutal desire to hurt the only thing in life he loved, he recalled something "Spider" had said when he was rubbing him down in the dressing-room and still punch-drunk he had kept up his "I'll show her! I'll show her!" He hadn't paid much attention to the remark at the time. "Whether it's hate or whether it's love," said the wise old "Spider," "there's nothing like a woman to fight for." "Cripes," Eddie Regan retorted, "if Sheila hadn't made me fighting mad Harrison would have licked hell out of me."

"Where's Sheila?" he asked abruptly. She

The smile of victory was on his face, skilfully

camouflaged of battle marks, as in immaculate evening dress he left a taxi and walked into the

exclusive night club. Coatroom attendants re-moved the coat and eagerly grasped the hat.

He looked like a million dollars, and knew it. He'd show her. He walked inside. The head waiter, with an eye for the right touch in dress, recognized it and waved captains aside. He

recognized it and waved captains aside. He escorted the young gentleman personally to a ringside table. He was either the scion of a Gold Coast family or a gangster. It was diffi-cult in Chicago to tell which. He whipped aside a placard marked "Reserved" and looked to see if the young man noticed it. The young man noticed it with a twenty-dollar bill. The head waited with a scene grature summarily sum-

waiter with a regal gesture summarily sum-moned Alphonse, then glided away. He pocketed the bill. There was no longer doubt in his mind. By the difference of ten dollars

the young man was a gangster. Eddie Regan's victory was proceeding as he had planned. He ordered a steak with mush-rooms, a salad and coffee. He was hungry. He hadn't had anything but a bowl of soup since 3 o'clock. It was now midnight. He looked about for Sheila. She was not to be seen. The orchestra played and one of the singers, a girl named Marge whom he had met with Sheila, left the platform to sit down two tables away.

left the platform to sit down two tables away.

She looked, he nodded and summoned her. She turned haughtily away. She thought he was flirting with her. She looked again, then recog-

the young man was a gangster.

Bliss for the Bookworm

(Continued from page 14)

Here he has thrown a romantic Irish love story against a background of the Napoleonic Wars-a wide screen, fit for the moving picture of battles and intrigue that he projects upon it.

As always, a certain unique glamour pertains to Mr. Bryne's style, which is a truly Celtic one, for though this author was born in New York, worked upon American newspapers and lived long amongst us, his people and his home

We saw recently in the papers that one of his most romantic tales, "Blind Raftery," has just been acquired for the talkies. This popular book should make a most picturesque film— if they don't mangle it out in Hollywood.

And Still They Come

"THE GALAXY," by Susan Ertz (Appleton, "New York), is one of those slices of life that make all manner of readers its friends. Known to us principally as the author of "Madame Claire," "Mina" and other romances done with a delightful touch, we encounter Miss Ertz in her latest novel as a writer of consider-ably more than more charm.

Ertz in her latest novel as a writer of consider-ably more than mere charm. We have here the story of a woman of courage and sweetness, whose history is set down from the hour of her birth to the moment of her death, giving not only a gallant portrait of a lady but an authentic picture of that same period as covered by Mr. Galsworthy in his "Forsyte Saga." Forsyte Saga."

A neat, tidy piece of novel writing—leagues ahead of anything Miss Ertz has heretofore produced, and unhesitatingly recommended to your reading.

A new book by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mme. de Sélincourt), author of "The Little French Girl," "The Old Countess" and others, French GIT, "The Old Conness" and others, always sends us post-haste into the nearest book shop with our little two-fifty in our little hand, for though we often feel that this writer errs slightly in the matter of sentimentality, there is always so much distinction and truth to be found in her novels that to miss one is

there is always so much institution and truth to be found in her novels that to miss one is just so much personal loss to us. Her latest work, "Dark Hester" (Houghton, Mifflin, Boston)—another version of that clash between the older and the younger generation, tells the story of a passionate struggle be-

tween the mother and the wife of the same man. The tale holds us because both women are of a fine quality, honest, fearless, but miles and eons apart in the approach to life and love. This, you must see, is a theme made for Mme. de Sélincourt's pen—replete with emotional possi-bilities and providing her with every oppor-tunity to weave a fine study of temperaments. Yet, strangely enough, despite all its amazing merits, we did not love it as much as we did some of her other books. This, we feel sure, is due to our own stupidity, for on all sides we hear nothing but such criticism as must lead any right-minded novel reader straight to this volume.

THEN there's "Johnny Reb," by Marie Con-way Oemler (The Century Co., New York), which may appeal a little more to the women. The characters are all "lovable," and the pathos is heavy in spots, and the moral is to be seen squirming just under the surface yearning to be pulled out and taken to heart. The tale con-cerns itself with a Confederate veteran, the South Carolina town he lives in, a Doctor who is the victim of the unluckiest of breaks, and a whole cast of homey characters that were born in Mrs. Oemler's brain for us to shed tears over. And shed them we certainly did.

The Ink Still Flows

The Ink Still Flows If YOU were to become a great traveler and go down to the Federated Malay States and by some lucky chance find yourself in Penang, and a guest in the house of Theodore R. Hubbuck, the big game hunter, you would be surprised, in that spot of Equatorial jungles and tropic heat, to discover on Mr. Hubbuck's walls such things as the heads of Alaskan moose, sheep and caribou! Thus, occasionally, do the corners of the world draw together and sug-gest a tale. In this instance, they speak of an Englishman's hobby, and many a long trek that he has taken in the name of "sport." His "To Far Western Alaska For Big Game" (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York) is the ac-count of two hunting trips that he made to Alaska, after bears and other large animals, his necessary quota of excitement and some good adventures. The is on tablics

good adventures.

This is a sterling book, aimed by a true sportsman at all men who are hunters at heart.

Annual Conference of the. District Deputies

(Continued from page 33)

which has to do with the essential welfare of our fellow men.

"My brothers, we can not understand the underlying thought of the Elks National Foundation unless we have caught the true spirit of Elkdom, unless we have the right idea of what our organization is and what its great mission is, and I want to preface what I am to say about the Foundation by a few remarks along that line. You and I and other men join many organizations, and for the most part we join them from selfish motives. We join organizations, social and political, and even those that are called 'fraternal,' for our personal advancement, and to satisfy some secret ambition of ours. Yes—even those that are called 'fraternal.' If we examined closely the motives which prompted us to join we would find that they were purely selfish. But any man who joins Elkdom and has been in this Order for a brief time, must come to the conclusion that it does not pander to his selfish ambitions, that he is called upon to serve and to give, and that the greatest contribution that he can make to this great Order of ours is a heart filled with brotherly love.

"This is a brotherhood. It is a fraternity. Keep that in mind, and then you will understand the Foundation. A fraternity! I read somewhere in a book, a novel of national repute, something like this: 'On the one hand is the land of material things and on the other is the realm of the spiritual, and the bridge which joins the two is love.' It is the permanency and the staurchness and the general condition of that great bridge highway from here to Hereafter, the Bridge of Brotherly Love, with which the Order of Elks is chiefly concerned. "We go forward in the spirit of brothers. We

"We go forward in the spirit of brothers. We have great principles, great basic principles, and I want you to understand this perfectly—that in this great new philanthropy, in its building and development, there is to be absolutely no change in our structural formation, no departure from basic principles. From the very beginning of Elkdom we have been a great organization, daily, yearly, constantly, doing good. We have built this organization upon the thought that while as practical men we estimate accurately material things and their advantage, yet we know that life in its fullness is lived in a realm to which men lift themselves by the goodness of their hearts and by the nobility of their mental reach. That is the psychology of Elkdom. That is the psychology that prompted the formation of the Elks National Foundation. We have moved along life's highway and we have reached a plane where we can see great heights in advance. They beckon to us to ever mount and to vision greater fields of endeavor in the interest of our fellow men. It is the zeal and eagerness and fervor of the members of the Order to exemplify in a broader and finer and grander way the principles that they have always adhered to that have brought into being the Elks National Foundation—the ambition to build in accordance with the powers that are ours this great monument to the unselfishness of Elkdom.

"The Elks National Foundation, as you know, is a great national endowment fund which we hope in time will reach the proportions of twenty millions of dollars, a permanent fund, the income of which is to be used and distributed in the discretion of the Foundation Trustees to promote and finance to a degree at least all of the welfare activities in Elkdom.

"Its three great outstanding characteristics are that it is to be a permanent fund; that its income is to be distributed in its entirety for the purpose for which it exists, and that the fund is to be raised voluntarily without any compulsion of any form—no tax, no levy, direct or indirect. It is to be the expression in this form of the generosity of the members of Elkdom. When I say it is to be a permanent fund, I mean that not one dollar of the amount that is contributed and goes into the fund is ever to go out of it. It is to remain there always as the principal, no part to go out in commissions, no part to go out in promotion fees, no part to go out for expenses—one hundred per cent of con-*(Continued on page 52)*



—and when good mixers "mix"!....

ORANGE

DRY

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Creek

SILVER KING ORANGE DRY

FREE TO ELKS

eLKS -ahandsome, six color booklet, "The Desert", by Beau Jester. Tells you howko "mix". Wow, fellows, what drinks! One chapter, "The Oasis", is worth a dollar alone.

GINGER

ALE

NTR A

TRA DRY

FIZZ

FIZZ

Silver King

FIZZ

I T'S time for the drinks! What magic words! Gleaming bottles! Sparkling glasses—gay with star bright bubbles — streaming to the top with enticing flavors misting with fragrance!

Silver Kings — Ginger Ale — Fizz —Orange Dry! Royal beverages! Superb mixers! Off with their crowns and "mix" — you prince of mixers! Drink with joy!

For supreme quality, crystal purity, distinctive flavors — secret blends, say "Silver King" at the club and to your dealer.

WAUKESHA MINERAL WATER CO. Waukesha, Wis. (Home of that King of table waters – Waukesha Silurian Spring Water)



At the SILURIAN SPRINGS

a, Wis. Attention: Beau Jester. Send me "The Desert" booklet, Oasis and all - free.

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Name

Present Position

Address



Annual Conference of the District Deputies

(Continued from page 51)

tributions to become one hundred per cent of principal of the fund. And that fund, invested, will yield its annual return, and one hundred per cent. of the income will become distributable in the discretion of the Trustees for the philan-thropic purposes of Elkdom. The Trustees themselves are to have no salaries and no com-pensation whatsoever. There are necessary expenses in the administration of this great fund, as in all undertakings, and those are to be dis-charged and paid for by the Grand Lodge, thereby leaving in the hands of the Grand Lodge a constant check upon this great project, for the Trustees can not embark upon any program that involves the expenditure of a dollar without first coming to the Grand Lodge for the necessary appropriation, and entitling any member of the Grand Lodge to rise and ask for a detailed statement as to what purpose each and every dollar

is to be devoted. "How are we to gather this fund? That is the program I am most interested in outlining We are to raise it, as I said, from volunto you. tary contributions of State Associations, Lodges, and members, and from any outside source that may be attracted and induced to make us a gift. We have undertaken at the very outset to establish what are known as Honorary Founders Certificates, giving to every State Association, to every Lodge and to every individual who contributes an aggregate amount of one thousand dollars a Founders Certificate, which will be not only an acknowledgment of his gift, but which in itself will be a thing of beauty, symbolizing the Foundation and the Order in its great works and its purposes. These are to be its great works and its purposes. These are to be given to anybody, member of the Order, Lodge, or State Association, subscribing one thousand dollars, payable one hundred dollars down and one hundred dollars a year, if there is a desire to pay upon the instalment basis, or payable on any more favorable terms that the donor may himself suggest.

'We shall gather our initial funds from sources like these, and then, we know that as soon as the Foundation begins to function, as soon as it begins to write a record of deeds performed along these different avenues of philanthropy, we shall attract national attention, and men of great wealth within our Order and others without our Order will recognize this Elks National Foundation as the agency for good that they have been seeking and will give to us abundantly from their own funds in order that we may broaden

our fields of endeavor. "This morning I took up the paper, as you did, and read in it of a gift by a Chicago man of one million dollars in order to erect a Fine Arts building or to bring together a collection of works of art. That man is named in the paper as a great philanthropist. He is only one of millions living within the confines of the United Do you not think that the appeal of our States. Foundation, if it carries out the purposes for which it was established, will be greater than any which it was established, will be greater than any desire to build an art museum or to perpetuate an art collection in any community? Will it not be stronger in its appeal to men of great wealth, of kindly heart and philanthropic thought? I mention this case because it is a concrete case and it shows the great possibilities that are before us of bringing into our fund these that are before us of bringing into our fund these outside contributions.

outside contributions. "Then, always, THE ELKS MAGAZINE is a great source of revenue to the Order. It has annual earnings, mounting up into the hundreds of thousands, that have of necessity been di-verted into other channels for the assistance of different Elks work in the past, but which will soon be available to build this Foundation of ours. I say the earnings mount up into the hundreds of thousands. There is no reason hundreds of thousands. There is no reason why it shouldn't be into the millions, if the management of THE ELKS MAGAZINE were getting the cooperation that it is entitled to from the membership of the Order. Already it is recognized as one of the great advertising medium of the country. mediums of the country.

"If I may speak of a personal matter, a client of mine, in a great concern that needs for its very life nation-wide advertising, recently consulted one of the great advertising agencies in one of our great cities, and the official there outlined to this manager of industry the different

magazines that should be used by him to get the proper amount of publicity, and among the first four, he mentioned THE ELKS MAGAZINE. He was not an Elk, he wasn't working for our Order, he was working for a commercial enter-prise, and he named THE ELKS MAGAZINE as one of the greatest mediums of advertising in one of the greatest mediums of advertising in this country. Now, if we could get from every Lodge and every member cooperation in read-ing the magazine and responding to those who advertise in it, why, we would mount the net income of that fraternal paper of ours into the millions and enable the Grand Lodge to take from that net income such sum as it wanted to each wear and send the sum into the lowed. each year and send the sum into the Foundation, to help build it up to greater and greater proportions.

"How can you help us? You are going out into your districts as the agent of the Grand Exalted Ruler. I want you to take the message of the Foundation to every Lodge in the Order and to every member of the Order. But make your first goal the Lodges. Make it your first duty to see to it that every subordinate Lodge in your jurisdiction introduces a resolution that that Lodge become a subscriber for a Founders Certificate. I don't care whether a Lodge is able to pay one thousand dollars down or not. That is the least important consideration. The great thing is first to get the Lodge informed in regard to the Foundation, interested and enthused about it, and then, committed to sub-scribe for a Founders Certificate, either in a lump sum or by the instalment payments of \$100 lump sum or by the instalment payments of \$100 a year. If the Lodge can not pay it out of its treasury, why, then, outline to the members the innumerable methods they may resort to to raise the money in order that the Lodge treasury may not be depleted in any degree. Include in your report to the Grand Exalted Ruler a statement that you have interested the Lodge or brought before the Lodge the consideration of the Elks National Foundation. Follow it up until you National Foundation. Follow it up until you know what action the Lodge takes and report to the Grand Exalted Ruler so that he may send to the Grand Exalted Kuler so that he may send that portion of your report to me, that we may, if necessary, bring other means to bear to bring the Lodge into the ranks if you have been unable to do so. We will cooperate with you. "The effectiveness of the District Deputy in "The effectiveness of the District Deputy in

"The effectiveness of the District Deputy in his district in bringing about this result has been shown by the record of one of the districts in New York State. There last year the District Deputy, cooperating with the Grand Exalted Ruler, who lived near him, undertook to enlist every one of his Lodges. He had twenty-five Lodges in his district and he brought into the ranks of subscribers for the Foundation all every three showing a magnificent record ranks of subscribers for the roundation and except three, showing a magnificent record, really more subscribers from his district than from great groups of States. "Another way that you can aid is to let all

of those in the community who have charge of funds, especially lawyers who are in contact with rich clients and who are drawing their wills, know something about this Foundation in order that they may induce their clients to remember that they may induce their clients to remember us in their wills. Why, every lawyer knows that in the vast majority of cases people of great wealth don't know what to do with their money after they have taken care of their immediate relatives. Then, they begin to dole it out at random, and they give it to the institutions which are brought to their minds. If they knew about the Filks National Foundation there is an about the Elks National Foundation there is no doubt that we would receive abundant funds from unnumerable sources.

"In these ways you can help us, and also by compiling lists of the very wealthy people in your communities, especially the Elks, those who are abundantly able to give us more than we are seeking from the average individual. Let us have these these distance in carlor that us have these lists of names in order that we may start our special contact campaign to interest Elks of great wealth in this undertaking of ours.

Best of all, my Brothers, catch the spirit of the whole thing and send it forth, radiate it in your different communities, because more im-portant than building the Elks Foundation, more important than distributing a vast amount of money for great purposes, is the effect upon the individual, upon the individual Elk. We want the Elks to become the finest body of men in



the whole United States, and we know enough about human nature to know that there is no Letter way by which you can build up a community, a State, a whole country, than by bringing its citizenship to engage in worth-while projects.

"I don't know what your view of it is, but to me success in life isn't the thing that most people regard it. It may be that success in material things is very important to you and your families, but if there is ever to be a time when men are to be judged by some great Judge and reward given to them in accordance with their work in life, I am sure that their individual successes in material things here in this life will have no weight at all, but the test will be the degree to which they have tried to do something worth while when here on earth. That is the essence of the whole thing—the moral uplift and the moral grandeur, the inspiration that comes to men, the satisfaction of doing good, the constant striving and reaching and endeavoring to lift themselves up from the things that are to the things that ought to be, that spiritual uplift that sends them out into life with the thought the poet expressed in these words: 'Out there in the sunshine are my highest ideals. I can't reach them, but I can look up to them. I can admire lead.' That is Elkdom."

WILLIAM C. GROEBL, Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge No. 457, Secretary of the Indiana State Elks Association, then rose and, in behalf of that Association, presented Mr. Malley with a check for \$1,000 as the organization's subscription to the National Foundation Fund.

Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, in acknowledging the gift, told of other subscriptions which he, himself, had secured while he was in the West, from State Associations, Lodges and individuals. He then introduced as the next speaker on the program Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order. Mr. Nicholson's address is published, in part, herewith: "How much better we can think of ourselves,

"How much better we can think of ourselves, how much higher a regard we can have for the Order, when we have listened to an address based upon such a lofty plane as that one which has just been rendered here. I thought as I listened to the expressions of the noble sentiments of our Order, of those lines referring to some of the things that we strive for but find a little beyond our reach here on earth:

"'The aspirations, strong of wing, Aiming at heights we could not reach, The songs we tried in vain to sing, Thoughs too vast for human speech, Thou hast them all, Hereafter. Thou shalt keep them safely till that hour When, with God's seal on heart and brow, We claim them in immortal power.'

"I thought how Brother Malley has succeeded in impressing us with the fact that the noblest things were not beyond our reach, and how far he went in teaching us how we might be ambitious in our grasp. I hesitate after an address based upon such lofty expressions, such a noble plane, to ask you to return to the practical, and yet, there is that relationship between the practical and the spiritual to which he so eloquently referred. We must build the foundation, and we must take care of the every-day practical things in order that we may have the vision and that we may have the reach that be so eloquently described to us.

the vision and that we may have the reach that he so eloquently described to us. "And so, Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews has asked the Good of the Order Committee to organize and proceed along the same lines as did the Committee of last year. He has asked us to continue to analyze the conditions of the subordinate Lodges of the Order as one would analyze a business organization. He desires us to assist in learning the remedies for the ills from which subordinate Lodges suffer, and in applying those remedies he desires us to learn, if we can, those conditions and activities that contribute to the progress of successful Lodges who are less successful.

He wants us to learn to teach the less successful Lodges to follow the example of those who are doing better and more successful work. Our success in our endeavors will be based very largely upon the measure and character of the cooperation that we receive from you. (Continued on page 5.4)



Annual Conference of the District Deputies

(Continued from page 53)

"We are all officers or representatives of a great corporation. I was recently looking at the last annual report of that corporation. It shows us it has net assets of something over \$100,000,000; that it expended last year over \$30,000,000. It shows that \$2,500,000, or onetwelfth of that vast sum, was devoted to the care of the needy and unfortunate. It has 800,000 members.

"It is your duty and my duty to assist in the preservation and the growth of those great assets, to encourage the expenditure of those vast sums for charity, and to protect the interest of those hundreds of thousands of stockholders. "How are we going to accomplish this? How

are we going to make our activities worth while? How are we best to serve?

"I look upon you brothers as the field supervisors, the district sales managers, if you will, of this great organization. It is your duty to contact, study and direct these branch houses, of which there are fourteen hundred throughout

"You have a great responsibility, and you have a great opportunity. It is your duty to-analyze the conditions in the subordinate Lodges, these selling agencies of our Order, as you would those of an equal number of branch houses of a great corporation entrusted to your care and direction, for the supervision and management of which you were receiving a monthly salary and for the success or failure of which

you were responsible. "There has been placed in the possession of each of you a copy of the report of the Good of the Order Committee of last year. I ask you to study that as you would study the annual reports of a corporation in which you were a heavy stockholder. I ask you to study and re-study the information contained therein that refers to the condition of the Lodges in your own district. "In this report you will find some figures deal-

ing with membership conditions and also figures showing the comparative per capita expen-diture for charity. I ask you to compare the Lodges in your district in this respect one with the other, and compare your district with other districts throughout the country, and then to encourage those Lodges that occupy a place of encourage those house house that occupy a place of leadership to maintain their position while you endeavor to inspire those who are below the average to improve their standing and their comparative position. "We have referred in this report to the im-

portance of a Lodge maintaining the interest of its Past Exalted Rulers, and of the Past Exalted Rulers organizing. Experience has shown that those Lodges are the most successful that to the greatest extent retain the interest of their Past Exalted Rulers or where they are the more defi-nitely organized. You will do well to encourage this throughout your districts.

"Our committee last year recommended that certain restrictions be placed on the building operations of subordinate Lodges, and the Grand Lodge adopted our suggestions in respect thereto. My Brothers, many of you know we have a great many Lodges in the Order that are in a deplorable financial condition, resulting from unsound building plans and careless financing. I hope that you will find it possible to restrain the Lodges in your respective districts and see that they proceed along safe and sound lines in that respect

You will find in here some figures that I am sure will be interesting to vou, showing you the membership of the Order, and how it compares in the various States with those eligible in those states for membership in our Order, white male citizens of voting age. It will be possible for you to analyze your districts in that respect and see what Lodges in your district are coming nearest to realizing their possibilities and in-cluding in their ranks the largest percentage of available prospects. The Lodges in Alaska have given us a wonderful inspiration, as the figures here indicate that out of every six men eligible for membership in our Order, in that territory, one is an Elk.

"I ask you to read in here the letters referring to what may be called the 'Bend, Oregon, Plan for Retaining the Interest of Members that Have Moved Beyond the Jurisdiction of the

Lodge in which They Are Members.' I am sure you will find that there are some Lodges in your district that can use that plan with a measure of success, and where you might prop-

erly recommend it. "You will find in here also an Exalted Ruler's Manual, designed to show the Exalted Ruler of a Lodge how he can retain the interest of members, stimulate the activities of the Lodge, and conclude each year with a record of success. We have sent one of these to the Exalted Ruler of every Lodge in the Order. We have written to each Exalted Ruler a letter calling his attention to the manual that is contained in the report. I ask you to check up with your Exalted Rulers and see if they have all read this manual and have attempted to apply its suggestions to the conditions in their own Lodges. The Good of the Order Committee will be glad to hear of any instances where these suggestions have been adopted with success, and we would be interested in learning where the attempt has been made and it has not been successful. After you have studied this manual, and have had some experience as District Deputies, if you have any suggestions to make as to amend-ments to the manual, we would be very glad to have them.

"Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews has asked us to prepare also a manual for District Deputies, and shortly a copy of that will be put in your hands. We hope that it will be helpful. "As soon as possible after September 30th

we shall send a questionnaire to all of the subordinate Lodges, a brief one, not asking many questions, but designed to learn something of the condition of each subordinate Lodge at the close of the first six months of the current Lodge year, so that we may know what progress the individual Lodges have made in this first half of the Lodge year. I hope that at the right time you will get in touch with the officers of subordinate Lodges and see that these questionnaires are re-turned promptly, so the information can be properly tabulated and forwarded to you in order that you may have plenty of time to correct any conditions that you feel should be corrected. It is the idea of the Good of the Order Committee that subordinate Lodges should be analyzed as one would analyze the branch houses of a great corporation. You are the men who are out in the field and know the local conditions. You will serve best as you follow best the suggestions that come to you from the Grand Exalted Ruler and from the various Grand Lodge Committees and as you return to them suggestions based upon conditions as you find them in your district.

"Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews has told you that he is going to devote his entire year to this From what he has shown already in love work. of the Order, in fidelity to its principles, in ability to win the love and affection of the members of the Order, we may well be assured that this year, to which he is going to give his entire time, will be very rich in results. By his example, he has given us a wonderful inspiration. If we all determine, as I am glad to join with you brothers in determining, that we shall meet our responsibilities and discharge our duties to the best of our ability, as we would meet and discharge similar obligations coming to us as owners of a business or as officers or employees of a corpora-tion, we need have no doubt of the success that will follow our efforts and of the contributions that we shall find it possible to make to the

advancement of the Order that we love so well." Before proceeding with the program, Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews introduced Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell, who suggested that in view of the serious illness of both Past Grand Exalted Rulers August Herrmann and John G. Price, it would be fitting that the gathering wire them their best wishes for speedy recovery. This suggestion, submitted as a resolution, was unani-mously adopted by a rising vote. The next speaker to be introduced was Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. Inasmuch as the bulk of the Grand Secretary's remarks were in the nature of specific instructions to the District Deputies in carrying out their duties, supplementing the suggestions he had made to them in the group conferences of the previous day, we omit them in this report. In closing, he spoke as follows:

"You are in positions of great importance. You have been called to lead, and the success and progress of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks will depend largely upon what you men will do for our Order this year. Your personal influence will be a great force for good, and if you can imbue the officers of your several Lodges with a spirit of earnest fidelity to duty, and a desire to serve with animation and good cheer, you will have fine reports to make at the close of your term of office.

'Be whole-hearted in your work. Many a District Deputy starts on his visits enthusiastically, but stops in the midst of them a victim of an acute attack of half-heartedness. His work is checked by doubts and reservations. May your devotion to the Order be deep enough to last throughout the hindrances and setbacks which are sure to come.

"Finally, let me say, Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews carries a constant burden, and has a solicitous feeling for the welfare of our Order. Yours is the privilege to lend your best efforts to further the work he is directing. What answer can you give him if you falter?" The last speaker was John K. Burch, Approv-

ing Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, who addressed the meeting as a substitute for Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, Home Member, who was unable to be present. Mr. Burch said:

"I have no idea what Brother Rooney in-tended to say to you, and I may not be able to give you as much information in detail, but will try in a general way to tell you something about the Home at Bedford, Virginia.

"Should it be possible for you to visit this Rest Home for those of our brothers who are the guests of this great American Order, I am sure it would be a revelation to you. Situated in one of the beauty spots of America, in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, the Elks National Home has a most ideal location and a superb climate.

"It is under the management of Brother Robert A. Scott, who is a Past Grand Trustee, and the Home is managed in a most capable and

and the Home is managed in a most capable and efficient manner. "The last report received showed 281 resi-dents in the Home, and with the number of applications which have been approved since that time, the total now is approximately 300. "This means the capacity of the Home has been reached, or very nearly so, even with the addition which was built less than two years ago. "Therefore, it will be necessary in a very short

"Therefore, it will be necessary in a very short time to add an additional building if the brothers who apply are to be accommodated.

"As Brother Fanning has told you, the recent addition to the Home, costing \$350,000, was entirely paid for from the profits of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and it is the fond hope that when the time comes to make a further addition, we may again apply to the same source for assistance and thus avoid an assessment upon the members of our Order. "At the Grand Lodge meeting in Los Angeles,

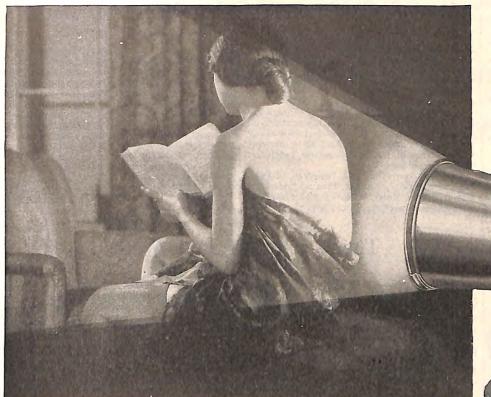
an amendment to the statutes was passed whereby an applicant to the Elks National Home must have been an Elk in good standing for five consecutive years, instead of two years, which was the law before.

"All applications must be in regular form. approved by the Board of Grand Trustees, and the subordinate Lodge to which the applicant belongs pays one-third of the cost of his maintenance.

"The Elks National Home is the oldest charitable activity of the Grand Lodge, and must be maintained and if necessary expanded to meet further needs.

"I want to congratulate you upon your ap-pointment as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and wish for you all a most successful year." year.

Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, prior to dismissing the meeting, thanked those in atten-dance for their interest and their pledges of sup-port. "I want to say finally to you," he said, port. that this meeting has been an inspiration to me, and I shall leave here feeling better prepared and better equipped for the work that is going to devolve upon me this year, and I shall go away with a very sincere and deep consciousness over the country by my District Deputies. I am delighted to have met you all. It has been a real pleasure. I wish you all God-speed, (Continued on page 56)



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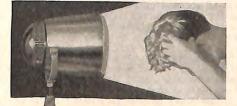
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Annual Conference of the District Deputies

(Continued from page 54)

health and happiness and great success in your work this year, and don't let us ever forget the principles for which we stand—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity—the practice of the Golden Rule—the protection of womanhood and childhood—and Patriotism.

As was stated, I hope that all through my administration everybody who has anything to do with it or any part in it will deal with all our problems, big and little, difficult and otherwise, with the true Elks spirit of kindness, gentleness and brotherly love."

District Deputy Frank J. Lonergan, of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, then addressed the Grand Exalted Ruler as follows: "This has been a magnificent meeting, a great inspirational conference, where we have been privileged to listen to addresses that had been filled with the real spirit of Elkdom, and I believe I speak the mind of every District Deputy when I say to you, Brother Grand Exalted Ruler, that we pledge to you and to the Order, increasing loyalty and devotion for the ensuing year, and I now move a rising vote of thanks to our Grand Exalted Ruler for this great opportunity given to us to perform extraordinary service in our respective jurisdictions during the coming year." The motion was passed amidst prolonged ap-plause, following which District Deputy Pen-

gelly, at the direction of the Grand Exalted Ruler, delivered the Benediction, bringing the meeting to an end.

The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 27)

Sam Patten, splendid in ruffled shirt, wide-brimmed, low-crowned black hat, and boots that gleamed only slightly less brilliantly than the diamond on his finger. He was dealing faro-bank in the "Eldorado" and Goss, living on his partner's bounty, was his constant com-

"I'm old enough," said Limpy Laird, "t' have enough sense not t' set myself up as judge of th' actions of any man or woman. Some folks said it was really Dick's fault—that he had no business t' go traipsin' off on them trips of his an' leavin' Bella alone when they'd been married less than a year. They pointed out that even when she had her baby he was somewhere off in when she had her baby he was somewhere off in th' desert. Others come back with th' holler that if she'd been any good she'd have thought of her husband an' her baby—th' little girl was almost a yearlin' then—an' never would've slipped back into her old ways. "But th' only point that has anything at all to do with th' yarn, son, is that she *did* slip— an' slipped placture.

to do with th' yarn, son, is that she *did* shp— an' slipped plenty! "An' as usually happens in sech cases Dick Burton come bargin' into his home at just th' exact second that he shouldn't have. He'd been way up in th' Navajo country an' had found Aguas Perdidas where he is now. He was all steamed up about it an' when he got back to Tucson instead of waitin' f'r th' stage he come out on horseback—figgerin' he'd give his wife a surprise. his wife a surprise. "He did!"

The veteran spat expressively at a lizard that darted from beneath a sage-brush and cast a speculative eye toward the sun, by now well

down the western sky. "Yuh won't have much longer t' wait," he observed, "it'll be dark in an hour."

observed, "it'll be dark in an hour." He changed his position, crossed his crippled leg on the sound one, and took up the tale. "Somehow or other I don't like t' think much about that home-comin' of Dick's. Men were ridin' up an' down that street all th' time an' neither Patten nor Bella was payin' any atten-tion t' one hoss more or less. They never knew Dick was within three hundred miles till he was right there in th' room with 'em. . . "Nobody really knows exactly what hap-pened. Goss didn't see it. He was out in a little barn back of th' house, drunk as a pig an' sleepin' like one. He don't know a thing about it—an' neither Patten nor Burton have ever opened their mouths to a livin' soul. All that any man knows is that thirty seconds after he busted into that room Dick Burton was standin' any man knows is that thirty seconds after he busted into that room Dick Burton was standin' in th' middle of th' floor with a smokin' .40 in his hand, Bella was layin' at his feet with a blue hole between her eyes, th' baby was sittin' up up in her crib cryin' like her heart would break, an' Sam Patten was staggerin' down towards Fremont Street, weavin' back and forth like a drunken man, an' holdin' both his hands in front of his eyes!

a drunken man, an' holdin' both his hands in front of his eyes! "I dunno—mebbe he loved her, too!" He was silent for three full minutes. "And then—" prompted Jep. "That was about all of it," said Limpy slowly. "Folks in town all knew what'd been goin' on an' they never made a move t' stop Dick. He buried his wife, packed their stuff in a wagon, put th' baby in a basket on th' seat beside him,

from page 27) an' pulled out f'r th' north. When Patten come to his senses—he kept himself blind drunk f'r two weeks—Dick was a couple of hundred miles away an' still travelin'. An' from that day in Tombstone seventeen years ago to now he's never packed a shootin'-iron. He killed his wife. That much we do know. Mebbe he done it deliberate—jest goin' hog-wild when he seen what he'd walked in on—an' mebbe she got th' bullet that was meant f'r Patten. God knows—an' He's th' One that Dick'll have t' answer to. But, th' gun was in his hand when Bella was killed, an' that was enough t' make Dick swear th' oath he's never busted—swear never t' carry a gun.

Dick swear th' oath he's never busted—swear never t' carry a gun. "Patten an' Goss wasn't extra popular in Cochise County after that business. They pulled out an' went t' California—like he told yuh—an' put in 'bout twelve years leavin' Dick alone. Then this yarn of gold in Aguas Perdidas drifted out to 'em an' they nach'rally went loco! Th' rest of th' tale yuh know."

Limpy had sufficient tact to leave the Texan to his thoughts as the two walked back through the darkness toward the yellow windows of the the darkness toward the yellow windows of the ranch house where Burton was a prisoner. To Jep the long yarn had explained everything. Even the gaps in it—the mystery that had seemed always to surround Burton and the actual circumstances of the death of Bella Wilcox—seemed to make things more compre-barselike then accurate information would be done. Jep could fill those gaps himself and in filling them understand this strange old man who had buried himself in the oasis of Hidden Waters. In his new magnanimous mood the Texan could even find an explanation—and a pardon—for the blow that had struck down the girl!

They halted when a few hundred yards from the house and Laird mounted the pony he had been leading.

"How many men has Patten got now?" Jep

"How many men has Patten got now?" Jep asked. "Just th' reg'lar crew, son. Them other fellers was just ridin' through an' they went on to th' Ford soon's they come back from Aguas Perdidas. Goss is out in the hills so there's just Patten an' th' three punchers. But that's too many for you t' figger on jumpin' 'em lone-handed. You wait here an' let yore Uncle Limpy mosey in an' look things over. I'll come out an' tell yuh how th' land lays. This here calls f'r plenty strategy, son." His spurs jingling to the slow trot of his pony, he rode slowly away and twenty minutes later had his face pressed to the bars of the one small window that was set in the 'dobe wall of the

window that was set in the 'dobe wall of the storehouse.

storehouse. "Jep Starr's out here in th' brush, Dick," he told Burton hurriedly, "an' yore gal is waitin' 'cross th' river. We're goin' t' git yuh outa here but we can't do nothin' less'n you help. It's up t' you t' frame some sort of yarn that'll git Patten an' Goss away from here. Patten'll come in t' see yuh 'fore long. F'r God's sake f'rget 'bout-well, yuh know what-f'r five minutes an' let him think yo're playin' his game!" game!'

He vanished into the shadows before the patriarch could reply, hastened out to where he had left Starr and commanded that youth to

rejoin Dolores and instruct her to wait where she was until further orders. He hurried back to the ranch house just in time to meet

Goss. The foreman's mood was poisonous. He had spent the previous night scouting in the mouth of the great canyon where Dolores Burton and Jep Starr had disappeared and with the first light had ridden up the gorge until forced to turn back by the sight of an Indian encampment.

He unsaddled the tired pony and threw his equipment on the fence of the smaller corral where the gotch-eared bay was confined.

"Might as well turn that critter out t'morrow, Limpy," he ordered. "That Starr's gone. Damn him, if I could get my hands on him I'd hog-tie him an' throw him over th' fence f'r that bronk to play with!" At the sound of the hated voice the outlaw

pricked his good ear and stared at the man, the dark silhouette of his evil head clearly defined against the whitewashed fence behind him. Goss turned away as he had done before under the fixity of that malignant gaze and stamped into the house. As growled at Patten. As he wolfed a cold supper he

growled at Fatten. "Well—what've yuh done with Dick?" "Nothin'. I been in there three or four times but th' old snake won't talk to me. Figgered I'd wait till you showed up 'fore crowdin' his hand. We'll take a crack at him together in th' morin'"

hand. We'll take a crack at min together in th' mornin'." "Mornin', hell!—the Butcher's thick hand groped for the whiskey bottle—"we'll have that business settled t'night! He'll talk f'r me!"— his yellow teeth were bared in a snarl—"D'yuh remember what th' 'Paches did t' that fellow we found over in th' Huachucas? 'We ain't got per anthills extra handy but old Dick'll open

we found over in th' Huachucas? 'We ain't got no anthills extra handy but old Dick'll open up an' talk if his toes get a little toastin'!" "No sense in crowdin' him till we see there ain't no other way out," Patten cautioned. "I've known Dick for a good long time an' if he don't want t' talk there ain't much that'll make him. Let's go in an' see him, anyway."

A^S HE rose from the table Goss thrust the whiskey bottle into his pocket. A lamp was in the storeroom and by its light Burton stared steadily at the invaders. The hope of rescue held out by Limpy Laird had, curiously enough, roused the patriarch to a realization of the gravity of his situation and hastened a decision to

"Both of you, eh?" he sneered. "What do you want now?"

Goss started to speak but Patten forestalled

Goss started to speak but rates to be a started to speak but rates and some of it or know th' reason why!" "And I could tell you," began Burton de-liberately, "if you were not too short-sighted to see it, that all that country is sandstone and limestone. There's no gold-bearing strata— no granite or quartz—there." Goss sprang forward, his face purple with rage.

Goss sprang forward, his face purple with rage. "An' I could tell you," he mocked, "that y're a liar! Where'd yuh git th' gold that yuh used to pay off them settlers that was in there? Look at them deep canyons—dozens of 'em! Ain't there a chance that some of them cut through gold-bearin' rocks? I've done some minin', Dick Burton, an' I know what I'm talkin' about. Gold's where yuh find it, an' just as liable t' be in them canyons as it is in the Black Hills. How 'bout placers?" Burton bent his head as though in thought. Then, deliberately, he let his eyes rove over the

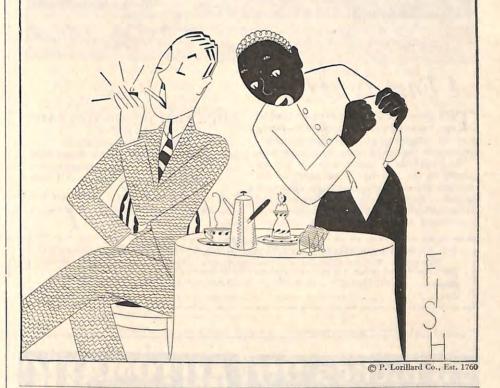
Then, deliberately, he let his eyes rove over the thick 'dobe walls, the stout door, and the single barred window. His broad shoulders drooped. "I know you both," he said at last with just the right degree of bitterness in his tone. "I

know of what you are capable—what you would do to a defenseless prisoner. A rattlesnake is more trustworthy than either of you. If I should tell you of a certain store of gold-dust— then what?"

then what?" "How much is there?" inquired the coldly practical Patten. "It's in dust—I couldn't give you the exact weight—but it would amount to something between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars. Certainly not less than twelve thousand. Would (Continued on page 58)

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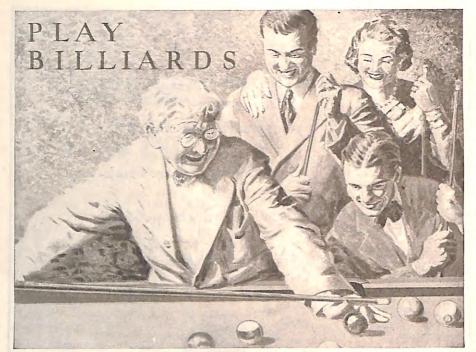
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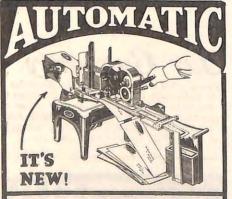
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The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 57)

you take that, free me, and then forever stay "Is that all there is?" asked Patten. "Yes, you know I don't lie." "No more out in th' canyon where that came

from?"

"No."

The two men exchanged glances. "Tell me where it is," announced the Slash-X owner at last, "and you'll find we'll keep our

side of the bargain. We'll never cross the

"I said before that I have less confidence in you two than in a couple of snakes," Dick re-peated, "but I'll have to trust you. The cache is in the front room at Aguas Perdidas. The shelf of the mantel is a petrified log and while it appears firm it is not solidly set. If a man gets at each end and they pull forward and lift at the same time the log will tilt and you will see the recess behind it in the chimney-breast. That is all. The gold is there in buckskin

"Now for God's sake go! I despise you both and despise myself for sitting here bandying words with you!"

The two men left the improvised cell, carefully locked the door, and retraced their steps to Patten's bedroom. Goss's first words were

to Patten's bedroom. Goss's first words were typical of the man. "D'yuh reckon any of th' boys was hangin' around an' heard him?" "I don't think so. One of us can get in to th' canyon soon as they can anyhow. I'll start first thing to-morrow mornin' and——" "Go take another think!" jeered Goss. "You mean we'll both of us start an' we'll do it right now! D'yuh think for one second I'd take th' long chance of lettin' you git yore paws on that dust an' me forty miles away? There'd be a hell of a lot of it left when yuh got back here, wouldn't there? An' I ain't goin' to take th' chances of any of th' boys beatin' us to it. That Carson's a pretty savvy hombre an' if he shore wouldn't let any grass grow under his feet gettin' in there an' cleanin' it out. I'd trust a man where a woman was concerned 'fore I

gettin' in there an' glass glow under nis feet gettin' in there an' cleanin' it out. I'd trust a man where a woman was concerned 'fore I would with gold!" "What'll we do 'bout Dick if we both go?" objected Patten. Goss grinned. "If you're anxious to dry-nurse Dick Burton I'll ride in there to that canyon! Yuh don't like th' idea of *that*, do yuh? Leave him here, of course. Give Carson th' job of lookin' out for him. Go ahead now an' see about gettin' us a couple of fresh hosses an' I'll lay down an' git some sleep till they're ready. There ain't no use arguin' about it, Sam! We're goin' now an' we're goin' together!" He rolled down the paved corridor to his own

an' we're goin' together!" He rolled down the paved corridor to his own room and threw himself, fully dressed, on the cot. Patten called Carson from the game of two-bit pitch he and Green were playing and sent them to round up a pair of horses fit for

"We're holdin' that old fool Burton for a while," he said in partial explanation. "You keep an eye on him while me an' Goss are gone.

Two hours later he and the foreman were jogging slowly toward the ford of the San Ignacio on their long journey to the Lost River.

XII

WITH Patten and Goss absent and vigilance WITH Patten and Goss absent and vigilance correspondingly relaxed, the "rescue" of Navajo Dick was a very simple matter. Almost before the sounds of the departure of the two men had died away on the still night air Limpy Laird was trotting out into the darkness to find Jep Starr. The veteran advertised his appreach by a lighted circuit in his mouth and a current by a lighted cigarette in his mouth and a quaver-ing old cowboy song on his lips. The Texan knew that these must signify that the coast was clear and he got his horse and rode down to meet the old man.

Together they returned to the ranch. Carson, mildly cursing Patten and Goss for having kept him up half the night running horses through the darkness, was in his room. Be-yond a cursory glance at the padlock on the

storeroom door he had paid no attention to the prisoner. The key to the cell was in his trou-sers pocket and he was seated on the edge of the bunk pulling off his boots when Jep Starr stepped through the doorway. The Texan's six-shooter was in his hand. He knew the Nevadan's reputation and was taking no chances.

chances. "I've got a dozen Injuns 'round the house, Carson," he bluffed. "There ain't no use in your puttin' up a argument. We want old Dick, that's all. Go ahead of me and unlock the door." The man glanced longingly in the direction

The man glanced longingly in the direction of his gun that was hanging from a nail driven in the plastered wall. Then he grinned sourly. "This here's a private war of Patten's," he remarked. "No call f'r me t' go chargin' in an' git my fingers pinched, is they?" "You're showin' sense," commented the

Texan.

The other stamped his feet back into his The other stamped his teet back into his boots, picked up his hat, and walked sedately a few strides in advance of the watchful Starr to the storeroom. He unlocked and threw open the door and then stepped aside. "Go ahead in," Jep invited. "Go right on as far's you can and then stand there." Carson obeyed and Jep heard the creak of cot-minger as Burton roused himself

springs as Burton roused himself. "It's Jep Starr," he informed the old man. "Make a light an' we'll get you out of here."

THE flame of the lamp showed Carson stand-ing obediently against the rear wall, his hands raised ostentatiously above his head, an amused and tolerant grin twisting his features. "Only thing I'm askin', cowboy," the Neva-dan remarked, "is that yuh fix things f'r me t' be turned loose after yuh git away. I ain't

dan remarked, "is that yuh fix things fr me t' be turned loose after yuh git away. I ain't overly anxious t' have Patten git back an' find me in th' cage an 'his bird gone!" Even Burton smiled as he pulled on his moc-casins and the shabby leather coat, scratched and scarred by countless encounters with rocks and brush. Ten seconds later he and Jep were away from the building and crossing the littered yard toward the corral. Jep felt the old man's hand rest hesitantly on his shoulder. "I-I am in your debt again, Starr," the patriarch began. "I do not want you to think that I am not grateful." "Tain't nothin'," muttered the Texan in embarrassment similar to that he had felt when Dolores had attempted to thank him. "You—you saved my life—and mebbe had cause to do them things that got me sore at you. But

to do them things that got me sore at you. to do them things that got me sore at you. But I—I've learned a heap since then and when we heard about them gettin' away with that raid we just took right out after you." "We?" repeated Navajo Dick. "Me an' Dolores. I run into her at a Injun camp where we heard about you bein' took." "Then Stedman is not with you?" "No. I ain't seen or heard of him." The patriarch considered for a moment.

"No.

"He went over into the Mesa de las Palomas with some horses. I thought he would be back. I will be glad to see him—and so will Dolores.

I will be glad to see him—and so will Dolores. They are to be married." "I know." Jep's reply was terse but he felt his cheeks tingling as though the old man had slapped them. He sensed the rebuke that only Burton's gratitude had forced into so thin a disguise and was glad when Limpy Laird hob-bled out of the shadows and greeted them in a hearse whisper

hoarse whisper. "I got th' saddle on th' hoss Dick rode in here. You two better git t' goin' right pronto." They hurried out into the corral. Burton

mounted, much more slowly and stiffly than mounted, much more slowly and simily that usually, and Jep turned again to the veteran. "Here's the key to that storeroom, Limpy. Give us an hour and then turn Carson loose. Tell him I made you ride out to th' other side

of th' river and that every Navajo on the reserva-tion was waitin' for us there."

Laird made reply but the sound of his voice was drowned in a sudden shrill whinny. Both men started guiltily and the old-timer laughed.

Shows what kinda consciences we got, son. That's only Al Goss' pet—th' bay bronk that sent yuh so high yuh couldn't hit th' ground with yore hat in three trials!" Jep stared toward the blazed face the gotch-

eared horse thrust over the fence of the smaller corral



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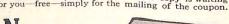
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The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 59)

"What's Goss goin' to do with that hoss, Limpy?" "I dunno. He told me t' turn him out

t'morrow. Sooner or later I reckon Al will kill him. He's a heller with hosses if he gits mad."

him. He's a heller with hosses if he gits mad." The Texan looked again at the animal the "Butcher" had ruined. "One time I thought I'd try to ride that pony just to show Goss up," he said slowly. "I've got over that idea. I might stay with him through his pitchin' all right, but I'd kill him 'fore I'd really break him an' he's had enough man-handlin'. It's just fellers like Goss that makes bad hosses outa good colts." Limpy nodded sagely.

makes bad hosses outa good coits." Limpy nodded sagely. "But," Jep continued, "damn if I'm goin' to leave him here for Goss to work on any more. I stole one hoss from Patten—tell Carson I'll send that roan back by one of th' Navvies— and I might as well steal another. I'm goin' and I might as well steal another. I'm goin' and I might as well stear another. I'm goin' to take that bay in to Aguas Perdidas and turn him out on Head Mountain where he won't see a man once in ten years! The pore devil has it comin' to him."

He unbuckled the rope at his saddle-horn but

He unbuckled the rope at his saddle-horn but Laird checked him before he could shake out the coils. "Won't do yuh no good t' rope him. He's all broncho. Once a rope touches him he's on th' fight right now. But he'll drive jest like an old carthorse. Once yuh git him pointed f'r where yuh want t' go he'll trot right ahead of yuh as pretty as yuh please. My hoss is saddled—I'll give yuh a hand with hazin' him till yuh git across th' river. You'll have light soon after that."

He opened the gate—Jep standing ready to rope the bay in case he should charge the dismounted man—and then clambered on his own horse. It was necessary to "head" the outlaw only once. As soon as he realized the direction in which he was to go he trotted sedately a few rods in advance of the three riders, making no effort to double back to the hills of his home

effort to double back to the hills of his home range even when his herders urged him into the dark waters of the river. "Yuh'll find him like that all th' way," said Limpy. "Gentle as a lamb till yuh put a rope on him or walk out at him with a rope in yore hand. Then he's hell on four legs!"

on him or walk out at him when a top a give hand. Then he's hell on four legs!" He shook hands gravely with Burton and then far more enthusiastically with Starr. "I'm sayin' adios again, son. Mebbe this here is for th' last time an' mebbe it ain't. F'r fellers like you an' me th' West ain't sech a big place. Our roots are shallow. We're like a couple of tumbleweeds thataway. We don't stay stuck in any one place very long. Mebbe our trails will cross again!" "Shore they will, Limpy! So-long!" "So-long, Jep!"

THEY gripped hands once more and the old man turned back to the ford. The eastern sky was graying and the spicy odor of the dewy sage was sharp in their nostrils when Starr and Burton rode into the wash where Dolores waited. The girl had been afraid to light a fire and her teeth were chattering as she cast off the blankets she had wrapped about her shoulders and ran forward stiffly to throw her arms about the old man's neck. Jep turned his back on that greeting and busied himself breaking sage and building a fire over which he brewed coffee and heated some cold meat he had brought from the Indian camp.

camp.

camp. They made a second halt at the waterhole that lay about half-way between the river and the Crimson Cliffs. In their lust for the gold Patten and Goss must have ridden straight through. The water lay in a wash off the main trail and there was no sign of their tracks. But a saddled horse stood by the shallow depression and Learnh Stadman—bis fine dark aver widen. and Joseph Stedman—his fine dark eyes widen-ing when he recognized the Texan—rose and greeted Burton and his daughter with grave courtesy.

The journey was delayed more than an hour while Stedman was told of all that had occurred during his absence. His hand opened and shut nervously when he heard of the raid on Hidden Waters and the treatment Burton had received from his ancient enemies but he made no inter-

ruption until after Dick had concluded his Goss had been bribed away from their ranch

Goss had been bribed away from their ranch with the secret of the gold cache. "Are yuh goin' to let 'em have it?" he asked quickly. "We can head 'em and git it back. There's a heap of dust there, Nataani!" "My word is passed!" Burton rebuked him. "If that gold will buy me peace it is cheaply purchased."

Stedman shrugged his shoulders-the nearest approach to an expression of opposition to the old man that Jep had ever seen him display.

Burton had seen the raid on Aguas Perdidas— had witnessed the deliberate vandalism of Patten and Goss and their men—the utterly unnecessary despoliation that his daughter and the others were now viewing for the first time. His eyes were deep in his head and his mouth a straight gash between heavy mustache and flowing beard but he offered no comment when Jep and Sted-man muttered curses at the sight of the burned alfalfa fields and stacked hay and the destroyed fences. All of the frame out-buildings had been burned and only one corral, detached from the others, was still standing. Only lines of gray ashes, through which the charred stubs of the posts protruded, marked where the sheds and the elaborate system of breaking-pens and sorting-corrals had stood.

TWO saddled horses were in the remaining en-closure—cow ponies with Patten's "Slash-X" traced on their shoulders—but Burton gave no sign of having seen the animals. He dismounted, waited for the others while they turned in their own mounts and the bay outlaw, and marched steadily toward the house. The two younger men followed at his heels, Dolores behind them.

Patten and Goss had evidently worked leisurely once they discovered the gold. The heavy buckskin sacks were piled on the floor in front of the empty fireplace and the two men were dawdling over a meal they had prepared in the kitchen.

They leaped to their feet as Burton's tall figure loomed in the doorway, their hands flash-ing to the guns in their belts, but Dick raised his hand in the world-wide and ages-old gesture

of peace. "My own men released me," he said slowly. "I went with them rather than trust you to keep your word when you returned. I had hoped to

your word when you returned. I had hoped to find you gone from here." "What's yore game now, Dick?" snapped the suspicious Patten. "Are we due to be jumped by th' Navvies soon's we put our noses out that door?" "I am a man of my word," said Burton slowly. "You will not be molested. There is the gold. Take it and go—both of you. And remember, Samuel Patten—" he took a step nearer the other man— "this is the last! I am bribing you off, so see to it that you live up to bribing you off, so see to it that you live up to your side of the bargain!"

As Burton was talking Goss was carefully studying the men who confronted him. Only Starr was carrying a gun openly and there was something in Stedman's attitude, in his lack of tense alertness, that convinced the Slash-X majordomo that the ranger, like Navajo Dick, was unarmed. He grunted his relief and shoul-dered his way in between Patten and his former

"I'm in on this too!" he blustered. "Sam, you're a fool. I been thinkin' things over. D'yuh figger that Dick Burton would turn loose of this dust so easy if he didn't know where he could put his hands on plenty more?" Wa bieled the buckskin sacks contemptiously

He kicked the buckskin sacks contemptuously and, as the other involuntarily dropped their eyes to follow the action, his hand streaked to his gun. Before anyone realized his intention he whipped his .45 from its scabbard and jabbed the muzzle of the weapon against Dick

the whipped ms .45 from its scabbard and jabbed the muzzle of the weapon against Dick. "I'm takin' cards in this game now!" he roared. "Stick 'em up, Dick. When yuh tell us yuh'll take us out to that pocket of yores and stand by while we clean it out then we'll talk 'bout pull'n out of this place of yores an' stayin' out!" stavin' out!

Burton made no move to obey the command to raise his hands. His lips curled beneath his (Continued on page δ_2)



KNOW millionaires who can afford to pay twenty-five or forty-five dollars for a leather jacket, but prefer my Buck Skein at \$5.50—Because, although Buck Skein costs *less*, it gives a lot *more* in warmth, wear and good looks.

For instance. If you wash a leather jacket it gets stiff, whereas a Buck Skein can and should be washed in soap and water to retain its soft, velvety texture. Tell your wife that if a Buck Skein fades or shrinks, where the state of the second continents to my Gold Bond Certificate guarantees to give you

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You will find Buck Skein warmer because its double fabric heft is so tightly woven that the cold is locked out. It wears like saddle-leather. Made with springy knitted belt of 100% pure worsted wool; two button adjustable cuffs; two big over-size pockets; windproof and rainproof; buckskin tan color.

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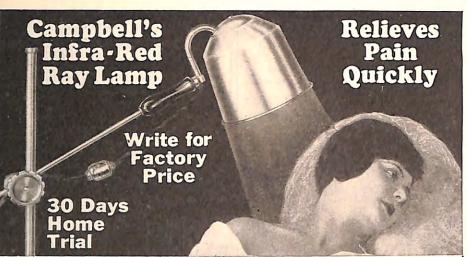
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The Elks Magazine



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The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 61)

mustache as he sneered at the angry foreman. Into his voice crept something of the old Richard Burton—the man who had worn guns himself of Tombstone had taken long chances before the tragedy of Tombstone had changed his life. "Shoot, you rat!" he snarled. "You never

"Shoot, you rat!" he snarled. "You never c'id have the brains of a louse and you're proving it now. I'm an old man. I've lived my life and I'd just as soon die as go on. Do you think you can scare *me*, Al Goss? Shoot and be damned to you—and then try to find out where that pocket is!"

The last phrase seemed to spell the Butcher's defeat. He knew that Burton was not bluffing defeat. He knew that Burton was not bluffing and slowly his rigid stand relaxed. He ran his tongue over his thick lips and his eyes lost something of their hard glare as his determina-tion wavered. Then, with a cat-like leap and a throaty shout of triumph, he abandoned Dick and jumped to the corner of the room where are tread Delegan Burton. His thick hand grammed stood Dolores Burton. His thick hand grasped the velvet shirt that covered the girl's shoul-ders and he thrust the gun cruelly into her side.

"How 'bout her!" he screamed. "Maybe you ain't afraid t' die, Dick Burton, but d'yuh want her to? Say you'll take us out t' them dig-gin's of yores or by God I'll kill her right here! Speak quick!"

(To be concluded)

Football Follies of 1929

(Continued from page 13)

down) the ball shall go to the opponents, fifteen yards back of the spot of the preceding down. If the offense occurs behind the goal line on any down, the ball shall go to the defenders of the goal as a touchback.

the goal as a touchback. It is not specified, though it might be implied, that the matter of doubt on the part of the officials enters into the matter of interference, intentional or otherwise, on the part of the defensive side. The fact that it is not specified will cause means the will cause many a heated debate among the

gridiron attorneys. This section reads: "No player of the side which did not put the ball in play shall, after the pass has been made, in any manner interthe pass has been made, in any manner inter-fere with an eligible opponent who has crossed the line of scrimmage until the ball has been touched, except in an actual attempt to catch or bat the ball himself."

Now it strikes me that there is room for doubt as to the guilt of a player suspected of offend-ing in regard to this section of the rule. For instance, if a player on the side not having the ball, on seeing a forward pass made should attempt to bat it down while twenty feet away from the ball and inadvertently slap down an eligible player from the other team, there might be a reasonable doubt in the other team, there might be a reasonable doubt in the mind of the officials as to the sincerity of the gesture. But on this occasion no allowance is made for doubt in the mind of the official. He may doubt on the other part of the section, but he is not permitted to doubt on this one.

As far as I could gather these fine points were As far as I could gather these fine points were not settled at any of the preliminary meetings of coaches and officials. The season starts with doubts, will continue with doubting, and will close in a spasm of doubtfulness. They will be doubting the selections for the various All-America teams. They will doubt the relative strength of north and south, and east and west west

Though the signals for informing the specta-tors as to the penalties on the field have been made public, it will not eliminate the doubt that has been in the stands and the press boxes during the progress of the games, the reason being that these signals are almost as complicated as the new football amendments.

But then intercollegiate football is a mere baby of a game. It is not much more than sixty years old. The first sixty years have been the hardest and most complicated. Per-haps in another sixty years it may become less complicated—but I doubt it. While there are rules committees there will

While there are rules committees there will be more rules. One good rule would be the abolition of the rules committee.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 38)

Louie Forman and the Street Trophy, a beautiful Louie Forman and the Street Fromy, a beautiful silver loving cup, was presented to the Exalted Ruler of Tulsa Lodge by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden. President Aston thanked the Association for the honor conferred on him and closed the session.

New Jersey

THE first quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association was held at the Home of Elizabeth Lodge, No. 289, with 49 Lodges, including those recently instituted at Washing-ton and Westwood, represented by 146 delegates. William Conklin, Past President, who was elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight at the recent Los Angeles Convention of the Grand Lodge, was given an enthusiastic reception. He was escorted to the platform by other Past Presidents, and was officially welcomed and con-gratulated by Edgar T. Reed, present head of the Association. A check for \$200 from the Grand Lodge,

A cneck for \$200 from the Grand Lodge, representing the prize won by New Jersey for the second largest attendance at the Los Angeles Convention of any State outside of California, was formally presented and accepted. The badge of award was given to Jersey City Lodge, No. 211

Resolutions were read from several Western State Elks Associations, including North Dakota, State Elks Associations, including North Dakota, Nebraska and Utah, praising addresses delivered by Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey State Crippled Children's Committee, on his way to the Los Angeles Convention. He was referred to as the "Ambassador of Humanitari-anism," and the States mentioned will carry on crippled children's work along the lines of the New Jersey Association. Chairman Buch announced that the next activity to be under-taken by this committee will be the matter of education and vocational placement of cripof education and vocational placement of cripples.

Announcement was made of a new Lodge to be

Announcement was name of a new looge to be instituted in the near future at Union, N. J. Chairman Fletcher L. Fritts, of the New American Citizenship Committee of the State American Citizenship Committee of the State Association, spoke of prospective activities to be undertaken in that line. The entire meeting was later aroused to a high pitch of enthusiasm by a speech delivered by Colonel John Dudley, who was at the head of the committee for the American Legion Convention, recently held in Elizabeth. He said much of the success of the American Legion Convention was due to the Elizabeth. He said much of the success of the American Legion Convention was due to the patriotic spirit demonstrated by Elizabeth Lodge. The next quarterly meeting will be held at the Home of Camden Lodge, No. 293, on Sunday afternoon, December 8th.

Having made good its promise of the past few years, that every crippled child in the state would receive medical attention and care, the Crippled Children's Committee is now preparing to assist Children's Committee is now preparing to assist the state in the vocational guidance and training of such children. As recommended by this Com-mittee, a State law was enacted last year under which the New Jersey State Crippled Children's commission will conduct clinics in conjunction with the Elks in each jurisdiction, with a view to determining the needs of each cripple. It will then he endeavored to provide the necessary then be endeavored to provide the necessary

guidance and training for all. During the past year New Jersey Elks ex-pended nearly \$150,000 in this notable work, detailed reports from 42 of the 55 Lodges showing disbursement as follows:

Crippled Children's outings	\$	6,451.62
Christmas parties		8,139.37
Nurses, masseurs, etc		38,802.50
Clinics, hospital equipments, etc		20,168.59
Disbursed for treatment, etc		68,518.91
	-	

\$142,080.99

There were 31 outings attended by 5,394 cripples and 28 Christmas parties attended by 4,604 cripples. Twenty-six nurses, 23 masseurs and 17 welfare workers were employed. There were 5,085 cases on hand for treatment at the beginning of the Lodge year, and during the year a total of 26,448 treatments were given and 13,003 visits were made to homes of cripples. (Continued on page 64)



And Earned \$4930 In 6 Months **Spare Time Work!**

Do you need extra money? Charles Hickey earned a new Chevrolet, fountain pen, Gladstone bag, Elgin Watch, Crosley Radio—and \$4,030.00 showing car owners an amazing new kind of protection against blinding headlights! Test a sample at my risk.

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or cocking your head to one side.

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per Carat

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News of the State Associations (Continued from page 63)

New York

THE usual Fall Conference of the officers and ¹ committeemen of the New York State Elks Association, held in the Home of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, was the most largely at-tended gathering of its kind in the annals of the organization. President William T. Phillips presided and outlined a full program of activities for the coming season. Among the prominent visitors was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, who spoke of the changes in the Grand Lodge statutes and the manner in which they

applied to member Lodges. Various appointments made by President Phillips included that of the Rev. Father John F. White as Chaplain. Due to the reapportionment of the State, the following additional Trustees and Vice-Presidents were named: Eastern Dis-trict, Fred A. Onderdonk, Trustee, and Herman Engel, Vice-President; East Central, Clarence J. Engel, Vice-President; East Central, Clarence J. Seaton, Trustee, William F. Edelmuth, Vice-President; North Central, S. D. Matthews, Trustee; West Central, L. S. Guard, Vice-President. James T. Hallinan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was named chairman of the Laws Committee; Matthew G. Merritt, chairman of the Drill Team Committee, and Dr. Lester G. Brimmer, chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee.

Nebraska

A MOST interesting meeting of the Crippled Children's Committee of the Nebraska State Elks Association, held at the call of Chairman August Schneider, was held in the Home of Lincoln Lodge, No. 80, some weeks ago. It was reported that \$6,000 of the called-for \$10,000 fund had already been raised and that a canvass of the crippled youngsters of the State was being made. This is expected to show that there are some 1,200 such unfortunates, many of whom the State Association is already helping. An in-teresting feature of the meeting was an illustrated lecture, by a representative of the University of Nebraska, on the state's work for the rehabilita-tion of disabled citizens.

Wisconsin

THE three-day meeting, entertained by Marinette Lodge, No. 1313, which marked the twenty-seventh annual convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, was a most interesting and profitable one. A full and varied program of entertainment and sport for both men and women visitors; the presence of many distinguished guests, including Governor Walter J. Kohler of Wisconsin, who is a member of She-boygan Lodge, No. 299, and well-attended busi-

Blood stained both his hands where they clutched

Another man crawled out of the taxicab. "Don't shoot," he implored. "I'm the

singing. "While I sang," he said, "the others were sawing the bars of the cells. I sang to drown the sawing the saws cutting into the steel."

When he was returned to the jail from which he had escaped, Torrez was no longer permitted to sing. Since that time others who have been

to sing. Since that time others who have been confined there have grumbled because the jailor there have grumbled because the jailor those

is so soured on music that he will not allow those he keeps in confinement to cherish even so mea-

ger an instrument as a mouth organ. When they can't provide themselves with saws, convicts have a variety of tricks for cutting through the bars of their cells. For example they

will destroy the temper of the steel in those bars

noise of the saws cutting into the steel.

the wheel.

ness sessions, made the occasion a memorable one. Among the important business transacted was the voting of a \$1,000 contribution to the Elks National Foundation fund. On the recom-mendation of retiring President C. E. Broughton, donations were also voted to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., and to the Wisconsin Home and Farm School, a state institution for Home and Farm School, a state institution for underprivileged boys. Racine was selected as the scene of the 1930 convention, which will again be held in August. At the election of officers, the following were named to serve for the coming year: President, Edward W. Mackey, Manitowoc Lodge, No. 687; First Vice-President, Richard P. Murray, Marinette Lodge, No. 1313; Second Vice-President I. Roland Jones, Bacine Richard P. Murray, Marinette Lodge, No. 1313; Second Vice-President, J. Roland Jones, Racine Lodge, No. 252; Third Vice-President, G. Holmes Daubner, Waukesha Lodge, No. 400; Fourth Vice-President, J. W. Selbach, Eau Claire Lodge, No. 402; Secretary, Theodore Benfey, Sheboygan Lodge, No. 209; Treasurer, Lou Uecker, Antigo Lodge, No. 662; Trustees, Ray C. Dwyer, La Crosse Lodge, No. 300; Ray F. Steinhauer, Madison Lodge, No. 410; A. J. Horlick, Racine Lodge, No. 252; Edmund Grassler, Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46; Harry A. Kiefer, Wausau Lodge, No. 248. Governor Kohler paid his visit on the final day of the gathering, and a luncheon and recep-

day of the gathering, and a lunch on and recep-tion were held in his honor. The Governor then reviewed the great convention parade and later addressed a large audionation of the second secon addressed a large audience at the stadium.

Washington

Washington PRESIDENT RUSSELL V. MACK, of the Washington State Elks Association, has announced his committee appointments for the coming year. The committees, and the chair-man of each, are as follows: Committee on Laws, John Langenback; Social and Community Wel-fare Committee, A. W. Swanson; Auditing Committee, G. G. Kremer; Credentials Com-mittee, George Secord; Grand Lodge Committee, Dave Beck; Band Committee, Charles Carroll; Bugle and Drum Corps Committee, Clyde E. Vinton; Secretaries' Committee, Earl B. Hunt; Publicity Committee, Robert A. Leroux; Com-mittee on Relations with Other State Associa-tions, Clement Scott; Elks National Founda-tion Committee, Renaldo Keasal; Committee on Inter-Lodge Visits, Sterling Cox.

Montana

THE twenty-seventh annual convention of the Montana State Elks Association, held at Great Falls last August, was one of the most successful ever held. The hospitality of Great Falls Lodge, No. 214, was extended to the dele-gates by Past Exalted Ruler Ed. H. Coony.

After the invocation, by Chaplain C. E. Johnson, and the roll call of officers, President Charles T. Trott gave a review of the work of the year, stressing the need for a definite programming of stressing the need for a definite programming, activities. He reported that Butte, Billings, Glendive and Lewistown Lodges all had active Bucks Clubs. The Credential Committee reported that thirty-seven delegates were registered for the meeting.

Among the resolutions adopted was one reiterating and readopting a previous resolution whereby Crippled Children's work was con-sidered as a State Association activity. Another resolution provided that the State Association recommend that each subordinate Lodge organize a Bucks Club, similar to those already in operation in many Lodges. Other resolutions placed the Association on record as unreservedly commending the Elks National Foundation and pledging support as soon as possible; also comfor the maintenance of musical organizations. Secretary W. F. Schnell reported that the membership of the Montana State Elks Associa-

tion included (at that time) all the Lodges in the State with the exception of three, one of which Dillon Lodge, No. 1554 had only been instituted this year, and had therefore hardly had the opportunity to join. He also reported the ad-visability of adouting some definite program to visability of adopting some definite program to give the State Association officers authority to give the State Association officers authority to assist the Elks State Camp on Flathead Lake with its finances. As a result of this recom-mendation a Conmittee appointed to study the matter recommended that the Association create a sinking fund for the purpose of retiring the indebtedness of the camp.

create a sinking fund for the purpose of returning the indebtedness of the camp. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Charles T. Gregg, Great Falls Lodge, No. 214; First Vice-President, George L. Stein-brenner, Missoula Lodge, No. 383; Second Vice-President, O. E. Mason, Havre Lodge, No. 1201; Third Vice-President, H. C. Karow, Kalispell Lodge, No. 725; Fourth Vice-President, P. W. Nelson, Livingston Lodge, No. 246; Secretary, Fred. J. McQueeny, Butte Lodge, No. 240; Trus-tee W. F. Schnell, Kalispell Lodge; Treasurer, L. E. Choquette, Havre Lodge. The carry-over Trustees are: A. J. Baker, F. L. Riley, J. W. Walker and H. M. Stewart. Past Exalted Ruler C. M. Holbert extended an invitation from Virginia City Lodge, No. 390, to hold the con-vention there next year. The newly elected officers were installed by Past President John Claxton and the thanks of the Association were extended to retiring President Trott by a rising vote. After the appointment of several comvote. After the appointment of several com-mittees by the incoming President, the meeting was adjourned until next year.

This Way Out-Of Jail

(Continued from page II)

by tying an oil-soaked circlet of string or yarn about the bar and then lighting it. When a succession of these wicks have been burned at the same spot the steel is much more susceptible to the bits of succession of the succession of the succession of the steel is much more susceptible "Don't shoot, he importate the the deputy." After that no more bullets came from the interior of the cab. One of the Mexican pas-sengers was slumped on the seat with a bullet hole under his heart. Then Roberto Torrez, the minstrel-robber, stepped out, his hands held high above his head. Later that day when he was questioned in the police station in which he had been locked up, Torrez explained about his singing. the same spot the steel is much more susceptible to the bite of a saw or file. But if there is no saw they will improvise one. For example, they have been known to soak a piece of cord in glue and then sprinkle it with emery powder. In a demonstration one time a convict proved that he could cut through a cell bar with a piece of woolen varn in twenty-one hours

could cut through a cell bar with a piece of woolen yarn in twenty-one hours. Escaping convicts often reveal great inventive powers, amazing mechanical ability and, quite often, superior skill. Once a prisoner walked blithely out of Sing Sing at dusk wearing a uni-form can that a careless guard had throup a me form cap that a careless guard had thrown away. One of the trophies which the warden used to show to favored visitors at Sing Sing was a model of a mar's head made of soap and bread. With a wealth of patience real hair had been implanted in the scalp of this figure. It was hair cut from the head of the sculptor. Throughout the night a "screw," which is prison argot for a guard patrollod the sub-

the old cell block. The screw, "which is prison argot for a guard, patrolled the galleries of the old cell block. The screw moved softly past the cell. Instantly the convict roused from his pretended sleep, placed the model where his own head had laid, fashioned the blankets into

a semblance of his own form, gave his work the tribute of one final glance, pulled out the bars he had previously sawed through, and de-parted

Two men who were confined in Wethersfield Prison in Hartford, Conn., where Gerald Chap-man was hanged, succeeded in getting possession of a couple of drills in the prison workshop. But the employment of a steel drill calls for a brace with which to turn it under pressure. These two with which to turn it under pressure. These two men, both robbers and one a murderer serving a life sentence, improvised adequate braces by means of lengths of heavy wire. With these tools they drilled a circle of holes in the ceiling of the cell house. To forestall discovery during the completion of this slow task they plugged each completed hole with soap, and then camouflaged the soap by pasting over it bits of tissue paper stained to match the green with which the cell was painted.

was painted. Months of work were required before they got to the roof, and then over the wall to freedom. When one of them was recaptured he denied vehemently that he had any part in drilling that

circle of holes. "I just found the hole there and crawled through."

(Continued on page 66)

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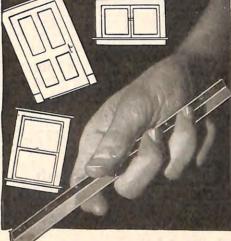
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How This Amazing Strip of Lifetime Bronze uts Fuel lls½to

Anazing Details At Once? A New Business Offered That Pays \$5,000 to \$10,000 a Year A May Detail of the second s

this amazing opportunity Now. **REDD-D=PLY** The Lifetime Bronze Weatherstripping That You Just Tack Right On RED-D-PLY MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. S-120 1531 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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Do You Make these Mistakes in ENGLISH

M ANY persons say "Did day" They should say "Have you heard from him today?" Some persons spatiation "ander." Some persons spatiation "between you and it." instead of "stonishing how often." Who "stonishing how often." Who "stonishing how often." Who "stonishing how often." It is stonishing how often. "It is stonishing how often." It is stonishing how often. "It is stonishing how often." It is stonishing how often. "It is stonishing how often." It is stonishing how often." I



WONDERFUL NEW INVENTION

WONDERFUL NEW INVENTION For many years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes which have been hurting you. Mr. Cody's students have secured more improvement in five weeks than previously had been obtained by other pupils in two years!

In two years! **DEARN BY HABIT—NOT BY RULES** Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Finally the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides for the formation of correct habits by calling to your attention constantly only the mistakes you make. — The of the wonderful things about Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming practice of the speed with which these habit-forming practice fills can be carried out. You can write the answers to fify questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in y minutes more. The drudgery and work of copying have been ended by Mr. Cody. You concentrate always on your mistakes until it becomes "second nature" to speak and write correctly.

Free Book on English

FIECE DOOK OIL EINGLISM A new book explaining Mr. Cody's remarkable method is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, or if you can not instantly command the exact words with which to express your ideas, this new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English," will prove a revelation to you. Send the coupon or a letter or postal card for it new. Address SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENG-LISH, 2710 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y. SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH 2710 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y. Please send me your free book "How to Speak and Write Masterly English."

Name....



This Way Out—Of Jail

(Continued from page 64)

"Yeah?" said the warden. "Well, try and find another some time."

From the Riverside Penitentiary in Pittsburgh seven men escaped not long ago by means of an electric cutting torch which one of them devised. A length of light cord, a piece of carbon and other materials were made into a tool that cut through steel as a knife cuts cheese. Current was supplied by a light socket in the cell house. In order to scale the outer wall they had made a rope out

of short lengths of scrap wire. Naturally wardens and jailers are unable to guard against every device that their charges are able to bring to bear on the bolts, bars, locks and walls of their prisons. One of their best safeguards, however, is an espionage system in which the operatives are prisoners. Stool pigeons they are called and it would be hard to say whether they are held in most contempt by their fellow prisoners or by the jail officials they serve. Snitching is contemptible always but no warden in his right mind would refuse to listen, nor fail to re-ward, a prisoner who brought him news of some secret activity within that small realm which he rules. Sometimes the reward reveals that snitching is itself a form of jail breaking. An acetylene torch safe robber was pardoned several years ago by the governor of an Eastern state. He went free because he had conveyed to prison authorities information concerning a jail de-livery plot. The reward of the stool pigeon is not always so great but information is always a valuable currency in that hideous community which exists behind prison walls.

PROBABLY it was a hint from a stool pigeon PROBABLY it was a hint from a stool pigeon that caused Principal Keeper John Sheehy of Sing Sing to enter the potato cellar under the mess hall one day some months ago. Mr. Sheehy, seemingly, was simply making his daily inspec-tion trip but it is significant that on this occasion he made an especially close examination of a small steel door in the cellar wall. This door was secured by a padlock but Sheehy's examina-tion revealed that the padlock was broken. He opened the door. In front of him stretched a black cavern. It was a conduit for steam pipes carried underground from the boilers to the bathblack cavern. It was a conduit for steam pipes carried underground from the boilers to the bath-house forty feet away. The passageway was about four feet square, that is, two feet high by two feet wide. Principal Keeper Sheehy wriggled into the opening and then squirmed along on the pipes. He knew that he had traversed the full length of the conduit when he came to a point where the steam pipes curved upward into the bath-house. At that point Mr. Sheehy's flash-light revealed an opening less official than the one through which he had just squirmed. It was of similar proportions and ran at right angles to the similar proportions and ran at right angles to the steam pipe conduit. Mr. Sheehy, holding his flashlight in front of him, continued his explora-tion. Now he was in a tunnel. He crept forward and came to a place where the dirt walls and roof and came to a place where the dirt walls and roof had been shored up with planking as neatly as if it had been done by miners or sandhogs. Every twist and turn in the prison is represented in, Principal Keeper Sheehy's mind in a mental, three dimensional microcosm of the prison plant. Sheehy knew that the planks underlaid a road-way in the prison yard. He resumed his crawl. Presently he reached the end of the tunnel. He knew he had gone about forty feet from the bath-house toward the outer wall of the prison and that he was, therefore, within a few feet of that wall. He had discovered this cavern just in time. At the face of this tunnel he found two mason trowels, two claw-hammers and six flashlights. trowels, two claw-hammers and six flashlights. Confiscating these tools he proceeded to back out, dusty and dirty, but quite triumphant. Afterwards when this operation was carefully

surveyed it was discovered that the end of the surveyed it was inscovered that the end of the tunnel was within five feet of the south wall of Sing Sing. Somehow the unidentified prisoners who had driven it had managed to dispose of 160 cubic yards of earth. How? It is still a problem but it is believed likely that they had carried it out in their pockets, scattered it in the recreation yard, flushed it down toilets or de-posited it is the problem but it is shown of the south or the south of the south posited it in other places where its presence would not attract the attention of eyes perpetually on

the watch for anything unusual. Prison communities are really small, walled cities. Sing Sing, for example, is an enclosure considerably larger than the ancient city of

Jericho. Auburn, too, is a walled city, the ad-ministration of which presents many problems common to municipal housekeepers. One of these problems is the disposal of waste. Because of a shortage of guards in Auburn some months ago the convicts detailed to bale up the waste paper were not under constant supervision. These bales when completed were shoved down

There trucks from "outside" picked up the bales and carried them to a junk yard, the proprietor of which was the buyer of this waste material. One of the prisoners detailed to the waste material. One of the prisoners detailed to the waste paper job was a New York gangster who had in his youth been a jockey. He was quite under-sized. As a second offender this man had been given a sentence of forty years. Auto-matically nine years that had been dropped from his first sentence, his "copper," had been restored. If he lived he could expect to be re-leased about 1960 at the earliest. He chose not leased about 1960 at the earliest. He chose not

The former jockey decided that he could have himself shipped out of prison inside one of those waste-paper bales. Another convict who worked with him agreed that the thing was feasible excent for the risk of being impaled by the swordexcept for the risk of being impaled by the sword-like steel weapon with which each bale was probed by the guards posted on the loading platform. They considered that risk for many platform. They considered that risk for many days during which time they observed that the guards sometimes stabbed the bales on the loading platform in a most perfunctory manner. Then one day they prepared two bales with hollow centers. These small vaults were formed by placing layers of paper around some paste-board cartons that originally had contained canned goods. Undoubtedly they had accom-plices who completed the baling operation after the two had curled up inside these curious paper chests. At any rate the bales containing the two convicts were shunted down the chute one afternoon. The guards who prodded did not prod deeply enough and away they went in a truckload of baled paper. When the truck stopped in the junk yard employees there were surprised to see a gray clad, sweating man worm his way out of one of the bales. There was a surprised to see a gray clad, sweating man worm his way out of one of the bales. There was a knife in his hand and none there felt inclined to observed that another bale in the load way. But when they observed that another bale in the load was be-having in the manner of a Mexican jumping-bean they sat on it and yelled for help. The jockey got away. His companion was returned to prison to prison.

In spite of the care with which outgoing ship-ments are watched by prison guards these con-tinue to be a favorite channel with escaping convicts. Some time ago two convicts disconvicts. Some time ago two convicts dis-appeared from Sing Sing. When the absence of these two was reported the prison siren began to these two was reported the prison siren began to scream. All convicts were locked in their cells. Every cubic foot within the walls of the prison was examined by some of the guards while others, heavily armed, dashed away in motor-cars to pursue the hunt outside. But the missing men had disappeared as effectually as if the earth had swallowed them.

Some time afterward one of them was picked up by the police and returned to Sing Sing. "Now," said one of the prison officials who greeted him upon his return, "tell us how you

got out." "Sure," he said. "I rode out in a freight car.

It was a carload of cotton goods." "But the cars are searched."

"They searched the one we were in; but not carefully."

Altogether last year forty-two convicts escaped from the state prisons in New York. Eleven of these were trusties and all but twelve were recaptured within the year. This is not a large number when it is considered that the average daily population of the prisons from which these men escaped was in excess of 7,000. It is not easy to escape from prison every

which these men escaped was in excess of 7,000. It is not easy to escape from prison, ever. One of the weaknesses of every prison is the necessity of keeping guards in contact with prisoners. Most jails and prisons have rules forbidding keepers to carry weapons except when they are well out of reach of prisoners. Even so, there is always the danger that some of the desperate men in confinement will seize a guard as a hostage. It has been done thousands of

times and will be done again every year that men are kept in prison.

As recently as August 6, 1929 this old device was employed by six long-term men who made a break for liberty at the Lansing, Kansas, prison. There the convicts are sent under-ground each week-day to work in a coal mine. Somehow these six men had acquired two automatic revolvers which they secreted in the shaft of the coal mine. That shaft is enclosed by a barb wire stockade.

WORK in the mine ends when a whistle blows W at four-thirty in the afternoon. The convicts are brought to the surface in a cage operated by a winch. The winch is controlled by a hoisting engineer, and the job is never entrusted to a convict. On the afternoon in question six of the grimy passengers who stepped from the cage suddenly broke away from their fellows and made a rush for the shed-like shelter of the winch, made a prisoner of the hoisting engineer and three guards who were standing near. None of the guards was armed. Two of the convicts had automatics.

Using these four captives as a shield the six convicts then started swiftly toward the stock-ade wire. At intervals along the stockade there ade wire. At intervals along the stockade there are towers in which riflemen are posted. You might suppose that men armed with rifles would find it easy to shoot down half a dozen convicts armed only with a couple of pistols; but if so, you would be overlooking the hostages. As four of the convicts proceeded to cut the the wire the capting quarks and the hoist

stockade wire the captive guards and the hoist-ing engineer, prompted by vicious jabs from the muzzles of the automatics cried out to the guards in the tower.

"Don't shoot," they implored. "Don't

shoot! They'll kill us if you shoot!" The group was permitted to pass through the stockade. As they approached the main gate of the prison several shots were fired at them but the prison several shots were filed at them but the escaping convicts, by placing their pistols against the heads of the hostages, gave such a convincing pantomime of their intentions that the firing did not become general. Once beyond the gate they began to run. They were out of

the prison but they were by no means free. The prison siren began its fearful moaning. Telephone messages were flashed to many surrounding towns. A call for help was sent to Fort Leavenworth. Within half an hour several airplanes were swooping low over the country in which the prisoners were hiding. A score of automobiles carrying riflemen were patroling all roads. Quickly the fugitives were surrounded. In the battle that followed a guard was wounded, one convict was killed, one was wounded and three then decided to raise their arms in token of surrender; but the sixth man, the one who had led this enterprise, was determined not to be returned to the blackness of that prison coal mine. As the guards closed in with rifles held ready he raised his pistol to his head and pulled the trigger. Death, too, is an escape. Prisoners, it would seem, have better memories than those who guard them. After each escape

rules are formulated to prevent other men from using the same method, but sooner or later another chance is afforded and there is usually a man ready to seize it.

It is significant that the actuaries of insurance companies estimate the life expectancy of prison guards to be somewhat less than that which they ascribe to policemen. A gun illicitly introduced into a prison becomes at once an instrument that may be transformed into a lever that will pry open every barrier in the way of all the men who are confined there, unless the keepers are made of stuff as stern as that which stiffened the spine of Warden Crawford of Canon City. Moreover, the introduction of just one gun may be sufficient to start one of these furious outbreaks in the heart of any American city. New York learned how swiftly these affairs can de-velop when an attempt was made in November, 1926, to break out of the Tombs.

The sound of pistol shots rising in the well formed by the sides of buildings that encompass this fortress-like establishment in the heart of Manhattan interrupted the afternoon tasks of Manhattan interrupted the atternoon tasks of thousands of office-workers. The scream of sirens on ambulances, patrol wagons and fire apparatus had begun to drown out the lesser din made by guns as these thousands began to fill the windows that commanded the scene of (Continued on page δg)



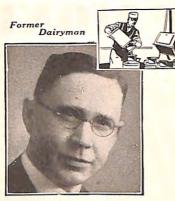
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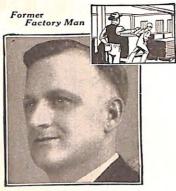
The Elks Magazine



\$525 a Week \$525 a Week "Before enrolling with N. S. T. A., I was a cowpuncher. When I completed the Course, I started out as a salesman. I made more than \$3,000 in the next five mont N. T. A, helped me. Since then the winch is proof enough that N T. A, helped me. Since then the wind as high as \$225 a week."—WM. SHORE, Lake Hughes, Calif.



300% Increase 300% Increase "My salary since I enrolled with N.S.T.A. has increased over 300% and I do not intend to stop at that I was formerly employed in an healthy work. Now I haved in an healthy work. Now I haved a so-top of 4 men, to vering 4 that and other the source of the source of the hourd take the N.S.T.A. course." "A.F. THOMPSON, Sioux City, Ia.



Over \$10,000 a Year Over \$10,000 a Year "Your splendid course is worth thousands of dollars to any man. When I started the N. S. T. A. course, I was a foreman in a rubber curing room at \$160 a morth. I started selling after nine weeks and today my salary runs into 5 figures. I shall always have a warm place in my heart for N. S. T. A." - R. B. HANSEN, AKRON, Ohio.

Former Stenographer



600% Increase 600% Increase "Six years ago I was a stenog-rapher. Now I am in the adver-tising business for myself, and my carnings have increased 600%. The sales training and coopera-tion I received from the N. S. T. A developed the self-confidence and ability that I needed to make good."-L. H. LUNDSTEDT, Chicago, III.

Last Year's Looks Like Small Change To These Men Today!

A 300% Increase! From \$75 a month to \$300 and more per month—that's the jump M. B. Scholes made thru N. S. T. A. Credits N. S. T. A. training with his success, and N. S. T. A. Employment Department for his present big pay job.

Earns 2 Years Pay in 3 Months

J. M. Huppert, a \$23 a week plumber's apprentice, found sell-ing furs easier and more profitable than fixing leaks, after N. S. T. A. training. In his first three months he made more money that in two years at his old job.

Doubled His Pay

A. Robitaille found in N. S. T. A. training "a lifetime of selling experience." My earn-ings have jumped to 100% more than I got at the time I began studying your course."

His Own Boss At **Double Wages**

"I'm my own boss now" proudly writes W. Hayes, an N. S. T. A. graduate. "Since taking this course I have more than doubled my income." In one week recently three other concerns tried to hire him away from his present job.

Worth \$5,000 To Him "I wouldn't take \$5,000 for what you've done for me," writes C. B. Sterling. "Your training has actually increased my income over 900%." Shortly after enrolling, he led the sales force of his company.

\$5,000 A Year!

Ask J. A. Ferland if N. S. T. A. training pays. A French Canadian railroad man—little education in English. N. S. T. A. training won him a sales managership at \$5,000 a year to start.

Here Are Four Men Who Were Formerly Caught in the Hopeless Tread-mill of Low Pay Jobs! Today Every One of Them Reports Earnings From \$5,000 Up to \$10,000 a Year. Right Now—The Same Opportunity That Changed Their Lives So Completely Is Open To YOU! Don't Fail To Read Every Word of This Vital Message!

Raised Their Pay 500% When They Discovered Salesmanship

THINK what a 500% increase in salary actually amounts to—in terms of dollars and cents. Take your own salary for example. Multiply it by 5. Figure every hundred dollars you make as if it were five hundred dollars! Think what you could do with it—and you'll realize how emerically these four men have realize how amazingly these four men have prospered in so short a time.

Every one of them pictured here has known the seamy side of life. They were not always "on top"—and have not always made \$5,000 —\$7,500—and \$10,000 salaries. Nor have they always enjoyed the freedom and independence they possess today. One was a cowpendence they possess today. One was a com-puncher; another a dairy employee; another a factory worker; the fourth a stenographer—\$40 a week was the biggest salary of the lot! They were simply ordinary fellows—with ambition and very little more. But that was yesterday!

The First Step Up The Ladder

Men with REAL-not bogus-ambition usually find a way to go up the ladder and get what they want. These men did. And all of them chose SALESMANSHIP because they realized that it offers bigger rewards—and delivers them quicker than any other profession under the sun! One or two of these men hesitated awhile

because of the foolish superstition that salesmen have to be born with some mysterious gift— but in the end they all cast their lots with the National Salesmen's Training Association— with astonishing and gratifying results!

Easy as A-B-C

The experience of Mr. Hansen who rose from \$160 a month as a factory man to over \$1,000 a month after N. S. T. A. training—and the experi-ence of the other men shown on this page are typical. Together with hundreds like them, they prove that any man of average intelligence can quickly become a Master Salesman and enjoy the big earnings and advantages that go with it with it.

Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the National Demonstration Method, an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while study-ing. Hundreds of men who never sold goods ing. in their lives credit a larger portion of their success to this remarkable training.

Remarkable Book FREE

Right now—we are offering to send you a copy of a remarkable man-building volume called "The Key to Master Salesmanship"—abso-lutely Free! It contains hundreds of little-known and surprising facts about salesmanship; blasts dozens of old theories; and outlines a simple plan that will enable most any man to

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enable most any man to realize his ambition to earn bigger pay—whatever his present job may be. Clip the coupon now. No obligation. Mail it today!

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Without cost or obligation send me your free book "The Key to Master Salesmanship." Also include full details of your training and your free employment service.
Name
Address
CityState
AgeOccupation

This Way Out-Of Jail

(Continued from page 67)

this bitter drama. One of the clerks who gazed downward from the eighth floor of a building occupied by the offices of an insurance com-pany observed that he could plainly see the three men with pistols whereas the swarm of policemen who had arrived to quell the rebellion of the three could not see them.

This clerk, who probably never before had tasted adventure, saw a blue clad pygmy form dragging itself across the stone flags of the prison yard pausing now and then to fire an answering shot at the other pygmy forms shot-ing from behind a pile of coal. Suddenly he realized that he had no right to continue as a mere spectator of this affair. It was his fight quite as much as it was the fight of the policemen, and other servants of society milling around the base of the prison wall. Then, while other clerks were content to peer cautiously over window ledges, he ran to an elevator, was carried down to the street and there enlisted the attention of

"From my window," he said breathlessly, "you can see those fellows." "Yeah?" questioned the policemen eagerly.

"Take us there quick."

Back they hastened to the eighth floor and from that time until the end of the battle this clerk's window was a sniping post. There is many a man with the soul of an adventurer imprisoned at a clerk's desk and here was one who reveled in the chance to experience the who reveled in the chance to experience the thrill of a gun fight. He kept crowding in be-tween the policemen he had brought to his vantage point. So great was his interest that when glass was shattered in the windows of that wall from which he looked he kept on looking, and eventually a chunk of lead fired from one of those guns in the hands of the madmen in the minor and ripped through his hand prison yard ripped through his hand.

It was not long afterward that this clerk and other watchers crowded onto fire escapes, window ledges and nearby roofs saw the last act of this tragedy.

BEFORE explaining what that was it should be set down that this attempt at escape from the Tombs had followed the pattern of many other attempts, from many other jails. On this Nov-ember afternoon three prisoners who were confined on one of the upper floors of the stone city prison, which New York appropriately calls The Tombs, had complained to a guard that they were ill. They wished, they said, to see the doctor. Hyman Amberg, a twenty-two-year-old desperado, held for trial on the charge of killing a jeweler during a hold-up, was one of the trio. With a carelessness that was inexcusable, the guard neglected to search this prisoner before starting with him to the ground floor. Amberg had two pistols concealed in his clothing. Robert Berg and "Red" McKenna, his two companions, each had a pistol concealed on their persons.

Led by the guard these three descended the stone flights of stairs from floor to floor. Each crowded floor of the prison was occupied by scores of other men being held for trial in the criminal courts housed in the building on the opposite side of the street. Among those other prisoners were half a dozen who knew by means of the prison grapevine system of communications that an attempt to escape was to be made. The extra gun that Amberg carried was in-tended for one of those men.

When the guard and his three charges reached the ground floor of the prison the shooting began. A keeper named Louis Lorch was began. guarding the street entrance of the Tombs, an entrance held by a grille of iron bars thick as a entrance held by a grille of iron bars thick as a man's wrist. This was their objective, but Lorch was true to his trust. When one of the three prisoners displayed a gun and demanded that he open the gate to the street Lorch ran into an alcove and by a miracle escaped being hit by any of the bullets that spattered on the wall close to his head. Then Lorch began to shoot and three prisoners dodged into the Warden's office. Pater Mallon the Warden was a dignified

Peter Mallon, the Warden, was a dignified, likable man past fifty. On this occasion he was seated at a roll top desk, and could not see the door leading into the corridor. When those first

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shots sounded in the corridor outside his office he caused a subordinate to flash an alarm to police headquarters only a few blocks away. He had just seized his own revolver as the armed prisoners rushed into his office. It was Red McKenna who fired the shot through the warden's desk. The bullet passed through the thin wood of the pigeon holes and drilled a passage through Mallon's arm and through the body just under the heart. Peter Mallon rose to his feet in spite of that injury and fired his gun with what was probably his last conscious act. Then he dropped to the floor, mortally hurt. Mallon died several hours later in a hospital bed, grimly satisfied that though he died none of his prisoners had escaped.

After that killing the three prisoners passed through another door of the prison into the yard, an enclosure shut in by walls more than twenty feet in height. What happened after that was seen by all those spectators who crowded into the windows of the outside struc-tures towering on all sides of the prison.

Jeremiah Murphy, a keeper, was on guard in that yard and so was Daniel O'Connor. A third man was working there. He was a laborer en-gaged in digging a shallow trench along the base of one of the walls. This trench was designed to contain a conduit for electrical wires, but it was destined to save the life of the man who had dug it.

AS THE two guards and the three prisoners began to exchange shots this man—Thomas Kelly was his name—dropped his pick and flung himself into the bottom of the trench. It was so shallow that he dared not fill his lungs with air shallow that he dared not fill his lungs with air as he flattened himself into its moist bottom. Once he raised his head and saw Keeper Murphy dragging himself across the yard in a dying effort to find cover from the pistols of the fren-zied prisoners. It was not of himself that Keeper Murphy was thinking then. In his pocket were keys that would unlock that massive grate of the prison yard. The gun in his hand gate of the prison yard. The gun in his hand was sufficient to keep the prisoners from ap-proaching him for a while even though his legs had been paralyzed by a bullet in his spine. Somehow Murphy managed to toss those keys out of the sight of the three prisoners before his life faded out.

Probably Murphy could no longer see but it is likely he continued to hear the sounds that reverberated for another half hour in that terrible place where he was dying. Warden Mallon's call to police headquarters had been repeated to the desk of the police commissioner, George Mc-Laughlin. Commissioner McLaughlin then set in motion machinery that had not been used for many years in New York City. He ordered a riot call flashed to every nearby station.

Blue-coated figures carrying sawed-off shot-guns, rifles and other weapons began soon afterwards to converge in the streets leading past the Tombs. Some of them arrived there in auto-mobiles; others came on motorcyles and yet others on foot, until in space of time surprisingly short, there was a solid line of policemen surrounding the block where rises the walls of the Tombs.

From the wall of the Tombs, from the windows of the Criminal Courts Building and from other of the Criminal Courts Building and from other structures shots were poured into the back yard where Murphy lay dying and where Kelly crouched in that trench which he had dug. Some of those bullets bit deeply into the bodies of Red McKenna and Robert Berg. Berg was dead and McKenna was unconscious; but Hyman Author was still Amberg was alive and shooting. He was still shooting when a swarm of policemen came pouring into the jail yard. It was then that Hyman Amberg stood up, drew the second gun with which he was armed, and in the sight of hundreds of persons gazing down on him from the windows and roofs above, fired a last shot into his brain.

There will be other attempts to break jail. If old devices fail the men who are locked up will evolve new ones. Necessity mothers the inventions not only of honest men, but of crooks as well.

delivered her to this terri-ble fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental she escape from this hands she had been given— this strange man whose face none had seen? Here is an extraordinary situation. What was to be the fate of this beautiful girl? Who was this mysterious emissary? To know the answer to this and the most exciting Oriental tales ever told, read these **MASTERPIECES OF ORIENTAL MYSTERY** 11 Superb Volumes by SAX ROHMER by SAX ROHMER THESE are no ordinary detective stories. The hidden secrets, myster-fes and intrigues of the Orient fairly leap from the pages. Before your very eyes spreads a swiftly moving panorama that takes you breathless from the homes of luxury, to sinister un-derworlds of London and the Far East-from Piccadilly to incred-ible scenes behind idol temples in far off China-from hidden cities in Malay to the very seat of Hindu sorcery. **11 Thrilling Volumes**

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Securities and Securities

By Paul Tomlinson

YOU get confused, do you?" laughed the banker. "Well, I don't know that I blame you."

"There are so many different kinds of securi-ties," said his caller. "All sorts of bonds, and all sorts of stocks. How is a man to know

what they are and how one is different from the other? I get all mixed up." "There are a good many different kinds," the banker agreed. "Have you any special ques-tions about them?"

"Could you describe the principal ones to me?" asked the caller. "Would that be too much trouble?"

"Stocks or bonds?" "Both."

"All right. Shall we start with stocks?"

"Yes, please." "You know what a stock is, don't you?" the banker asked. "I think so."

The banker laughed. "A stock," he said, "is share in the ownership of a corporation. a share in the ownership of a corporation. When you buy a share of stock you receive a certificate which is evidence of that share of ownership. If a corporation has ten thousand shares outstanding, and you buy one hundred shares, you own a one-hundredth part of the business. If the corporation should be dis-solved and its affairs wound up you would get a one-hundredth part of whatever remained after its debts and prior obligations were paid." "A stockholder comes in last then?"

"That's right. At least that's true of a com-mon stockholder."

mon stockholder.' "What about preferred stock?' "Preferred stock,' said the banker, "has preference over the common not only as to assets, but as to dividends. That's how it gets the name. In other words the preferred stock has first call on money available as dividends, and in case of dissolution first call on whatever assets remain to be divided up. Of course no stock gets anything until the bonds have been paid. Bondholders have no share in the busi-press: they are merely creditors, and they must be taken care of first; after them come the pre-ferred stockholders, and lastly the owners of

"But there are different kinds of preferred stocks, and different kinds of common stocks, too." "I know it," the banker said with a smile.

"That's what causes you most of the confusion, isn't it?" "It is."

"It is." "Well," said the banker, "a stock is more or less what the corporation wants it to be. A preferred stock may be cumulative or non-cumulative, for instance. A 7 per cent. cumu-lative preferred stock would be entitled to 7 per cent. dividends each year before anything could be paid on the comment if no preferred per cent. dividends each year before anything could be paid on the common; if no preferred dividends were paid for say three years that would mean that 21 per cent. would have to be paid on the preferred before anything could be paid on the common. In other words, unpaid preferred dividends would accumu-late, and would constitute an obligation prior to any that could be claimed by the common. If a preferred stock were non-cumulative that would mean simply that preferred dividends would have to be paid before common dividends, but would not carry over and pile up." "Don't preferred stocks sometimes share with the common after a certain point?" "Yes. It may be that a preferred is entitled to say 6 per cent. first, and then when the common has paid 6 per cent. the two share equally in any further distributions. Then there may be convertible preferred stock, ex-changeable for common on some basis."

For example.

"For example." "Well, suppose a corporation has a 6 per cent, preferred stock convertible share for share into common. If the corporation's earnings are large enough to pay, say ro per cent. on the common after six has been paid on the preferred, it would obviously be to the ad-vantage of the owners of the preferred to avail themselves of the conversion privilege. Fre-quently, too, an issue of preferred can be called

in, redeemed that is, at some specified price, say one hundred and ten. There are many kinds of preferred stocks as you can see." "But more of common." "Possibly," the banker agreed. "Of course

there are common stocks with a par value, and those of no par. Preferred stocks sometimes have no par value for that matter."

"What difference does that make?" "Practically none. It is earnings that have the most to do with the value of a stock, particularly common stock, and whether the par is a hundred dollars a share, or ten dollars, or nothing at all is of minor importance. And it is good business for the lay investor to remember that fact; stating that a stock has one hundred dollars par value doesn't make the shares worth a hundred dollars by any means. They may be worth more, and they may be worth a good deal less.

"What about Class A stock and Class B

stock? What's the difference?" The banker laughed. "Just as I told yous he said. "Almost anything that the corporation wants to make."

"How do you mean?"

"How do you mean?" "Well, Class A stock may have no voting power, and only holders of Class B have any votes. In other words, control of the Corpora-tion and its direction will be vested solely in the owners of Class B." "Does that mean that they pay different dividends?" "Probably not. Simply that one class of common stockholders have a vote and the

common stockholders have a vote, and the others haven't. If you don't care about a vote, and are willing to entrust the management of

and are willing to entrust the management of the corporation to others you can probably buy the non-voting stock for a little cheaper." "Names don't seem to mean a great deal.' "Not too much. Class B stock of one corpo-ration may be quite different from Class B stock of another corporation. The thing to do is to find out about the particular company you are thinking of investing in." "But all first mortgage bonds are alike."

"They're all first mortgages, but they're not necessarily alike. One issue of first mortgage necessarily alike. One issue of first mortgage bonds of ten million dollars may be a first mort-gage on five million dollars worth of property, and another issue of ten million dollars may be a first mortgage on fifteen million dollars worth. Obviously one is worth more than the other." "Shakespeare was right," observed the caller. "How do you mean?"

"How do you mean?" "Didn't he write, 'What's in a name?' All these securities have names, but apparently you can't tell very much from that."

you can't tell very much from that." "Well, it's not conclusive I must admit," laughed the banker. "Names do mean some-thing, though. A first mortgage bond is some kind of a first mortgage after all. A refunding bond does refund." "Whatever that is."

"SUPPOSE a railroad has an issue of forty millions of 6 per cent. bonds due the first of next year; the owners of those bonds will expect to get their money on that date. If the railroad does not happen to have forty million dollars in cash lying around loose it must do something to raise it. Maybe they will sell an issue of forty millions of new bonds, the proceeds to be used to pay off the one that is coming due. This new issue very possibly will be called refunding bonds, for they are sold for the purpose of refunding the prior issue." issue

issue." "That doesn't indicate how they are secured." "No," said the banker, "it doesn't. That's why you'll often see an issue referred to as 'first and refunding,' or 'refunding and improve-ment.' The first kind may be a first mortgage; possibly in the second case the railroad may have sold fifty millions of the new issue, used forty million to refund the issue coming due, and the extra ten millions to make improvements to the road. Of course this new issue may be a first mortgage too." "One never knows."

"Not until one has investigated," said the unker. "Every investment should be looked banker.

into before it is purchased, you know. Sometimes the results are rather startling. "What's a debenture bond?"

"An I. O. U."

"Not secured by anything?"

"Only by the issuing corporation's credit. It will rank ahead of the preferred and common stocks, interest on it must be paid before dividends can be paid, and it is entitled to the assets of the corporation ahead of the stocks, but that is all. You understand, of course, that the income on a bond is fixed; if it is a 5 per cent. bond it pays 5 per cent. and no more." "Not like stocks."

"Not like stocks." "Do you think everybody can be rich?" de-manded the caller. "My wife was reading an article the other night that said so." The banker laughed heartily. "My wife read that same article. Then she read it aloud

read that same article. Then she read it aloud to me. There's a lot in it, and it would be aw-fully nice if it all came true, but it made every-thing sound pretty easy, and I'm afraid it may get some trusting souls into trouble." "You mean everybody can't pick the invest-ments that are going to appreciate in price?" "Of course they can't. I think it would be a fine thing if people saved and reinvested all the dividends and interest they receive, and if they

dividends and interest they receive, and if they did that for say twenty years they'd be surprised at the snug sum they would have accumulated. at the snug sum they would have accumulated. But who can do more than express an opinion as to what the very profitable investments are going to be? An experienced man can pick out investments that probably are safe, but it's difficult to find those that are going to prove profitable enough to make us rich." "It's too bad." "Yes," said the banker, "it is. But here's an example: a lot of fortunes have been made in automobile stocks. as you know: that was a new

an example: a lot of fortunes have been made in automobile stocks, as you know; that was a new industry at the beginning of the century, and new industries are supposed to offer the greatest opportunities for large profits. Now we have aviation, and one hears of the opportunities

"Aren't they there?" "No doubt. Do you realize, though, that in the last thirty years there have been something like sixteen hundred automobile companies

started, and that there are only about fifty operating in this country today—about 3 per cent.? If the same ratio holds good in aviation, a lot of the companies being started now will be out of existence and forgotten a few years hence. Who knows which the successful ones will be?"

"You're rather aiscouraging," said the caller. "No, I'm conservative," said the banker, "and believe the corporation you invest in is more important than the name of the particular stock or bond you purchase. There are securities and securities, but what makes them valuable is the business and the business management back of them. A class A business means more than a class A stock every time."

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 37)

of Park City Lodge was augmented by delega-tions from Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85, and Provo Lodge, No. 849. Also present were the officers of the State Association, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Farrar, of Provo Lodge, and Exalted Rulers D. T. Lane of Salt Lake City and J. Edwin Stein, of Provo. The officers of Park City Lodge, headed by the then Exalted Ruler Howard L. Berry, won the ritualistic contest in competition with the other Lodges of the state, all of whom were assigned to Lodge rooms other than their own for the exemplification of the ritual. In this case, Ogden Lodge was the scene of the Park City team's work. City team's work. The cup was awarded on behalf of the State

The cup was awarded on behalt of the State Association by its First Vice-President, M. Howard Graham of Provo Lodge, and was re-ceived in the name of Park City Lodge by Past Exalted Ruler Berry. It will remain the property of No. 734 during the present Lodge year and will be competed for again during this paried. This is the second time it has been way period. This is the second time it has been won by Park City Lodge. A short program of music preceded the presentation.

Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge Breaks Ground for New Annex to Home

Ground for New Annex to Home Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485, recently broke ground for an addition to its present Home, in accordance with plans that will, when completed, give the Lodge one of the finest Homes in the district. The Lodge owns a five-acre tract of land which, together with the pres-ent building, formed part of the former August Belmont estate. The annex for which ground has just been broken will form the rear of the projected structure and will be joined to the Home now in use. It will be fifty-four feet wide and one hundred and forty-five feet long, and will contain a huge Lodge room, fifty by ninetywill contain a huge Lodge room, fifty by ninety-

four feet, equipped with a stage, a motion four feet, equipped with a stage, a motion picture projection booth, and a special lighting system for ritualistic work. Other features of the annex will be a dining-room, pantry, stair hall, coat-room, game-room and washrooms. The operation involves an expenditure of ap-proximately \$60,000.

The ground-breaking took place on September 14. Among those present at the ceremonies were President William T. Phillips, of the New York State Elks Association, and Past District Deputy Peter Stephen Beck. There were delegations from Brooklyn, Freeport, Patchogue, Great Neck and Glen Cove Lodges. Following the ceremony the Lodge held a cla abake, which was largely attended by members and their ladies.

Warning to Subordinate Lodge Secretaries

It is reported by the Secretary of Texarkana, Ark., Lodge, No. 399, that one Henry Bailey, purporting to be a member of that Lodge and carrying a card bearing the number 1571, has been passing bad checks over an area extending from Fort Worth to St. Louis. Texarkana Lodge has no Henry Bailey and no number 1571 on its rolls.

Superior, Wis., Lodge Holds Two Picnics for Underprivileged Children

Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403, held two picnics this summer for underprivileged youngsters of their community; one, for the children of St. Joseph's Orphanage, the other, for those of the Superior Childrens' Home and Refuge. The Lodge, which forfeited its own annual outing in order that these unfortunate youngsters might enjoy themselves, on both occasions took the children in autos to the summer home of Mrs.

(Continued on page 72)



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

L. H. Larson, on Lake Amnicon. Here the boys and girls were feasted on sweets, treated to a fine lunch and taken for a sail on the lake. In addition, games of all sorts were held and the

lucky winners were awarded prizes. Carl H. Daley headed the committee in charge of both successful affairs.

Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge Sponsors Play

Under the auspices of the bowling team of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351, the Anchorage Little Theatre Club presented the comedy "The Whole Town's Talking," late last summer. The performance, which was under the direction of Maurice L. Sharpe, a member of the Lodge and president of the Little Theatre Club, was in every way a success and won the

Anchorage Lodge, incidentally, is the center of many social activities in this far-away city, and is active in welfare work for the less for-tunate people of the entire district.

Portland, Me., Lodge Holds Elks Golf Tournament

The first Maine Elks open golf tournament, sponsored by Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, and held on the Old Orchard Country Club course, was participated in by approximately seventy golfers and members of the Order. Many prizes, donated by friends and members of the Lodge, were offered, and the tournament, which was distinguished by more than a few exhibitions of skill, was a marked success. One of the features of the day was an exhibition match played by three professionals, Alex Chisholm, Larry Rowe and Frank Gilman. Lyman Abbott was host for the occasion.

Glendive, Mont., Lodge Holds Dinner for 150 Members

More than one hundred and fifty Elks at-More than one hundred and fitty Elks at-tended a duck dinner held by Glendive, Mont., Lodge, No. 1324, this fall. The price of admis-sion was the presentation of a paid-up member-ship card. After a fine meal, the ducks for which were provided by hunting enthusiasts of the Lodge, the members adjourned to the Lodge room, where they witnessed the initiation of five candidates. Later in the evening, boxing bouts were held bouts were held.

Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge Honors Newly Appointed District Deputy

Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1448, at its regu-Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1448, at its regu-lar meeting on September 26, gave a surprise reception in honor of F. L. Crews, recently ap-pointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, who returned that evening from the Grand Exalted Ruler's conference in Chicago. R. W. Jones, Grand Tiler and Past District Deputy, made a special trip from Pocatello to be present. In extending congratulations to Mr. Crews on his In extending congratulations to Mr. Crews on his appointment, Mr. Jones, in a brief address, dwelt on the harmony and fraternal spirit which prevails among the Idaho Lodges. Past Exalted Rulers C. J. Westcott and M. H. Eustace also spoke, congratulating Mr. Crews on behalf of the Lodge. In his response, the new District Deputy expressed his appreciation of the Lodge's hearty support and explained in detail the duties of a District Deputy as they had been set forth at the Chicago conference. Following the meeting, the Lodge was entertained by a brief boxing program, one of which, a battle royal among five boys encased in apple barrels, occasioned much merriment. merriment.

Atlantic City Lodge Honors Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach

When Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach, who is also Exalted Ruler of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276—an office he has held three times—returned from a European vacation and want to the Lodge to preside ourse the regular went to the Lodge to preside over the regular weekly meeting, he met with a surprise. In the spacious dining hall of the Home, decorated with handsome floral pieces, he found 250 members

waiting to welcome him with a banquet in his State Senator Emerson L. Richards, honor. Esteemed Leading Knight, was in charge of the testimonial; and the address of welcome was made by Supreme Court Judge Joseph A. Corio, Esteemed Lecturing Knight, and a Past Exalted Ruler. After a sumptuous dinner, the members convened to the Lodge room, which was also convened to the Lodge room, which was also beautifully decorated, for a short meeting. Past Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Perskie made an address of welcome to Mr. Bacharach, on behalf of the Lodge and Enoch L. Johnson, prominent in New Jersey affairs, also spoke. Following the meeting an elaborate and very enjoyable entertainment was presented by courtesy of Joseph H. Moss, featuring artists under his management. Everyone who attended voted that it had been a splendid evening. Members from many sister Lodges were among those present.

Vallejo, Calif., Lodge Rededicates Lodge Room

A large body of Elks were present at the rededication of the newly remodeled Home of Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, this fall. Partici-pating in the ceremonies were charter members pating in the ceremonies were charter members of the Lodge, among whom was F. R. Devlin, the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler, and a delegation from Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, which was active in the institution of No. 559 in 1900. The Oakland group included, besides Exalted Ruler Oakland group included, besides Exalted Kuler Oliver Kehrlein, other officers and members, and the Lodge's drill team, which took a unique part in the rededication. Later the gathering was entertained by Kenneth Wills. The Past Ex-alted Rulers of No. 559 received the visitors from Oakland, while Past Exalted Ruler Dr. J. J.

Armstrong was chairman of the evening. Not only the Lodge room of No. 559 but the whole building, which incidentally was at one time the residence of Gen. John B. Frisbie, has undergone extensive alterations. The basement undergone extensive alterations. The basement has been made over into a banquet hall; on the main floor there are now several fully equipped clubrooms, and the two upper stories have been attractively fitted out as bed rooms to accom-modate members of the Order. The Lodge room, which adjoins the main building, is itself an ample one. Situated in Vallejo's residential section, on a hill which commands a beautiful view of San Pablo Bay and the surrounding country, this fine house makes an ideal home for country, this fine house makes an ideal home for the Lodge.

St. Johnsbury Lodge Has Gala Opening Meeting

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge, No. 1343, cele-brated the resumption of regular meetings by holding an initiation and putting on a special entertainment for the old-timers. It has been the practice of this Lodge for some years to designate the first meeting in October as "Old Timers' Night," with a view to stimulating the interest of the older members right at the start of the fall season.

Louisville, Ky., Lodge Host to 3,000 Mothers and Children at Outing

There were 3,000 widowed mothers and their There were 3,000 widowed mothers and their children on the Second Annual Charity Boat Ride and Picnic sponsored by Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8. From early in the morning, when the crowd boarded the steamer *America*, which took them to Rose Island where the picnic was staged, the Lodge's committee did all in their power to make the day an enjoyable one. On the island, games were held and refresh-ments of all sorts were served. Morris W. Jones was in charge of the affair.

Past District Deputy Hugh C. Harris is Dead

After a sudden and very brief illness, Hugh C. After a studien and very brief liness, Hugh C. Harris, Past Exalted Ruler of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756 and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for New York, East, for the year 1919-1920, passed away at his home in New Rochelle on September 17, 1920. Mr. Harris had long been one of the most active and devoted Elks in his Lodge in fact, he was one of

the most active in New York State. As Proba-tion Officer of the Children's Court of West-chester County, he was well known throughout the county and, aside from his fraternal affiliations, was popular among hundreds of persons with whom his work had brought him in contact. Mr. Harris rarely missed an Elks gathering and could always be depended on to represent his Lodge at meetings held in the Westchester district.

Elks funeral services were held at his late residence in New Rochelle and attended by a large number of members from his own and surrounding Lodges.

Berkeley Lodge Entertains Delegation from Susanville

A large delegation of members of Susanville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1487, spent a pleasant day early in October paying a fraternal visit to Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002. This was by way of being a return call, Susanville Lodge having been host to a visiting delegation from Berkeley last winter. On the present occasion, the Susanville Elks were met by a recention the Susaville Elks were met by a reception committee from No. 1002, put up overnight, taken on automobile tours the following morning and to the University of California—St. Mary's football game in the afternoon. Following the game the visitors were tendered a splendid banquet and were given a party in the evening.

On October 23, Berkeley Lodge held its annual Old Timers' Night which was featured by a skit, staged by the old timers, depicting the early history of the Order.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert Presents Charter to Huntington Lodge

In the presence of many Elks officials and members from every Lodge on Long Island, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert presented Huntington, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1565, with its charter, at Halls Inn, Centreport, early this fall. The Lodge was instituted last June, and had been acting up to this time under a and had been acting up to this time under a dispensation granted by Mr. Hulbert. E. R. LaClair accepted the charter for the Lodge and, in turn, presented Mr. Hulbert with a beautifully worded and engraved resolution expressing the appreciation of No. 1565 for his efforts in its behalf.

During the dinner, which was held as part of

During the dinner, which was held as part of the celebration, the many guests and members were entertained by songs and merry making. Others present were: William T. Phillips, Thomas Cuite and Philip Clancy, President, Vice-President and Secretary, respectively, of the New York State Elks Association; James T. Hallinan, member of the Grand Lodge Com-mittee on Indiciny and also a speaker of the mittee on Judiciary, and also a speaker of the evening, and Past District Deputy Peter Stephen Beck. Exalted Ruler Raymond La Clair presided.

Queens Borough Lodge Plans **Busy Fraternal Season**

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, has adopted this fall a program of social activities containing more special events than ever before. For this month, in addition to the regular Lodge sessions, the program includes a Ladies' Night, with a valdeville show and entertainment follow-ing a Lodge session; a social night and, on Thanksgiving Eve, another Ladies' Night, to be known as Drill Team Night, which will be the occasion of a masquerade ball. In December the Lodge? activities will include memory deville Lodge's activities will include one vaudeville show, following a Lodge session; a New York State Association Night, with a collation after the session; the Christmas Eve basket distribu-tion; the annual Children's Show, by the Christ-mas Basket Committee, and a New Year's Eve party

The Orphans' Day Committee of the Lodge recently submitted a report as follows: The Committee collected a total of \$7,664.00. Its disbursements, for food, refreshments and lumber jackets, gifts for the children, amounted to \$5,-for 200 Ln addition to Orphane'. Day the Jackets, guts for the children, amounted to \$5,-698.00. In addition to Orphans' Day, the Committee put on a show for the inmates of Welfare Island, a city institution, and distributed gifts. After deducting the cost of the latter it was able to refund a balance of \$1,614 to the Charity Fund of the Lodge.

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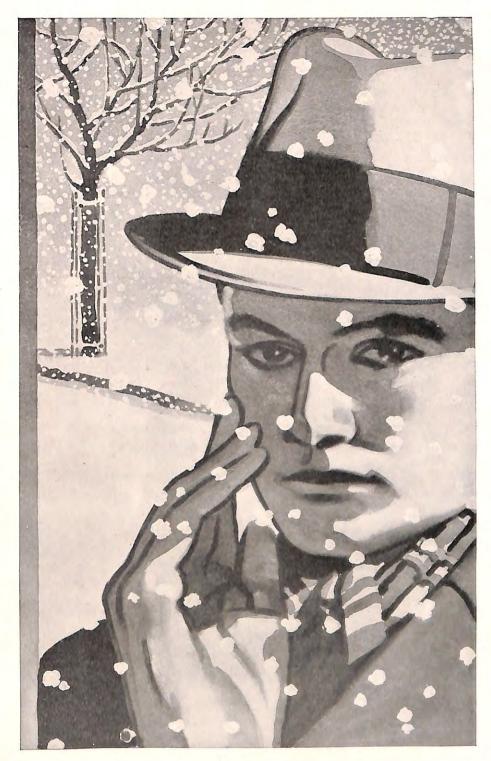


There's a lot of difference between the cold, wind-stiffened skin of late autumn and the tanned, freely perspiring face of July—and it makes a lot of difference in shaving. Yet it's easy to enjoy shaving comfort all the year round. Simply take ample time to soften your beard, And use a *fresh* Gillette Blade frequently.



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