

The Elks

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Magazine

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DECEMBER, 1929



Beginning this Month:

A Thrilling New Mystery Novel, "The Gloyne Murder" by Carl Clausen



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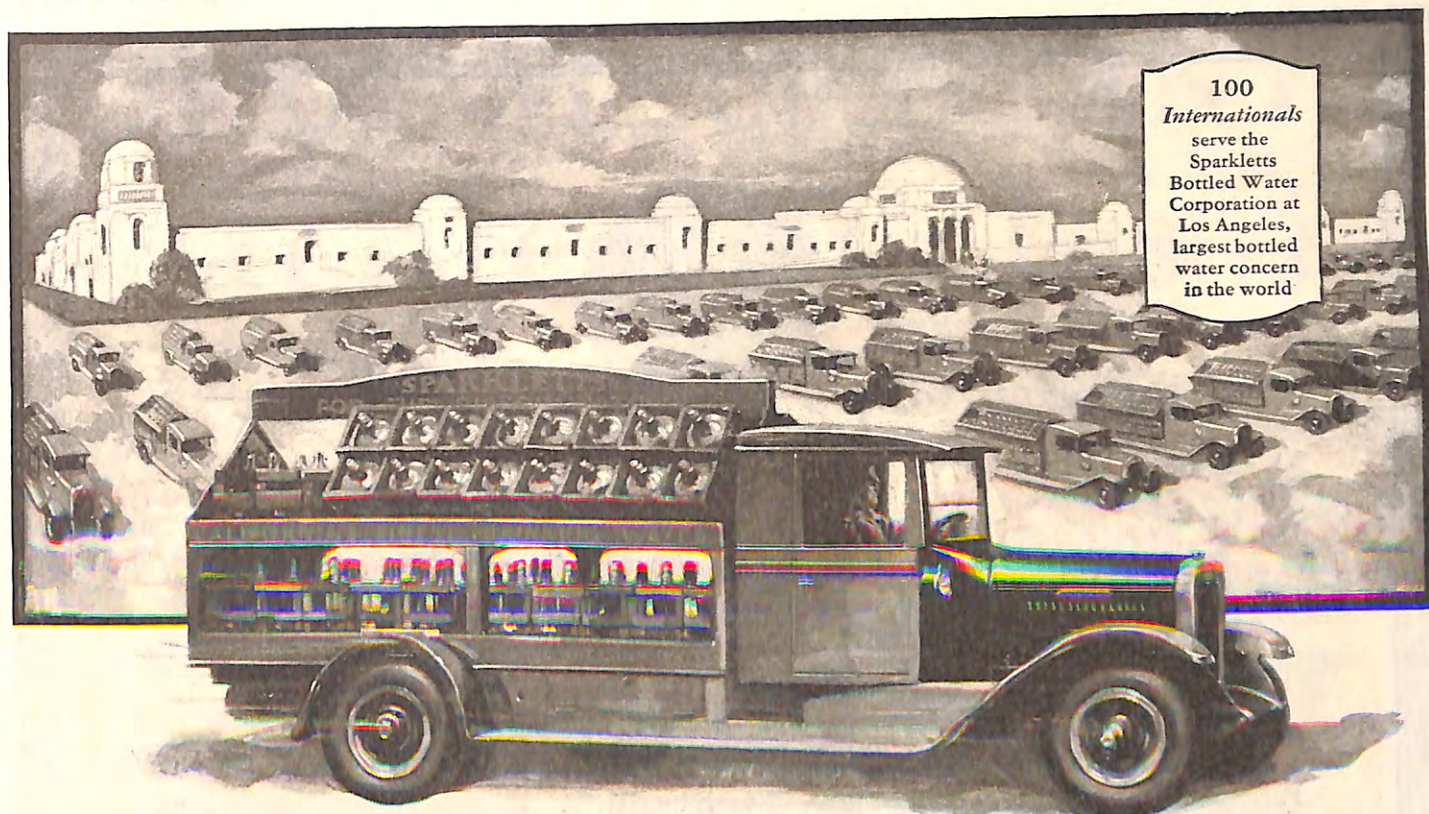


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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Eight
Number Seven

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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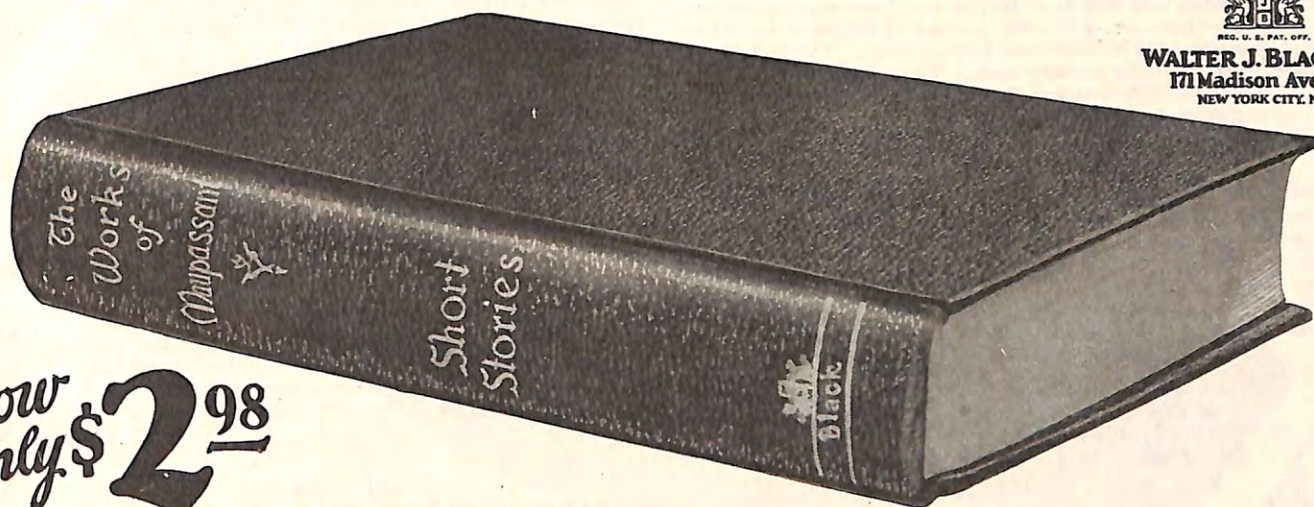
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Personalities and Appreciations

The Gloyne Murder

OUR new serial, beginning in this issue, is one of the most interesting and satisfying we have ever read. We say "satisfying" because the end of the story, when the murderer is identified and his method of killing explained, does not make you feel that the author has tricked and cheated you. On the other hand, it makes you feel that justice has been done all round. Furthermore, while the method of killing is highly ingenious, it is in no way preposterous. You feel that it all could have happened. The confirmed reader of detective fiction will recognize that this is indeed high praise.

The name of the author of "The Gloyne Murder" is assuredly familiar to you. Carl Clausen has been writing for many years, in the course of which he has contributed to practically all the leading magazines, our own included. He was born in Denmark and came to this country, speaking no English, about twenty years ago. Like Joseph Conrad, he spent his early life at sea. Again like Conrad, Clausen, when he finally took to writing, wrote in English instead of in his native tongue. We mention these facts, not for purposes of drawing comparisons between the two men or their work, but merely because, to us, they seem interesting coincidences.

Of one thing we are certain:—If you begin "The Gloyne Murder," you will not be happy until you have finished it. Merry Christmas.

Another Prize

AS WE go to press we learn, with no little pleasure, that Eugene F. Savage, has just won another prize. Mr. Savage, as you will recall, was the winner last spring of the Gold Medal in Painting, of the Architectural League of New York, for his murals made for the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago. In the members' prize show at the Grand Central Art Galleries, New York, the week of November 1, he was awarded the Walter L. Clark prize of \$1,000 for the best figure painting. His canvas "The Recessional" won the award. To paraphrase a well-known slogan: When better art prizes are awarded, Mr. Savage will win them.

The Deadline

THE ELKS MAGAZINE is anxious to publish, in its "Under the Spreading Antlers Department," the news of the subordinate Lodges. It is anxious, also, to publish the news of the State Associations. The Subordinate Lodges and the State Associations whose officers and members wish to have their news published in THE ELKS MAGAZINE can make the task easier by sending the necessary information to our Editorial Department in plenty of time.

It is not always realized, by those who send us news items, that a magazine is operated differently from a newspaper. A magazine, with its more formal make-up, is less flexible than a newspaper, which is hastily put together for hasty consumption. There is a limit, however, to the flexibility even of a newspaper and every paper maintains a deadline, after which time no more news can be accepted for any given edition. But whereas news that reaches a newspaper too late for use one day can be used the next—if it is important enough—news that reaches THE ELKS MAGAZINE after it has gone to press can not be used for a whole month. By then it is liable to be somewhat stale.

Some of our friends who have sent us news items and

have wondered why they did not see them in print immediately may understand the situation better upon reading the following: The issue now in their hands appeared all over the country December 1. It took a week to mail out the edition; prior to the mailing, at least ten days were required for actual printing and binding; before the actual printing several days were needed for putting the forms on the presses (known as making ready); final proofs were read and OK'd November 11 (the 10th falling on a Sunday); prior to the reading of the final proofs, from November 1 to November 5, the Editorial Department was editing and writing late copy. Our regular closing date for the reception of news is the first of each month. We can and do accept copy up to the fifth of each month, in cases where it was obviously impossible for our correspondent to send it in earlier. The fifth, however, is the deadline and news arriving after that date must be held over until the following month.

It frequently happens, of course, that Lodge functions occur a few days after we go to press. In such cases there is nothing to be done except to publish the news in the issue following the one just closed. It more often happens, however, that needless delays on the part of those sending us news is responsible for its reaching us too late to catch the issue it was intended for. A good rule is to send in the news immediately after the event it describes.

Good News

READERS of THE ELKS MAGAZINE will be as glad to know as we are to tell them that Albert Payson Terhune has again become one of our contributors. In the early days of this publication, Mr. Terhune's stories were a potent factor in helping it make a name for itself as a general as well as a fraternal periodical. Probably the most popular of all his stories were those in which he dramatized the intelligence and loyalty of his collies. The new one he has just written for us is a collie story, "The Seventh Son", and one of his best.

George Creel, whose story "The Deep Yellow" was one of the high spots of our October number, recently brought in to us an article bearing the restrained title "Bad Boy." It is the chronicle of a gentleman named Francisco de Carbajal who, in Creel's own words, was "a dashing blade of eighty-four who could outdrink outside and outfight any cavalier among the *conquistadores* of Peru, and while barred from climbing a lady's balcony by his weight, ranked second to none in the open courts of love." The exploits of this incredible creature were so amazing and amusing that we bought the article on the spot. It is something you simply must not miss. Watch for it.

Jack L. Dempsey

JUST as this issue was about to go to press we learned, with sorrow, of the untimely passing of one of our valued contributors and genial friends, Jack L. Dempsey, of New Orleans. Mr. Dempsey was widely known for many years as one of the country's outstanding students of racehorses and horseracing and untold sums were paid off on the basis of his form charts. Associated with the track practically since boyhood, he was, like Mars Cassidy, who also, alas, recently crossed the final finish line, one of its most colorful and best loved figures. A life member of New Orleans Lodge, No. 30, Jack L. Dempsey won and held hosts of friends through his honesty, kindness, and loyalty. Peace be with him.

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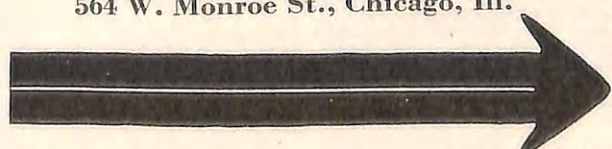
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For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Richard P. Rooney, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, 1048 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Three

526-9 Healey Building,
Atlanta, Ga.,
December 2, 1929

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

MY BROTHERS:

At this Christmas season of Peace and Good Will to all mankind, every Elk will add to his own contentment through sympathy and alms-giving as real evidence of his joy at the home comforts and social happiness with which he himself may be blessed. I earnestly urge each subordinate Lodge to extend its charitable activities this year and be over generous to the little children, the poor, the aged, and the less fortunate of God's people.

Whatever you may do, in the name of Charity, will come back to you in golden blessings.

With the deepest gratitude for the generous benefactions which have been bestowed upon us by the Supreme Being, during the past year, let us all enter upon the New Year with optimism, enthusiasm and a bigger and broader Brotherly Love; and let us resolve to attend our Lodge sessions regularly, supporting our officers, in all their endeavors, and revive within ourselves that Fraternal zeal and affection which will cause our blood to pulsate more warmly and strongly, in the *true spirit* of this *Holiday Season*.

I extend to the great family of Elkdom my most sincere and affectionate wishes for joy, happiness, peace and prosperity during this Yuletide.

I would flood your
path with sunshine—

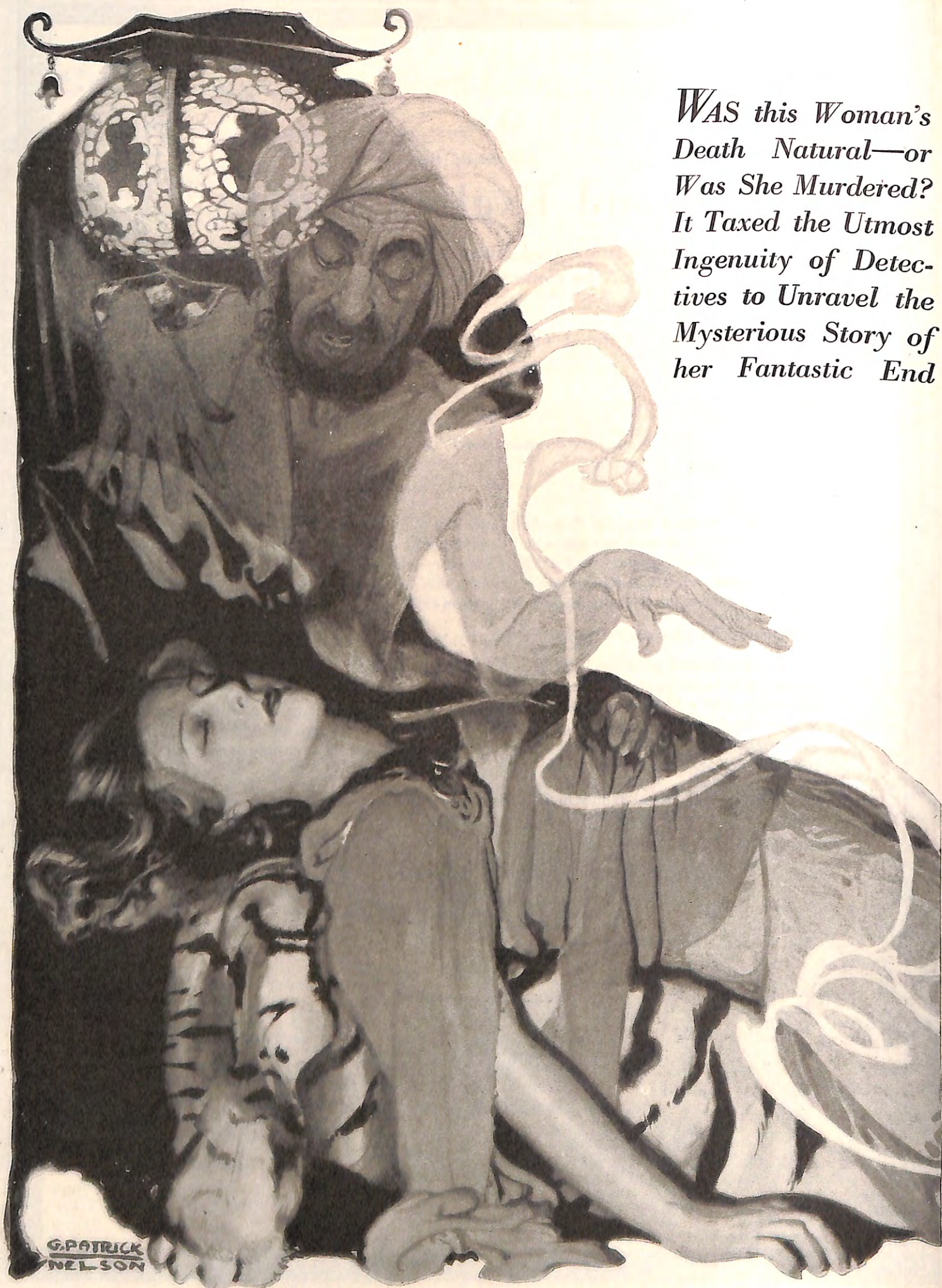
I would fence you
from all ill—

I would crown you
with all blessings if

I could but have my will.

Walter P. Andrews.
Grand Exalted Ruler

*WAS this Woman's
Death Natural—or
Was She Murdered?
It Taxed the Utmost
Ingenuity of Detec-
tives to Unravel the
Mysterious Story of
her Fantastic End*



The Gloyne Murder

By Carl Clausen

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

Part I

DR. SLADE had just knocked on the door of our apartment to inquire how Paul had slept. I remember wondering at the time at his extreme solicitude about my husband. It was true that Paul had been looking a bit seedy for the past week or two, but after several years of married life with a detective one ceases to worry over his periods of lassitude between cases. Paul's recuperative powers were remarkable. Twenty-four hours after a change of scene and routine, and he'd be working hard and contentedly at playing, completely refreshed.

Dr. Slade was a squat, undersized man with a stiff, uncompromising pompadour of graying, mouse-colored hair, long simian-like arms, and a pair of the palest blue eyes I've ever seen. I wondered why a man of his type had chosen medicine as a profession. He might have made an excellent surgeon, but I could not imagine him in the rôle of ministering angel at my bedside. He owned the building on the eighth floor of which we had taken a small apartment the month before, and maintained a suite of offices on the ground floor with an entrance from the main lobby. The suite was more for administrative than for medical purposes, I imagined.

"Slept like a log, Doctor," Paul said solemnly. As I glanced at his bland, innocent face, devoid of any trace of deception, I did not wonder at his success as a detective. I merely marveled at his utter inability to put anything over in the bosom of his family—which

means me. I have felt sorry for him more than once at the elaborate machinery he would set in motion to insult my intelligence when a plain statement of facts would have sufficed. If men are deceivers ever it is because, to the least of them, they are chivalrous. When my husband ceases to deceive me in matters of no consequence, I shall know that he has also ceased to love me.

Dr. Slade's heavy features were fixed in a sort of cast-iron smile—that's the best way I can describe it.

"I hope you did not think me presuming when I stopped in here last night," he said anxiously. "I like my tenants to feel that I'm interested in them."

The smile included us both, but it was lost on me entirely. He had stayed for a full two hours the night before, talking about nothing at all, when the kindest service he could have rendered my husband was to have let him go to bed. Paul had just finished a most trying case, and as always after the chase was over, the reaction had set in. Body and nerves were clamoring for rest.

"It was mighty decent of you to stop in," he murmured. He stood blinking at me for an inspiration. Like all men of action it embarrassed him to accept unsolicited favors from people. When he wanted a favor he went after it with a directness that was beautiful and discomfiting.

The physician spread his large palms out with a deprecating movement.

"Not at all," he said. "I hope you are enjoying the apartment," he added.

My husband was just about to reply when the telephone rang, and I went to answer it. It was the switch-board operator calling from downstairs. The girl's voice was husky with suppressed emotion.

"Is Dr. Slade in your apartment, Mrs. Ames?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Will you tell him to step to the telephone—something's happened!"

"It's for you, Dr. Slade," I said.

"For me?" He stepped forward quickly.

"Yes?" . . . What! . . . Miss Gloyne! . . . Tell the maid I'll be right down!" He put the telephone back on the stand with a curious slow movement as if it were something fragile.

"Something—serious has happened in Miss Gloyne's apartment on the fifth floor," he said in a low, strained voice. "May—might I ask you to come down with me, Lieutenant Ames?"

"Certainly! Of course!" Paul replied. He nodded to me. "Want to come along, Pete? You might be of help."

MY NAME Petra is the only thing I inherited from my Norwegian ancestors. Paul had shortened it to Pete, but you'd have to hear him say it to appreciate it.

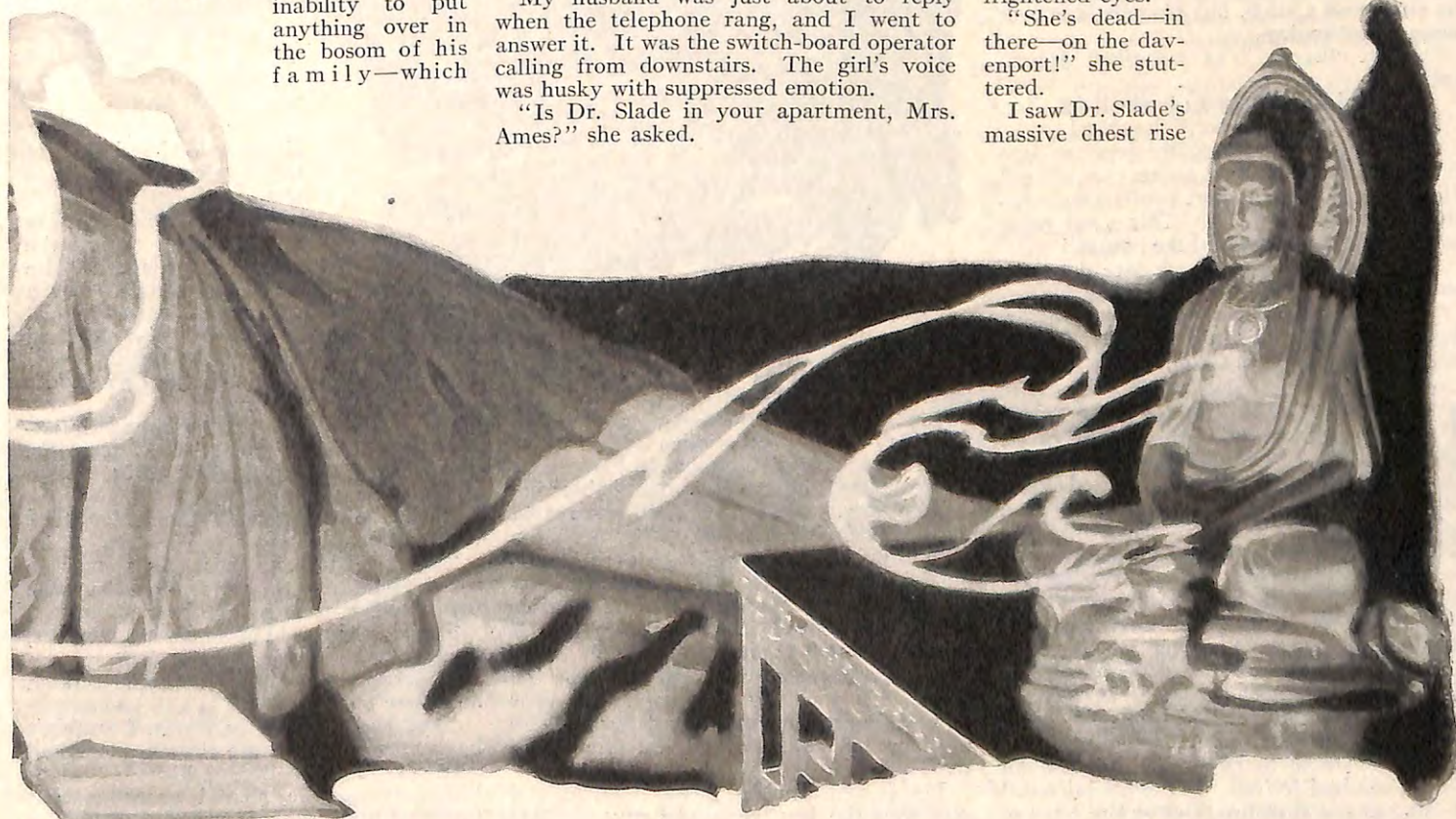
We followed our medical landlord down the three flights of stairs to the fifth floor. Miss Doris Gloyne's apartment was a corner suite. We were met in the foyer by a colored maid. The woman was chattering with fright, and trembling. She stood clutching the knob of the closed living-room door. On a small stand beside her, the telephone with the receiver dangling by its cord bore mute attest to her agitation. Paul reached out his hand and hung it back on the hook, then pushed the woman gently aside.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

She rolled her frightened eyes.

"She's dead—in there—on the davenport!" she stammered.

I saw Dr. Slade's massive chest rise



under a deep intake of breath. I got the curious impression that he was trying to steel himself against something he had feared would happen.

The room we entered was very large, unusually large for a New York apartment. I learned later that it had been originally two rooms, and that the partitions had been removed, making one large room out of the two medium-sized ones.

The window shades were drawn and the lights were still burning. Upon a large davenport before the fireplace lay the figure of a woman clad in negligée. At first glance she appeared quite young, but as my eyes traveled from her face to the right arm, bare to the elbow, and hanging over the edge of the davenport, with its fingers almost touching a small book that lay face down on the rug, I knew that she was no longer young, no matter what cosmetics and massage had done to stave off the march of the years. The hand and its five slightly curved fingers were marked unmistakably by that sterner hand, Time.

AS WE moved forward, the draft from the open door turned one of the leaves of the book, a small, thin volume. The leaf fluttered, then dropped back as if the tips of those curved fingers had just turned a page. A pair of eyeglasses were caught in the folds of the woman's negligée at the curve of her throat.

Paul bent over the figure. His hand touched her cheek and remained there for some moments. Then he straightened up.

"She's been dead—several hours," was all he said. Picking up the book he glanced at it. "*Interim*," by Edna St. Vincent Millay. "What a setting!"

His observation was an answer to my reaction. I wondered at a death so peaceful that it could overtake one in the act of reading and cause a ripple no greater than to disarrange one's glasses. Dr. Slade had walked around the end of the davenport. He stood looking down at the dead woman, his massive head projected forward as if he suspected a trick, but his pale-blue eyes were expressionless.

"Heart disease," he remarked laconically.

Paul held the glasses up to the light.

"Have you treated her?" he asked.

"No, but it's what usually gets her type in the end. Late hours—heavy eating." He was speaking in short professional sentences. "What'll we do? This is not going to be pleasant for me and the house!"

My husband lay the book face down on the table behind the davenport.

"Let's carry her into the bedroom, Doctor. You can make an examination there. My wife'll help you—won't you, Pete?"

I NODDED. In my limited way I had helped Paul before in several of his cases. Some months earlier Captain Rice of the Homicide Department had insisted upon requisitioning a badge for me in recognition of a slight service I had rendered the New York City authorities in the famous and as yet unsolved torch murder. The service had consisted of my stumbling upon—quite by chance—a bit of evidence that had eliminated a suspect rather conclusively, and had thus saved the department the humiliation of a false arrest.

Paul and the doctor laid Miss Gloyne on the bed in the next room. It had not been slept in. Death had overtaken the woman before she had retired. My husband stood looking at the dressing-table at the head of

the bed for a moment, then returned to the living-room, closing the door behind him.

The doctor and I undressed the dead woman, and as we did so it became even more apparent that she was no longer young. Certain areas of her skin had that unmistakable look of a person who was approaching the half-century mark. Self-indulgence had done the rest. Whatever Miss Gloyne might have been in her youth, the form we saw was not that of a Venus. By contrast, her face was remarkably youthful, however.

We discovered no mark upon the dead woman that might have suggested violence. Her skin had a certain bluish tinge which Dr. Slade, who was most thorough in his examination, explained usually occurred in death from heart failure. I asked him how long he thought she had been dead.

"I wouldn't want to say definitely," he replied as he covered the dead woman with the bed clothes, "at least more than an hour or two."



Paul was standing with his back to one of the windows facing the alley that ran along the side of the building when I reentered the living-room.

He had raised the shades, but the lights were still burning. The colored maid was seated on a chair facing him—or rather upon the edge of it. That she was frightened almost out of her wits was plain. Paul had evidently finished questioning her, for he said:

"All right, Mrs. Reed, you may go. I imagine there'll be nothing for you to do here this morning—or in the future," he added, "so you may as well give me your key. I don't want anything disturbed here until we've had the medical examiner's report."

The woman fumbled in her handbag and produced the key which she gave to Paul

with every evidence of relief. Then she arose and left the room silently.

Paul stepped to the door of the bedroom and looked over my shoulder. Dr. Slade was standing at the dressing-table tugging at the drawer. At my husband's step he whirled about.

"I was looking for some—listerine to sterilize my hands. There's probably some in the bathroom," he muttered. As a physician, Slade ought to have known that a woman does not keep disinfectants in the drawer of her dressing-table. I glanced at my husband. Between the two fingers of

his extended hand, he held the key the maid had given him.

"You have no objection to my keeping this for the present, I assume," he asked with a smile. "Just a matter of form, you know."

The physician blinked his pale-blue eyes.

"Er—certainly not," he said hastily.

"I telephoned headquarters," Paul went on, "they ought to be here in ten or fifteen minutes."

"You mean the police!" the doctor asked with a start.

"Yes," said Paul. His eyes seemed to avoid Slade's as they traveled about the room. "The usual routine, you know."

The physician said nothing for a moment, then observed as if in protest:

"There's not so much as a pin scratch anywhere on her body."

"If I had thought there was, I wouldn't have moved her before the examiner had seen her," Paul replied. I knew my sleuth husband and the mental processes that preceded his observations. This one had a



"He—he walked—I don't know whether I can describe it—softly like a cat. He seemed to sort of glide along—and his face frightened me. It looked like a dead person's"

ring of insincerity. Our eyes met for the briefest of instants, but in that fleeting look I caught his telegraphed warning. The first thing a detective of the homicide department learns is never to move a person who has been found dead until the deceased has been viewed by the medical examiner. His warning look informed me that he had violated this axiom for a definite purpose.

Stepping to the electric switch beside the door he turned the lights off. The act was plainly one of dissemination, and I felt it obvious to anyone, but if Dr. Slade noticed it he gave no indication.

For the first time I gave some attention to the living-room. As I've said, it was very large. The furniture was remarkable, chiefly for its bad taste. It was evident that the dead woman had been a collector, with a penchant for the exotic and bizarre. Massive and elaborately carved oriental chairs, paisley shawls, near-Ming vases, Burmese and Korean brasses, and Victorian chests of the sleigh-runner variety fought each other for supremacy. There were no less than five pictures of herself on the walls; two in oil, two charcoal sketches, and one in water color. All were in costumes of some sort. On an ebony pedestal in one corner stood a bronze cast of a human foot—Sappho's, Messalina's, or Cleopatra's—I wondered which. Altogether, the chamber looked more like an auction room than an apartment.

PAUL had moved over to the three-windowed bay that faced the alley. He was leaning out of one of the windows examining the fire-escape, when there was a knock on the door. It was the elevator boy with John Rice, Captain of Detectives. Rice was a medium-sized, pleasant-voiced man with

small, black, twinkling eyes and a gently humorous mouth. Although outranking my husband in the service, there was never anything of the superior officer in his attitude toward Paul. They got along famously though the Captain's passion for detail sometimes irked my husband. As always, Rice's manner was serene and unruffled.

"What's this, Lieutenant?" he asked, "I thought you were on your vacation."

"I'm leaving for New Mexico to-morrow, Captain," my husband replied.

Rice's small shrewd eyes twinkled.

"I wonder! You youngsters don't know when to quit. When you're as old and battle-scarred in the service as I am, you'll have learned to let people die without getting a rise of temperature. What have we here? And why must I come personally? Morning, Mrs. Ames." He glanced at the physician. "Slade?" he replied at Paul's introduction. "Glad to know you, Doctor."

Paul explained what had happened and led Rice into the bedroom. They remained there only a moment. When they returned, the Captain said to Dr. Slade:

"You're satisfied that it's heart disease, Doctor?"

"I don't think there's any question," the physician replied somewhat shortly. "Is it necessary to stir up the whole police depart-

ment? I asked you, Lieutenant Ames, to step down here with me because you were a tenant in the house. I hope this matter is not going to lead to a lot of undesirable publicity."

"Why should it, Doctor?" Rice asked arching his eyebrows in surprise. "The ambulance will be here in a little while and take her away. That can't be avoided, you know."

Slade shrugged his massive shoulders. He nodded to all of us.

"I suppose not. Well, I'll run along and leave the details to you gentlemen."

"What is it, Lieutenant?" Rice asked when the door had closed upon the physician.

"I don't know that it's anything, Captain. Probably only a notion of mine." He turned at the reopening of the door. "Here's Dr. Burke. Let's hear what he has to say. Good morning, Doctor."

Chief Medical Examiner James Burke was an energetic little man with a shoe-brush mustache of wiry hair that gave him a certain terrier-like aspect. He carried his black bag as if he were bringing home his latest catch.

"Almost made the morning editions, didn't you," he remarked. "How d'you do, Mrs. Ames. Dragged out of bed by the spouse, I see. Well, you won't need your beauty sleep for at least another decade! What's up now?"

"COME into the next room and tell us," Rice said. "We just want our surmises confirmed. We've had an unofficial opinion already. Concur with it, and you may run home and finish shaving the left side of your face."

"Ho," said Burke. "A woman!" He drew the bedclothes aside and put his bag down. "All right, you fellows, go back into the living-room. This is no sight for lay men. Mrs. Ames, I don't know how you happen to be here, but since you are, you might stay and help me."

"We have an apartment here on the eighth floor," I replied, as Paul and Rice stepped into the next room.

"Well, well, and she picks this house to die in. Very considerate, I'm sure."

He made a quick examination of the dead woman.

"When was she found?" he asked.

"About half an hour ago, by the colored maid," I replied.

"Hm! Been dead ten-twelve hours. Heart disease, undoubtedly. Yes! Unquestionably. Let's wrap her in that negligée, Mrs. Ames."

"Ah, what's this?" he exclaimed. He bent over the dead woman as I was drawing the right sleeve of the dainty pink satin dressing-gown upon the rigid arm. With his forefinger he pushed back the disordered hair at the right temple. There was a scar there an inch and a half long, an old scar faintly livid. Turning the woman's head over, he pushed back the hair at the left temple. There was a scar there of the same dimensions and age, and in identically the same place.

"Vanity, thy name is woman," he muttered. "That'll be all, Mrs. Ames."

We returned to the living-room. Rice looked up as we entered.

"Well, what's the verdict, Doctor?" he asked.

"Heart disease, I'd say. Sorry to disappoint you fellows, but people do die occasionally from natural causes even in the city of New York."

"There's no chance of it being anything else?" Paul asked.

(Continued on page 53)

"Meet the Christmas Books!"

*Up and At Your Holiday Shopping With Untroubled Brow,
For Here Are Gifts for Everybody!*

THE way we feel about it is this: a Christmas without the gift (coming or going) of a good book, is just about as flat as egg-nog without—well, cinnamon. You may believe that should you dash off this very day to begin your Christmas shopping in the book stores, you will carry our blessing with you.

We have read all the books mentioned in these pages, so if you want further information upon any of them just write us; or if some particularly difficult person is to be fitted to a book perhaps we can help you find one to his measurements and tastes. We'd like to try, anyhow.

The main thing to remember, however, is that this would be a pretty terrible world without books—those companions and counselors that help us over many a wretched hour; those glimpses into beauty without which life would be unbearable; those prods to courage and to humor that give us a fighting chance. Just think, for a moment, of being able to give such things to our friends!

We devote much space on our lists to biography, because public taste in reading has lately flowed strongly toward these records of real men and women. This year we witness the publication of some remarkable ones that should be on every library shelf.

BIOGRAPHY

La Fayette

By Brand Whitlock. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. 2 vols. \$10.00.)

A VERY gallant book about a very gallant gentleman. The history of one of America's best friends by our former Minister to Belgium—a man who, being diplomat, historian and novelist, has been able to interpret the great Frenchman with conspicuous understanding and fascination. Especially has he made us see, as through a kind of white light, the extraordinary purity of motive animating the distinguished list of LaFayette's achievements. The Marquis' own words, written to his wife during a peculiarly dangerous period of the French Revolution are the keynote of his whole life: "I am in a great adventure, and I like to think that I shall come out of it, without having had even an ambitious impulse to reprove myself for . . ."

This enthralling biography is not only the story of a great man, but the record of a romantic and heroic epoch.

The Amazing Franklin

Compiled and Edited by J. Henry Smythe, Jr. (Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York. \$3.00.)

AT THE most important desk in America, the most important man in America sat writing. He was inscribing a Foreword to be used at the beginning of a symposium of estimates upon the character and work of Benjamin Franklin.

"Benjamin Franklin's services to his country were not alone in the great foundations of the Republic, but in his original mind and his homely wisdom which have stimulated and fertilized the thought of every succeeding generation of our country."

By Claire Wallace Flynn

And below that, the writer signed his name—"Herbert Hoover," thus making a sort of national event of this fine book about Poor Richard, who, as we study him through these essays by such outstanding figures as Andrew Mellon, Curtis D. Wilbur, James J. Davis, Sir Esme Howard, Harry S. New, and others, enacts in turn the rôle of diplomat, father of the U. S. Postal Service, soldier, printer, agriculturist, philanthropist, editor, inventor—and an amazing list of other things.

READY

WE HAVE, ready to mail to you upon receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope, an additional list of splendid books which we did not have room to mention this month. Especially a group of Children's Books and a collection of Mystery and Detective Fiction. We are sure you would like to see this.

Address

Book Review Department,
ELKS MAGAZINE,
50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

This meaty book is published under the auspices of the Philadelphia Chapter of the Sons of The Revolution.

Carry Nation

By Herbert Asbury. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$3.00.)

Scene—Drug-store in Medicine Lodge, Kansas. Druggist (to woman who has grim designs upon a little keg she has discovered): "That's my California brandy!"

Woman: "It's the broth of hell!"

OUT of central Kentucky in the middle of the nineteenth century emerged a crusader in a stiff black dress and a ferocious bonnet, a crusader who flourished a big umbrella above her head, threatening the ungodly! The umbrella later changed into a hatchet which became the symbol of Carry A. Nation's fanatical onslaught upon the American saloon.

An army of wild-eyed supporters gathered around her, and she developed into one of those phenomena which only this land of the free appears able to produce.

Mr. Asbury, whose "Life of Bishop Asbury" and "The Gangs of New York" have been reviewed in these pages, has done a lively, full-length portrait of the ludicrous lady at whose door much of the responsibility for prohibition has been laid. He seems to have greatly enjoyed writing about her, never losing his detached and tolerant viewpoint, and never making her more than a side-show to our national drama.

The Incredible Marquis

By Herbert Gorman. (Farrar & Rinehart, New York. \$5.00.)

A GORGEOUS, full-blooded story of Alexandre Dumas, creator of "The Three Musketeers"—to mention but one of his

masterpieces; and brilliant standard-bearer of romantic literature. The blue-eyed and fair-haired son of France, who had a San Domingo negro's blood in his veins, lends himself once more to a biography. This one, by Mr. Gorman, is frank, colorful, sweeping, and catches the spirit of Dumas' own style. We would like the name and habitat (as of a strange specie of arctic life) of any one who can sip the first brimming chapters of this clamorous life-history and turn away from the rest of it. This is a challenge.

Mrs. Eddy

By Edwin Fraden Dakin. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.00.)

OUT of a life thwarted on all counts until she had reached the age of fifty, this amazing woman rebuilt her own world and evolved a new theology out of what she believed to be an original system of Divine Healing. Friends and foes alike will be disarmed of any criticism of this careful biography of the founder of Christian Science, by virtue of its wealth of new and interesting material and its spirit of fair-mindedness which at all times (and this is what makes the book so readable) is savored by the acid of a keen and discriminating intelligence.

Emerson

By Phillips Russell. (Brentano, New York. \$5.00.)

HOW calm and friendly and incredibly sound and fine seems the Emersonian world of Concord, as recorded in this beguiling portrait of America's best-loved philosopher.

Mr. Russell's biography is a sensitive piece of work which builds up, out of the man's every-day thought, a most human and neighborly Emerson—one to take to our hearts.

Edison—His Life and Inventions

By Frank Lewis Dyer & Thos. Comerford Martin, with the collaboration of Henry Meadowcroft. (Harper & Bros., New York. 2 Vols. \$5.00.)

THIS authorized story of the world-famous inventor, coming in the year of the fiftieth anniversary of his "electric light," is of most timely interest. It is, in fact, illuminating—though when we wrote that word we didn't mean to be funny—honest!

The Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge

(Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. \$3.00.)

HERE is an unsuspected Coolidge, a man liberated from the stupendous job and heart-breaking responsibilities of the Presidency, finding a strange pleasure in proving to us that he is not really the enigmatic, silent man we all knew in the White House, but a simple fellow of the deepest sentiment and feeling. An important book.

(Continued on page 46)



Among Those Present in "June Moon"

READING from left to right they are Linda Watkins, Harry Rosenthal, Frank Otto and Norman Foster, ringleaders in making this wise-cracking comedy by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman an hilarious event. Foster, a young sap from upstate, comes to New York full of inspirations for songs that will put the big

town on fire. En route he falls in love with the charming Linda Watkins, but when he actually scores a success in tin pan alley, he is temporarily lured away by a beautiful gold-digger. Mr. Rosenthal is the big hit of the show. Besides being a wizard with the piano, he has a natural flair for his rôle that is delightful—E. R. B.

VANDAM 4



The stage set for "Subway Express," the murder mystery by Eva Kay Flint and Martha Madison, is a perfect facsimile of a subway train at the crowded hour. Just after it pulls out of Times Square station the lights wink out for a moment, there is a pistol shot and when the lights come on, a man is dead. But it soon develops that it wasn't the pistol but something more diabolic that killed him, and for three exciting acts Edward Ellis (shown above trying to wring the truth from one of the suspects, J. Hammond Dailey) hounds the witnesses and cudgels his brain for the startling solution



PHOTOS BY
VANDAM



Above is a picture of Fritzi Scheff who, after a long absence from the stage, returns to her famous rôle in "Mlle. Modiste" with all the zest and grace of manner that she gave the original production. And she brings a really delightful voice to the well-known Victor Herbert melodies

"The Criminal Code" by Martin Flavin, is a powerful, well-written play, and at the same time an exposition of what our prison system can do to the human spirit. Russell Hardie (kneeling) kills a man, but he is not a criminal when he starts serving his sentence. The girl, Anita Kerry, is the beautiful daughter of the prison warden, played by Arthur Byron (left). Both Mr. Byron and the boy play superbly and the story they unfold is an exciting and deeply tragic one

A producer and a playwright hold opposing views on the likelihood of finding romance hidden in every-day lives. A middle-aged, middle-class couple who opportunely visit the manager's office about the renting of a country house provide the test for their theories—the play is the story of this couple's married life. They met informally on a bench in Hyde Park and were married in a London registry office as pictured at the right. For the rest of the story of their fine love, which weathered hardships and tragedy, you must see "Many Waters" by Monckton Hoffe, in which Ernest Truex and Marda Vann give a beautiful and sympathetic portrait

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



One of the new plays produced by the Civic Repertory Theater this year is "Mlle. Bourrat," from the French of Claude Anet. It is a wistful, sometimes tragic and often humorous story of a young convent-bred girl of the French provinces at the end of the last century. The girl is well played by Josephine Hutchinson, pictured at the left with Alma Kruger, who also gives a fine performance as the mother, whose love and family pride keep her in a turmoil of machinations

PHOTO BY
VANDAMM



"Berkeley Square," John L. Balderston's play, which has already enjoyed a success in England, is a delightful and delicate fantasy in which Leslie Howard (pictured at the right with Tarver Penna) does an exceptional piece of acting. His is the rôle of a young American who inherits an old house in Berkeley Square where his colonial namesake lived in 1784. Saturated in the unchanged Queen Ann atmosphere and the reading of old diaries the boy becomes fixedly enamored of the past. How he thinks himself back into those rude early days and finds his great love there you must let Mr. Howard and Margalo Gillmore show you on the stage



Dolores struggled free from the fighting men and got to her feet, the shirt half torn from her shoulder

The Canyon of Lost Waters

Part V

By Hoffman Birney

Illustrated by Jerome Rozen

THE austere old man seemed to shrink visibly. It was as though a bright steel blade was suddenly driven from sight into a rusty scabbard. Jep, his hand hovering near the weapon he dared not use, realized suddenly that Burton was an old man and that, for the first time since he had known him, he was showing those years. At peril to himself Navajo Dick could laugh; the sight of his daughter in danger broke his courage as a bolt of lightning would beat down a tall, strong tree. He stared as though fascinated at the gun in Goss' hand and at the foreman's hairy fist gripping the girl's shoulder. "If you harm her, Al Goss," he muttered thickly, "by God above I'll turn you over to the Indians!"

"Speak quick, Dick!" was the foreman's response. "When do we start for th' placer. Her or th' gold—which d'yuh take?" Jep could hear Stedman muttering beneath his breath. The two had been forced to stand by powerless throughout the whole affair. Patten, when Goss had leaped for the girl, had instantly backed his foreman's play and drawn his own gun, covering the two men. In the silence that followed the "Butcher's" final warning the Slash-X owner laughed shrilly.

"Ho-ho-ho!" he roared, the black muzzle of his weapon wavering from the two men to Burton and back again. "This here's nothin' I ain't been through before! Do yuh remember, Dick, th' time that th' gun was in *your* hand—when it was *you* that . . ."

The secret that had been locked within

his breast and Burton's for nearly a score of years trembled on his lips. A hoarse, strangled yell was torn from the old man's throat. Ignoring the gun that threatened him he leaped at Patten, his long arms swinging like mighty flails. The rancher whirled toward him and fired, the report booming like a sudden thunderclap in the room. He missed, and before he could fire again the furious Burton was on him.

Goss did not relax his hold on the girl but, as Patten pulled the trigger, he turned to face the new situation. Unconsciously he withdrew the weapon from its position against Dolores' side, and as he did Jep Starr leaped. The foreman was ten feet away, but the Texan dove like a swimmer starting a race, his feet leaving the floor, his outstretched hands clutching for the .45 in the majordomo's fist.

He felt the cold metal in his grasp and, as he and Goss and the girl crashed to the floor together, frantically jerked the weapon downward and away from her body. A single thought was in his brain—to turn the muzzle aside, even though he drew it to his own heart, before Goss' fingers could contract on the trigger.

The weapon exploded, muffled beneath the pressure of the three bodies, and Jep sensed—in his excitement he did not seem really to feel it—the heavy ball rip through his leather chaps and sear his thigh. Goss rolled and heaved and the Texan's grasp

slipped from the weapon and closed again on the man's thick wrist. Dolores struggled free from the fighting men and got to her feet the crimson shirt half torn from her shoulders.

From the tail of his eye Jep saw Patten and Burton in a similar combat a few yards away. Stedman was not within his range of vision. The next moment Goss' heavy body rolled over him again and his left hand closed on the Texan's throat. Jep clawed at it madly, digging his nails into the thick flesh, and at the same time pushed with all his strength on the foreman's right wrist, striving to shove the gun as far away as possible from its close contact with his head.

He heard Goss curse and felt his own knuckles ground into the floor. Stedman had driven the sharp heel of his boot against the "Butcher's" hand, forcing him to release his grasp on the weapon. Jep saw the ranger stoop and swiftly pick up the .45. He felt a quick surge of triumph. Goss was now unarmed and his own gun was in its holster at his side. If he could dislodge the powerful foreman, could break that grip that was bearing steadily in to his throat, and get his hands on the .44, this struggle would soon be over. He swore to himself that he would shove the muzzle against that gross body and empty every chamber!

TWO other shots barked out, the reports almost blending, but Jep's ears were roaring from the pressure of the foreman's heavy hand on his throat and he paid little heed to the roar of the guns.

Goss was a gorilla for strength. Jep knew that he would have to get that gun within

the next few seconds or there would be no use in trying. He ground his chin into his breast, twisted his body to one side, and, on sudden impulse, lifted his legs and drove his spurred heels deep into the man's fleshy thighs, raking him as he would a plunging broncho leaving the saddling chute.

Goss squirmed and then, to Jep's infinite astonishment, suddenly released his grip on the rider's windpipe, scrambled to his feet, and darted out of the room. The Texan slowly rose to his knees.

Across the chamber Stedman was aiding Burton to rise. At their feet, so close that Dick's hand was against his side, lay Patten. The rancher was sprawled flat on his face, his arms flung above his head, and a gun in his fingers. Beyond him lay a second weapon—the long-barreled .45 that Stedman had torn from Goss' hand. Jep peered again at the prostrate man and then rose and crossed to his side. Patten was dead—his skull splintered by a shot that had been fired from a range of but a few inches.

Stedman half-carried Burton to a chair beside the fireplace. Dolores, her face an expressionless mask, ran to her father's side. Dick closed his eyes to shut from their view the sight of Patten's body.

"God forgive me," he groaned. "I have broken my oath! We fought like dogs over a bone for possession of that gun. I was the stronger and I killed him!"

"You're wrong, Nataani, you're dead wrong," interrupted Stedman hoarsely. "I did it! I got Goss' gun an'—an' I killed Patten! Put it right against th' back of his head an' pulled. He would've got you if I hadn't!"

The ranger kept his back toward the dead man and was quivering from head to foot as he spoke. Dick's steely eyes opened quickly.

"Are you lying, Joseph—lying to save me?" he cried, but Jep Starr had his hand on Stedman's shoulder before the younger man could reply.

"Settle that later!" he shouted. "We still got 'Butcher' Goss to reckon with. Come on, Stedman, for God's sake! Dolores can take care of Dick!"

HE RAN from the room, dragging Joe with him, and, gun in hand, raced around the house. Though the time had seemed long, in reality only a few seconds had elapsed since the foreman had seen Patten fall and, suddenly faced with the necessity of saving his own skin, had rushed from the scene of battle.

"I don't care what notions you and Dick got about shootin'," panted Jep, "but I'm goin' to kill Al Goss if it's the last thing I do in the world!"

"He'll go for his hoss!" muttered the ranger.

They ran side by side across the ruins of the garden, through the shattered gate, and toward the narrow strip of burned alfalfa beyond which lay the one corral that had escaped the fire started by the raiding party.

"There he goes!"

As Stedman shouted Jep flipped up the gun in his hand and fired—too hastily, for he saw the bullet kick up the dust several feet to the left of the burly figure of the majordomo. Before he could pull the trigger again the man had disappeared within the corral.

Together he and Stedman plunged on through the ashes of the burned crops, on to the corral into which Goss had vanished but a few seconds before. Jep saw the flash of the man's torn blue shirt and again swung aloft the .44, stooping quickly to get a sight between the bars of the high fence. The new position brought the entire corral

within his range of vision—the saddled horses at the further side, the gross figure of Goss running toward the animals, and the low sheds that formed the eastern boundary of the pen.

And from the darkness of these shelters there leaped a demon unleashed, a demon that heralded its approach with the most terrible sound in all nature—the awful scream of a wild horse!

With the speed of a whirlwind the gotch-eared bay broncho—the horse that Goss had "broken"—thundered down upon the weaponless man in the center of the corral.

GOSS had beaten that horse with a heavy club; he had torn him with quirt and spur; he had roped him and thrown him times without number; he had tied him to the snubbing-post and lashed him with a twelve-foot bull-whip with a copper-tipped lash that flicked out a square inch of skin and quivering pink flesh each time he brought it down on the helpless animal. Goss had made of that horse a malignant fiend with but the single thought of vengeance in his evil, scarred head. Always the man had held the upper hand. His had been the weapons—spurs and club and rope and slashing whip—and now, weaponless, he faced this Fury of his own creation!

He heard the beast's scream and whirled suddenly, paling as he recognized the animal that he had thought safely penned at the Slash-X, recognized the evil hammer head, the laid-back ears—one drooping as a sign of his own brutality—the rolling, white-encircled eyes, the scarred shoulders and flanks, the bared teeth, and the racing hoofs.

He turned to run, his tiny eyes protruding like a frog's from his gross face, his thick lips blubbery with terror—and screamed like a trapped animal as the long yellow teeth closed on his shoulder.

Of the two men who stared through the fence, Stedman was first to act. He ran to the other horses, swung to a saddle, and with trembling fingers clawed at the riata that was strapped to the horn. As the bay reared to stamp down again at what was already trampled deep into the packed earth of the corral, the noose closed about his throat and he was

dragged away from his victim and fastened securely to one of the heavy cottonwood posts of the fence. Jep slipped between the bars and, as Stedman dismounted, walked with him to the side of what only a few seconds before had been "Butcher" Goss. The .44 gun was still in the Texan's hand and the ranger stared at it curiously.

"We—we saw what was comin'," he said slowly. "Why didn't yuh shoot?"

"I don't know," muttered Starr. "Some-how I—I never thought of it!"

He returned the weapon to its carved holster, stared from the dead man to the maltreated horse, and added:

"He had it comin' to him!"

The words were the "Butcher's" requiem.

XIII

WHEN they returned to the house they found that Dolores had persuaded her father to leave the chair in the room where Patten lay and go to his own bed-chamber. The girl had thrown a blanket over the sprawled body of the owner of the Slash-X, and closed the sightless eyes.

Burton was propped up by pillows in his big bed. Only his eyes, blazing a challenge at the two men, revealed the one-time autocrat of Hidden Waters, defiant of all who opposed his will and of the count of the years that lay upon him. The rest of his body showed clearly the tremendous physical and mental strain through which he had passed in the raiding of Aguas Perdidas, his incarceration at the Slash-X, and the final scene with his enemies. His big body seemed shrunken, as though suddenly laden with the frailties of age, and the healthy tan of his outdoor life was driven from his cheeks. The ascetic hollows beneath the keen eyes were deeper and, against the white pillows, his forehead and cheeks were

Dolores and Stedman were by the bedside, their clasped hands resting on the crimson blanket. Navajo Dick was talking steadily to them



pale with the warm living pallor of an old ivory sword-hilt that has absorbed, through long years, something of life from the many hands that have caressed its smooth surface.

Dolores sat in a low chair beside the bed, her light touch restraining her father as he strove to sit up and face the Texan and Stedman.

"Well?" The sharp interrogation was more a command than a question. Jep and the ranger stared dumbly at each other.

"He's dead—Goss!" Starr blurted at last, acutely conscious of that last scene—the dark shape of the horse against the tawny sands as it reared and struck, reared and struck, and the forgotten gun in his own hand.

"He's dead," he repeated. "They're both dead—Goss an' Patten."

Dick's response came like a shot from a gun.

"SO YOU killed him!" he said bitterly. "I heard the shot. You could not let him go. Two dead men—and their blood on the sands of Aguas Perdidas!"

Jep flung wide his palms in expostulation.

"I didn't!" he cried. "Th' hoss killed him—th' bay I drove over from th' Slash-X—th' one he'd made broncho! It—it jumped him an' stamped him down 'fore we could raise a finger!"

The old man was silent for a moment.

"There is only Patten, then," he said at last. "Samuel Patten, who was once my friend and then my enemy and whom I killed in my own house."

"You didn't, Nataani, you didn't!" Stedman's interruption was a strangled shout torn from his heart. "I told yuh so before. Jep jumped Goss t' save her an' I got hold of Goss' gun an' killed Patten. I put it right against his head!"

Burton allowed the confession to sink into his brain. He raised the big hands from where they lay on the red blanket and turned them, front and back, before his face.

"They are clean!" he announced at last in the booming oracular tones that were a part of him. "They are clean. And now—" the hands dropped to the blankets once more—"now perhaps I can sleep!"

He never again left the bed in which his daughter had placed him. The last desperate essay of his enemies, the hours of uncertainty he had spent at the Slash-X, and the final struggle with Patten when he had called on all of his strength to wrest the gun from the rancher's hand, seemed to have brought old age and its weakness suddenly upon him. The flame that had sustained him for years had burned out and now, the fuel of his iron constitution exhausted, was slowly and with dignity flickering to complete extinction.

At times those who watched by the bedside received momentary glimpses of the old Burton. Jep and Stedman bore the body of Patten and the mangled thing that had been "Butcher" Goss to a deep ravine in the Crimson Cliffs far above the water-fall and on the opposite side of the canyon from that where Bella Wilcox lay. They buried the two in a cleft in the sand-stone, covering them with earth and heaping boulders above the grave until the natural sepulchre was filled. Returning to the house they reported to the old man their disposition of his enemies.

"We can take them clear out of th' canyon if yuh want," Stedman offered anxiously.

Burton considered for a moment and then chuckled drily.

"No need. They wanted Aguas Perdidas. I will not begrudge them the part of it they now occupy!"

The Texan found his own position a curious one. Burton seemed to have forgotten all his former enmity yet at the same time made it clear that the rider was not a part of the little community in the lost valley. Dolores' attitude toward him was changed too. She was more as she had been during the days when he had first been brought, half dead from thirst and exhaustion, to the hidden canyon. She was distant, wrapped in her own thoughts and absorbed in the duties which the care of the weakening old man thrust upon her.

She spent practically every hour of the day by her father's side and at night slept on a low couch drawn against the foot of his bed. Stedman, too, passed many hours in the old man's room and twice Jep hesitated at the door and then passed on when he saw the two young people seated at the side of the bed, Dolores' slender fingers in Stedman's palm and Burton's mighty paw—thin and blue-veined now—laid over their hands, enveloping them and binding them together.

Each time the Texan was aware that she raised her head and that the blue eyes, deep and unfathomable, rested on him as he paused in the doorway. And each time the sight of the dark, thin-lipped Stedman at her side—her hand in his, their shoulders touching—was like a knife twisting slowly in Jep's heart.

None of them, Burton, Stedman, or Dolores herself, seemed to have the slightest suspicion of the nature of the emotion that drove Starr restlessly from room to room or impelled him, as an excuse for his continued presence at Hidden Waters, to rebuild the wrecked walls of the house and the burned corrals.

Only once did the slowly dying man hint, even indirectly, at Jep's ultimate departure from the hidden canyon and that was when he summoned the Texan to his bedside and forced upon him the sacked gold-dust for which Patten and Goss had given their lives.

"I have thought the matter over," said Navajo Dick, "and I want you to have that gold. I have wronged you, Jephtha Starr, and you have repaid evil with good. What

you have done for me and mine cannot be paid for with money. I am not trying to pay you—but when you go out into the world you may find that little stake very useful. There is no need for it here."

Jep longed to blurt out that it was here, where gold was unnecessary, that he wanted to stay, but the stern old bearded face was, as always, forbidding. Instead, the rider mumbled some disjointed phrases to the effect that Dolores and Stedman should have the precious metal.

"They can get more if they want it," said Dick. "There are pockets of varying richness for several miles along Tin'lay Boco west of here. It's the only gold within hundreds of miles of this region, but it's there. 'Gold is where you find it,' you know, and Joe can strip those sands in a short time should they ever need money."

"He's a fool if he don't," remarked Jep thoughtlessly. "A few thousand dollars would work wonders in here. They could put in a good bunch of registered cattle and throw a dam across the canyon and develop all this country."

Dolores was not present so there was nothing to restrain Dick's outburst as he raised himself angrily on one elbow.

"It's the Indian's country," he half shouted. "I've shown them what they could do with it. I'm helping them; making the country for them; keeping them free from contact with white men who think only of development!"

"THE Navajo is not a builder. He is a nomad—more Gaul than Roman. He cannot survive against the intrusion of what we call civilization. Already the white man is closing in on him from all sides. I want to keep Aguas Perdidas as one place for the Indian alone—a place where he can live as his fathers did, working out his destiny whatever it may be without white interference."

The last words brought Dolores hurrying in from the kitchen to hustle Jep out of the sick man's chamber. As soon as she had quieted her father she tip-toed from the room and scolded the Texan vigorously for having brought about the outburst.

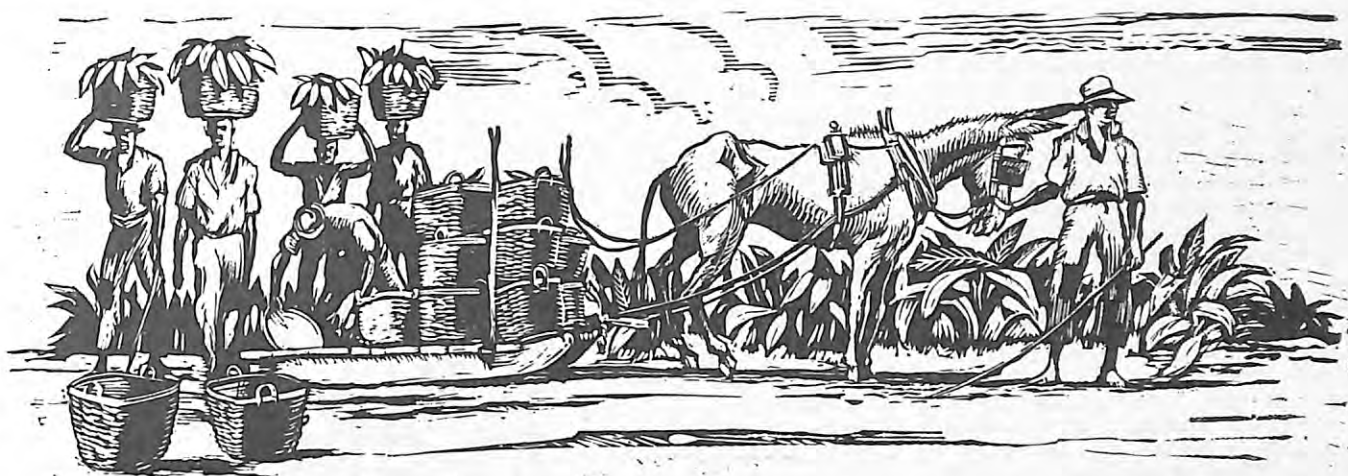
He rose and stood before her as she sat on the wide bench in the living-room. She glanced half-shyly up at him and saw the pain in his eyes and the quick twitching of a muscle in his cheek as he clenched his jaw. She stood and faced him, the crown of her golden head on a level with his chin, her blue eyes on his gray ones. She was near to him, very near, but the man saw her head move a fraction of an inch in a negative gesture.

"Please, Jep," she began—
Something in that moment—the nearness of her physical presence, the depth of her blue eyes, or his name on her lips—broke down the flood-gates of the man's reserve. He seized her hands and drew her towards him, holding her palms tight-pressed to his own breast.

"I can't keep it in," he cried. "You got to hear it, Dolores! I—I love you, girl; I've loved you ever since I first opened my eyes in that room yonder and saw you standin' there. I didn't have sense enough to know it at first, but I know it now. I love you. Dolores, I love you and I want you!"

Her lips parted and Jep dropped her hands
(Continued on page 42)





Outline of 100 Billion Cigarettes

How We Produce Our Most Popular Nerve Tonic

By Edwin Dial Torgerson

Drawings by Lowell D. Balcom

IN 1929 North Carolina paid more taxes to the Federal Government than any state in the Union except New York.

The reason is twofold—war and women.

In 1914-18 the world, male and female, went on a cigarette jag and has never sobered up. The United States manufactured over a hundred and eight billion cigarettes last year, and smoked most of them. More than fifty-eight billion of them came from North Carolina. Cigarette tobacco is predominantly the "bright," flue-cured variety which flourishes there, and the State has become the world center for the production of tobacco and the manufacture of cigarettes. As such it pays more tobacco tax than all other States of the United States combined. Seven years ago it was tenth State in the payment of Federal taxes. Each year it has passed one State or more, the last being the rich and populous commonwealth of Pennsylvania. If cigarette consumption continues to increase, it soon will pass the last one—New York.

Tobacco is a weed and it will grow anywhere—even in Sweden and Northern Russia it is cultivated. But when you have said it will grow you have said all that may be uttered in compliment to this temperamental vegetable. It will grow unaided, but you will not be able to smoke, sniff, chew or sell it. There is a bundle of tricks to be considered, and Nature is the chief prestidigitateur. For a given type of tobacco Nature prescribes a certain combination of soil and climate—depart from that balance and your tobacco is something else again.

Cigar tobacco grows nicely in New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Florida, Cuba, many other places. Kentucky, once the kingpin of the tobacco States, produces Burley and the other darker and heavier tobacco for non-cigarette uses. But the popularity of the cigarette has shifted the center of the tobacco universe to the Eastern seaboard, where the light-golden "fine" leaf, requiring special pains in cultivation, cropping and curing, finds its proper natural soil-and-climate teamwork.

The shift is a repetition of history. Tobacco has come back home. It started its commercial career three hundred and fifty years ago in the same general locality where it flourishes most proudly now. Virginia was the birthplace of marketable tobacco, and up to the time of the Civil War it led the world in production. The kind you

smoke in your cigarettes now is "Virginian tobacco," technically speaking—and that applies whether you smoke domestic American, Turkish, Egyptian or English cigarettes. All are varieties of the Virginian type, *Nicotiana tabacum*, which Sir Walter Raleigh introduced to court in Elizabeth's time, and puffed more or less contentedly just before he ascended the scaffold. There are forty-nine other species, but they don't amount to much.

Nicotiana tabacum, transplanted to Turkey and subjected to different soil and climate conditions and methods of cultivation, becomes the famous Latakia, or in Persia the aristocratic Shiraz, or in Cuba that island's renowned and fragrant cigar fillers. They are all first cousins of the original Virginian, variations of the same species. Astonishing differences in quality, flavor and type may be produced in tobacco grown from the same seed and in the same locality, but in different types of soil. One may be light, fine of texture, admirably suited for cigarette tobacco; the other dark, heavy and available only for less exacting uses.

THE cigarette, which in the past twenty years has revolutionized the tobacco industry, requires a light, free-burning tobacco for its base. This type of the weed grows best in sandy soil with a small admixture of clay, and is favored by the climate of the South Atlantic States. In the many billions of cigarettes manufactured there are, of course, innumerable blends, Burley mixed with "bright", Turkish blended with "bright" and Burley, and so on indefinitely. But in the last analysis the world depends upon the Carolinas and their neighboring states for the bulk of its cigarettes and cigarette tobacco.

The expansion of our cigarette industry is best told by the figures for 1897, when we used seventeen million pounds for cigarette purposes, and 1928, when the total exceeded three hundred and fifteen million pounds—an increase of 1,800 per cent. In the same

period the use of tobacco for all other purposes—cigars, pipe tobacco, chewing tobacco and snuff—increased only 30 per cent.

In 1897 we manufactured only four and a half billion cigarettes as against a hundred and eight billion now, and the cigar figures for 1897 were four and a half billion as against about seven billion annually now. In other words we turn out more than twenty-five times as many cigarettes as we did thirty years ago, and only 55 per cent. more cigars.

We smoke about 90 per cent. of the cigarettes we manufacture. We have exported seven to twelve billion of them annually during the past several years, and our best customer is China. The Chinese smoked ten out of the twelve billion cigarettes we exported in 1923. This figure dropped, due to the upheaval of the Chinese revolution, to four billion in 1928.

Our consumption, nearly one hundred billion cigarettes a year, provides every adult, male and female, of our population with 1,300 cigarettes a year, or nearly four a day per capita.

In the popular phrase, the war did it. That is but partly true—the war merely started it.

Since 1920, the peak year of post-war prosperity and let-'er-rip prodigality generally, we have doubled our consumption of cigarettes. In 1920 we managed to struggle along with only forty-seven billion, not excluding exports. Now it takes a hundred billion to soothe our nerves.

You may prove a lot of things with these statistics. You may prove that Prohibition did it because the population turned from alcohol to tobacco for its artificial solace. Or you may prove the reverse—Prohibition has not prohibited because we smoke so many cigarettes. Tobacco, say the nerve specialists, increases the blood-pressure whereas alcohol brings it down, hence the user of tobacco in increased amounts wants alcoholic antidotes for too much smoking. But even the nerve specialists, of course, disagree on that.

The war unquestionably popularized the cigarette and greatly advanced the consumption of tobacco generally.



In 1914 the inhabitants of the British Isles consumed 2.16 pounds of tobacco per capita per annum. In 1919 the strain of the war had increased this intake of the comforting weed to virtually four pounds per capita. It had been expected that women who acquired the tobacco habit during the war would drop it after the return of quieter times, but no such reformation occurred. Instead, as in the United States, smoking among women is more prevalent in Great Britain now than it was during the war and immediately after it.

In our own period of hostilities, as reviewed by the War Industries Board, our millions of men in the service used sixty to 70 per cent. more tobacco than they had used in civil life, and the tobacco consumed was almost exclusively in the form of cigarettes. The civil population, responding generously to various campaigns aimed at supplying smokes for soldiers, also turned to fags with a military enthusiasm. The consumption of tobacco where the home fires burned increased by 15 to 20 per cent., and cigarette production jumped nearly fourfold.

THE figures were—thanks to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue we have them to the last butt—fifteen billion cigarettes manufactured in 1913 and fifty-three billion in 1919. In the last year of the war we were furnishing practically the entire tobacco requirements of all the Allied armies. The war had exhausted foreign stocks and cut off the supply of Turkish and Macedonian tobacco, so that the French, British and American military establishments had to rely almost exclusively upon the Virginia-Carolina product for their cigarettes. The Tobacco Control Board in Great Britain guarded the tobacco supply as jealously as the food administration watched the food supply. Tobacco was given priority with food and ammunition in importation from abroad.

France also had governmental machinery for tobacco control, but due to a breakdown in administration it was virtually impossible to buy tobacco in France at times during the war. It was officially explained that the enormous and unexpected increase in cigarette smoking among women had taken the Government unaware.

In Germany and Austria, of course, conditions were much worse. Cut off from all

importation of tobacco, save a reduced supply from the Balkans, the civil population of the Central Powers had to depend upon a sparse German-grown product and upon tobacco substitutes. The German Government gave permission for manufacturers to use, in place of tobacco, the dried leaves of cherry, beech, chestnut, maple, lime, and other trees. Every pound of smokable tobacco from the Balkans was sent to the men in the trenches.

Tobacco won the war, in the opinion of certain enthusiasts. Certainly the lack of it did much to break down civilian morale in the Central Powers. Imagine yourself—how long would you want a war to continue if you had to smoke dried cherry leaves and rabbit tobacco?

That is one explanation of Allied ascendancy that may be open to controversy, but the average soldier who participated will probably tell you that if tobacco did not win the war it helped a long way toward that desirable end.

This mildly toxic weed seems to "get" everybody who has anything to do with it, much as the pleasant chains of the habit cling to the smoker. Planters, warehousemen, buyers, sellers, manufacturers—all get the fever. Once in the business they usually stay in it for life. It seems less a business than a game of chance, and in its conduct there are traditions of honor, as there are in the cotton business, which influence one man to trust another much more readily than you might find it to be the case in another calling.

The trade has flourished nearly four hundred years. The early Spanish discoverers observed native Indians of the West Indies inhaling smoke through a peculiar Y-shaped tube, the points of which they placed in their nostrils. The name of this strange instrument they gave as "tabaco." Recent discoveries of investigators in the mountains of New Guinea, where natives hitherto out of touch with the civilized world were found smoking tobacco, gave strength to the familiar theory that there must have been communication, prior to the period of recorded history, between Papua and the western hemisphere.

Be that as it may, the Spanish and Portuguese sent back samples of tobacco, and the French ambassador to Portugal, one Jean Nicot, presented to Queen Catherine de Medici a quantity of tobacco seed. In reward for this small service his name has been immortalized in the word nicotine, and the scientific name of the product, *Nicotiana*.

At first the Europeans ascribed magic

healing powers to the herb. When, however, Sir Francis Drake brought back a quantity from Virginia, he and Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the indulgence into Elizabeth's court as a fashionable something-to-do when you were bored. Soon everybody who could afford the expensive weed and could survive the first nausea it produced was smoking tobacco. From 1600 on the habit

spread with astonishing rapidity. It called down the denunciation of the clergy and of statesmen. Prohibition laws were enacted and penalties undreamed of by even Mr. Volstead were invoked to discourage the habit. Public lashings, excommunication from the church and even capital punishment were prescribed as the price of a smoke. But

the spread of this novel indulgence was not to be checked by statute, and the laws eventually were repealed or fell into disuse.

The American colonies were for many decades the sole source of the world's supply. In Virginia and the Carolinas, tobacco was used largely in place of money as a medium of exchange. The Jamestown colonists paid for their brides with it when the first shipload of imported wives came from England. The European demand for tobacco increased steadily year by year and it became the best money crop of the early settlers.

Good roads, in those days, not only did not exist but never even had been contemplated. In order to get their tobacco to market farmers "prized" the product into stout hogsheads, and these were rolled overland, often for great distances, to the point of shipment. The custom continued for two hundred years or more. Even shortly prior to the Civil War it was no uncommon sight to see negro slaves rolling great burdens of tobacco over the country roads to Petersburg, Danville or Clarksville, the principal Virginia markets. The hogshead still endures as a favorite receptacle in the tobacco business, but it does not come into use now until the tobacco reaches the manufacturer. Tobacco goes to market to-day neatly stacked in motor-trucks.

THE production of good tobacco is an exacting task; it almost reaches the dignity of an art, so markedly is it a matter of finesse and detail. Tobacco culture appeals to the sporting blood of the Southern planter because of the very hazards that confront it. Only the planter of years' experience and superior judgment makes money out of it, though in the bright tobacco belt nearly everybody grows it. Veterans of forty years' experience will tell you they learn something new about it every year.

The finer grades of tobacco will bring as much as a dollar a pound at the auction warehouse. Tobacco produced on an adjoining farm from the same seed and under identical conditions of soil and climate may sell for three cents a pound. The difference may lie in one of the many vital points of cultivation, topping, priming, handling, curing, fermentation or grading. The varying methods applied to these processes in different parts of the world, combined with the variations of soil and climate, are responsible for the many distinctions of cigarette, pipe, cigar and chewing tobacco, nearly all derived from the same botanical species.



The first step in the cultivation of cigarette tobacco is the preparation of a nursery bed, where the seed are sown usually after Christmas. The seed are treated scientifically as a preventive against disease. One tobacco plant will yield as many as one million tiny seed, and a single ounce, liberally allowing for loss in transplanting, is sufficient to produce forty thousand plants. The nursery bed is covered with cheesecloth as a protection against frost, and the greatest possible care is bestowed on the growing plants. Within fifty to sixty days they are ready to be set out in the field.

Automatic planters are now in vogue which set out the small plants at fixed intervals and water them, but on many plantations the ancient manpower—and womanpower—method still finds favor. The negro of the tobacco belt is “bawn and raised” in the tobacco fields and enters into the game with evident zest, for “settin’-out time” and “puttin’-in time” become not only periods of pecuniary emolument but occasions for festive social intercourse.

THE hands are organized, much as in Mr. Ford’s factories, and each has a specified duty and none other. In the process of setting out by hand one laborer traverses the long hill or row, using a conically shaped stick with which he makes the desired holes. Another follows bearing the plants, another sets the plants, another follows to water them, another to pat the earth about them. In cropping time—there is a jump between the processes from early spring to the height of summer—the workers are more diligent and happier, manifestly for the reason that watermelons are ripe. It then behooves the planter and his neighbor to post special guards in their watermelon patches, for croppers, handlers and stringers of tobacco are inclined to make three meals a day on this aqueous fruit whenever and wherever it is available.

The croppers, in this small army of specialists, are the experienced hands who can instantly tell a green tobacco leaf from a ripe one. This is the process known as “priming,” which is not followed in harvesting the heavier and cheaper grades of tobacco, but which is most essential when the

planter aspires to the higher grade. It is a custom universally followed in the bright or cigarette tobacco belt.

PRIMING consists in picking the leaves singly as they ripen, and, since the lower leaves are older than the middle and top leaves, they ripen first. A ripe leaf changes from a dark to a lighter green and becomes yellow in spots. It also shows a crease when pinched by the fingers, but in the necessarily swift process of priming the field hand has no time for this test; he must recognize a ripe leaf on sight. Also the entire field must be stripped of its ripe leaves on the day they ripen. Neither green leaves nor overripe leaves will cure to the desired golden yellow color and the necessary flavor. In cropping cheaper tobacco, however, there is no priming. The whole stalk is cut down when the middle leaves ripen.

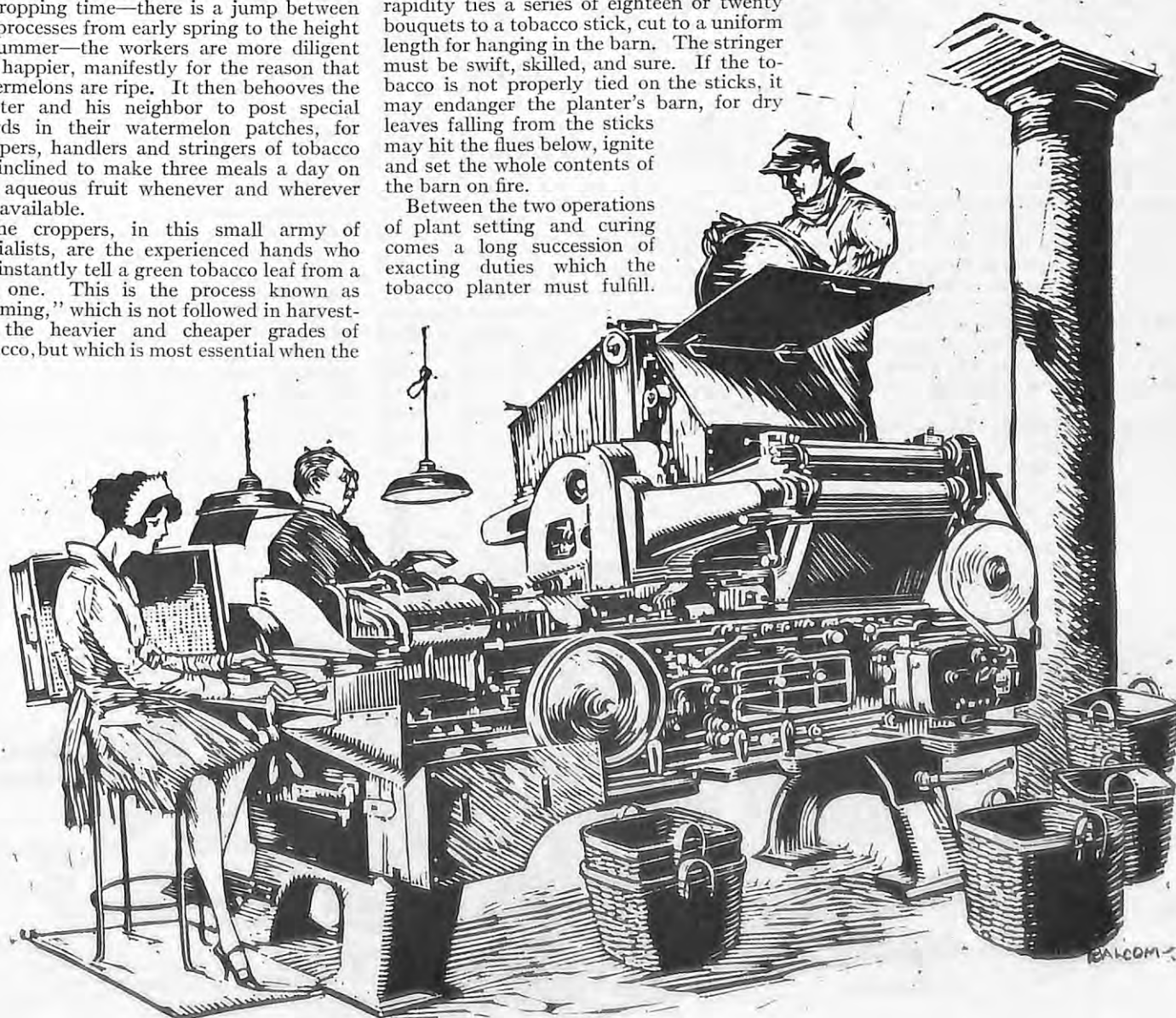
A mule-drawn sled inevitably accompanies the negro croppers into the tobacco field. More efficient vehicles may exist, but tradition demands the mule and the sled. Handlers, that is, the workers who may handle and transport the precious leaf, but may have nothing more intimate to do with it, pile the cropped leaves on the sled and drive the mule to a shady spot near the field where the stringers are at work. The stringers are the most adept of the tobacco hands, and they usually are negro women. Handlers gather the tobacco leaves into small bouquets and pass them to the stringer, who with lightning rapidity ties a series of eighteen or twenty bouquets to a tobacco stick, cut to a uniform length for hanging in the barn. The stringer must be swift, skilled, and sure. If the tobacco is not properly tied on the sticks, it may endanger the planter’s barn, for dry leaves falling from the sticks may hit the flues below, ignite and set the whole contents of the barn on fire.

Between the two operations of plant setting and curing comes a long succession of exacting duties which the tobacco planter must fulfill.

There must be constant cultivation, hoeing out of weeds, “topping,” “suckering,” spraying for insect pests, vigilance against disease. The pests include principally bud worms, which eat the buds, and horn worms. Horn worms are enormous caterpillars of very ferocious mien and an unfailing appetite for chewing tobacco. You must give them arsenate of lead and Paris green along with their chews in order to dispose of them. “Topping” means removing the terminal buds to prevent seed formation and stripping undesirable leaves from the plant. This operation also requires a nicety of judgment in deciding when it should be done and how many leaves should be removed. As a result of topping “suckers” are formed, and these also must be removed.

If the weather has been favorable, disease and pests have been balked, and scrupulous care given to all other requirements of cultivation, the planter may have in late summer an excellent “stand” of tobacco. Granted that he has, however, he has only begun to reach the hard part. The curing, fermentation and grading will tell the story of whether his tobacco—provided also the market price is right—will pay him a profit.

Flue-curing, the method universally employed in the bright-tobacco belt, requires a barn fitted with a furnace and flues similar to those of a hot-air heating plant. The flues run across the barn near the floor. The tobacco hangs on rows of sticks extending to sixteen or twenty feet above. Great care



must be exercised in regulating the temperature, for heat too slowly or too quickly applied will damage the tobacco. Watchers and stokers must remain at the barn day and night four or five days, constantly consulting the thermometer and guarding against the fire hazard of falling leaves. A battery of fire extinguishers is at hand for an emergency. The barn may be of fire-proof terra cotta, but that safeguard will not protect its contents.

EXPERT care in this process will produce the bright yellow leaf so greatly esteemed for cigarette and free-burning pipe tobacco. Methods in vogue for other types of tobacco include the sun cure, in which the wilted tobacco is hung up in the sun, though protected from rain; the air cure, in which the tobacco is suspended in a barn where there is a free circulation of dry air, with fires provided in damp weather; and fire curing, which requires slow fires on the floor of the barn for four or five days, with a temperature up to 50 F. Most Turkish tobacco is air cured.

There are diseases to be guarded against in curing, and important chemical changes take place even afterwards which will make or mar the crop. Leaf by leaf it is graded, and the "sand lugs," "tips," firsts and seconds tied into individual "hands" or bundles of from six to twelve leaves. The hand is another type of bouquet with a leaf of tobacco wrapped around the stems to hold them together. The sand lugs are the lower leaves of the plant, the tips are the smaller top leaves which ripen last, the firsts and seconds, sometimes called "golden cutters," are the middle leaves.

The bundles are now stacked, layer by layer, in piles several feet high, a dry storage place being provided. In the stack of tobacco fermentation sets up and the temperature rises to about 130 F. While this is going on the tobacco may be "scalded," molded, or many other things may happen to it, if care is not taken to see that the fermentation is uniform throughout. To accomplish this the tobacco must be continually restacked, the upper layers going to the bottom, and the ends exposed at the edges being turned to the center. When the proper period of fermentation has passed the tobacco is ready for regrading and marketing.

A long period of skilful treatment in fermentation as well as curing is largely responsible for the distinctive flavor of Turkish tobacco, though of course the soil-

and-climate combination is essential as well. The famous Perique tobacco of Louisiana owes its peculiar character not only to special care in cultivation and atmospheric conditions found most favorable in Louisiana, but also to a special treatment in fermentation. The stacked leaves are subjected to great pressure until the juice runs out, then the pressure is released and the leaves absorb the juice. This is repeated for a number of days, and the chemical changes which take place in the juice when exposed to the air, principally oxidation, give Perique its unique aroma and flavor.

Almost any given branch of the tobacco subject would yield a thesis within itself, but we are concerned here principally with the bright golden cigarette tobacco of the Carolinas. It moves to market in September, October and November. Elephantine trucks lumbering over the public roads haul, in North Carolina alone, some five hundred million pounds annually. Six hundred and fifty thousand acres are in cultivation—nearly half the tobacco acreage of all the United States.

Wilson, North Carolina, thanks to war and women, claims the distinction of being the world's greatest tobacco market. It has innumerable warehouses for the sale of tobacco at public auction, a custom that has been followed in the bright-tobacco belt for more than fifty years. There are many smaller markets as well, for in scores of towns throughout the tobacco belt auction warehouses may be found. The buyers for tobacco manufacturers of all nations make their rounds of the warehouses.

Here we have the final colorful touch, the ultimate gambler's "kick," that keeps the tobacco planter planting tobacco. There is a glamour about the sale of tobacco which the marketing of corn and potatoes, peas and cotton, cannot boast. The planter sells his output of tobacco, in lots of so many pounds, to the highest bidder. The system which makes it possible for half a billion pounds to be disposed of in this manner in a single State during a period of three months is to say the least, a unique one.

The planter's tobacco arrives at the warehouse graded in lots. The lots are weighed in and tagged as he directs, three or four hundred pounds, say, of what he considers first-grade tobacco, and so on. Each lot is stacked in neat layers of "hands," in an open, shallow basket about three feet square.

These baskets, thousands of them, are disposed in regular rows on the floor of the great warehouse, which may cover an entire city block. Each basket bears a tag with a carbon and duplicate under it, giving the weight of the lot, the planter's initials and his claim check number.

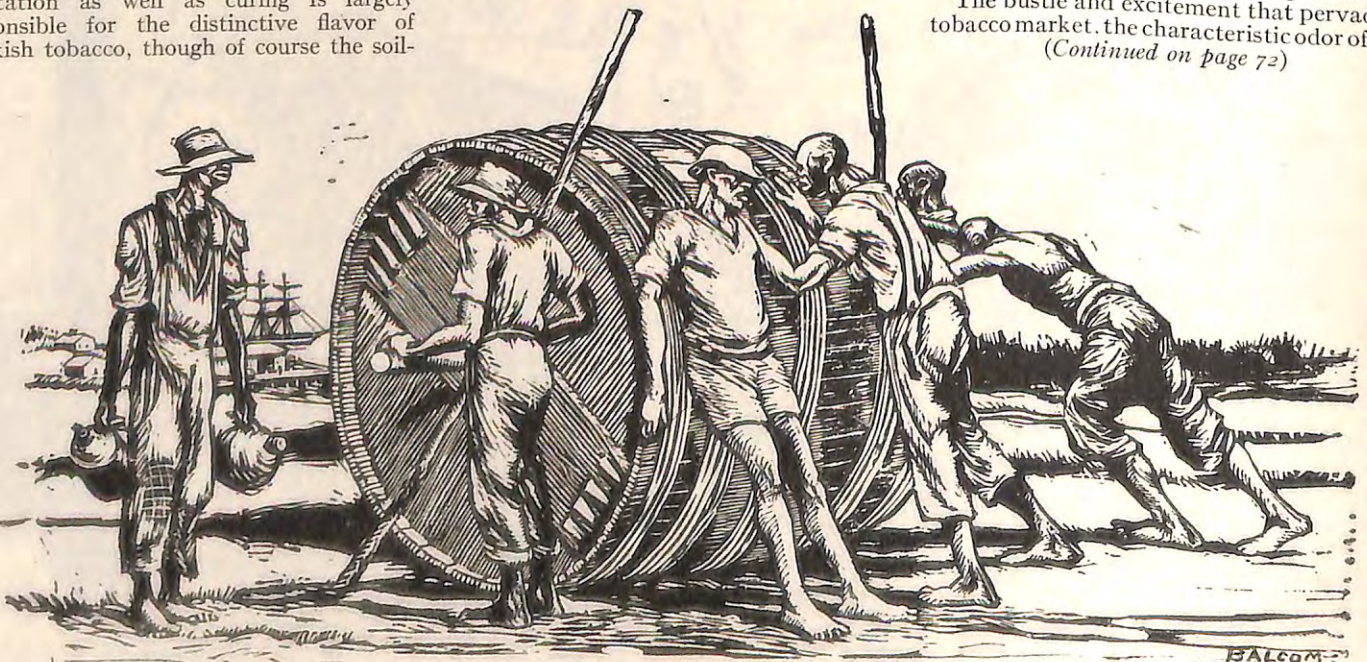
The auctioneer, a nimble and voluble person who must be skilled in tobacco as well as forensics, takes his post on one side of a row of baskets, a long string of buyers on the other. A representative of the warehouse suggests a price at which he thinks a given lot should sell, and the buyers, prodded into swift action by the auctioneer, bid up or down from this figure. The auctioneer sells from three to six hundred pounds per minute. The buyers, diving into an offered lot, extract samples from the center, judging quality by appearance, feel and odor. If the tobacco planter has permitted a few hands of inferior quality to stray in with his best, the entire lot is likely to sell for the price of the poorest.

TO THE uninitiated a tobacco auction is all Greek. One would imagine a heated round-table discussion at the Tower of Babel as a parallel. The auctioneer sings, chants, pleads, argues, seemingly in half a dozen tongues, though you may be assured that it is all pure tobaccoese. The buyers jeer, cheer, groan, applaud or maintain a stoic silence, in accordance with their respective reactions to an offered lot. There is a sign language by means of which they can communicate wordlessly with the auctioneer during the hubbub. The whole procedure is incredibly swift.

Clerks proceeding with the auctioneer tag each lot with the name of the buying company and the price paid. The original tag goes immediately to the warehouse office, where a quick-order cashier makes out a check in blank, payable "to bearer" for the total amount offered for each lot of tobacco. The duplicate tag remains on the basket. If the planter wants to accept the price offered he may get his check in ten minutes, the duplicate tag on his tobacco is reversed and it is immediately hauled off the floor of the warehouse and outside to the manufacturers' waiting trucks. Meanwhile the idle half of the warehouse is being supplied with newly arrived lots of tobacco for the next sale. The warehouse service costs the planter about 4 per cent. on his gross sales.

The bustle and excitement that pervade a tobacco market, the characteristic odor of the

(Continued on page 72)





"I didn' see no back way ter tote de coal in, sar, so I des sot an' wait." Their eyes met. "Doggone your old hide, Peter,—how in God's name did you get here?"

Ginger Cakes

By Virginia Frazer Boyle

Illustrated by George Wright

"WILLIAMS, have all my Christmas checks been mailed?" "Yes, sir, they went out yesterday."

"And the baskets of flowers for the old ladies at the Home?"

"They have all been sent, Mr. Randall."

"Then that will be all, Williams. Here's your own envelope, and I wish you joy with your five boys to-morrow."

Williams grinned and his eyes sparkled.

"They are sure the limit, sir!—I wish you a Merry Christmas, Mr. Randall, and all that goes with it!"

As John Randall turned the key in his private office, a gay crowd of stenographers jostled him on the way to the elevator.

"And all that goes with it," he repeated as he crowded in.

Down Forty-second Street he passed, then on by the Library, edging his way through the noon crowd.

He stopped to help a laden old woman who was afraid to cross the street. Everywhere the red and green ribbons were flying. It must have taken tons of ribbon to tie up all those packages.

As he turned into Fortieth Street, he ran into Stevens.

"Hello, old man,—coming over to the Club for the game of checkers before lunch?"

"Nothing doing. Too busy for checkers," returned John.

"You are coming over to lunch with Parks and me?"

"No, thanks, not to-day; have an engagement."

"Sorry; we'll miss you!"

Further down town, John stopped to buy

a sprig of mistletoe from an old man. Two blocks on, he threw it away.

"Hypocrite; misfit," he murmured.

He reached the East Side and crossed the street. At the corner was a little bakeshop, gay with red and green paper. In the window were cookies and cocoanut drops and great slabs of ginger cake. Not for years had he seen one of those things; not since he was a small boy and used to save his dimes for them. But over on the East Side they still made ginger cakes. He wondered how they would taste now—just at Christmas time?"

He went in and bought three and slipped them into his great coat pocket.

"Fine gentleman like you should buy a plum pudding," said the bustling little woman who waited on him, "and a fine cake for your wife's Christmas!"

John stepped into the street, and walked on.

"Co-al! Co-al! Kindlin' an' Co-al!" The voice John heard was clear and musical. There was something in the tone which brought a picture before his eyes.

Down the street came a rickety wagon drawn by an old horse which had seen better days. And the old negro driver must have seen better days, too. John was thinking. Where had he heard a voice just like that calling to the hounds? He had heard that very voice calling hogs down in the old pasture.

The wagon stopped in front of the bakeshop.

"Coal terday, Ma'am?"

"No," snapped the woman who was still hoping for further custom.

"Get your old trap away from here!" The horse, urged, started on reluctantly.

John was sure that he could not have made a mistake.

"Stop boy!" he called. "I want a basket of coal. Take it to this number and wait until I come!"

The old negro drove on, but did not call his wares again.

"Hit sho' look en de eye lack Mister John," he mumbled. "But Mister John were tall an' slim an' dark complected. He sho' got er masterful way lack Mister John. But dis her man's fat, got gray en his hair—Mister John haint got non en his'n—an' he walk wid er stoop en his shoulders. My Mister John'll go all day totin' er gun, an' nebber stoop oncet. Disher man done seed troubler er plenty. I sho' haint lookin' fur a man lack dat, when I looks fur Mr. John. But I don' see what er fine gemmen lack him, want wid er basket er coal."

FAR down the Avenue, John Randall saw the old wagon standing in front of his door. No, he had made no mistake; he would know that figure amongst a thousand.

The old negro came forward with his hat in his hand.

"I didn' see no back way ter tote de coal in sar, so I dest sot an' wait." Their eyes met.

"Doggone your old hide, Peter—how in God's name did you get here?"

The old negro was laughing and crying.

"Praise Gord, Mister John! I thought I knowed you, but I didn't—but I been lookin' fur you!"

Once more Mister John looked him over. "Here, you old rascal! Get your turnout into the garage quick, and come up into the kitchen!"

In half an hour, it was a transformed Peter who stood before the son of his mother's own white folks.

"De close fits fine, Mister John, des lack dey used ter do, 'case I'se tuck on 'bout es much es you is,—an' I done fin' dese white gloves en de kitchen draw, ter kiver dese ole han's wid, 'case you caint keep er lily white en de coal business. But dar aint no cook en de kitchen. Haint you got nobody ter wait on you, Mister John?"

"I've sent the servants home to have Christmas with their families, Peter."

"An' whar's you' Christmas, Mister John?"

John drew the little brown bag from his great coat pocket, and carefully laid the three slabs of ginger cake on the table.

The clock on the mantel ticked on, but neither spoke. Both were seeing things.

Then it was John who said, "Peter, you used to help your Mammy cook at home, when my mother had company, didn't you?"

"Yas sar."

"When we had oyster soup, and turkey and cranberry sauce, and sweet potatoes and pone bread with the trade marks in 'em, and ambrosia and mince pie and plum pudding?—Have I left out anything, Peter?"

"Yas sar, you is. You done lef' out de aig-nog—dat kim fust—an' de 'yonder so

gaily,' an' er few yuther things dat Miss Betsy allus hab fur comp'ny."

"Peter, do you think you can cook dinner to-morrow for three lonesome old men, just like your Mammy used to cook it?"

Peter swallowed hard. The gastronomic enumeration had been almost too much for him.

"Bless Gord, I'll try—an' I nebber failed yit, when it come ter rinnin er pan en de oven!"

"Well then Peter, you shall have all the fixings!"

Peter, with a big cook apron tucked up to his chin, was making himself at home in Mister John's fine kitchen.

Mister John, sitting comfortably before the wood fire which Peter had made, suddenly rose and rang up the Club.

"It's Randal—Stevens. I want you and Parks to come over to my house and have an old-fashioned Southern dinner with me to-morrow—half past-one! I won't take a refusal—half-past one!"

Peter's hands were busy, but his head was busier. It was going to be mighty hard for one old nigger so far from home, to make a Merry Christmas or three lonesome old men. He knew why Mister John was lonesome, but maybe the others never had a chance. However, he would know just as soon as he set eyes on them. He had almost forgotten some things his Mammy knew, for the old days on the plantations of "full and plenty" had passed away. Nearly everybody down South now lived in town and bought their eatens in little paper bags every day, instead of by the barrel.

It was surely a sad come-down! Ole Miss said long ago, it was a "Yankee innovation," whatever that was, but it had come, and come to stay. However, if there was any good old-fashioned 'Come Christmas' left in his bones, Peter was determined to make one.

Mister John's things were mighty fine, too fine for a lone man living all by himself. They were just as fine as Ole Miss's used to be, when she had sixteen in the family, and "Praise Gord! nebber knowed how many fum de outside gwine set down ter de table." Peter tiptoed into the library to see if the wood fire was burning. Mister John was snuggled down in his big chair, but he wasn't asleep. It didn't seem as if he could make himself comfortable.

"Need anything, Mister John?"

"No, thank you, Peter! Go on to bed; it's twelve o'clock."

JOHN RANDALL opened his eyes. The fire was out and daylight was coming into the room. He was still sitting in his big chair where Peter had left him the night before.

"Christmas Gif'—Mister John, Christmas Gif'!" It was Peter's expectant voice. Did he have that jack-knife he had promised him and the gun and the shells and the rubber boots?—No, he had forgotten them.

"Christmas Gif', Mister John! Ef you don' herry up, disher good aig-nog sho' be spiled!" John rubbed his eyes.

"Drat your old hide, Peter! you've gone and hoodooed me. I thought I was back home on the plantation."



"What help do you want, Peter? I've given every one I can think of in New York a Christmas present but you"



"I wisht ter Gord we was, Mister John!" and Peter deposited his tray, and went back to the kitchen.

After a while a voice full of mystery came from there.

"Mister John, come look at her er minute, 'fore I teks her ouden de pan! I done 'voked my Mammy's sperrit on dat tucky, an' I sho' 'low she 'sponded!"

ACCORDING to John's olfactories, the dinner was going to be a great success, from the oyster soup down to the plum pudding with its flaming sauce. The little corn pone had the right trademark upon them, and the sweet potatoes were done in the "long-ago style." Peter opened the door for the two lonesome men. As he made his manners and took their hats and great-coats, he knew just why they were lonesome, but he hadn't time to work it all out just then, for all those spoons and forks had to be placed just right, and that was a problem. He knew nothing of highballs, but marketing on his own, he found some proper mint, which must have been grown

Then Peter the adept brought the juleps in, and adroitly lingered, for the encomiums. "Where did you find your treasure, Randall?" cried Stevens enviously. "It was cruel of you—why have we not been initiated before?"

in the South, and amongst the silver he pounced upon three old julep spoons.

He was very serious over his task. There must be a blending, just to the turn of an eyelash. A movement of the spoon, which was the accomplishment of a connoisseur; the crushing of the ice; when all was finished, the careful placing of the spoon against the side of the glass, lest the bouquet of mint be bruised and its aroma be destroyed; the telling pause until the frost stood upon the glasses. Then Peter, the adept, brought them in, and adroitly lingered, for the encomiums.

"Where did you find your treasure, Randall?" cried Stevens enviously. "It was cruel of you—why have we not been initiated before?"

"He's worth ten thousand a year to any

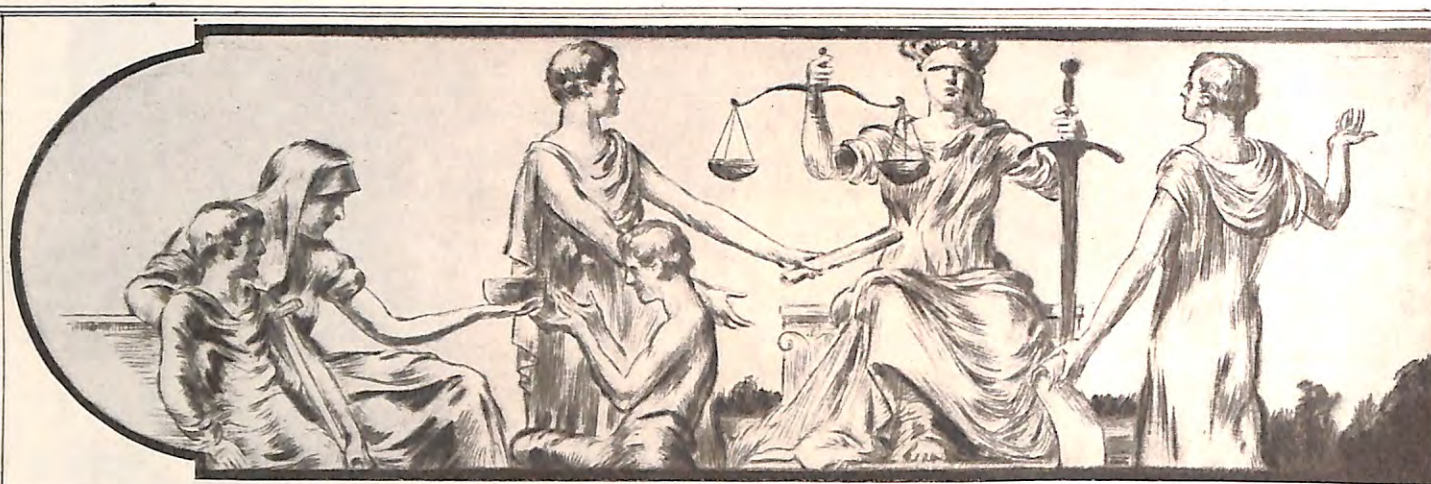
poor man," assented Parks. "Where did you find him?"

"Didn't find him," said Mister John sententiously. "He's a portion of my inheritance, and rediscovered me, only yesterday afternoon."

While Mister John carved, Stevens related the story of a New England Christmas when he was a boy, when they had to saw the mince and pumpkin pies in two, because it was so cold that day.

Then Parks, who was born in London, recalled bringing in the Yule Log, and the hot apple cobbler, roast pig, and pudding. But it was all cold type until Mister John began telling about old Christmas in the South, when the niggers were thick enough to have four of them waiting on each child and some left over. Ole Marse knocked in the head of a big whiskey barrel and everybody in the quarters brought his tin cup and drank to Ole Marse's health; and one time, Old Harkless brought a gourd to get more than the rest, and Mam Liza,

(Continued on page 44)



EDITORIAL

DISTRICT DEPUTY VISITS

IT IS to be expected that the District Deputies will respond to the request of the Grand Exalted Ruler, that they make their official visits as soon as practicable. The reasons for this are so obvious that they need not be recited. Any corrective and constructive suggestions, prompted by such visits, will fail of their purpose unless made in due time to permit their adoption and supervision by those familiar with the conditions and charged with immediate responsibility.

And the general importance of the District Deputy's visits to the Subordinate Lodge cannot be too strongly urged, nor too frequently called to mind. It is the official inspection of its equipment, personnel, financial condition and fraternal activities; but it is something more. It is an occasion of social and fraternal significance; but it is something more. It is, in most instances, the only direct contact of the membership with the Grand Lodge, through its delegated representative. It is an inspirational experience whose influence continues upon all those who are present.

It follows that it should be made the big event of the Lodge year. A special program should be prepared to insure a noteworthy occasion; and every effort should be exerted to secure the fullest possible attendance of the members.

Social entertainment of the guest has a very proper place upon such a program. But it should be remembered that the essential feature of the officer's visit is the Lodge meeting, at which he presents his message, with such helpful expressions of encouragement, praise, advice or criticism, as conditions may justify. And in this every member has a definite interest.

It is the one occasion when the Grand Lodge, the supreme power of the Order, speaks directly and specifically to the local Lodge. And it is only when the mutual obligations incident to this prescribed contact are properly observed, that the fullest benefit is to be derived from it. It is to be assumed that this result is earnestly desired by every Lodge; therefore, it should seriously undertake its complete share in what so nearly concerns its own fraternal welfare. And each Exalted Ruler, whose administration is thus subjected to formal

investigation, should recognize his specific duty to see that his Lodge does this.

UNFETTERED STRENGTH

IT IS likely that most of us recognize, in a general way, that the Order of Elks is a potent agency for good; one that is peculiarly untrammelled by rules and regulations restricting its endeavors to accomplish that good. But it is also likely that comparatively few realize fully just how great an instrumentality it is; and how tremendously its availability is enhanced by the very fact that it has not hedged itself about with any restraints or limitations upon its benevolent activities.

There are many organizations, societies, fraternities, foundations, and agencies of various kinds, devoted to charity, beneficence and human helpfulness. And there is no thought of decrying their usefulness, nor of minimizing their achievements. But in most instances they are local in operation, limited in resources, or restricted to specific fields of endeavor. One may not reach beyond its city, or state. Another may not exceed a necessarily inelastic budget. Another may not interest itself in men, because children are its adopted beneficiaries. One may serve only among the whites; another only among the colored; and still another is concerned only with a certain denominational group.

But the Order of Elks requires no questionnaire to be signed by those who are in need of its aid. Color, creed, residence, religion, politics, age, sex, all are immaterial incidents not permitted to affect its response to the call for help.

And when it is recalled that there are nearly fifteen hundred Lodge units of our Fraternity, that they include every foot of American territory in their respective jurisdictions, that they have enrolled over eight hundred thousand members, pledged to individual and associated service in this unlimited field of all human need, it must be realized that the Order is endowed with a tremendous capability.

It is well for every Elk to think of these facts occasionally. They stimulate his pride. They bring a consciousness of power and that he is a part of that strength. They remind him of his fraternal obligations and inspire his determination to observe them.



It is no part of this present purpose to refer to what has been accomplished. The desire is to impress upon the membership what a great instrumentality the Order really is; but also to remind them that its accepted field of activity taxes its full capacity. When this is understood, then will come the realization that its mission can be effectively fulfilled only when each individual member sincerely strives to live up to the obligation he assumed before its altar.

It is that realization, and the purpose born of it, that constitutes the strength of the Order and keeps it unfettered.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEES

THE committee charged with the duty of arranging special programs for Lodge meetings, to insure their entertaining and worth-while character, is one of the most important within the power of the Exalted Ruler to appoint. Their effective service reflects itself directly in an increased attendance upon the sessions and a sustained interest in Lodge affairs. This is vital to the fraternal success of any Lodge. Appointment on the committee should, therefore, be welcomed by the ablest members as an opportunity to render service of extraordinary value.

And this is the period of the year which calls for their special activity. Now is the time when their interest in Lodge meetings can most easily be reawakened, if those meetings be made really worth while.

The challenge is squarely presented to those charged with that special duty. It should be met with thoughtful consideration, an earnest purpose to serve the Lodge, and a loyal enthusiasm. If these qualifications be lacking the positions should be yielded to those who do possess them and will actively apply them to the allotted task.

If you happen to be a member of the Entertainment Committee of your Lodge, you should realize its dignity and the responsibility imposed. Your selection is an evidence of confidence in your ability and willingness to perform a needed service. The incident obligation cannot be disregarded if you are imbued with the proper spirit of loyalty and devotion to the Order.

MEMBERSHIP FIGURES

THERE is nothing to be gained in any quarter by any attempt to juggle the figures relating to the membership of the Order. It is a fact to be faced that during the last five years the aggregate enrollment has decreased. But the frank facing of this fact requires no great courage; and certainly it brings no consternation to the thoughtful.

During the preceding five years the growth in membership was over three hundred thousand. It was obvious that this tremendous increase was abnormal, and was due to unusual conditions that were temporary. It was equally obvious that it would be followed by abnormal losses.

The average annual increase in membership for the past twenty years has been about twenty-two thousand. If the three years, 1919-1922, during which the growth was unhealthily large, had merely maintained this average the total membership today would be two hundred thousand less than it is.

This does not mean that we should complacently contemplate continuing losses. But it should prevent any one from feeling undue concern over the experience of the past few years.

It would seem reasonable, however, that the local Lodge rosters have now been fairly well purged of their "dead timber." And if the officers and members of those Lodges have a real enthusiasm for the Order, their natural desire to have their friends and associates become affiliated with them in its fraternal and social activities will again bring about a normal increase.

This is, of course, highly desirable. The demands upon the Order, for its varied services to humanity, are ever increasing. Its growth should keep pace with these increasing demands. The appeal of the Order to the charitably disposed, patriotic citizenship of our country has been demonstrated. But that appeal lies primarily, not in its proclaimed tenets, but in the manner in which they are interpreted and exemplified by its members. The results from now on may well be accepted as an indication of the effectiveness with which the members are doing this; and future membership statistics may hold a deeper significance.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

Mr. Andrews Calls on Many Northwestern Lodges in Rapid Tour

AFTER the visits to Lodges in the south and mid-west reported in the November issue of the Magazine, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews returned to his home in Atlanta for a few days' rest, before leaving for a tour of northwestern States. During this brief stay in Atlanta the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Andrews were the guests of honor at a reception in the Home of Atlanta Lodge, given for them by the Kle Club of which Mrs. Ed. F. Bond, wife of Past Exalted Ruler Bond, is President. Some 100 members of the club were present, as were about seventy-five members of the Lodge. A most enjoyable program of vocal numbers, sleight-of-hand and reading was followed by supper and dancing. Mrs. Andrews was presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses by the hostesses of the evening.

Arriving at Madison, Wis., on October 17, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Andrews were met by a reception committee and escorted to luncheon, after which they were taken for a sight seeing tour of the city. That evening, while Mr. Andrews was being banqueted by Madison Lodge, Mrs. Andrews was entertained at a dinner in the Executive Mansion by Mrs. Kohler, wife of Governor Walter Kohler of Wisconsin, who himself was one of the speakers at the Lodge banquet. Others who spoke at Madison Lodge's banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler were Exalted Ruler C. R. Parr; Hon. Marvin Rosenberry, Chief Justice of the Wisconsin Supreme Court; Associate Justice Walter C. Owen, who officiated as toastmaster; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills; Mayor A. G. Schmedeman, of Madison, and Mr. Andrews. Among the guests from other Lodges who gathered to do honor to the Grand Exalted Ruler were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; William J. Conway, Grand Lodge Pardon Commissioner; Frank P. McAdams, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers William F. Schad and Raymond C. Dwyer; Edward W. Mackey and Theodore Benfey, respectively President and Secretary of the Wisconsin State Elks Association; and many Exalted Rulers and other active and past Lodge officers. The next evening Mr. Andrews visited Winona Lodge, where more than 100 members and guests were present

at the banquet with which his call was celebrated. Judge E. D. Libera presided at the dinner, and the Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced to his audience by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. M. Williams. District Deputy Dwyer was also present. Later Mr. Andrews chatted with the members and inspected the newly renovated Home of the Lodge. While in Winona the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Andrews were the house guests of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. King.

Pushing on to Eau Claire the following day, October 19, the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted on an automobile trip through the city, and in the evening was the guest of Eau Claire Lodge at a banquet in its Home. Mr. Andrews was the first Grand Exalted Ruler ever to visit this Lodge, and the occasion was a red-letter day for the members. At the dinner addresses were made by the guest of honor; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mills; State Elks Association President Mackey; Exalted Ruler A. G. Carlson; Past Exalted Ruler Knute Anderson; and Mayor Fred Stussy, a Past District Deputy, who bade the visitor welcome. Immediately following the dinner a Lodge session, at which a class of candidates was initiated, was held and the Grand Exalted Ruler again spoke to the members.

The following morning Mr. Andrews, accompanied by Exalted Ruler Carlson and Secretary J. W. Selbach of Eau Claire Lodge, motored to Minneapolis, Minn. Spending the night here, the Grand Exalted Ruler set out for Rochester, Minn., by motor on the following morning, October 21, where a luncheon at the Home of the Lodge there was the first event in a busy day's program. Some 150 Elks, a number of them from half a dozen near-by cities, were addressed by the distinguished visitor. Among the well-known Elks who attended the luncheon were President C. F. Englin of the Minnesota State Elks Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. M. Williams; Past District Deputy Dr. C. R. Leech, and the Exalted Rulers of a number of Minnesota Lodges. Mr. Andrews was conducted on a tour of the famous Mayo clinic while in Rochester, and later set out on the return journey to St. Paul and Minneapolis, stopping on the way for brief calls at Faribault and Owatonna Lodges. At St. Paul a reception

and dinner awaited him, and here the Grand Exalted Ruler met with more than 150 Elks from Lodges in Minnesota and the surrounding States. Among the well-known members of the Order who greeted him and later accompanied him to the special meeting of Minneapolis Lodge were Past District Deputy Leech, who acted as Toastmaster; Exalted Ruler H. F. Strehlow, of St. Paul Lodge; Vincent Jenny, Secretary of both St. Paul Lodge and the State Elks Association; District Deputies Williams and L. R. Johnstone; President Englin, of the State Association; and W. C. Robertson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee. An entertainment followed the dinner, and then Mr. Andrews, accompanied by a large escort, motored over to Minneapolis Lodge for the special meeting arranged in his honor. Nearly 400 Elks crowded the Lodge room, and gave Mr. Andrews' address the closest attention and most enthusiastic reception. An entertainment and buffet supper rounded out the evening. One of the most important events of this crowded day came at ten o'clock, when the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to the Lodges of the whole State in an address broadcast from Radio Station WCCO. Minnesota Lodges all held special gatherings to listen in, and Mr. Andrews' inspiring talk was widely appreciated.

Arriving at Duluth, Minn., on the morning of the 22nd, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Andrews were met by a committee of members from Duluth, and Superior, Wis., Lodges, headed by Exalted Ruler J. M. Cathcart, of Duluth. Following an early breakfast the head of the Order, accompanied by some thirty Elks and their wives, set out on an all-day tour of visits to the Lodges of the Iron Range. Stops were made, Mr. Andrews in each case making a brief address to the assembled members, at Hibbing; Chisholm, where the Boys and Girls High School band greeted the party; Virginia, and Eveleth Lodges. At this last the official party were the guests at a luncheon given by the officers and members. Returning to Duluth, the Grand Exalted Ruler travelled to Superior Lodge for an informal afternoon reception in his honor, before the banquet in the Home of Duluth Lodge which was in the nature of a joint meeting of

(Continued on page 71)

News of the State Associations

West Virginia

THE Twenty-first annual convention of the West Virginia State Elks Association was held at Parkersburg on the three days beginning October 21, and was attended by several hundred delegates and their ladies. An elaborate program of entertainment was arranged by the host Lodge, including social sessions, automobile tours, bridge parties and other features. The opening public session, held Monday evening, October 21, in the auditorium of the Home of Parkersburg Lodge, No. 108, was presided over by Past District Deputy T. C. Ashton, Chairman of the Lodge's Convention Committee. Following the invocation, Exalted Ruler James D. Fleming outlined the convention program and assured the gathering that everything possible had been done to insure their enjoyment of the occasion. The address of welcome was delivered by Mayor Allen C. Murdoch, four times Exalted Ruler of Parkersburg Lodge. The response was made by District Deputy Leo J. La Flam, Wheeling Lodge, No. 28, speaking for Brooks Fleming, Jr., President of the Association, who was unable to be present. In his address of welcome, Mayor Murdoch spoke feelingly of the loss of the late Jay Reefer, Secretary of the Association for nearly twenty years, and the late Max McKinley, who for many years was Secretary of Parkersburg Lodge. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters

also made an address, emphasizing the importance to our country of the principles of the Order.

The annual election of officers resulted as follows: President, James D. Fleming, Parkersburg Lodge; First Vice-President, Dave Wertheimer, Sistersville Lodge, No. 333; Second Vice-President, W. M. Keister, Bluefield Lodge, No. 269; Third Vice-President, Paul Decham, Moundsville Lodge, No. 282; Treasurer, Jesse L. Cramer, Parkersburg Lodge; Secretary, Walter B. Wilson, Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482. With the exception of the President and Secretary, the other officers were all re-elected. At the annual Memorial Services, held Wednesday morning, October 23, the memorial address was delivered by Past Exalted Ruler James S. McCluer, of Parkersburg Lodge. The Committee on Resolutions recommended that a bronze plaque in memory of the late Jay Reefer be purchased and presented to Clarksburg Lodge. First prize in the ritualistic contest was won by the degree team of Clarksburg Lodge, the team of Morgantown Lodge, No. 411, winning second place. In the absence of another contestant, the third prize was awarded to the Antlers of Clarksburg Lodge, for their exemplification of their own ritual.

The place of meeting for 1930 was left for the later decision of the Board of Trustees.

An account of the death, and the fraternal activities of Jay Reefer, will be found on page 32.

Colorado

AT THE Annual Convention of the Colorado State Elks Association, held at Fort Collins, the following officers were elected for the current year: President, Byron T. Albert, Fort Collins Lodge, No. 804; Secretary, B. T. Poxson, Denver Lodge, No. 17; Treasurer, W. R. Patterson, Greeley Lodge, No. 809; First Vice-President, George L. Hamlik, Central City Lodge, No. 557; Second Vice-President, Lawrence E. Accola, Pueblo Lodge, No. 90; Third Vice-President, Eugene Welch, Grand Junction Lodge, No. 575.

The work of the Association for the coming year has been divided into three specific branches, first, a membership contest between the various Lodges of the State, wherein the Lodge securing the greatest percentage of gain in membership will be awarded a \$50 trophy at the next State Convention; second, a reinstatement campaign wherein the winning Lodge will be given a \$50 trophy for the greatest percentage of reinstatements, based upon present membership; third, a ritualistic contest for the Lodges of the State, preliminary contests to be held in each of the four districts of Colorado, later to be followed by a championship contest at the next State Convention, where a \$50 trophy will be awarded to the winning team of the four selected in the District contests.

(Continued on page 72)

Elks National Foundation

Bulletin

15 State Street,
Boston, Mass.,
November 1, 1929

SINCE our communication on August 3, 1929, which was published in the September issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, contributions to the Elks National Foundation have been coming in from every section, evidencing the ever-increasing interest and enthusiasm of the members of our Order. The tabulation of subscriptions for Honorary Founders' certificates and of Good Will offerings, which we publish in this issue, shows that the story of the Elks National Foundation, carried to all parts of the world through the columns of the Magazine, has struck a responsive chord in the hearts of our brothers who reside in far distant places, as well as those who are "in the States."

You will find that Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414; Cristobal, Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1542; San Juan, Porto Rico, Lodge, No. 972; and Manila, Philippine Islands, Lodge, No. 761 are among the subscribers for Honorary Founders' certificates, and Brothers Thomas A. Leathley, Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, of Cristobal, C. Z., George H. Morris, Ouray, Colo., Lodge, No. 492, residing in Tela, Honduras, and J. D. Morgan, Cordova, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1483, Kennecott, Alaska, have sent in Good Will offerings, and have agreed to send in similar amounts for the succeeding four years. Manila Lodge with characteristic Elks spirit has turned over to the Foundation Trustees the \$500 won in prizes at the recent Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles, and has added thereto \$500 to make up the subscription of \$1,000 for an Honorary Founders' certificate.

Subscriptions for Honorary Founders' certificates and Good Will offerings received since August 3, 1929, and not previously published, tabulated by States, are as follows:

	Sub- scription	Payment
<i>Alaska</i>		
J. D. Morgan (Cordova, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1483). Bonanza Mine, Kennecott, Alaska...	\$25.00	\$5.00
<i>California</i>		
Vallejo Lodge, No. 559.....	1,000.00	100.00
Salinas Lodge, No. 614.....	1,000.00	100.00
Glendale Lodge, No. 1289.....	1,000.00	100.00
Oroville Lodge, No. 1484.....	1,000.00	200.00
Inglewood Lodge, No. 1492....	1,000.00	100.00
William H. Leahy (San Francisco Lodge, No. 3), San Francisco, Cal.	1,000.00	1,000.00
<i>Canal Zone</i>		
Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414.....	1,000.00	500.00
Cristobal, Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1542.....	1,000.00	100.00
Thomas A. Leathley (Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414) Cristobal, C. Z.....	250.00	50.00



Chairman John F. Malley, of the Elks National Foundation Trustees receiving from June Collyer, noted screen star, check for her \$2,500 subscription to the Foundation Fund. Miss Collyer is the daughter of Clayton J. Heermance, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, No. 1

<i>Colorado</i>		
George H. Morris (Ouray, Col., No. 492), Tela, Honduras, Central America.....	50.00	10.00
<i>Connecticut</i>		
Norwich Lodge No. 430	1,000.00	1,000.00
Bristol Lodge, No. 1010	1,000.00	200.00
<i>Georgia</i>		
Georgia State Elks Association	1,000.00	200.00
<i>Idaho</i>		
Pocatello Lodge, No. 674....	1,000.00	100.00
<i>Illinois</i>		
Chicago Lodge, No. 4.....	1,000.00	1,000.00
Blue Island Lodge, No. 1331..	1,000.00	100.00
<i>Indiana</i>		
Indiana Elks Association.....	1,000.00	200.00
<i>Iowa</i>		
Lloyd Maxwell (Marshalltown Lodge, No. 312), Chicago, Illinois.....	1,000.00	1,000.00
<i>Massachusetts</i>		
Lawrence Lodge, No. 65.....	1,000.00	1,000.00
Worcester Lodge, No. 243.....	1,000.00	100.00
<i>Michigan</i>		
Grand Rapids Lodge, No. 48...	1,000.00	200.00
<i>New Hampshire</i>		
Claremont Lodge, No. 879....	1,000.00	100.00

(Continued on page 71)

The Season's Toast

"Here's to the Elks National Foundation—Success"

Christmas Offering

In the spirit of Good Will, I make offering to the Elks National Foundation of.....Dollars,
as shown by the enclosed check.

You may count upon me for annual offering
of \$.....

Name.....
Lodge.....
Mailing Address.....

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



The Western Colorado Boys' Band

How the Unflagging Enthusiasm of Two Elks Brought Into Being a Unique Organization

THIS is the story behind a notable achievement which everyone who attended the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles last July will recall; the performance of the Elks Boys' Band recruited from Colorado, West.

By notable is meant more than musical excellence, although this group of 100 youngsters compared favorably with the very best of the numerous other musical companies there. By notable is meant particularly that, once the conditions under which this band was organized are known, the mere fact that it was there in Los Angeles to perform at all merits exceptional comment. And the two men responsible for it, Audre L. Stong, of Grand Junction, Colo., Lodge, No. 575, and George S. Gallupe, then Exalted Ruler of that Lodge, deserve far more credit in the matter than their modest explanations carry.

The idea was conceived nearly a year before the 1928 Convention. Mr. Stong, musical director of Grand Junction High School, was attending a summer course at a university in Los Angeles. Mr. Gallupe was taking a rest cure at a hospital in Portland, Oregon. They were close friends and, separated temporarily by circumstances, kept up a frequent correspondence.

One afternoon Mr. Stong happened to attend a concert by a boys' band given in one of the playgrounds of Los Angeles. The same afternoon the papers carried the news that that city had been chosen for the next Elks Convention. And in Mr. Stong's mind the two bits of information combined and formed an idea, the idea that western Colorado might recruit from its schools a company of musicians and send them to Los Angeles for the Grand Lodge Convention.

It was almost a fanciful idea, Mr. Stong realized. There would be pretty solid obstacles in the way of its realization. Money would be one. Western Colorado, while prosperous, is

not especially wealthy and might find it hard, granting its willingness, to raise the funds for the boys' expenses. And for another handicap, there was distance. The country there is one of scattered towns and small cities. This would make training a band awkward, perhaps quite impractical.

Still Mr. Stong did mention his notion to Mr. Gallupe in his next letter. And Mr. Gallupe, when he should have had nothing more exciting on his mind than wondering what he might get for luncheon, became at once feverishly enthusiastic.

BY THE time he and Mr. Stong met again back home in Grand Junction in the fall, he was not only enthusiastic but hopeful that the project might actually be accomplished. And while Mr. Stong began working out the details of how the musical part of the task might be accomplished, Mr. Gallupe set himself to solving the financial problems.

In this he obtained the hearty assistance of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Dailey, Sr. The eight Lodges comprising the district of Colorado, West, voted to share as much of the transportation expense as they could; and the vice-president of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad arranged a concession in fare-rates. The burden of the cost of uniforms, blazers and knickers, was taken over by the business men of Grand Junction. Finally, the slight margin yet unappropriated was raised among the boys themselves. With that the besetting financial perplexities were overcome.

Meanwhile Mr. Stong labored at selecting the best young musicians in the district, and training them. With his own school's band as a nucleus and with players from other institutions recommended by their directors—Charles Nichols, of Fruits, Colo.; Jack Andrews of Glenwood Springs, and J. A. Graham of Paonia—Mr. Stong called for rehearsals at a central

point at Grand Junction two weeks before the Convention. From seven in the morning, and all day long, he worked with his pupils, assisted tirelessly by his fellow directors. So well were the boys schooled in their pieces and so carefully were they drilled that later they were able to go through the whole arduous week of the Convention performing with excellence, and with never a sign of over-fatigue.

Witness to this is found in this excerpt from a letter from Monroe Goldstein, Executive Secretary of the 65th Grand Lodge Convention Committee, to Harry Burnett, Exalted Ruler of No. 575:

"Just a few words relative to the wonderful boys' band sent to the Reunion from the Western Slope of Colorado. Your band was one of the best ever heard in Los Angeles, and constituted the best advertising medium Colorado could have employed."

Further tribute is contained in a note to Mr. Burnett from J. Arthur Lewis, vice-chairman of the Music and Parades Committee. It read in part:

"The boys conducted themselves at all times as gentlemen and were never too tired, or unwilling, to go anywhere we asked them to, and present a program. They will doubtless tell you that we used them a great deal, and indeed we were glad to do it because they had such a large repertoire and possessed much musical ability."

This, then, is the achievement which Mr. Stong and Mr. Gallupe realized. The continued interest, the hard and tedious labor they contributed to its accomplishment, were possible only to men imbued with a fervent and sustained interest in the Order. To them, to their assistants, to the boys themselves and to all those Lodges and individuals who contributed so generously to an undertaking so beset with complex obstacles, should go the thanks of the entire Order for a splendid example of enthusiasm and faith.

The Fourth Annual Elks Magazine Cruise

THE Fourth Annual ELKS MAGAZINE Cruise to the West Indies, Panama and South America, under the direction of James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., is open for enrollment now. This year, the cruise is to be longer than last year and offers more ports of call. The itinerary is more interesting than ever and every ELK contemplating a winter vacation for himself and his family should acquaint himself with the details.

The advantages of joining the ELKS MAGAZINE cruise are manifold. In the first place, you know beforehand exactly what your trip will cost, for the prices of accommodations cover all necessary expenses for twenty-five days on board ship and on shore. In the second place, you know you will have nothing to worry about, since all arrangements for shore excursions and

To Secure Choicest Accommodations, Apply Now

the like are carefully worked out and handled by the Boring experts. Another important item is the fact that you are assured of plenty of space with no overcrowding. A great transatlantic White Star liner, the S. S. *Calgaric*, has been specially chartered for the cruise and, since the cruise membership is limited, only the better staterooms of this 28,000-ton ship will be used. Finally, instead of traveling among strangers, you will be among friends, fellow Elks and their families—folks with whom you will quickly establish a community of interest.

The cruise will start January 18, 1930. From New York harbor the ship will steam first to Bermuda. Thence it will put in at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands; St. Pierre, Martinique and Fort de France; Willemstad, Curacao; Cartagena, Colombia; Colon, C. Z.; Kingston, Jamaica; Port au Prince, Haiti; Havana, Cuba—and back again to New York, arriving February 11.

This splendid cruise, with its visits to picturesque and historic cities in eight foreign countries, with its days of relaxation and of sport on board ship, under the guidance of specialists trained to anticipate your every want, is surprisingly inexpensive. No passports or other formalities are required. Write now for complete information and rates. You will find a handy coupon on page 60.



East Orange Lodge Erects Elks National Foundation Tablet

THE Home of East Orange, N. J., Lodge No. 630, was the scene of a memorable meeting in October, when Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert unveiled a tablet bearing names of members who had made possible the Lodge's subscription of \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation. In an address incident to the unveiling, Mr. Hulbert spoke of the origin and aims of the Foundation and of its organization and development. He felicitated the Lodge on being among the first to subscribe. Other speakers on this occasion were Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin, of Englewood Lodge, No. 1157; Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, of Newark Lodge, No. 21, who spoke of conditions at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.; President William T. Phillips, of the New York State Elks Association; and Past Exalted Ruler William H. Kelly, of the local Lodge. Following the meeting, the social sessions committee served a supper to guests and members.

Pampa, Texas, Lodge Instituted by District Deputy Harry Mason

Pampa, Texas, Lodge, No. 1573, instituted a few weeks ago by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry Mason, began its life as a unit of the Order with a charter list of 83. The initiation of the candidates was conducted by members of Amarillo and Plainview, Texas, Lodges, Nos. 923 and 1175, and Woodward, Okla., Lodge, No. 1355. Following these ceremonies the election of officers was held, and Dr. V. E. von Brunow was chosen as Exalted Ruler and P. B. Mooney, Secretary. A banquet and dance followed the ritualistic exercises, and the first public act of the new Lodge was to make a contribution to the funds of the High School band. Some 200 Texas and Oklahoma Elks were present for the festivities.

Lake Worth Harmonica Band Wins Many Honors

The juvenile harmonica band organized and adopted by Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530, has been so successful and has aroused such enthusiasm wherever it has been heard, that similar bands are now established and are being sponsored by other Elks Lodges, in Florida, including Fort Lauderdale, No. 1517, West Palm Beach, No. 1352, Jacksonville, No. 221, and St. Petersburg, No. 1224. The harmonica band idea was given its first impetus a few years ago by Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, and has since gained adherents rapidly. The unit sponsored by Lake Worth Lodge was organized in October, 1927. In 1928, at the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, it was awarded a first prize for musical organizations in the parade. It was also a feature of the Shrine Convention in Miami. In that city also it has been awarded a silver loving cup by former Mayor E. G. Sewell, and serenaded President-elect Hoover there on the occasion of his visit prior to his inauguration. By special invitation the band took part in Mr. Hoover's Inaugural Parade in Washington, on which occasion it was given a place of honor

by the Inaugural Committee and cited by Major-General Summerall for excellence of deportment and appearance. It played for the members of Congress, in the Congressional Library, and participated in a patriotic concert at Mt. Vernon. In St. Petersburg's famous Festival of the States, the band was awarded first prize, and it has been featured many times in Jacksonville.

All members of the Lake Worth Harmonica Band are graduates of the beginners' class and have been trained to read music at sight and play by note. They follow the director's baton like veterans, and are familiar with musical terms. The organizer and director of the band has published a system of harmonica instruction for class and band teaching. This system, together with suggestions and instructions for organizing and conducting bands of this nature, will be sent gratis to any Elks Lodge, upon application to Director T. N. Brown, B. P. O. Elks Lodge, No. 1530, Lake Worth, Fla.

Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge Starts Active Season

Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, which for the first six months of the current Lodge year shows the remarkable gain of 763 members by initiation, started the Fall season with an active program. The last week in October it held a Charter Members' Roll Call Night, which was largely attended, and the following day put on a fraternal week-end visit to San Diego Lodge, No. 168, for which purpose a special steamer was chartered.

Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Douglas A. Preston is Dead

The state of Wyoming lost one of its greatest citizens, and the Order of Elks a tireless, enthusiastic and widely-loved member by the death on October 20, of the Hon. Douglas A. Preston, State Senator, of Rock Springs Lodge, No. 624, formerly Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight and, at the time of his death, still in service as Chairman of the Board of Trustees of his home Lodge. Mr. Preston, who was seventy-one years of age, died as the result of shock and injuries, incurred in an automobile accident.

Few men have been more universally loved and respected in their communities than was Douglas Preston in Wyoming. Within a few hours, news of his death had penetrated to every section of the State, carrying its weight of sorrow alike to city and town and to the most remote ranching district. He had been identified with the life of Wyoming from its days as a territory, his first public service being as a member of the Constitutional Convention which met in 1889, a year before the commonwealth attained its statehood. From 1903 to 1905 he was a member of the State House of Representatives. In 1911 he was appointed Attorney-General by Governor Joseph M. Carey, and four years later was reappointed by Governor John B. Kendrick. At the time of his death he was serving as State Senator, having been elected last year by one of the largest popular votes ever accorded a candidate for any office in Sweetwater County. He was a great criminal lawyer, and a dynamic leader of the Democratic party in Wyoming.

Mr. Preston was a charter member of Rock Springs Lodge, and one of its earliest Exalted Rulers. In 1904-05 he served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Wyoming, and from 1907 to 1909 he was a member of the Grand Lodge Commission on Preservation of the Elk. He was elected Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight for the Lodge year of 1909-10. Despite his Grand Lodge and public activities, he yet found time to give to his own Lodge, and for more than twenty years served it, in one or another official capacity, being, as has been said, Chairman of its Board of Trustees when he died.

His funeral was held from the Home of Rock Springs Lodge, where his body had lain in state for four hours as hundreds of persons came to pay their final respects. The Elks ritual was used, with United States District Court Judge T. Blake Kennedy acting as Exalted Ruler and Governor Frank C. Emerson as Esteemed Leading Knight.

To Mrs. Preston, to his fellow members of Rock Springs Lodge, and to his legion of devoted friends THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends on behalf of the whole Order, the deepest condolence and sympathy.

District Deputy Gallagher Pays First Official Visit to Ridgewood, N.J., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter J. Gallagher, of New Jersey Northeast, Past Exalted Ruler of Passaic Lodge, No. 387, made his first official visit at the Home of Ridgewood Lodge, No. 1455. Accompanied by some twenty fellow members, many of them Past Exalted Rulers, Mr. Gallagher was given a rousing welcome on his arrival in Ridgewood, and his address to the Elks of No. 1455 was enthusiastically received. Following the meeting a banquet and social session were held in the Home.

Panama Canal Zone Lodge Planning for Own Home

At a dinner tendered by Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, to the members who had worked so hard and so successfully on the benefit barbecue by which \$2,000 was added to the charity fund, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard M. Davies, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, was one of the speakers. In the course of his address, he said that the time had come when No. 1414 should have a Home of its own—an announcement which was greeted with enthusiastic applause. A building committee has been appointed and is now functioning, and by the time this issue of the Magazine appears will probably have submitted tentative plans to the membership.

Hospital Nurses Again Guests of Sick Committee of Boston, Mass., Lodge

Some weeks ago the Sick Committee of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, gave the third annual "Appreciation Night" for the hospital nurses of Greater Boston. The committee entertained more than 1,100 nurses and about 500 of the doctors and attaches of hospitals within a radius of 20 miles of Boston. Refreshments, entertainment from the various theatres, souvenirs,

and dancing made up the evening's festivities. The ever-increasing good-will created by this new activity of the Lodge is daily demonstrated to all Elks who happen to be confined in the hospitals of Boston, and the committee has decided to make it a permanent feature of its program.

Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Illinois, Northeast, Meet at Oak Park

A meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges in the Northeast Illinois district, called by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William J. Savage, was held in the Home of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, some weeks ago, all but four of the seventeen Lodges being represented. Besides the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries, several Past Exalted Rulers of Lodges in the district were present, and there were a number of other participants, including Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, H. C. Warner, President of the Illinois State Elks Association, and other officers and committeemen of the Illinois Association. The meeting was devoted to a general discussion of Elk affairs in the Northeast district, where the outlook appears most favorable for the current year.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Host to Blind Children on Outing

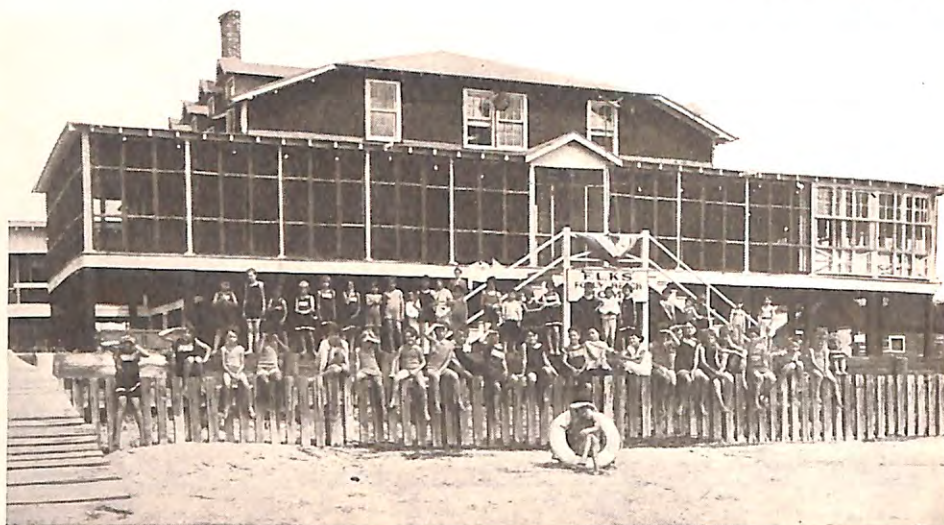
Two hundred and fifty blind children from the New York City Institution for the Education of the Blind and others from the Catholic Orphan Asylum were given an outing by Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, this fall. The Catholic Orphan Asylum youngsters, after an enjoyable bus ride through the Bronx in the morning and a fine lunch at the Lodge's Home, were joined by a larger group at the New York City Institution and were taken for a drive in the country. On the way the party stopped off at Ossining, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1486, where, though their visit was unexpected, the happy youngsters were entertained and treated to goodies. Members of Bronx Lodge accompanied the children in each bus and explained the many points of interest passed on the trip.

Warnings to All Subordinate Lodge Secretaries

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has been requested by Dunkirk, N. Y., Lodge, No. 922, and Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866, to publish the following warnings to all Lodge Secretaries:

Some time ago Fred B. Barnes, of Dunkirk Lodge, had a valuable gold card case and Life Membership card stolen from his place of business. If this card is presented it should be taken up, and the person presenting it arrested.

During the summer months a man of some sixty or sixty-five years of age, using the name of Burr, presented himself at Linton Lodge, claiming to be a member of the Order from the State of Minnesota. Accorded the privileges of the Home for a few days, he made himself most



Every year Charleston, S. C., Lodge, No. 242, entertains underprivileged children, for a three weeks' vacation, at its famous seaside Home at Folly Beach

obnoxious to the members. Some weeks after his departure from Linton, Burr presented himself at Bedford, Ind., Lodge, No. 826, asking the privileges of the Home on a card presumably signed by Secretary Clyde V. Davis of Linton Lodge. It was later discovered that cards 299 and 300 were missing from the files of Linton Lodge, and it is supposed that it is these which Burr is using. Burr is disreputable in appearance and conduct, and should he present either of the Linton Lodge cards should be held for the authorities and Linton Lodge notified.

Middleboro, Mass., Lodge Initiates Large Class of Candidates

One of the largest classes it has ever initiated became members of the Order when Middleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1274, added fifty-five new names to its rolls at a gala meeting in October.

A notable feature of the ceremonies was the fact that the ritualistic work was conducted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, assisted by four District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers.

The initiation, which took place at the Town Hall, was preceded by a banquet for members and candidates, served at the Y. M. C. A., at which Exalted Ruler James F. McQuade presided and made the address of welcome. Those who assisted Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley in the exemplification of the ritual were: District Deputy Raymond V. McNamara, Haverhill Lodge, No. 165; District Deputy Frank B. Twitchell, Natick Lodge, No. 1425; District Deputy Joseph D. Irvine, North Attleboro Lodge, No. 1011; District Deputy Richard A. Cantwell, Worcester Lodge, No. 243; Past District Deputy Bernard E. Carbin, Lynn Lodge,

No. 117; State Association Secretary Jeremiah J. Hourin, Framingham Lodge, No. 1264; and Edward N. Solais, Newton Lodge, No. 1327. Among the special guests were E. Mark Sullivan, Boston Lodge, No. 10, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Thomas J. Brady, Brookline Lodge, No. 886, Past District Deputy; Charles L. Magee, Taunton Lodge, No. 150, Past District Deputy.

After the ceremonies, Exalted Ruler McQuade read a telegram of congratulations from Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews and Mr. Malley made an address in which he outlined the work of the Elks National Foundation, of which he is Chairman. Following this Mr. Sullivan addressed the gathering on the principles of the Order. The 11 O'clock Toast was given by Past Exalted Ruler Morton G. Sartoris, of New Bedford Lodge, No. 73.

Later in the evening an entertainment, followed by a buffet supper, was held at the Home of Middleboro Lodge. The initiation was attended by some 800 Elks.

Bellingham, Wash., Lodge Initiates Class of Candidates

Following a Good Fellowship Dinner, attended by eighty-eight Elks and prospective Elks, Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, held one of the most impressive initiations that has ever taken place in its Lodge room. Past Exalted Ruler P. J. Snyder presided at the dinner, while Exalted Ruler A. W. Buckner and his officers conducted the initiatory ritual, which was witnessed by more than 200 members, including nine Past Exalted Rulers. Special lighting and scenic effects were employed in connection with the ceremony and contributed largely to the impressiveness of the occasion. Following the meeting, there was an entertainment by professional vaudeville artists, and the evening wound up with the serving of refreshments.

Prominent Elk Honored By Knights Templar

In the election at the eighty-seventh annual Conclave of the Grand Commandery of Ohio, Knights Templar, the office of Grand Commander was won by a well-known Elk, Robert L. Queisser, member of Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, No. 18, and Past Grand Esquire.

Jay Reefer, Prominent West Virginia Elk, Is Dead

Elks throughout the country will learn with regret of the sudden passing, October 12, of Jay Reefer, of West Virginia, who had been active in the affairs of the Order for nearly forty years. Born in Meadville, Pa., Mr. Reefer, at the age of twenty-five, became a charter member of Meadville Lodge, No. 219, in 1892. He was its first Secretary and served four years in that office. Under the Grand Lodge law then in force, Mr. Reefer became a member of the Grand Lodge by virtue of serving three terms as Subordinate Lodge Secretary. The repeal of



CHAR. A. WARR

This is the handsome new Home of Whittier, Calif., Lodge No. 1258, described in these pages



This substantial structure is the new Home occupied by Clovis, N. M., Lodge, No. 1244

that statute, in 1903, made no change in his status. While a member of Meadville Lodge, he was an indefatigable worker, being appointed at one time or other to virtually every committee of the Lodge. In 1902, for business reasons, Mr. Reefer moved to Clarksburg, West Virginia, and dimitted to Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482. He was soon elected Secretary of the latter Lodge and was re-elected for several terms. In 1907-1908, under Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, he served as District Deputy. He was the first Secretary of the West Virginia State Elks Association and, with the exception of one year, had held that office continuously for twenty years.

Constantly and unremittingly active in the interests of the Order, Mr. Reefer literally died in harness. He had attended Lodge sessions at Morgantown and Wheeling on two consecutive evenings and the loss of sleep and over-exertion entailed by these fraternal visits threw a burden on his heart which it was not strong enough to withstand. To Mrs. Reefer, his widow, and to his two brothers and two sisters, who survive him, THE ELKS MAGAZINE conveys the sincere sympathy of the entire Order.

Pennsylvania, Southwest, Degree Team Initiates Class for McKeesport Lodge

A fine attendance of McKeesport members, swelled by large delegations from South Brownsville, Monongahela, Braddock, Canonsburg, Jeannette, Wilkinsburg and Duquesne, marked the initiation in the Home of McKeesport, Pa., Lodge, No. 136, of a class of candidates by the Degree Team of the Pennsylvania, Southwest, Association. The occasion was a most happy one, visitors and hosts meeting after the ceremonies for an enjoyable social session in the grill room. Among the visitors present was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Brown.

Woodland, Calif., Lodge Officers Initiate for Nevada City Lodge

The officers, orchestra and a large delegation of members from Woodland, Calif., Lodge, No. 1299, recently journeyed by automobile to Nevada City, Calif., Lodge, No. 518, when the visitors conducted the initiation of a class of candidates for their hosts. The Woodlanders were the guests of No. 518 at an elaborate dinner, and a most interesting and enjoyable fraternal occasion was written into the history of the two Lodges.

Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge Observes Charter Members' Night

Charter Members' Night, observed by Bound Brook Lodge, No. 1388, in October, was a great success. Thirty-five of the fifty-two surviving charter members responded to the roll call. All of the original officers of the Lodge were present with the exception of one, and occupied the stations to which they were elected when the Lodge was instituted in 1920. They were Harvey S. Smalley, Sr., Exalted Ruler; John J. Campbell, Esteemed Leading Knight; E. J. Legge, Esteemed Loyal Knight; John V. Wall,

Esteemed Lecturing Knight; Richard Koechlein, Esquire; A. F. Winberg, Chaplain; John P. Koehler, Secretary; George R. Bolmer, Treasurer; George W. Graham, Tiler. The last three named still hold the offices to which they were originally elected, and Tiler Graham holds the distinction of being the only member of the Lodge who has attended every one of its sessions.

About two hundred members of the Order were present, including delegations from Somerville, Dunellen, Morristown, Plainfield, Elizabeth and Phillipsburg Lodges. Following the meeting adjournment was made to a large tent which had been erected on the grounds of the Home, where five acts of vaudeville were presented and an elaborate luncheon served.

New Home of Hilo, H. I., Lodge Dedicated by Past Exalted Rulers

The dignified and comfortable new Home of Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 759, which is pictured in these pages, was dedicated in the autumn with ceremonies conducted by its Past Exalted Rulers, under the direction of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James Henderson. Following the impressive rendering of the dedication ritual, a class of six candidates was initiated for No. 759 by Exalted Ruler Paul Smith and a delegation of members of Honolulu Lodge, No. 616. A banquet at the Seaside Club for the members and their visitors wound up the auspicious occasion.

Newark, O., Members Host to Elks Of Three Lodges at Gala Meeting

One of the most successful and interesting meetings ever held by Newark, O., Lodge, No. 391, took place some time ago when, by special invitation, the members of New Philadelphia, Newcomerstown and Coshocton Lodges were

its guests. Included in the New Philadelphia delegation were the officers, chorus and orchestra, who conducted the initiation of a class for the hosts and who, with other loyal members, made a round trip of 150 miles to take part. The groups from the other Lodges traveled some 100 miles to be present at the occasion. James R. Cooper, Past President of the Ohio State Elks Association, was Chairman of the committee in charge of the event, and among the well-known Elks present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles E. Blanchard and W. R. Treadway, and James Richardson, of the New Philadelphia delegation, who made the principal address of the meeting. An enjoyable social session followed the formal ceremonies.

Newark members are enjoying a busy winter season, other recent activities of the Lodge including a children's party in the Home, and an evening of boxing bouts.

Maynard, Mass., Lodge Instituted By District Deputy Counihan

More than five hundred members of the Order took part in the exercises and celebrations which marked the institution of Maynard, Mass., Lodge, No. 1568, by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward A. Counihan, Jr. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley delivered the address of the occasion, and other well-known Elks, including Frank B. Twitchell, the newly appointed District Deputy, took part.

Residents of Elks National Home Enjoy Entertainment

Through the generosity of W. E. Floyd the residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., were recently enabled to enjoy an evening of splendid entertainment. Mr. Floyd, who is a member of Chelsea, Mass., Lodge, No. 938, and an enthusiastic Elk, is a professional magician. He and Mrs. Floyd and the two other members of his company, came to the Home and provided two hours of pleasure for the aged Elks resident there, as a fraternal contribution to their happiness, without charge of any kind.

Past Exalted Rulers of New York, Southeast, Meet at Home of No. 1

The Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York, Southeast, held its annual meeting in the Home of the Mother Lodge some weeks ago. Preceded by a most enjoyable dinner, the session, presided over by the retiring President, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance, was one of the most pleasant and constructive in the annals of the Association. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert was present and, in recognition of his services, was made an Honorary Member.

Since the district represented by those present was divided into three at the recent Grand Lodge convention, it was voted to continue the group



This charming building is the newly dedicated Home of Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 759

under the title of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the Old Southeast District, with membership open to the past heads of all Lodges in cities within the former boundaries. The District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of the three districts included, Eugene E. Navin, Southeast; Louis A. Fisher, East; and Jacob A. Decker, East Central, were presented, and addressed the assemblage. At the election of officers which followed, Past District Deputy Peter Stephen Beck, of Freeport Lodge, No. 1253, was elected President for the coming year, while Past District Deputy Henry Kohl, of Newburgh Lodge, No. 247, was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer.

Vice-President Curtis Speaks at Elks Armistice Day Celebration in Chicago

The most elaborate Armistice Day Celebration the city has ever seen was held November 11 under the auspices of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4. The celebration, which took place in Soldiers' Memorial Stadium, was preceded by a large and impressive parade, was attended by many persons of national distinction and was witnessed by upwards of 40,000 people. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, Bruce A. Campbell, Rush L. Holland, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell and Past District Deputy Otis F. Glenn, United States Senator from Illinois. Judge Michael Feinberg, Exalted Ruler of Chicago Lodge, presided. Governor Louis L. Emmerson, of Illinois, made the first address. The orator of the day was Vice-President Charles Curtis, whose address is printed on page 64 of this issue. Following the Vice-President, Attorney-General Oscar Carlstrom also made an address.

Hamilton, O., Elks Sponsor Winter Chautauqua Program

Four Chautauqua programs, the first of which was held two weeks ago, are being sponsored by Hamilton, O., Lodge, No. 93, for the benefit of its Children's Charity Fund. The entertainments, to be held in the High School auditorium, have aroused wide public interest, and should net substantial sums. The proceeds will be divided among the various child-welfare activities carried on by the Lodge, including the health camp to the maintenance to which Hamilton Elks have already contributed more than \$4,000.

Hoboken, N. J., Lodge Celebrates Opening of Addition to Home

The formal opening of the spacious addition to the already beautiful Home of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, was made the occasion of a gala evening, and a great turn-out of members was on hand for the festivities. A dinner tendered to Grand Trustee and Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, Richard P. Rooney, who was the guest of honor, featured the gathering. Among those present were William Conklin, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; Peter J. Gallagher, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler New Jersey, Northeast; Edgar T. Reed, President, New Jersey State Elks Association; Harry McGill, Vice-President, New Jersey State Elks Association; Peter J. Eichele, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; and William T. Phillips, President, New York State Elks Association, together with numerous other dignitaries of the Order and many delegations from surrounding Lodges.

Troy, N. Y., Lodge Holds Third Annual Sunshine Day Picnic

More than 1,500 boys and girls, wards of the orphan asylums and sanitariums of Troy and nearby cities, were guests of Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, at its third Children's Sunshine Day Picnic at Crystal Lake. A mighty feast of nourishing foods, topped off with such favorite desserts as watermelon, ice-cream, candy, and so on, and a program of sports, games and entertainments provided a gala day for the youngsters. The attendants, some 150 in number, who accompanied the children were the guests at a chicken dinner, of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, which was in charge of the event.



The crack basketball team of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, playing its third League season

As usual, the picnic drew many visitors. Among the more than 1,000 adults who came to watch the happy scene were Mayor C. F. Burns, of Troy; Mayor George R. Halpin, of Watervliet, and Commissioner of Public Safety William Hutton, Jr., of Troy.

Washington, D. C., Lodge Maintains A Boys' Band

A boys' band, composed of young musicians between the ages of eleven and nineteen years, has been organized and is being sponsored by Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15. An instructor has been working with the boys, who have made rapid progress on their parts and already form a musical unit that is a credit to its sponsors. The band is used for various Elk affairs, and for providing concerts in orphan asylums, hospitals and other charitable institutions.

Asbury Park Lodge Reports Active Crippled Children's Committee

The report of the Crippled Children's Committee of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, submitted to the Lodge in an early October meeting, showed that much had been accomplished during the preceding six months. In that period, according to the report, fifty-four crippled children have been under the constant care of the committee, fourteen of them attending the massage clinic in the Lodge Home three times a week. The treatments given numbered 599. There were forty-two examinations by co-operating physicians, from which resulted seven operations, seven X-rays, seven cases of braces supplied. At the time of making the report there were five children in plaster casts, with four more receiving treatment in hospitals or convalescent homes. Five of the children had been furnished with clothing, food, or medicine, and the nurse had made 133 visits to child patients. More than \$3,000 had been spent, in direct aid to crippled children, the committee reported.

Compton, Calif., Lodge Holds Its First Initiation

Early in October, Compton, Calif., Lodge, No. 1570, instituted this year, held its first initiation. Forty-four candidates were in its initial class, bringing the total membership to more than 100. Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, sent a delegation of 150 members to Compton for the ceremonies, and the initiation was conducted by Exalted Ruler Houston L. Walsh and

the officers of Long Beach Lodge. The guest list showed that Elks were present from six other California Lodges, namely: Glendale, Santa Rosa, Whittier, Santa Monica, Redondo Beach, while members were present from Lodges in Prescott, Ariz.; Rawlins, Wyo.; Cripple Creek, Colo.; Lewiston, Idaho; Ogden, Utah; Savannah, Ga.; Sioux City, Iowa; Portland, Ore.; and Hilo, Hawaii. Following the initiation, refreshments were served.

R. K. Erwin, Father of Two Past Exalted Rulers, Dies in Texas

Waxahachie, Texas, Lodge, No. 280, lost one of its oldest, most distinguished and best loved members, by the death of R. K. Erwin. Mr. Erwin was one of the pioneer business men of his section of the State, having built the first mills in Waxahachie and Itaska. He was an enthusiastic Elk, and two of his sons, J. R. and F. C. Erwin, have served as Exalted Rulers of No. 280.

Naugatuck, Conn., Lodge Host to 1,500 Children

At the annual children's outing given by Naugatuck, Conn., Lodge, No. 967, more than 1,500 youngsters of the town disported themselves at Lake Quassapung. Elaborate arrangements had been made for their entertainment, and the occasion was another fine success in the history of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare activities.

Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge Holds First of Series of Entertainments

Cristobal, Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1542, instituted last March, held the first of a series of entertainments, a short time ago, at the Strangers' Club, in Colon, Republic of Panama. A dinner of the kind which has made the club famous all over the world, followed by dancing, drew a large and enthusiastic attendance, and gave promise of an unusually active and enjoyable winter season.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Fêtes Orphans of City

Nearly six hundred youngsters from the orphanages of the city were the guests, some weeks ago, of San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216, at a picnic that was featured by a program of sports and entertainment that included a

(Continued on page 38)



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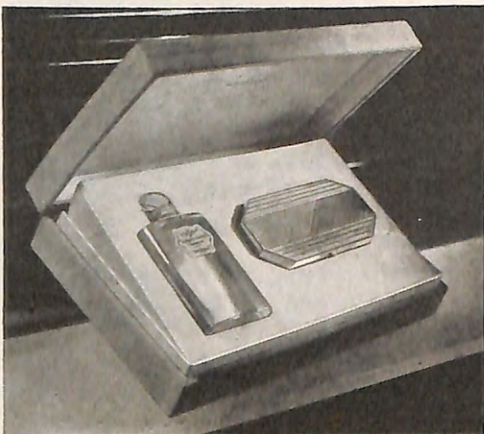
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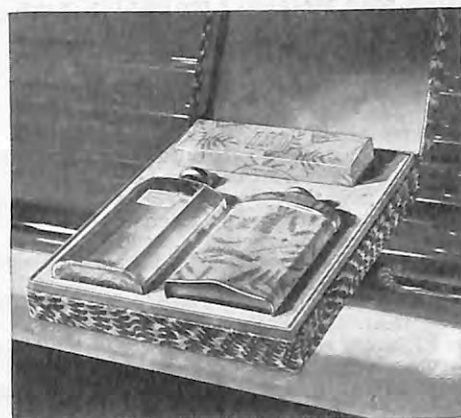
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rarity in Texas, a snowball fight. Under a warm sun the children battled happily with "snow," manufactured for their especial delectation by the Lone Star Ice Company. Other events were foot-races, competitive games, donkey rides, and boating. A bounteous holiday dinner, with individual favors, the distribution of many prizes and the presentation of a football and a volleyball to each orphanage, were enthusiastically received by the happy throng.

Denver, Colo., Lodge Holds Annual Elks Roundup

The annual Elks Roundup, held each year for the benefit of its Charity Fund by Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, was again a gratifying success. On the first evening six rattling bouts of boxing constituted the main feature, after which games were played and other diversions enjoyed in the Home. On the second evening some 1,000 Elks and their families participated in special festivities, among them a professional vaudeville program, given in the Lodge room.

Cambridge, O., Lodge Takes Youngsters to Air Circus

Thanks to the thoughtfulness of the members of Cambridge, O., Lodge, No. 448, the youngsters of the County Children's Home at Cambridge enjoyed, some weeks ago, a privilege that many, more fortunately situated, might well envy them. During the presence in the city of the first air circus in its history, the little inmates of the County Home were the guests at the flying field of Cambridge Lodge and, what's more, all save three who were considered not physically fit, were taken aloft. It is not difficult to imagine the excitement and pleasure these airplane rides gave the children. They were made possible by the courtesy and generosity of L. H. Scott, a member of Marietta, O., Lodge, No. 477, and one of the foremost fliers of his part of the country, who had three planes at the field, and used them all to give the Lodge's guests this unique treat. Mr. Scott and the Lodge members felt amply rewarded for their efforts by the pleasure which they afforded their little friends, and by the thirty-six letters of appreciation, addressed to the Lodge, which the children wrote upon their return to the Home.

Esquire of Everett, Wash., Lodge Wins National Amateur Billiards Title

Before one of the largest crowds that ever witnessed an amateur match, Monrad Wallgren, Esquire of Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, on October 23, the third day of play, won the amateur billiards championship of the United States from Percy Collins, of the Illinois Athletic Club, Chicago. The holding of the match was largely made possible by the initiative and enthusiasm of Everett Lodge, which brought Mr. Collins and his wife to Everett as its guests and also staged the match in its Home. One of the reasons for the interest of the Lodge in the arrangement of the contest was the fact that in Milwaukee, last March, when Mr. Collins won the championship for the fourth time, Mr. Wallgren was runner-up, losing only by a mere 30 points in a 300 point match. The match at Everett was for 900 points, played 300 a night. In the first night's play Mr. Wallgren lost a substantial lead to the champion and then regained it, running out the required 300 points with an unfinished run of 45. Mr. Collins' high run was 26. On the second night, the latter made runs of 66 and 94, while Mr. Wallgren's best was 42, and the evening ended with the total score 600 to 588 in Mr. Collins' favor. The last night's play became very close toward the end, but Mr. Wallgren pulled out the victory at 900 to 866, thereby winning the national amateur championship. The match was held under the sanction of the National Amateur Billiards Association. Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company donated the table and Everett Lodge supplied new balls. Everett High School aided by furnishing sections of its portable football bleachers. The trophy won by Mr. Wallgren will have a place of honor in the Home of the Lodge.

Everett Lodge has adopted the slogan for the year 1929-30 of "Lodge Activity Year." That



Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow surrounded by hundreds of greetings from his many friends, congratulating him on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday

the membership have responded to this slogan is shown by the fact that to date all records for attendance have been broken. The greatest attendance was reached on October 24, "County Night," when over seven hundred were present. The Committee for this occasion was selected from the smaller towns throughout the county and a wonderful program was enjoyed by all. Esquire Wallgren was presented with the ivory balls used in his championship match. The balls were in a beautiful case decorated with an engraved silver plate, presentation on behalf of the Lodge being by Exalted Ruler Herbert P. Knudson. On October 30, the Community Welfare Committee staged its first Shut-in Party through the courtesy of one of the local theaters. No stone was left unturned in an effort to make this party a success, and to see that every unfortunate had an opportunity to see this wonderful program. October 31, the Annual Roll Call Night was in charge of the Veteran Past Exalted Rulers and charter members, with Past Exalted Ruler Robert A. Stuart presiding. November 7, Everett Lodge was host to Ballard Lodge, an annual event between these two Lodges and one of the high lights of the winter sessions.

Among the other activities of Everett Lodge during the present year, has been the formation of an Elks Glee Club. This organization, directed by Prof. John Smith, has a membership of fifty and recently made its initial appearance.

Merrill, Wis., Lodge Host To School Football Team

As an expression of its good will and support, Merrill, Wis., Lodge, No. 696, in October, entertained at a banquet the football squad of Merrill High School, one of the members of the Wisconsin Valley Conference. The Elks Lodges of that region are presenting two trophies, one for football and one for basketball, each of which is to be awarded to that player who shall be adjudged to have been of most value to his team during the season. At the banquet mentioned above, these trophies were on display, and Gus Stange, former Merrill High and Notre Dame football man, explained to the guests how the winners are to be chosen. Stanley Emerich, Exalted Ruler of Merrill Lodge, acted as toastmaster.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge in Active Program of Welfare Work

Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, with a membership of some 650, is looking back with satisfaction on its accomplishments during the past six months, though there has been no unusual effort put forward. During the present

Lodge year it has four major projects, successfully carried through, to its credit, and is now casting about for additional material to work on. Starting with a monster celebration of Mother's Day, which was one of the most largely attended out-door affairs held in the city for many years, it followed with a horse show, promoted for the benefit of the Children's Hospital; a subscription of one thousand dollars to the Elks National Foundation fund; and the fourth annual educational tour of the Elks Junior Band. This last is an organization of forty boys, aged from ten to nineteen years, with a program in the making which, if carried through, will benefit one of the city's most laudable institutions. The Ex-L-Klub, an organization of mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of members of No. 91, has sponsored the furnishing of a children's ward at a local tuberculosis sanatorium, providing the bed linen, mattresses, pillows, kitchen ware, furniture and silver and chinaware.

Whittier, Calif., Lodge Dedicates Beautiful New Home

With impressive ceremonies, Whittier, Calif., Lodge, No. 1258, dedicated its splendid new Home on the evening of October 9, in the presence of hundreds of Elks from other Lodges in California. During the afternoon of the same day, the officers of the Lodge, by special dispensation, initiated a class of 138 candidates, so that when it formally took possession of its new building, Whittier Lodge had more than 1,000 members. The dedication exercises were prefaced by a parade, from the old quarters to the new, through streets that had been decorated for the occasion by courtesy of the City Council. Headed by Past District Deputy L. A. Lewis, of Anaheim Lodge, No. 1345, as Grand Esquire, and the drill teams of Whittier Lodge and Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415, and Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, the parade was formed by the officers and members of the local Lodge, followed by delegations from the seventeen other Lodges of the California South Central District. Several drum and bugle corps as well as the Patrol of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, participated. The Past District Deputies and others serving as Grand Lodge officers for the occasion, brought up the rear. The dedication was conducted by District Deputy C. Hal Reynolds, of Pasadena Lodge, No. 672. The principal speaker was William E. Simpson, of Fresno Lodge, No. 439, and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Harry M. Ticknor, of Pasadena Lodge, also spoke. At the conclusion of the dedication, Past District Deputy Lewis presided (Continued on page 40)

DEFINITE ADVANTAGES

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[Nation-wide radio program every Sunday at 7 p. m. (Eastern Time) through WEA, New York and associated stations.]

D U R A N T
 A G O O D C A R



This fine band of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, won the championship of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and is greatly in demand for radio and other concerts. James Thornley is its chairman and Edward Cortese its director

over the balance of the meeting, following which there were an enjoyable social session and inspection of the Home.

The new building of Whittier Lodge is in the Spanish Renaissance style and stands on a corner plot 150 x 140 feet, within easy walking distance of the business district. The approach to its main entrance is through an open patio, laid out in a formal garden. One enters directly into a spacious and lofty lounge, on one side of which is situated the billiard room, and on the other a stately Memorial Hall, lighted by a beautiful Memorial window. The grand stairway leads from the Memorial Hall to the upper floors and the mezzanine gallery. Also opening out of this Hall are the ladies' quarters, comprising a lounge, dressing room and library. Adjoining the main lounge is a social room, at one end of which is a counter with facilities for serving light refreshments. The banquet room and main kitchen, furnished and equipped with everything necessary to cater to large or small gatherings, are located on the mezzanine floor. The banquet room is beautifully decorated and its floor is suitable for small dances. One of its attractive features is a series of windows opening onto the main lounge below. The next floor is occupied entirely by the Lodge room and accessory rooms. The Lodge room itself is 48 x 60 feet, with a 22-foot ceiling, and has a balcony at the rear seating seventy-four persons. Three tiers of chairs along each side are provided for the members and the officers' chairs are of special design. The walls are of acoustic plaster, marked off in representation of cut stone, and are topped by a beautifully decorated beamed ceiling. A stage, 16 x 40 feet, occupies one end of the room and connected with it are dressing rooms. A complete theatrical lighting system of the most modern type has been included in the stage equipment. In the basement, in addition to the engine room and ventilating plant, is space for four bowling alleys, shower baths and locker room. All who visited the building were unanimous in their appreciation of its completeness and comfort and of the good taste displayed throughout in its furnishing and decoration.

Pekin, Ill., Lodge Dedicates Fine New Home

The week of October 21 was an important one in the history of Pekin, Ill., Lodge, No. 1271, for during that period the Lodge celebrated the completion of its new Home. The formal dedication of the building took place on the evening of the above date and was attended by more than 500 Elks from various parts of the State. The ceremony was conducted by Louis C. Moshel, first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. The following night the building was thrown open for public inspection; Wednesday was designated as Elks Ladies' Night; Thursday was featured by an Elks private dance; Friday a class of over 100 candidates was initiated; and Saturday was Elks Night, with a program of cards, billiards, bowling, and the like. At the dedication proper, the address of the evening

was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, who spoke of the charitable work done by the Order through the subordinate Lodges. Other speakers were District Deputy F. A. Perkins, Canton Lodge, No. 626; Henry C. Warner, Dixon Lodge, No. 779, President of the Illinois State Elks Association; William Fritz, Peoria Lodge, No. 20, Treasurer of the Association; George W. Hasselman, La Salle Lodge, No. 584, State Secretary; Rev. Victor H. Webb, Monmouth Lodge, No. 397, State Chaplain; Louie Forman, Bloomington Lodge, No. 281, Past President of the Illinois State Elks Association; Dr. L. C. Winters, Monmouth Lodge, Chairman of the White Trophy Committee; Frank Bollin, Past Exalted Ruler of Lincoln Lodge, No. 914; E. P. Thompson, Galesburg Lodge, No. 894, State Association Trustee, and C. U. Stone, Exalted Ruler of Peoria Lodge.

The new Home of Pekin Lodge is a red brick building of three stories and basement, measuring 50 x 90 feet. The basement contains four tournament bowling alleys, locker room and showers besides the necessary space for heating apparatus and storage rooms. On the first floor are a lounge, a library and reading room, cigar and refreshment counter, secretary's office, billiard room containing five tables, game room, two committee rooms and a cloak room and lavatory. On the second floor are the ladies' quarters, the kitchen and dining room, and a social room. The top floor is occupied by the large Lodge room, 43 x 70 feet, a preparation room, serving room, ante room and wash room.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Players Win And Lose in Inter-Lodge Golf

The golf team representing Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, won one cup and lost another in its series of matches with teams representing Yonkers and Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodges, Nos. 707 and 878. By defeating the Yonkers golfers Mount Vernon Lodge gained possession for the year of the handsome trophy presented by its Past Exalted Ruler, Charles S. Hart. In the matches with the Queens Borough team Mount Vernon Lodge came out second best, and the players of No. 878 captured the gold loving cup contributed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning. These matches were home-and-home meetings, the first held under the auspices of Mount Vernon Lodge and the second conducted by Queens Borough. The total low gross score of the two meetings was the method selected to settle the contest, and Queens Borough won both, for a total lead of 104 points.

New York, N. Y., Lodge Auctions Off Boxes for Annual Charity Ball

Borough President Julius Miller, Judge William T. Collins of the Supreme Court of New York, Augustus Groll, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, S. L. Rothafel ("Roxy"), and Assistant District Attorney James G. Wallace, were among the

auctioneers who officiated at the social session of New York Lodge, No. 1, held at its Home on November 2. Through them, boxes in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Commodore, where the Annual Charity Ball of the Mother Lodge was given on Tuesday, November 19, were sold to the highest bidders, and approximately \$10,000 was realized from Elks who bid spiritedly for them during the evening.

Among the purchasers of boxes were Lieutenant-Governor Herbert H. Lehman, Mayor James J. Walker, Judge Gustave Hartman, John J. Schmitt, Judge William T. Collins, Borough President Julius Miller, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Ogden L. Mills, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Exalted Ruler Abraham I. Menin, and many others. More than 2,500 Elks attended the social session which followed a regular session of the Lodge and the Entertainment Committee provided a program of vaudeville and musical entertainment.

At the time of writing, the sale of tickets for the Charity Ball was already the largest ever recorded, and the attendance promised to break all records.

Monroe Goldstein Again Executive Secretary of Grand Lodge Convention

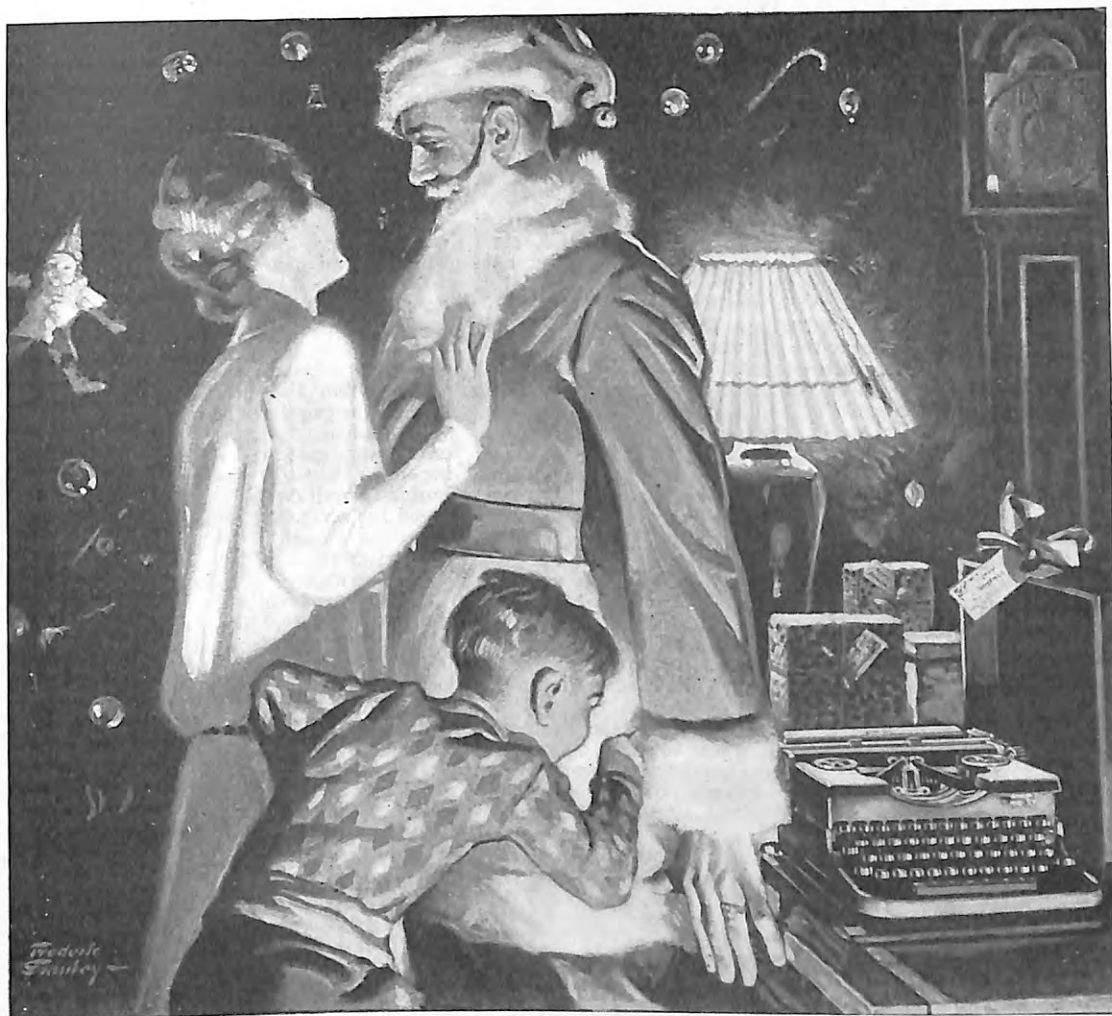
Monroe Goldstein, Executive Secretary of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99's 1929 Grand Lodge Convention Committee, has been appointed to the same position by the Committee of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, which is preparing for the 1930 gathering. He has been at work in Atlantic City since November 1.

Mr. Goldstein has been a member of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, for twenty-two years, and in 1920, in recognition of his services, was elected to Honorary Life Membership. In the financing, erection and equipping of No. 142's Home, he represented, as Executive Secretary, the committee in charge, and upon the completion of the building, was its first manager. He performed similar services for Los Angeles Lodge in the construction of its palatial Home. After receiving the report of the Executive Committee of the 65th Grand Lodge Convention, Los Angeles Lodge sent Mr. Goldstein a letter expressing its great appreciation of, and gratitude for, his untiring and efficient service.

First Exalted Ruler of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge is Dead

Elks throughout New England learned with regret of the death of Dr. John E. Dwyer, first Exalted Ruler of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 830. It was due largely to the efforts of Dr. Dwyer, back in the fall and winter of 1902-03, that Cambridge Lodge was organized. When it was instituted, in March, 1903; his work was recognized in his election, by his sixty-five fellow members, to the office of Exalted Ruler. Dr. Dwyer remained all his life an active factor in the affairs of the Lodge, never missing a session if he was within hailing distance of Cambridge. A busy general

(Continued on page 50)



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The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 18)

and drew her to him. For a long moment his lips rested on hers and—he knew he was not mistaken—there was an instant when he felt a return of his caress. Then—she did not struggle but her hands rose to his shoulders and she gently thrust him away, holding him at arm's-length while she gazed into his eyes. She read there what every woman reads but once in her life: cleanness and gentleness and an infinite yearning. These she read, and her blue eyes clouded with tears.

"Oh, Jep, Jep, I'm sorry. You have been so good to me and to us all—but this—this that you spoke of—we can't think of it, Jep. There is Joe—"

"Joe!"

The Texan's features blackened but she only inclined her head gravely.

"Yes, Jep. Joe! I—you—I know you would make me very happy, but I am promised. Once you told me I did not know what love meant. Perhaps I don't, but I do know the meaning of loyalty and obedience and duty. I have passed my word to my father—" her head rose proudly—"that I would marry Joe who was loyal to him. And I will keep that word! It is a higher duty than that love of which you say I do not know the meaning!"

THE sacrificial fervor of youth shone like a golden banner from her face. Before it the man could but bow dumbly. Her hands found his once more and he pressed their cool palms to his lips.

"Maybe you *do* love him, Dolores," he muttered, "and you don't know it yet. I'm sorry. I'm—I'm goin, now. I'll go back where I come from."

"Jep!"

The name was a monosyllable of pain.

"Please don't, Jep, not now. Father—I don't think father is ever going to get well, Jep. I try to tell myself that he is but in my heart I know his strength is a little less every day. Will you—for me, Jep—stay until after—"

Emotion gripped them both. The man gulped and nodded. He had prided himself on being hard among those reckless young riders to whom hardness and a sardonic cynicism were cardinal virtues. Now the moisture in his eyes blurred the image of her tearful face. She released her hands and, without a backward glance, moved swiftly from the room.

Later that evening he passed the door of the chamber where Burton lay. She and Stedman were by the bedside, their clasped hands resting on the crimson blanket. Navajo Dick was talking steadily to them both.

Jep knew that the old man could not last much longer. He was obviously weaker, in speech and in gesture, than on the day of Patten's death when he had so quietly taken to his bed. There could be but a few more days, and then the Texan knew he would be released from his promise and could ride away across the desert and leave the peaceful red-walled valley to Dolores and the man to whom she was pledged.

The Indians of the oasis and those from the encampments in the wide canyons and by the springs between the Sky-blue Waters and Head Mountain heard that "The Bearded One" stood on the edge of the narrow strip of darkness that divided the "white" world of to-day from the "yellow" world whence man had come and to which he must return, the "yellow" world where all was peace and freedom and happiness.

One by one they rode into the canyon by the trails that led down the face of the Crimson Cliffs, left their silver-bedecked ponies at the tie-rail and strode, soft-footed, into the dying man's room to grip his hand in simple friendship and sit for a few moments by the bedside, talking quietly and gravely with each other of the years that Burton had lived among them.

Slowly the flame burned lower. There were no muttered words or phrases at the last, no delirium in which he told the girl anything of that mother she had never known. Stedman and Dolores were at his side when, shortly after midnight, he asked for water. Jep Starr, standing by the door with several of the older Indians, heard the request and signalled to Dolores to remain seated. He filled a glass from the pitcher on the table and held it to Burton's lips. The

patriarch smiled his thanks and, before closing his eyes, placed his daughter's and Stedman's hands together and covered them with his own.

"I think I can sleep a little," he murmured, and the watchers never knew exactly when, in that slumber, his dauntless spirit passed.

They laid him beside his wife on the grassy plateau below the Crimson Cliffs within sound of the thundering waterfall, and then rode quietly back to the house the dead man had builded beside the blue waters.

Jep's desire, now that he had fulfilled his promise to the girl, was to move on immediately—anywhere—to get away from sight of her and the red-walled canyon of which every rock and cliff spoke of her. He did not want to see her. He resented every action of Stedman's—particularly the calm possessiveness with which he now seemed to regard Dolores. He tried to tell himself that it was not jealousy; that the better man had won—but he closed his eyes when he saw the swarthy ranger stoop and rest his cheek against her golden hair.

He waited for forty-eight hours after Navajo Dick had been laid to rest and then flung the silver saddle on the black colt that had given him his Indian name, tied his few belongings in a slicker behind the cantle, and rode jingling up to the house. Stedman and Dolores were in the dooryard.

"Reckon I'll be pullin' out," the Texan announced with forced nonchalance. "You folks won't be needin' me around any longer."

The ranger shook hands, politely urging him to stay on indefinitely, but Dolores followed him to his horse. Stedman, as had been his custom ever since the Texan had first appeared, remained behind.

"You're going, Jep?" He could not tell whether the words framed a question, a statement, or a challenge.

"Kind of looks that way, don't it?" he retorted, concealing his heartache beneath an almost discourteous bluntness. He slapped the slicker that was on his saddle. "I've got my trunk packed."

"And this time it's for good, I guess, Jep."

"Ain't that best for both of us?" he asked with gruff tenderness as he untied the hackamore and threw the braided reins about the colt's neck. "You'll have pretty near forgot me in a week. You'll have this place here—" he waved an arm to embrace the cool peace of the oasis—"and in a month, I reckon, you'll be married to Joe Stedman. There won't be any place in Aguas Perdidas for me when you belong to him!"

He thrust his toe in the stirrup and mounted. Her face was upturned to his and the blue eyes were thoughtful.

"I'll belong to Joe Stedman," she repeated slowly, "belong to Joe—day and night—winter and summer—for all of our lives."

The man stooped in the saddle and held out his hand. She laid her slim fingers in his palm.

"Well—good-by, Dolores."

"Good-by, Jep; good—good-by."

Starr touched the black with the spur and rode swiftly up the canyon toward the trail that led past the waterfall and across the plateau to the foot of the Crimson Cliffs. He did not look back. He knew that should he turn in the saddle and see her again, possibly gazing after him, he would race back and, even though Stedman was at her side, tell her again of his love.

He rode with his head on his breast, his hat pulled low over his eyes; oblivious to the roaring plunge of the cataract into its blue pool, to the countless nodding cups of the golden mariposa lilies dotting the plateau, and to the rough trail that led up the steep escarpment.

At the crest he raised his head but looked only straight ahead across the miles of tawny desert toward the invisible San Ignacio. The sun was rapidly lowering, deepening the yellow-brown slopes to purple and mauve, and far to the west a great red cliff, almost black against a golden sky, marked the entrance to the canyon where he and Dolores had found shelter in Betata'kin.

Steadily the pony carried him onward into the gathering shadows. Here, beneath this piñon, Navajo Dick had issued the edict that had set him afoot on the desert; over these sandy slopes he had trudged, each step adding to his hatred

of the grim old patriarch; and here—here was the arroyo where Dolores had waited for him and on the bank of which she had defended him, and in punishment, been struck down by her father.

He checked the black pony, dismounted, and unsaddled. The feed wasn't good here but there was enough for the desert-bred horse and to-morrow he would get a good meal on the north shore of the San Ignacio. The rider felt that he could not pass this place as he had those others on his course. This last night he would camp where she had made that sacrifice for him!

He broke dead branches from the same piñon on which he had hung the canteen and food as symbols of his atonement and built a tiny fire in the arroyo. He boiled coffee, fried a few strips of bacon, and ate some of the food he had brought from Hidden Waters. He was not hungry; the emptiness he felt was of the soul, a void that food could never fill! Dolores! Here, on this very spot, he had first kissed her; that impetuous, half-angry caress that had brought Burton's wrath down upon her. . . . And he'd kissed her again, at Aguas Perdidas. . . . He sat by the fire, now and then rolling a brown-paper cigarette, until long after midnight when he fell into an uneasy, twitching sleep.

The sun was high in the sky when he awoke and discovered that the black colt had disappeared. The little animal was not yet fully trained; the feed here was vastly inferior to that in the canyon, and he had calmly pulled loose the carelessly-tied rope and trotted away. His tracks showed clearly in the soft sand, leading straight back for the trail into Aguas Perdidas. Jep followed them swearing softly. He determined that he would not see the girl but would intercept an Indian and have the Navajo get the horse and return it to him.

He saw none as he crossed the plateau, but at the head of the trail that skirted the circular amphitheater of the cataract a glowing spot of crimson on the tiny beach at the foot of the fall arrested his eye.

That was the spot where Dolores had shown him the "Sky-blue Waters"; there she had made the "sand-paintings" to illustrate for him his Indian name—and that figure crouched there now above a clean-swept bit of earth was she!

True to her Indian upbringing she manifested not the slightest surprise as he hurried down the trail and crossed to her side.

"It is my own 'sing' and my own sand-painting," she said gravely. "It is the story of the Canyon of the Sky-blue Waters—of Toh-doel'she Bocó. Just as the Indian 'sings' are for nine days so was I going to leave it here for nine days and then, if no one had come to read it, I was going to rub it out and . . . forget it."

JEP did not dare raise his hand. He knew that this "sand-painting" was not Navajo. It included none of the rigidly-conventionalized designs or figures that made up the ceremonial pictures of the desert Indians. She had used "white" symbols liberally—there was the conventional "heart" in crimson, "broken" by an irregular line of black, above the head of the "woman." But she had selected this medium deliberately as the most satisfactory by which her half-pagan heart could tell its story. And she had not appeared glad to see him when he had raced down the rough trail! His finger-nails drove deep into his palms as he strove to steady his voice.

"I think I can read it all, Dolores. Both men have gone. The woman is left alone and her heart is broken. Why is it broken, Dolores? Which one of the two does she want to come back?"

"The painting is not finished. Go over on that point and when it is done I will tell you."

He moved away to where the stranded cottonwood log lay below the cataract, seating himself and rolling a cigarette. It had not burned completely down when she touched his arm. Her moccasins were soundless in the sand and he had not heard her approach. Her face was inscrutable as she pointed toward the now completed pictograph. Jep rose and ran swiftly to where she had been working. The final picture had been drawn.

In red were the two halves of a heart and, between them, the black figure of a man with a black horse above his head!

She was no longer grave as he leaped back to

(Continued on page 44)

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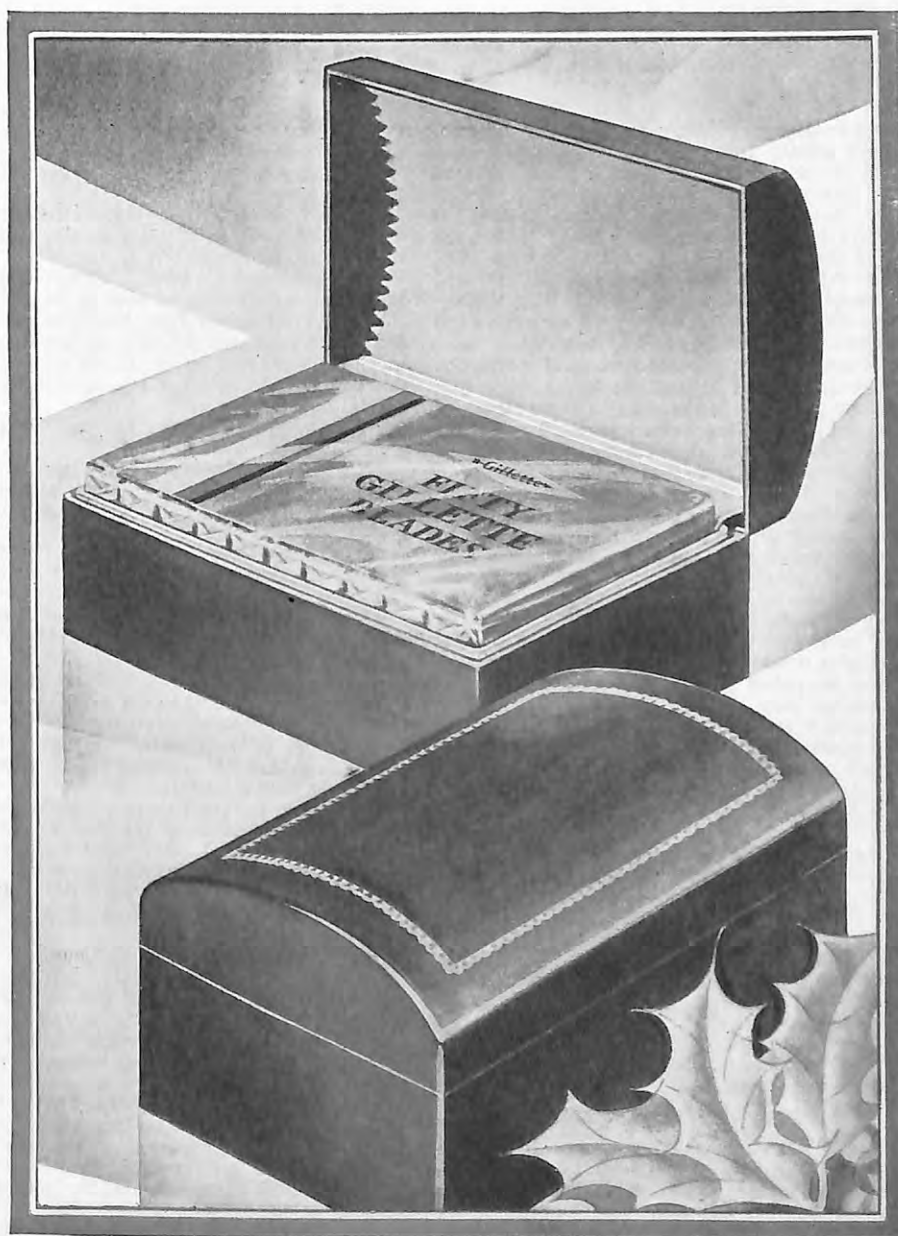
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GIVE HIM shaving comfort in abundance
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The Canyon of Lost Waters

(Continued from page 42)

her side. Her tear-filled eyes were smiling joyously.

"I had to, Jep, I had to! I told you that loyalty and duty and obedience were higher things to me than that love of which I did not know the meaning. I thought I was right, Jep. I was right, for I did not know what love meant until yesterday when you rode out of my sight beyond the Crimson Cliffs. Then I knew and I told Joe and I sent him away. I gave him the gold that you refused—but Joe took it and went."

"Dolores . . . Sunshine," he said thickly,

"suppose . . . suppose my hoss hadn't got away from me and I hadn't come back here and seen that paintin'? What would you have done then?"

She did not hesitate.

"I would have ridden after you, Jep—have ridden to the end of the world until I found you. But . . . but . . . Jep, your horse came in here hours ago. I knew you'd come back. I . . . I was just 'making medicine' here!"

He drew her to him, her face, as fresh as the maidenhair fern they crushed beneath their feet, upturned to his.

"Say it, Sunshine!"

There was no artifice in the daughter of Navajo Dick Burton. Her clear blue eyes—as frank and honest as the sky—met the Texan's squarely. Her hands crept to his shoulders and rested there.

"I love you, Jep."

A vagrant puff of wind bore over them, like a gauzy cloak, the diamond-bright spray from the falls of the Sky-blue Waters.

Her lips were very sweet.

(THE END)

Ginger Cakes

(Continued from page 25)

foreknowing, put bitter yarbs in the bottom. Then Mister John got warmed up, and even told the story of the one-legged goose. Maybe the chestnut dressing in the turkey reminded him, but it was surely a chestnut, though the others had never heard it. They told some good stories, too, for they did their best. But Mister John's had lots and lots of old-fashioned Mammies and niggers and children in them—why there were Ole Miss's own eleven to tell about—and that made a difference.

It was a good dinner and good company. Peter decided, as he brought in the cigars and liqueur glasses; but there was a little streak of lacking in it. Now Peter knew just why, but maybe Mister John didn't notice it, and maybe the others didn't know any better.

After dinner, they played, and got very excited over it. Peter came in from the kitchen and peeped in at the door, expecting to see a jackpot piled high upon the table; but they were just playing checkers! Mister John must have done a lot of forgetting since he left Laurel Hill, or maybe he was just pleasuring his foreign company—Mister John was always polite. Golly! it would be worth a heap to see a good game of poker played again—a gentleman's game, as they used to play it in the South. None of your measly two-bit antes, but a full and plenty. But maybe they didn't do it any more!

Peter was tired; his legs ached. He wasn't sure whether it was himself or not. He hadn't had his dinner; hadn't done anything but taste as yet. But he knew his duty and helped the guests into their coats, made his manners over their Christmas tips, and then went back into the dining-room to tidy up.

As he put away the glasses, he caught himself singing—something he had never done before in his life—singing in the white folks' dining-room! Mister John was over there in the library—he couldn't hear, and somehow, he just couldn't stop.

"Nobody knows the trouble I sees—Yas—Lord!" rolled out in Peter's resonant tones.

"Nobody knows de trouble I sees,
Nobody knows, but Je—sus!"

As he folded away the tablecloth, the song grew surer and more plaintive. None of those who sat around the table and had eaten his dinner, said one single word about the significance of the day. Perhaps their hearts were filled up with their own troubles—too full to bring frankincense and myrrh. But it was the birthday of the Lord and Saviour of the world, and the old spiritual became tired Peter's belated prayer.

Through the various repetitions he wound, then stopped suddenly. What good was all that fine house and fine furniture and china and silver, if it didn't bring happiness? What good was anything, if it didn't have happiness in it, and the love of God behind it?

The dusk deepened in the dining-room, but Peter stayed on.

The flicker of the wood fire in the library had died; now there was only a soft glow, but Mister John had not moved out of his chair.

"Peter!" at last he called. "Are you there?"

"Yas sar! comin' right now ter put on some wood!"

"I don't want any wood. Come in here,

Peter! Now sit there on the floor, as you used to, long time ago: It was a long time ago, Peter."

Peter obeyed, and there was silence between them for a space.

"Peter," began Mister John, "on this birthday of our Lord, a holy day in the calendar, what do you find in life?"

Peter scratched his head. Mister John was talking powerfully like he used to do.

"I don't 'low Mister John, hit mean much ter er big rich man lack you is, what done seed so much er life, what you' ole nigger fin' dis day, but I done fin' you, what I been erlookin' fur, an' dat mek me happy."

"Why were you looking for me? Did you want help?"

"Yas sar, yassar—dat's hit—I wants help, not money. Hit don't mek much money ter keep er nigger lack I is, dough I don't min' er little tip now an' den."

"What help do you want, Peter? I've given every one I can think of in New York a Christmas present, but you."

There was another silence. Peter tried to speak and hesitated. He cleared his throat once or twice.

"Mister John," he began, "I haint nuffin but er ignunt nigger, one what aint got sense enough sometimes ter git in outen de rain. But I caint disremember de time when we usen ter rin rabbits tergether, an' laid en de snow tergether er waiting fur de possums ter shine dey eyes. How we usen ter steal de hot teacakes outen Mammy's oven, an' drink buttermilk tergether outen de same gourd. My heart brek in two de night you lef' de plantation fur good. But hit mek me mighty happy when dey tells me dat you done git ter be er big rich man en New York."

"Yes, they told you the truth, Peter."

"Den I git happy oncet mo', when you kim an' tek Miss Libby back wid you, wid all de weddin' fixin's and de weddin' flowers, an' de rice er flyin'—de biggest weddin' Laurel Hill has nebber knowed erfore er sence." Peter swallowed hard. "Hit were all so fine an' mighty what we heared; an' den, Mister John, all unknown ter we all, Miss Libby kim home."

Mister John's lip hardened. "She came because she wanted to, Peter. She said I couldn't make her happy. I gave her all the money she wanted."

"Yas, Mister John, she hab er fine house, an' fine chiny an' silver an' things, an' she hilt her putty haid mighty high, wid 'er parties an' comins an' gwines. Pear lack want many people good enough ter 'sociate wid her. But dar want no talk erbout her. Dar want no man's name dat folks could tek under dey tongues wid hern; an' you knows Laurel Hill folks is powerful keen on dem things."

"I never accused her, Peter," said Mister John, "either here or there. But she's made her own bed, and there she will have to lie."

"Yas sar, yas sar, Mister John, I knows hit," said Peter quickly. "But arter you' Maw die, sumpen 'pear ter kim over Miss Libby. I knows nuther one uv you look at one nuther when you kim down ter de funul. But 'fore Gord, Mister John, ef you'd axed her, Miss Libby would er drapped ever' thing an' gone back wid you, den an' dar."

Mister John stirred restlessly.

"Yes, Peter, I gladly would have carried her

back if she had come to me and told me she wanted to go. But she didn't. She left me, and it was her place to make the first move."

There was a long silence. Peter was making a very sorry headway, and the day was already far spent.

"But you haint happy, Mister John! Bein' high an' mighty en de min' an' rich en de pocket, don't fill de-pocket full, ef happiness haint der!"

"Haint no 'oman what kin tek Miss Libby's place. I done been up stairs en her room—an' I sees dat hit's her room yit; dat you done lef' her little white nightgown hainging en' de closet. Hit's been hainging dar er long time—but hit haint gwine hang dar much longer. Time haint gwine stan' still fur you, Mister John! You counts you money en de daytime, but en de night time you counts you' heartaches—an' dey won't quit aching. Haint no physis gwine ease hit. Haint but one thing gwine stop hit, Mister John, an' dat's what brek my heart."

"Yes, I am a heartbroken man, Peter, but she did it—it was her work."

"Yas, Lord—Mister John—but hit tek two ter mek er quail, two ter brek er heart an' two ter git er de-voce."

Peter rose and stood. He was not sure now of what his position would be with Mister John.

"I done been wid Miss Libby 'fore I kim up here, Mister John. Miss Libby she done sont fur me, when she done got 'feared ter stay en her big house by herself'. She don't had no mo' parties. She don't hab no mo' comp'ny. She sets by herself an' rocks an' rocks. An dar's white sprinkle done kim on her gole hair, same es your, an' dar's er line roun' her mouf, whar tied somewhar ter her heartstrings—hit allus is wid er 'oman."

"One day she 'low ter me, 'Peter,' she say, 'ef Ma Randall was here she'd tell me what ter do.' Den she wipe her eyes an' go rockin' ergin—allus rockin', rockin'. Hit break me up ter see er 'oman cry, special when hit's my ve'y own!"

"Well, I 'lows, 'Miss Libby, honey—I knows you is breakin' you' heart fur him. You des write him er letter an' tell him you is tired—you is comin' back ter de nes' what he make fur you!' Den she cry so pitiful, 'I do love him, but he don't want me back—he don't want me back!'"

"Nebber min', Miss Libby, honey, I 'low, 'he gwine write. He caint hol' out much longer—fur time is flyin' an' def trabbles twicet es fas' es love."

"You think so, Peter?" she ax, wid her eyes all full er tears. An' den I swears hit, Mister John—I swears hit!"

Mister John sighed and made as though he would go away.

"She could have written if she felt that way, Peter. It's a woman's place to give in first, not a man's."

"Yas, Lord, Mister John! but she watch fur de letter man arter dat, an' won't let nobody tek what he fotch but her—den tun her face erway, sad lack, 'case hit want dar what she wanted. Den one night she sont 'em all erway, but she des couldn't sleep. She 'low ter me, 'Peter, you fetch er quilt and and sleep on de flo' des outside my do', an' you fotch me word ef er message kim fur me, 'case I'se feared de yuthers won't tell me."

"I fotch de quilt, Mister John, an' mek me

(Continued on page 46)

The Steuben Club

THE STEUBEN CLUB
CHICAGO, ILL.

Architects—
K. M. Vittum &
Company, Inc.

Contractors—
Paschen Brothers

Russwin Dealers—
Cobb, Whyte &
Laemmer

*...Chicago's beautiful tribute ~ to a
German friend of American liberty*



Baron Friedrich
Wilhelm von Steuben



RISING majestically to a height of forty-eight stories, the new home of The Steuben Club stands on the site of the historic old Briggs House, famous as the Chicago dwelling place of many notables, including Abraham Lincoln who lived there while conducting his campaign for the Presidency.

The Steuben Club, founded by Americans of German descent as a testimonial to the illustrious deeds of their forefathers, was named for Baron von Steuben, who won fame in the American Revolution. Von Steuben came to this country in 1777 and volunteered his services to General Washington at Valley Forge. In recognition of his genius as an organizer of

troops and as the author of the first manual of arms used by the United States Army, von Steuben was made Instructor General of the Continental Army with the rank of Major General.

The Steuben Building is one of the largest and most beautiful of its type in the world. The architecture is Modified Gothic, accentuated by a high receding tower with turret-like buttresses at the 27th, 34th, 38th and 43rd floors.

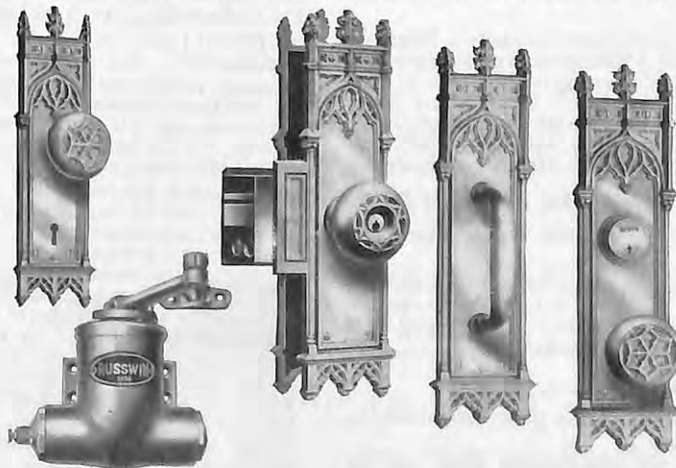
As is true of so many distinctive buildings—large and small—Russwin Hardware equipment was chosen because of its well-known reputation for quality, beauty of design and trouble-free service.



R&E
SINCE 1839
RUSSWIN
RUSSELL & ERWIN
DISTINCTIVE
HARDWARE

Hardware that lasts—
Base Metals of Bronze or Brass

A FEW RUSSWIN CREATIONS



*for the Bungalow... the Pretentious Home
... the Monumental Structure...*

See pages 2519-2596
for a catalogue of
Russwin Hardware



RUSSELL & ERWIN MFG. CO., NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

LONDON

Ginger Cakes

(Continued from page 44)

er pallet, but I haint sleep nuther. All fru de night I hears her call you' name; den she were talkin' low an' sof' ter de little dead baby what you all done los'. Den she sob an' moan, an' say hit all ober ergin.

"Nex' day, Mister John, I selled all I hab, cotton, an' pig an' all, an' comed ter New York."

"Peter!" The tense hands of Mister John gripped the old negro by the wrists, and held him. "Peter, you are lying!"

Peter dropped and clung to his knees.

"Fore Gord, Mister John, dar haint no lie en heaben er yeth kin fill up de empty place dat bofe uv you is made! Def trabbles faster'n love. Herry, herry, Mister John, 'fore hit's too late!"

Mister John sank back into his big chair and covered his face with his hands. The fire was out, the last coal had dropped upon the hearth; the room was in darkness.

Peter laid upon the floor, and prayed for light; that light which cannot go out in darkness, but which lightens the world.

The clock on the mantel ticked loud in the silence.

To Peter it seemed to say, "Death travels faster—Death travels faster!"

The midnight chimes rang out upon the Christmas air. Then Mister John arose.

"Peter, old nigger," he breathed, "you've showed me how—you've showed me, as no other on earth could! We are both going back to Laurel Hill to-morrow!"

Meet the Christmas Books

(Continued from page 12)

Up to Now—An Autobiography of Alfred E. Smith

(The Viking Press, New York. \$5.00.)

REPUBLICANS and Democrats alike acknowledge that the man who lost the last presidential election is one of the most honest, human and exciting figures of our times. In this, his own story, there is much to prove why this is so. Also, the famous Ex-Governor of New York State throws a deal of light on many important political questions.

J. Ramsay MacDonald, Labor's Man of Destiny

By H. Hessel Tiltman. (Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York. \$5.00.)

DID you tune in for any of the speeches that Prime Minister MacDonald delivered when he was here on his magnificent mission for world peace? Or did you have to content yourself by simply reading him in the daily press? Either way, the immense earnestness that you encountered in him must surely incline you to read this warmly human record of his life—the story of the son of a Scotch weaver, who stands confidently and strongly, to-day, at the head of the British Government.

Dreamers of Empire

By Ahmed Abdullah and T. Compton Pakenham. (Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York, \$3.50.)

ONE of the most glamorous books of biography of the fall. The stories of six men who dreamed of Empire and gave their lives to make their dreams come true. Cecil John Rhodes, Richard Francis Burton, John Nicholson, Henry Montgomery Lawrence, William Walker and Charles George Gordon. Highly recommended.

Jefferson Davis, His Rise and Fall

By Allen Tate. (Minton, Balch, New York. \$3.50.)

NEW light on the ruling spirit of the Confederacy. A vivid study not only of the central figure of the old South, but an interesting slant on the "mind" of the South of to-day.

The Prince of Wales

By W. & L. Townsend. (The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.)

INTIMATE and entertaining study of the world's most popular young man.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL

Old Louisiana

By Lyle Saxon. Illus. by E. H. Suydam. (The Century Co., New York. \$5.00.)

"THIS," the author tells us, "is the chronicle of two centuries of Louisiana plantation life, a book of footnotes to history. It is a life which began when Louisiana was a colony of France, continued through the Spanish domination and merged in the early nineteenth century as a development peculiarly American." All that, however, doesn't give you the slightest hint of the slow fires of beauty—the elegant and, in turn, savage pulse of life—the voice of luxury and passion, that lie beneath the pages of this book.

Here is romantic America—you need look no further for it. The gracious traditions of that old

regime haunt the plantation mansions and the languorous gardens that Mr. Saxon conducts us into on this companionable tour along the Mississippi.

But the original "play" is ended. The real actors (French and Spanish aristocrats, Indians, pirates, nuns, beautiful women and thousands of huge, soft-voiced negro slaves) have vanished. The curtain is down. We tread, in most instances, upon a draughty and dusty stage, but one still glamorous with its memories.

Mr. Saxon tosses, casually, the germs of a dozen sharp-cut tales at our feet for us to play with. He has, indeed, been too prodigal; for what right has he, we ask you, not to be writing a great novel of Louisiana with such stuff as this up his sleeve!

White Africans and Black

By Caroline Singer and C. LeRoy Baldrige. (W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., New York, \$10.)

THE record, in word and picture, of a trip from Liberia, on the east coast of Africa, round the cape and up the west coast, taken last year by Mr. and Mrs. Baldrige. The sketches and character studies of the former, beautifully reproduced, admirably complement the vivid text of the latter. A gorgeously made book and a fascinating one.

Washington, Past and Present

By Charles Moore. Illus. by E. H. Suydam. (The Century Co., New York. \$5.00.)

ENTHRALLING description of America's capital city. The fascinating panorama of the famous people who have passed through the town and the momentous events that have transpired there, and which have stamped the fine buildings, the old houses, the lovely parks and avenues with true historic meaning. Washington, adhering to the plans which L'Enfant (the French architect selected by our First President) drew up for its development, is to-day a spacious and unique city; it is the very heart of the country, pumping the life-blood of national thought into every little village in the land. Mr. Moore's book should be given some sort of a "Decoration for Distinguished Service" by every railroad that runs into Washington, for to read this richly anecdotal volume is to take the first train we can catch for the District of Columbia.

Paris in Profile

By George Slocombe. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston. \$4.00.)

ENTICING book, rich as plum-pudding (with brandy sauce, at that). Travels in and around that city which lies at the end of every one's dreams.

Cathedrals of France

By Helen Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston. \$3.00.)

GOOD entertainment even if you are not headed for a French tour.

Combing the Caribbees

By Harry L. Foster. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$3.00.)

MR. FOSTER is our pet globe-trotter, and we like him best (as in this case) when he is prowling amongst the fascinating West Indies.

NOVELS

Whiteoaks of Jalna

By Mazo de la Roche. (Little Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.50.)

SUPERB sequel to "Jalna"—that comprehensive record of a Canadian family. It is even more interesting and dramatic than its forerunner—which created a furor a couple of years ago.

They Stoop to Folly

By Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday Doran Co., New York. \$2.50.)

THREE frail ladies and the Virginian whose fate is bound up in theirs. One of America's keenest and best loved novelists develops her tale with supreme deftness and insight.

A Modern Comedy

By John Galsworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.)

THREE of the Forsyte novels: "The White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon" and "The Swan Song"—together with two short sketches, "Passers By," "A Silent Wooing," bind the annals of the younger Forsytes into one volume.

The Methodist Faun

By Anne Parrish. (Harper & Bros., New York. \$2.50.)

THE story of Clifford Hunter and the three women who offered him romance. The astute picture of a tragic conflict between the narrow standards of a small town and a pagan love of beauty. A fine piece of work.

The Good Companions

By J. B. Priestley. (Harper & Bros., New York. \$3.00.)

A ROLLICKING and optimistic novel of the adventures of an adorable group of characters in rural and theatrical England. A salty tale of fine proportions.

A Farewell to Arms

By Ernest Hemingway. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.)

LOVE story of an American in the Italian Army and an English nurse during the World War. Passion against a grim background. A brilliantly written book that has occasioned much controversy on account of its frankness.

Sincerity

By John Erskine. (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis. \$2.50.)

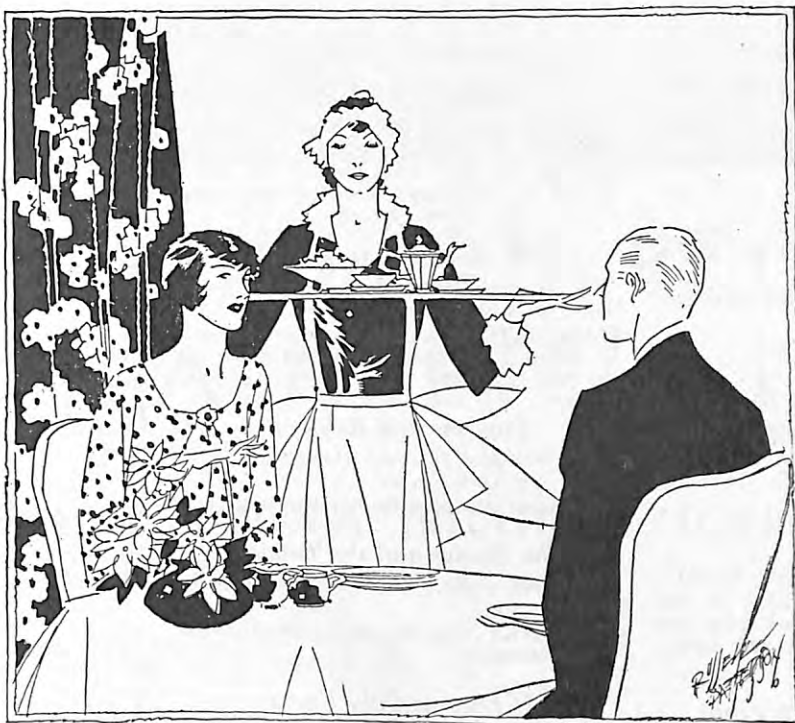
THE author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" draws a modern picture this time—the tragedy and comedy of a couple who live by too sincere a philosophy. It evidently can't be done.

Hudson River Bracketed

By Edith Wharton. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.50.)

A TRUE Whartonesque novel, recommended to all lovers of fine writing. Modern youth in contact with traditions and culture of the past.

(Continued on page 48)



"Dinner came back to life"

"GEORGE and I tried for two weeks to get along with coffee substitutes, but they were *so* cheerless. Finally George said we would *have* to go back to coffee.

"Luckily, at the grocer's that day, I said something about wishing coffee wouldn't keep you awake. The man told me about Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee. He said it was called the coffee that lets you sleep. 'Everybody likes it,' he said, 'because of its flavor. But the caffeine is taken out so it can't affect you.'

"Well, I served some that night. George was delighted! Said that good old coffee seemed to bring dinner back to life. After a week or so, he said, 'You know, Sally, we must have been wrong about coffee hurting us.'

"Then I told him that it was Kaffee Hag Coffee, and *couldn't* have any bad effects. I never saw

him so surprised. He said that he liked Kaffee Hag Coffee better than our old brand."

Try Kaffee Hag Coffee yourself. It is delicious, *real* coffee, rich and fragrant, but it will not affect sleep or nerves.

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



KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. 1964, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

(Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name _____

Address _____

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

Meet the Christmas Books

(Continued from page 46)

Fighting Caravans

By Zane Grey. (Harper & Bros., New York. \$2.00.)

STIRRING yarn of early Western days when slow trains of threatened and courageous "pioneers" crossed the plains.

Windlestraws

By Phyllis Bottome. (Houghton Mifflin, Boston. \$2.50.)

BEAUTIFULLY constructed and developed novel of English life.

WAR BOOKS

God Have Mercy on Us!

By William Scanlon. (Houghton Mifflin, Boston. \$2.50.)

EXPERIENCES of a private in the Great War. A Prize book.

Schlump

(Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.50.)

TRUE story of a German soldier in the trenches, suffering without much idea that he was a hero. A book that has been widely acclaimed.

All Quiet on the Western Front

By Erich Maria Remarque. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.50.)

THE best seller of all the war books. Now about to be transcribed upon the talking screen.

Medals of Honor

By James Hopper. (The John Day Co., New York. \$3.00.)

TRUE stories of eleven Americans who won the Congressional Medal of Honor during the Great War.

Zero Hour

By George Grabenhorst. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.50.)

ANOTHER novel about a German soldier at the Front.

FOR THE LADIES

Homecraft Rugs

By Lydia LeBaron Walker. (Frederick A. Stokes, New York. \$5.00.)

A BEAUTIFUL book of practical directions and stunning illustrations.

About Antiques

By Ella Shannon Bowles. (Lippincott's, Philadelphia. \$3.50.)

ONE may learn much about American antiques through the sprightly adventures of this "born" collector.

Correct Contract Bridge

By E. V. Shepard. (Doubleday, Doran Co., New York. \$42.00.)

FOR both advanced players and beginners at the game.

Vagabonding at Fifty

By Helen Calista Wilson and Elsie Reed Mitchell. (Coward, McCann. New York. \$5.00.)

TWO middle-aged American women take a remarkable journey across Asia.

MISCELLANEOUS

Best Plays of 1929

Edited by Burns Mantle. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$3.00.)

TEN of the most noted plays of the season (text and summary), including *Street scene*, *Journey's End*, *Front Page*, etc.

The Universe Around Us

By Sir James Jeans. (The Macmillan Co., New York. \$4.50.)

FASCINATING book on the starry heavens. Aimed at the man who doesn't know one star from another.

Progress and Religion

By Christopher Dawson. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$4.00.)

Is religion necessary for development?

The Movies and the Talkies

By Gilbert Seldes. Lippincott, Philadelphia. \$1.00.)

SPRIGHTLY view of the great American entertainment.

If Parents Only Knew

By Elizabeth Cleveland. (W. W. Norton & Co., New York. \$2.00.)

Invaluable—where there is a child.

NOW FOR THE CHILDREN

A Map of Children Everywhere

By Ruth Hambridge. (John Day Co., New York. \$2.50.)

MY, but this will be a grand thing to pore over by the hour! A big paper map of the whole world on a bright blue background, and all the different countries indicated by pictures of children doing the most astonishing and jolly things! A joy for any little person who is studying geography.

Willy Pogany's Mother Goose

(Published by Thos. Nelson & Sons., New York. \$4.00.)

THIS famous illustrator, designer and scenic-artist took two years to complete this really gorgeous edition of the famous rhymes.

Marco Polo, Jr.

By Harry A. Frank. (The Century Company, New York. \$2.00.)

FOR Boys and girls. The well-known writer of travel books turns out a marvelously exciting tale of adventures in China.

The Jumping-Off Place

By Marion Hurd McNeely. (Longmans, Green, New York. \$2.00.)

THOSE daughters who are not quite "grown-up" will adore this enthralling story of a girl of seventeen who marshalls her family out to the Dakota prairies where they take up a homestead claim, and win out against many dramatic difficulties.

THAT INSTINCT FOR CRIME

Murder in the Brownstone House

By Wilson Collison. (Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. \$2.00.)

QUESTION—answer! Question—answer! A merciless legal brain, probing, probing. Witness after witness. The unjustly accused (a youth supposed to have killed one of Broadway's thoughtless butterflies) already in the shadow of the electric chair. Then, suddenly, this suave villain pilloried by the young criminal lawyer for the defense!

A keen battle for a man's life, the whole action of the story taking place in the courtroom, and the plot being worked out in quick-reading dialogue. Very entertaining.

The Medbury Fort Murder

By George Limneus. (The Crime Club Inc., Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York, \$2.00.)

INTO this ominous tale of a British Army murder, creep the sound of far-off African drums, the whispers of intrigue, the horrible grinding of blackmail, the ever-changing mystery surrounding the dead man as, one after one, his regimental brothers fall under suspicion.

This ripping story is told by an Englishman, an Army officer, who writes under a pseudonym... a tale in itself.

The Riddle of the Rose

By W. B. M. Ferguson. (Robert M. McBride & Co., New York, \$2.00.)

THIS one starts off like a house afire! An important and rich New York business man shot dead in his Rolls-Royce on crowded Fifth Avenue at the twilight hour.

Not a sound... not a clue, except a red rose discovered on the murdered man's knee!

Follows some good detective work; which unravels the story of a great platinum robbery and of a "gang" feud.

A book with a bumper crop of thrills.

The Ginger Cat

By Christopher Reeve. (William Morrow & Co., New York, \$2.00.)

A QUIET English town is set by the ears through the most amazing melodrama, whereof the heroine is known as "The Ginger Cat," and whereby the charmed reader may banish the dull cares of the day by drenching himself in a movie-wealth of jewel robberies, murders, passion, hatred, love—to say nothing of trap-doors, tunnels, constables and kisses. This is almost more of an adventure novel than it is a detective or murder story, and as such we recommend it highly.

Really, the chaps that dash off such exciting tomes for winter reading deserve a big hand. Their books are absolute relaxation.

The Victim in the Laboratory

By T. L. Davidson. (E. P. Dutton, New York, \$2.00.)

A POISONOUS drug accomplishes the foul trick this time. And then Scotland Yard (which seems to us to get a powerful lot of free advertising in these "crime" yarns) steps in and helps solve the dirty deed.

Sealed Orders

By John Goodwin. (Putnam & Sons, New York, \$2.00.)

RUM-RUNNING, with one foot on land and one on sea, so to speak. But oh, dear me, those nice young girls that get mixed up with such deeds! Simply scandalous! But what a chance for romance with the strong, silent captain on board the *Arrow*!

Such preposterous things don't happen, you say? Well, let's wait until to-morrow's newspapers come out before we're sure of that!





TEN MILLION PEOPLE HAVE "ATHLETE'S FOOT"!

WHO'LL KILL TINEA TRICHOPHYTON?



SAYS ABSORBINE JR.



FRIENDS, Absorbine Jr. has news for you. I who have stood by you through many an ache and sprain; I who have soothed your sunburn and bruises, eased your sore muscles and loosened your stiffened necks; I, Absorbine Jr., take up a new crusade in your behalf.

Beware of this tiny monster

A tiny parasite with a big name is on a rampage. Dermatologists call him tinea trichophyton, the parasite that causes a form of ringworm or "athlete's foot".

According to a great skin specialist, 10,000,000 men and women are already infected by this upstart parasite. A bulletin of the United States Public Health Service declares that half the adult population now has it or has had it at some time.

Tinea trichophyton lurks in golf shower rooms, gymnasiums, on the wet tiles about swimming pools, on the floor of locker rooms, hotel rooms, and bathing establishments, waiting for the unwary foot. Then

it is carried home to breed on carpets and bath mats, to infect the feet of other members of the family. It's getting so a man can't shoot a quiet game of golf without running afoul of this tiny monster.

This outrage must stop.

So I, Absorbine Jr., have declared war on tinea trichophyton.

In a private combat in a laboratory, dermatologists watched while I slew millions of these ringworm parasites. What I did in the laboratory, I am prepared to do for you.

Look for tinea trichophyton tonight

No one is immune from the attacks of tinea trichophyton. It is possible to be infected for weeks without even knowing it.

The first symptoms of "athlete's foot" usually

appear between the toes. Look for these symptoms: if the skin is moist or peeling, cracked or inflamed, or if there are small blisters and itching, or white thickened skin between the toes, you can be almost certain that the ringworm parasite is at work.

Let me at him now before he spreads along the sides and soles of the feet and burrows beneath the skin.

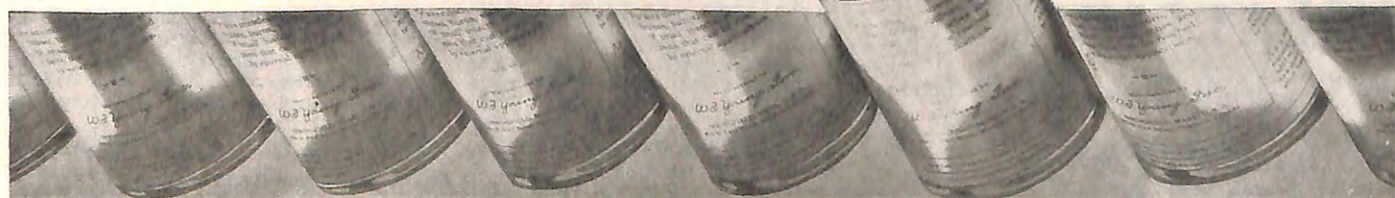
I stop the itching in short order and when I come to grips with tinea trichophyton his game is up.

Still on the job for sundry pains

Get me on your side for aches and pains. I'm an expert in easing sore muscles and relieving sprains, burns and bruises. Get me today at your nearest druggist's and keep me handy in your club locker—and on the bath-room shelf.

Sincerely yours,

Absorbine Jr.



What if your
wife should
see this
advertisement?



Do you suppose she'd get the idea? Do you suppose she'd see the good sense of investing a little of that Christmas money in a pound package of Sir Walter Raleigh?

The pre-Christmas hinting season is on, men. Just clip this advertisement and drop it accidentally on her sewing table. Make part of your Merry Christmas a sure thing. A full pound, enough to keep your favorite briar burning sweetly, well into the New Year. The tobacco, as you know, is the best your pipe ever met. And the heavy gold foil wrapping protects its flavor. Sir Walter comes to you fresh.

P. S. Don't forget the garage man, the janitor and the cop. They all agree about Sir Walter — it's milder.



**SIR WALTER
RALEIGH**
Smoking Tobacco

It's  milder

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 40)

practitioner, giving much of his time to the free treatment of the poor, he yet found it possible to enter public life, serving on the Board of Aldermen and on the Park Commission as well as being a School Committeeman. Dr. Dwyer was one of the best loved members of his Lodge and his loss is felt very keenly.

Bowling Season Enthusiastically Opened in Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge

The Home Tournaments, conducted by the Bowling Association of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, were started a few weeks ago with a show of enthusiasm that promises one of the most enjoyable and successful seasons in the long history of the sport in the Order's largest Lodge. On the opening evening six of the twenty-five duck-pin teams entered, swung into action, while the next night nine of the twenty-one big-pin teams scheduled to compete, rolled their initial games. In addition to these tournaments, Brooklyn Lodge is also maintaining teams in the Elks Metropolitan League and the Inter-Club League of Brooklyn, while on Thanksgiving Eve the bowlers of No. 22 held the first of their much-looked-forward-to dances.

Member of Saranac, N. Y., Lodge Awarded Distinguished Service Cross

Joseph S. Durr, a member of Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1508, who served as a sergeant with the 308th Infantry, 77th Division, A. E. F., was decorated a short time ago with the Distinguished Service Cross. The presentation of the award was made by Colonel John F. Madden, commanding the 26th Infantry, U. S. A., at the Plattsburg barracks, with his famous regiment paraded for the ceremony. Ex-Sergeant Durr, formerly State Adjutant of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, and now its State Legislative Chairman, was accompanied to Plattsburg by delegations from his Lodge and various veterans' associations. President William T. Phillips, of the New York State Elks Association, was among those present to congratulate Mr. Durr on this recognition of a feat of great gallantry performed during the war.

Officers of Paterson Lodge Initiate Class for Union Hill, N. J., Lodge

A splendidly attended meeting was held in the Home of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, some weeks ago. The officers, band and degree team of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, were Union Hill's guests and conducted the initiation of a class of twenty-three candidates. The visitors, headed by Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Russell, conducted the exercises in a way which brought the highest praise from their hosts.

News is Sought of R. O. Mitchell Of Davenport, Iowa, Lodge

Some weeks ago R. O. Mitchell, member's number 2345, carrying a card paid to October 1, 1929, in Davenport, Iowa, Lodge, No. 298, disappeared from his home, leaving no word of his plans with his wife and two children. His family and friends are worrying lest accident or illness overcame him, and request that any one knowing of his condition or whereabouts communicate with Secretary Samuel W. Hirsch, of Davenport Lodge.

Oconto, Wis., Lodge Holds Large Initiation

One hundred and fifty Elks of Oconto County, and other parts of northeastern Wisconsin, gathered at the Home of Oconto Lodge, No. 887, in mid-October to witness the initiation of a large class of candidates, some of whom had come seventy-five miles to become members of the Order. Following the initiation, the gathering adjourned to the dining hall in the Legion Memorial Hall, forming a parade led by the Elks Band of Green Bay Lodge, No. 259. During the banquet Hon. Carl Riggins, Exalted Ruler of Oconto Lodge and Mayor of the city, made an address of welcome. Other addresses were made

by District Deputy William F. Schad, Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46, who spoke on the Elks National Foundation; by Exalted Ruler T. A. Pamperin, of Green Bay Lodge; by Edward W. Mackey, Manitowoc Lodge, No. 687, President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association; and by Hon. J. Murray, Mayor of Marinette. The program also included a variety of entertainment.

Clovis, N. M., Lodge Dedicates Handsome New Home

The dedication of the new Home of Clovis, N. M., Lodge, No. 1244, in October, was one of the most brilliant functions that city has witnessed for many years. The new building, a picture of which is published in these pages, was beautifully decorated for the occasion and a large gathering was present for the ceremonies and the social celebration which followed. The dedication was conducted by Grand Inner Guard J. P. Gribbin, Gallup Lodge, No. 1440, assisted by the following Past Exalted Rulers of Clovis Lodge: F. S. Burns, W. H. Duckworth, F. E. Dennis, John O. Pritchard and R. C. Pierce. Past Exalted Ruler Dennis, Historian, traced the beginnings and development of the Lodge through its eighteen years of existence. The dedication address was delivered by Hon. J. D. Hamlin, of Farwell, well known as an orator throughout the Southwest. A formal dance in the ballroom of the Home wound up the evening's festivities.

"Uncle Dan's Dinner" is a Unique Annual Festivity of Reno, Nev., Lodge

In a book recently published, on the subject of after-dinner speech-making there is given, as a model, an address that was delivered at "Uncle Dan's Dinner," at Reno, Nev., Lodge, No. 597, by Albert D. Ayers, a member. The fact that this speech is reprinted as an example of post-prandial oratory, speaks for the class of entertainment enjoyed by Reno Lodge. It also arouses curiosity as to the identity of "Uncle Dan" and the nature of the annual function which bears his name.

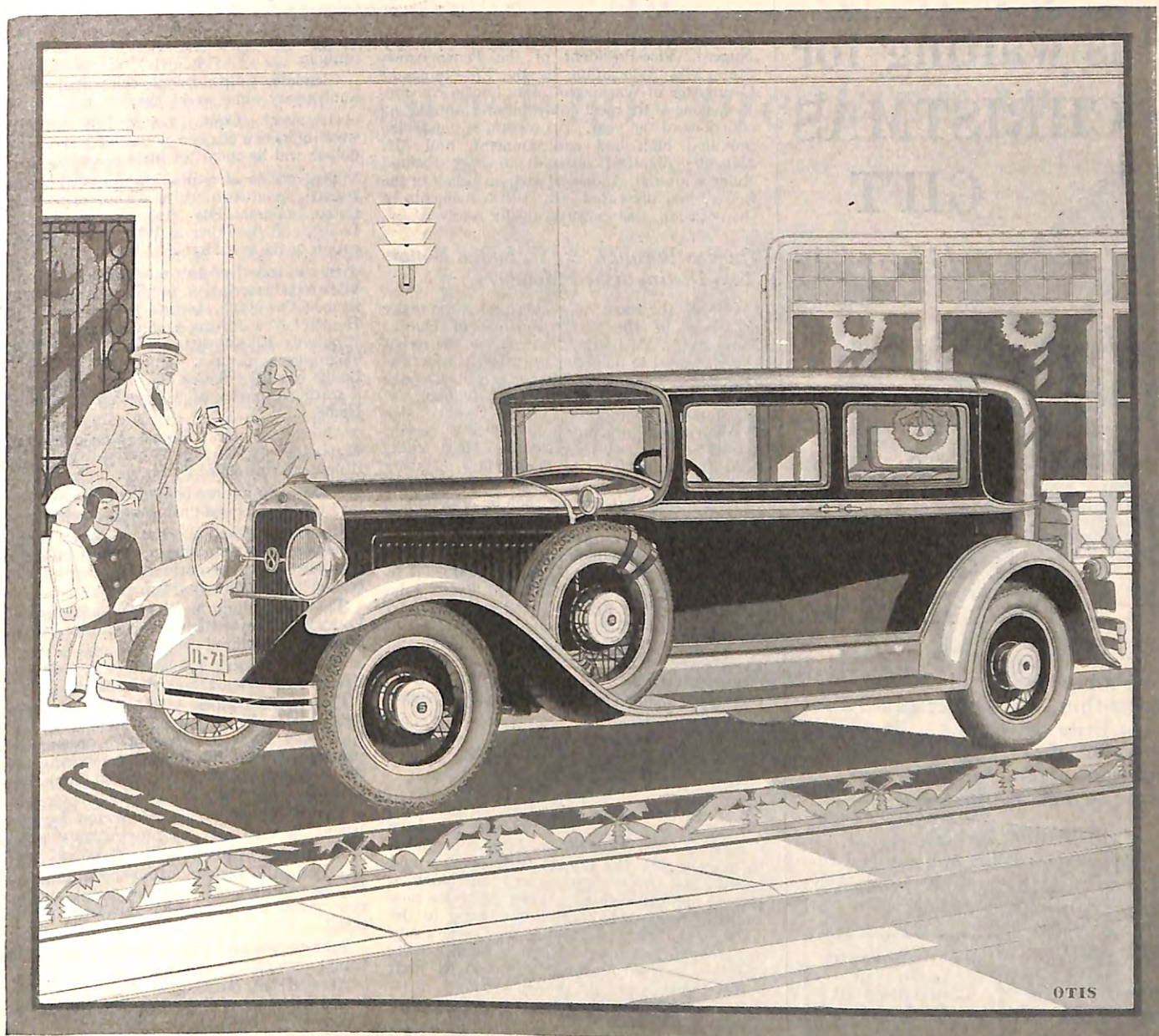
"Uncle Dan" Wheeler was for many years a well-to-do and highly respected citizen of Reno, noted for his charitable acts. He caused Reno Lodge, of which he was a member, to celebrate each year with a turkey dinner, for which he donated the birds. The dinner was given a few days before Christmas and was marked by speeches, songs and dances, vaudeville acts and other popular forms of entertainment. But the most important feature was, that by fines and donations, thousands of dollars were raised for the charity box, and used to bring aid and cheer to the poor of Reno at Christmas time. During Uncle Dan's lifetime he was a noted raconteur and was always called upon at these dinners for a droll story. Since his death, in commemoration of his memory, the Lodge has each year held the dinner named for him, and always one or more speeches are made, or anecdotes told, about "Uncle Dan," and the tradition of his charity and brotherly love are perpetuated by the fund which is annually subscribed.

Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266 Enjoying Busy Season

On October 29, the officers and members of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, were hosts to Tulare, Calif., Lodge, No. 1424, at which time a large class of candidates was initiated by the visiting Lodge officers. On December 7, all of the Lodges of the San Joaquin Valley will participate in a big get-together meeting in Bakersfield at which time candidates will be initiated from all of the nine Lodges of the valley. The initiatory team will be composed entirely of Exalted Rulers from the different Valley Lodges. As a result of the increased activity and interest, Bakersfield Lodge expects to increase its membership to 1,500 members by the first of April, 1930.

Washington, Pa., Lodge Honors Past District Deputy Nugent

More than 300 members of the Order gathered for the testimonial meeting arranged for Past (Continued on page 52)



Studebaker Commander Eight Brougham. Six wire wheels and trunk standard equipment. \$1695 at the factory.

THIS Christmas . . . give her the Keys to Happiness. Each year this gracious Christmas custom grows in favor . . . the presentation of the Keys to Happiness to one well beloved. An attractive gift case holds the shining keys for one of Studebaker's smart new motor cars—an Eight by the Builder of Champions! When everyone is turning to the responsive, flexible power, the satin-smoothness—and the *distinction*—of the Eight, this glorious gift of her very own car becomes more precious. For women are alert to the motor car trend—they know that the world's finest cars are Eights! And you know her car will be worth more a year from now if it *is* an Eight—particularly an Eight by Studebaker, world's largest builder of Eights, with 77 years of manufacturing integrity as a background.

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Gentlemen:—

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which you will send me one Sterling Silver ELKS KNIFE.

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City.....State.....

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 50)

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Nugent, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, by the Entertainment Committee of Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776. It was one of the most enjoyable and stimulating occasions of the year. A program of vaudeville provided high-class entertainment, and Mr. Nugent's dignified response to Past Exalted Ruler Walter B. Anderson who, on behalf of the Lodge, had presented him with a memento of the occasion, was enthusiastically received.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Honors Two Distinguished Members

One of the most enjoyable and noteworthy occasions in the recent history of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, was the reception arranged to do honor to two of its most distinguished members. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, re-appointed to membership on the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and Eugene E. Navin, appointed District Deputy for New York, Southeast, were feted by their fellow members for the laurels they have brought to their Lodge, at a gathering that will not soon be forgotten.

As the guests of honor, escorted by the drill team, entered the crowded Lodge room the assemblage rose as one man with a spontaneous outburst of applause and greeting. Speeches of felicitation, made by Past Exalted Rulers John W. Anderson and Frank F. Adel, were followed by talks by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, District Deputy Louis A. Fisher, and the Messrs. Hallinan and Navin. At the conclusion of the formal ceremonies, an excellent program of vaudeville, followed by a buffet supper was enjoyed.

News of the Order From Far and Near

For several years Secretary William H. Wheadon of Denver, Colo., Lodge has been collecting tinfoil, which has been contributed by members of the Lodge, their families and friends, and by corporations and individuals in Denver and other cities. When the tinfoil now on hand is marketed, there will stand to the credit of the Tin Foil Fund of the Lodge a sum in excess of five hundred dollars, a nice nest-egg for the charity fund, and derived from material that is usually thrown away.

During the summer Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge, the "Farthest North" unit of the Order, initiated its first class of candidates. At the close of the impressive ceremonies Trustee de La Vergne, on behalf of the Lodge, presented Exalted Ruler E. B. Collins with a beautiful ivory-and-gold gavel, in appreciation of his untiring services. A social session and supper rounded out the evening.

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge is sending out to prospective members a beautifully designed and printed two-color booklet, describing its palatial Home. Accompanying it are a letter, and a smaller folder setting forth the charitable activities of the Order.

The meetings of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, each of which is marked by a special feature of one sort or another, are drawing large and enthusiastic attendances.

The officers of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, accompanied by the band, drill team, orchestra, chanters, and a large group of members, visited Redondo Beach Lodge and initiated a class for their hosts.

The Carbon County Elks Band, sponsored by Price, Utah, Lodge, is one of the popular musical organizations of its part of the state.

Five needy youngsters are being taken care of by Cliffside Park, N. J., Lodge's Crippled Children's Committee.

Baton Rouge, La., Lodge celebrated its thirtieth anniversary on November 20.

Berwick, Pa., Lodge is building a \$17,000 addition to its Home. It will be completed on January 1, and \$4,000 will be spent for furnishings.

The Past Exalted Rulers' Association of New York, Southeast, held a delightful outing at

Spangler's Grove, near Newburgh, in the early autumn.

Glendale, Calif., Lodge celebrated its 17th anniversary some weeks ago.

Greenwich, Conn., Lodge has commenced work on its new \$64,000 Home. Seven thousand dollars will be spent for furnishings.

The officers of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge recently paid two visits within one week to sister Lodges. The first was to Pasadena Lodge, and the other to Whittier, for the dedication of its new Home.

In the report of the meeting of the Indiana State Elks Association, published in the October issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, the theatre in the Home of New Albany Lodge was referred to as "the only Elks theatre in the United States." This was a mistake. Since 1910, Olney, Ill., Lodge has been the owner of the theatre, with a seating capacity of 842, which is part of its Home.

Alexandria, Ind., Lodge has organized a degree team, which it is planning to enter in the ritualistic contests of its State.

Nearly two hundred candidates were initiated by Etna, Pa., Lodge during a six-week period.

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge is remodeling its Home, adding an addition, and installing new furniture and decorations throughout, at a cost of approximately \$55,000.

The first autumn meeting of Spokane, Wash., Lodge was marked by an attendance of more than eight hundred members.

Whittier, Calif., Lodge recently initiated a class of more than 130 candidates.

Charles E. Draper, a member of Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, No. 468, now a resident of Tracy, Calif., lost his wallet containing, among other valuable papers, his Lodge membership card. Any one finding this wallet should communicate with Mr. Draper at 129 N. A Street, Tracy, Calif.

The trapshoots being conducted by Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge are proving most popular.

The membership efforts made by the Elks of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, during the summer vacation months, proved most successful, and many new names are being added to the rolls as a result.

Juneau, Alaska, Lodge is conducting a series of winter dances.

At a recent meeting of Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge, the sum of \$150 was contributed to the Community Fund of the city.

Three hundred and fifty-odd members enjoyed the celebration of Italian Night in San Francisco, Calif., Lodge.

The band of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, enjoying an old-fashioned picnic at Clearwater, gave a concert that was enthusiastically appreciated by a large audience.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge lost one of its most respected members by the death of William R. Kearney, a Life Member and for twenty-eight years Treasurer of his Lodge.

Sixty-five candidates, including prominent figures in business and public life, were recently initiated by Detroit, Mich., Lodge.

A stag party was recently held by Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge on the site of its new country club and golf course, to give the members an opportunity to see the progress of the work. It is expected that the links and club-house will be dedicated in the Spring.

Everett, Wash., Lodge has formed a glee club which has begun weekly practice. The new organization has met with such popularity that in its short existence the membership has risen from twenty-two to forty.

Tucson, Ariz., Lodge has made alterations on its Home which entailed the expenditure of \$16,000.

Eureka (Tintic), Utah, Lodge is building an addition to its Home that will be utilized for office rooms.

Morristown, N. J., Lodge is organizing a minstrel company among its members to present brief performances on the occasion of visits to sister Lodges during the year.

On page 42, of the August issue, in the report of the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles, in listing the Grand Exalted Ruler's appointees to the Advisory Committee to the Elks National Foundation, we gave U. S. Senator Key Pittman's Lodge as Tonokah, Nev. this was a mistake, Senator Pittman being an honored member of Reno, Nev., Lodge, No. 597.

Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge is converting a large lot in the rear of its Home into a playground for children, equipped with the latest recreational apparatus.

All school teachers in the communities comprising the territory of Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, were guests of honor at the annual reception recently given by the Lodge.

October 19 was "Fargo Night" at Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge. Officers, members, and the thirty-piece band of Fargo Lodge attended and gave a concert. Afterwards there were other entertainment, and refreshments.

Dallas, Texas, Lodge has started a weekly luncheon club for members and outside guests. The meetings are held every Monday in the Danish room of the Adolphus Hotel, and part of the hour is devoted to a guest speaker and musical entertainment.

New York, N. Y., Lodge held a formal housewarming party on November 5 to display the extensive and attractive redecoration that its Home has undergone.

The Elks Team sponsored by Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, won the pennant in the Junior Baseball Tournament held in its district. After their victory the players were entertained at dinner by the Lodge and taken to see "Old Arizona," an all-talking picture, by Exalted Ruler Flynn.

On September 27, Ensley, Ala., Lodge inaugurated a series of Friday evening dances to be held through the fall and winter, the proceeds of which will go to the Charity Fund.

Petaluma, Calif., Lodge was host to about twelve hundred Elks on the occasion of its annual outing at Bates Grove.

San Pedro, Calif., Lodge will expend \$15,000 remodeling, redecorating and refurnishing its club house.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge gave great pleasure to a large number of Toledoans and realized a considerable sum for the Lodge through the staging of two concerts by the United States Marine Band, in the Coliseum.

In recognition of the warm hospitality shown their delegates en route to the State Association Convention, Oak Park, Ill., Lodge designated an evening as "Granite City Night," on which occasion they entertained a large delegation of officers and members of Granite City Lodge.

The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 11)

"I'm no gambler, Lieutenant. There are several chances that it *might* be something else, but they are pretty slim."

"No marks of course?" Rice cut in.

"Wrong, Captain. Two marks. But they had nothing to do with her death."

"What were they?" Paul interjected quickly.

Dr. Burke winked at me and Rice.

"Look at the young sleuth pricking up his faun-like ears! My dear boy, the lady had her face lifted some time in her dark past—ladies who have this operation performed often have that sort of a past, you know. The scars are old but plainly visible if you had taken the trouble to push back her hair a little."

I saw Paul start almost imperceptibly. He walked to the table and picked up the book which he had laid there, face up. He stood looking at it, turning its pages in that odd absent-minded way he has when something is puzzling him. He held the volume out at arm's length, then moved it back and forth as if adjusting it to his eyes. My husband is anything but near-sighted, so I wondered what he was up to. Presently he laid the book down and said:

"I'd like you to perform an autopsy upon Miss Gloyne, Dr. Burke."

"You do! And why, may I ask? There's not the slightest indication of foul play, as the

(Continued on page 54)

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The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 53)

gentlemen of the press so charmingly put it! I suppose you're thinking of some mysterious poison that leaves no trace. Well, get it out of your head, me lad. Outside of fiction—"

"I wasn't thinking of poison," Paul replied quietly.

Captain Rice had been regarding my husband from under knitted eyebrows.

"What's on your mind, Lieutenant?" he asked. "We can't ask for an autopsy without a reasonable doubt."

Paul ran his hand into his coat pocket and drew out a folded handkerchief which he unwrapped carefully. He held out the glasses which we had found caught in the folds of the dead woman's negligée.

"Take a look at these, Doctor, and tell me what sort of glasses they are," he said.

Dr. Burke carried them to the light and subjected them to a minute scrutiny.

"Very strong long-distance glasses—plus three, fifty or stronger, I'd say. Why, big boy?" he asked.

"That's what I thought," Paul replied. "They'd be of no use in reading to a person wearing them, would they?"

"Hardly."

"The owner of them would have two pairs, one for ordinary wear and one for reading or for examining objects at close range?" Paul pursued.

"Undoubtedly," said Burke.

"Exactly. And if you happen to find that person dead, and in a position that indicates that she had been reading when death overtook her—with, in fact, the book she was supposed to have been reading lying on the floor beside her and these glasses caught in the folds of her negligée as if they had slipped off her nose at the shock of—well, call it heart-failure—you'd be suspicious, wouldn't you?"

He pointed to another pair of glasses lying on the table against the pedestal of the reading lamp.

"Those are, I believe, a pair of reading glasses for a very near-sighted person. Please examine them, Doctor."

Burke handed the first glasses back to Paul and picked up the second pair and carried them to the window, taking the book with him.

"You're right, Lieutenant," he agreed after a pause. "They're very special reading glasses, indeed. Still I don't see what that's got to do with your demand of an autopsy."

"THEY were lying there against the pedestal of the lamp when we came in, in exactly the same position as when you picked them up just now. The dead woman could have reached them by simply stretching out her hand. Yet this other pair which would have been totally useless to her in reading were found in a position that indicated that she had worn them at the moment of her death. Doesn't that suggest something to you?"

"Only that when she found that she had the wrong glasses, she changed her mind about reading. Too lazy probably to get up and look for the others. Most likely she didn't know that they were lying there on the table within reach. From my diagnosis she was an indolent sort of a person," he added with a touch of sarcasm. "Is that the best excuse you have to offer for an autopsy?"

"That and something else," Paul replied good-naturedly. "I quizzed the maid a bit and learned that her mistress had an even greater penchant for poetry than this book indicates. Miss Gloyne was addicted to giving poetic readings in costume to a more or less admiring circle of friends. That she was in fact to recite Miss Millay's *Interim* to-morrow night to such a circle, and had been studying the poem for several days to memorize it, I was forced to conclude from that she'd have had to have her reading glasses."

"And from the same astute reasoning, that she was murdered by some bored auditor who considered that he had done society a great service!" the doctor snorted. "All right, if you must have an autopsy—"

He left the sentence unfinished. Two men in the white uniforms of orderlies entered with a

stretcher. Captain Rice conducted them into the bedroom.

Paul nodded to me.

"My wife and I are going upstairs, Captain," he said to Rice. "I'm supposed to be on my vacation, you know. I called Lennox a while ago. He ought to be here any minute. I think we should post him here until we get a report from Dr. Burke."

"All right, Ames. I'll see to it. I hope you haven't started anything you can't finish. But it's your job. I'll keep my hands off."

I knew better than to question this husband of mine when we got back to our apartment, so I went to my bedroom and began dressing for a shopping expedition, while he called up some numbers on the telephone. Paul had planned to leave for the wilds of New Mexico the following morning, and there were some things I wanted to buy for him to take on the trip. These excursions to the Southwest were a regular habit with him. I'd neither hear nor see anything of him for two or three weeks, at the end of which time he'd turn up with a suitcase full of exhibits. His hobby was relics of the stone age. His room was a miniature museum. I must confess that it had taken some effort on my part to become enthusiastic about flint arrow-heads or a stone axe, but I understood this man of mine. A vacation meant to him merely a change of interest. He had never learned to loaf gracefully. In everything he did, there had to be an objective.

When he came to my door and saw that I was preparing to go out, he said:

"Better put off your shopping expedition until this afternoon, Pete. You'll want to be on hand when Dr. Burke phones his report in. We'll hear from him before the day's much older."

Dr. Burke did not telephone. He came in person shortly after lunch, and his air was apologetic, not to say humble.

"You were right, Lieutenant. However, neither did not die of heart disease. However, neither was there any trace of poisons."

"I knew there wouldn't be," Paul replied.

"Oh, you did, eh?" Burke said bristling. "I suppose you know too what she did die of."

"I might hazard a guess," Paul retorted, "but I'd rather hear it from your own lips. Suggestion is a dangerous thing in a case like this."

The physician smiled wryly.

"So you think that a suggestion of yours might influence my opinion. I like that!"

"It might modify it," Paul murmured, "and I don't want even modifications. They're misleading. A modification is a doubt. When there's so little margin as in this case, we can't afford the faintest shadow of a doubt."

The elderly physician looked at Paul hard.

"Lieutenant," he said, "if there had been any marks on the body, I'd say that Miss Gloyne had been strangled to death."

Paul leaned back in his chair. His eyes were riveted on mine, but I knew by the expression in them that I did not exist.

"You mean choked to death, don't you, Doctor?" he asked.

"Choked or strangled—the result is the same," Burke retorted impatiently. "There ought to have been marks. If I were superstitious I'd say that the lady induced a state of suspended animation in herself, fakir-style, and just ceased breathing. Nice oriental setting, that room of hers, for that sort of thing," he added.

"The result would have been the same, of course," Paul agreed, "but part of the setting, at least, would have been different. There would have been marks on the body and signs of a struggle if she had been strangled."

Dr. Burke sighed audibly.

"Your reasoning's too much for me, Lieutenant. Choking her to death implies that force was used no less than if she had been strangled. No person is going to submit quietly to having his or her supply of oxygen shut off!" He paused with a worried look. . . . "If the chemical test of her blood hadn't shown oxygen starvation so conclusively, I'd be completely at sea. As it is I'm somewhat offshore anyway. The most ordinary symptoms of strangulation—except of course the blueness of the skin, which

is also a symptom of heart disease. The absence of the sardonic expression of the face and the bulging eyes peculiar in cases of strangulation fooled me completely."

Paul nodded.

"The absence of those usual symptoms had me worried after I discovered that little slip-up in detail of setting—the wrong glasses," he concurred.

Burke arose.

"Well, Solomon," he said with a dour smile, "I've filed my report with the District Attorney's office. I suspect you'll hear from that quarter before long. I only stopped in here because I happened to be in the neighborhood. So long, Mrs. Ames. If I were you I'd be afraid to live in the same flat with this paragon of astuteness."

When he had gone Paul looked solemnly at me. "The old fox stopped in here just to square himself with me," he grinned. "I'll bet he sprinted for the nearest subway entrance to beat the District Attorney here. That's they, right on his heels," he added as he went to answer the telephone. "Yes, Ames speaking. I'll be right down."

"They're in Miss Gloyne's apartment," he said. "Let's go down, Pete."

CHAPTER II

WITH Captain Rice were Francis McLaughlin, the District Attorney, Detective Robertson, the finger-print expert, and Fred Meeks, the official photographer, with his camera and tripod. McLaughlin came forward as we entered. He greeted me with a nod and said to Paul:

"A fine mare's nest you've stirred up, Lieutenant. Dr. Burke's report looks like a Chinese puzzle. How d'you expect me to convict any one of murder in a layout like this?"

McLaughlin's lean face was drawn into a puckered frown that made him look even more like a satyr than usual. His hands buried to the wrists in the back pockets of his trousers projected his square, bony shoulders forward like a bird of prey about to swoop from its perch.

"I don't expect anything for any of us in this mess except a lot of panning from the newspapers," Paul replied, "but that's why we have broad backs and sweet dispositions." He looked at Robertson, the finger-print expert, flitting about the room, followed by the photographer.

"I'm afraid you're not going to find anything worth photographing, boys," he added to them over McLaughlin's shoulders.

"I'm beginning to agree with you, Lieutenant," Robertson replied.

"Too bad you had the body moved, Lieutenant," McLaughlin said, "but of course it can't be helped now."

"Yes, it can," Paul retorted. He motioned to me. "Pete, will you lie down on the davenport and show Mr. McLaughlin how we found Miss Gloyne?"

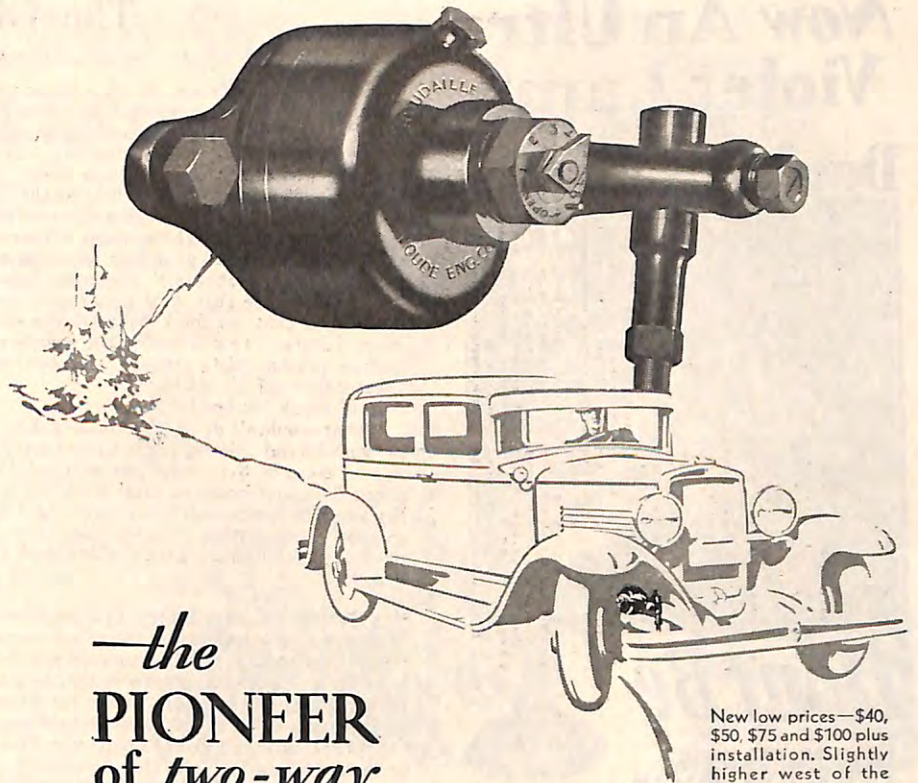
I stretched myself full length on the davenport as he requested. He laid the book of poems face up on the rug and adjusted my right arm over the edge of the davenport with the fingers almost touching the volume. From his pocket he took the glasses and laid them lightly in the folds of my dress at the throat. Stepping back, he surveyed me like an artist estimating the value of the last finishing strokes of his brush, then moved my head a little to one side.

"There you are, sir. That's the way we found her. Her face was just as calm and peaceful as my wife's—though several degrees less beautiful." There wasn't the faintest suggestion of a smile on his face when he said it. He was merely stating a fact as it appeared to him. He is the most exasperating of mortals. If I had been ugly he would have called attention to it just as readily, I believe.

The District Attorney cleared his throat.

"I've viewed the deceased," he remarked drily. He bent forward and raised the glasses to the light. As he did so I caught a sardonic gleam in his piercing gray eyes. "So these are the remarkable glasses, eh?" He stood looking at them in silence for some moments. "Ames, d'you realize what you're putting me up against? You are handing me a case of death by strangulation, a death that could have happened no other way than by violence, yet without any

(Continued on page 56)



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The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 55)

such marks or evidence. Even suppose we discover the murderer, how can I go before a jury and ask for a conviction when all the external evidence indicates so conclusively that no violence was used? I've had the body photographed. No sane person looking at the photograph would doubt that Miss Gloyne passed away most peacefully in her sleep. If we could show them as much as a pair of bulging eyes we might get to first base." His frown deepened. "It seems to me that we'd better give out the impression that we think Miss Gloyne died of heart failure. That'll throw the murderer—if such a person exists outside your own mind, Lieutenant—off his guard."

Paul shook his head.

"That wouldn't do at all, McLaughlin. The person who did this was so confident that he had left no trace of the crime that he'd go blithely about his usual business. But if he had tipped his hand by some slight oversight, he'd begin to worry over other possible slips, and take unusual precautions. That's where we'd catch him."

"A NICE, plausible theory for a detective, but not a very comforting thought for a prosecutor to go into court with. I suppose you're hoping that we'll get him so nervous that he'll come tell us how he did it, also? That's rather necessary, you know. Or would you expect me to say to the jury: Gentlemen, Miss Gloyne was strangled or choked to death. John Doe, here, did it. He admits that he was in her room sometime during the hours when she was killed. I don't know how he did it, but that's irrelevant detail. Of course Miss Gloyne appeared to have just forgotten to draw her breath, but don't let that worry you. There are many ways of strangling a person to death without leaving any marks upon the body, such as with a pillow Desdemona style, or by bottling the victim up in a vacuum—"

"Exactly!" Paul cut in rather sharply. He had raised his head with a quick movement. I glanced up. In the doorway stood Dr. Slade. Paul stepped forward.

"Come in, Doctor," he said. "This is District Attorney Francis McLaughlin." He turned to the latter. "Dr. Slade is the owner of the building. His office is on the ground floor."

Slade remained standing in the doorway with his pale-blue eyes boring into mine. He seemed to be struggling with some hidden emotion.

"Glad to know you, sir," he said finally and with an obvious effort. "It gave me a turn to see you lying there, Mrs. Ames," he added as I sat up at a signal from Paul.

McLaughlin looked hard and long at the physician.

"Oh, yes—Dr. Slade! You made the first examination of Miss Gloyne? Perhaps you can give us something to go on?"

"I'm afraid I can't," said the physician; "however, I'm at your service."

"Do you know if Miss Gloyne had any enemies that might have wished her death?" McLaughlin asked.

"Enemies?" Slade repeated blankly. "You mean that—that she was murdered?"

"Lieutenant Ames thinks so, and the autopsy report seems to bear him out," McLaughlin replied somewhat crustily. "Understand, we don't blame you for the wrong diagnosis. Dr. Burke's initial opinion concurred with yours."

Slade's face showed distinct relief.

"But I don't understand! What were his findings?"

"Suppose we continue this discussion in my apartment while Robertson finishes his search for finger-prints," Paul cut in blandly. "We'll have more privacy there."

"Good idea," McLaughlin concurred; "let's go up." He nodded to Rice. "Better come along, Captain."

The five of us took the elevator up the three flights.

"How long had the dead woman been living here, Doctor?" McLaughlin asked when I had found seats for them all.

"Nearly three years," the physician replied. "Her lease expires on the first of October this year."

"Took the apartment for a three-year term, eh?" McLaughlin asked.

"Yes, sir. She asked to have some partitions removed to give her more room. I agreed to have it done for her if she'd sign a long-term lease."

"Had you known her previously?"

"No. I'd never seen her before."

"I see. What sort of woman was Miss Gloyne? I mean was she a good tenant?"

The physician seemed to hesitate for a moment. "She paid her rent promptly," he replied non-committally.

"A woman of means, I take it, then?"

"Undoubtedly. I don't know what was her source of income. Bonds, I imagine. The Riverside Bank & Trust Company might be able to give you that information. She did her banking there."

Captain Rice made a note of this on a slip of paper.

"Did she have many callers?" the District Attorney asked.

"Yes, a good many. She had been in the theatrical profession once, I understand—in a mild way."

"Ah, an actress?"

"Well—I don't know that you could call it that exactly. She used to be, I believe, what is known as a reader—a profession that has gone somewhat out of fashion these days."

McLaughlin nodded.

"Lieutenant Ames mentioned something to that effect. I was under the impression that it was in a strictly dilettante way."

Dr. Slade smiled.

"I'm afraid the lady would have resented that assertion," he said. "She took her reading somewhat seriously, I think."

"I see. You had been present at such readings?"

"A few times—yes."

"Here in her apartment?"

"Two or three times here. Once at the house of some friends of hers."

"Who were these friends?"

"A Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Harner in Riverside Drive. I have their address in my book downstairs. Shall I get it for you?" he asked, making as if to arise.

"We'll get it later," Paul interposed suddenly.

McLaughlin glanced at my husband sharply as Captain Rice made a note of the name and said:

"I'll look it up in the telephone directory."

The District Attorney's gray penetrating eyes remained fastened upon my husband's averted face for some moments. McLaughlin had been a major in the United States Intelligence Department during the war. Paul had entered that same service at the outbreak of hostilities, giving up a career as a journalist to keep—as he put it—from being forcibly ejected from it. He was at the time employed as a cub police reporter on the Los Angeles Times, and his chief delight is to point out that this sheet is still being published without his assistance. He had been attached to McLaughlin's staff in the Intelligence Department. I had been one of the first war brides in our district. For a period of a year and a half I had lived with the pleasant visions of my husband being stood up against a stone wall with southern exposure some lurid dawn while I sat and knitted silly sweaters.

Men at war form curious attachments. McLaughlin returning to his old duties in the District Attorney's office after the armistice had taken Paul with him. I had often wondered why. No two men were more opposite in temperament and tastes. But I knew that there existed between the elderly taciturn Scotch-American and my husband a deep affection and mutual respect. Paul had dismissed my probing along those lines with a shrug until I became insistent, then he had said somewhat shortly and as if somewhat ashamed of it:

"The basis of friendship between men is loyalty to a common cause, Pete. In the final analysis, this common cause is the preservation of the species. That answers your question, I think."

Dr. Slade looked from one to the other at the interruption. He sensed the slight annoyance in McLaughlin's manner.

"Do you mind telling me what the medical examiner's findings were?" he asked.

"Not at all," McLaughlin replied, "Dr. Burke said that Miss Gloyne was strangled—or rather choked to death."

A shock seemed to pass through Slade.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Preposterous!"

"Well," said McLaughlin, "that's his report and we'll have to abide by it."

"But, my dear sir, there was not the slightest indication of such a thing. Miss Gloyne's body was without mark or blemish!"

"That's what makes me so happy and good-natured this morning," the District Attorney retorted tartly. "Burke was most positive that there was not and never had been anything the matter with her heart!"

"He did find marks—two of them," Paul said casually. "You evidently overlooked them, Doctor."

Slade turned his head with a start. His lips were formed in a question, but no sound escaped them for several moments. Then he said with a somewhat forced smile:

"You refer, I assume, to the scars left by the face-lifting operation?"

"Of course," said Paul easily. "Do you happen to know when this operation took place, and who performed it?"

"No, I don't," Slade asserted. "It was done before she came to this house."

"You noticed them when you examined her this morning?"

"Yes, but I didn't think it necessary to mention them. They couldn't possibly have had anything to do with her death, you know."

"That was the first time you knew they existed—I mean that such an operation had been performed?" Paul asked, ignoring the physician's statement.

"Naturally. Miss Gloyne would hardly have volunteered the information herself."

"You are positive, however, that it wasn't done since Miss Gloyne was a tenant of yours?"

"How could it have been? I'd have noticed the change immediately," Slade demanded a trifle irascibly.

"All right, Doctor. I just wanted to be sure on that point," Paul retorted with his characteristic assumption of good-nature.

McLAUGHLIN had been eyeing my husband contemplatively during the digression. He cleared his throat aggressively at the termination of it, and said:

"Do you know if Miss Gloyne had any callers last night, Doctor?"

"No, I don't. The private lives and habits of my tenants is no concern of mine so long as they conduct themselves with propriety."

"A sentiment I most heartily endorse, Doctor," the District Attorney replied. "The reason I asked you is that the Medical Examiner stated positively that Miss Gloyne met her death sometime between ten and eleven o'clock last night. If any one was with her during that hour, we'd like to know who that person or persons were."

"I haven't the faintest idea if any one was. The night telephone operator or the elevator man who's on duty after six might be able to tell you."

Paul nodded at the District Attorney.

"I telephoned Larkin to bring them in. They'll be here after a bit."

Dr. Slade was looking at my husband covertly.

"I was of the opinion myself that Miss Gloyne had passed away between the hours you mentioned, but I didn't wish to seem too positive, Lieutenant Ames. I imagine you can guess my reason?"

"Oh, quite," Paul assured him with a smile.

"Dr. Slade was here in this apartment with us from nine to eleven last night," he explained. "So conclusive an alibi is suspicious enough without insistence."

"Exactly!" Slade beamed, but his tone was even more happy than his smile.

"There's Larkin now, I think," Paul said as he went to answer a knock at the door. "Come in!"

A plain-clothes officer entered, followed by a young girl who glanced about the room with frightened blue eyes at the assembled men.

"This is the night switchboard operator, Lieutenant," Larkin said. "Her name's Vera"

(Continued on page 59)

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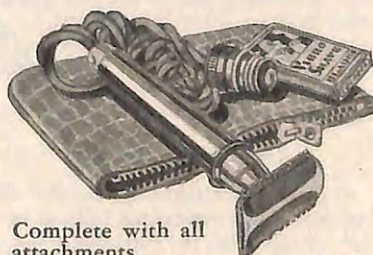
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“Well, he seems to have ideas—and knows how to put them over.”

“I never gave him credit for much ability. He was always the human

clam type. But something’s happened to change him recently.”

“That reorganization plan of his sounds good to me. Notify all department heads to come to my conference room, and send Harvey in, too.”

THE Jim Harvey who walked into the conference room was almost a stranger to his department manager. Was this the quiet, bashful fellow who had been buried in a minor job for two years in his department? He shook hands with \$10,000 a year men in cool equality. He seemed not the least bit awed by the president’s brusque command to start talking.

And then he began to speak. Not a foot shuffled—not a throat coughed—as his dominating voice rang out and held that group spellbound. Without a note or a diagram to aid him, he outlined the branch warehouse idea that would speed up production and cut sales cost twenty per cent. Before he was half through, he knew it had gone over big. And he finished to the echo of a burst of applause and a unanimous grasping of his hand, as the department heads filed out of the room. The last man to reach him was his department boss, who drew him into a corner.

“Say, young fellow,” he commanded in mock indignation. “What do you mean by burying yourself under my nose for two years? And what have you been doing that’s changed you so much?”

Harvey smiled. “I have discovered a plan so remarkably simple that any man should become a powerful speaker and a straight line thinker in a very short time if he will simply apply himself to this method for twenty minutes a day at home, as I did.”

“Well, it certainly must be a remarkable method. A few months ago you were the most timid, self-conscious man I’ve ever

seen. Why, they’ve made a new man out of you. Believe me, I want you to give me the full details of the method. I’ve got to make a speech at the Chamber of Commerce soon. And I am far from a finished speaker.

“Oh, by the way, Harvey,” as he turned to leave. “The president wants to see you first thing in the morning. I think he’s got some good news for you.”

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The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 57)

Baum. I left the elevator man downstairs with Lennox. I thought you'd want to question them separately," he added under his breath.

"Good, Larkin!" Paul replied. "Sit down, Miss Baum. This is District Attorney McLaughlin. He would like to ask you a few questions."

Captain Rice arose and gave the girl his chair. She eased herself into it with every evidence of fear.

"What time did you come to work last night, Miss Baum?"

"At—at six o'clock as usual," she stammered. She glanced anxiously at Dr. Slade whose face was set in a mask of immobility.

The District Attorney seemed to consider before putting his next question.

"Miss Baum," he said, "something serious has happened in Miss Gloyne's apartment. Do you know if any one called upon her last night?"

The girl's hand flew to her throat.

"I—I knew something would happen to Miss Gloyne!" she cried. "Is—she—dead?"

McLaughlin shot Paul a quick glance. My husband's face was non-committant. He had drawn a cigarette from his case and was tapping the end of it gently upon his wrist. But for the girl's startling statement, I could have laughed out loud. Paul had expressed himself rather vehemently once about men who tap their cigarettes on the wrist.

"Yes, Miss Baum, she's dead," the District Attorney replied. "What is it you knew would happen to her?"

"I—I don't know! I shouldn't have said that!"

McLaughlin's gray eyes were fastened upon her.

"We want the truth, Miss Baum," he said sternly. "Miss Gloyne was murdered. Nothing less than the truth, d'you understand? By shielding any one you'll do yourself a great injury."

"Oh, but I'm not trying to shield any one, sir. Indeed, I'm not! It was only that—that man who came to see her every evening!"

I saw Dr. Slade hitch himself forward in his chair with an almost imperceptible movement.

"What man?" McLaughlin asked.

"I—I don't know his name," the girl replied, "but he came to see her every evening. A tall, thin man like you, sir, but—different."

The District Attorney squinted at his own reflection in my cheval mirror opposite.

"Will you be good enough to describe him in detail, Miss Baum," he said somewhat testily.

"Well, he was a middle-aged man, I think, but his hair was almost white. He always wore a grey suit and a cap."

"Yes, go on."

"HE—he walked—" she paused briefly—"I don't know whether I can describe it—softly like a cat. He seemed to sort of glide along, if you know what I mean. Sometimes I wouldn't hear him come in and when I looked up he'd be standing right there beside me waiting for the elevator."

"What else was there about him that frightened you?" McLaughlin demanded.

"Well, it was his face. It looked like a dead person's. And his eyes were deep and burning and very black."

The District Attorney's own eyes strayed to the mirror again.

"You say that he called on Miss Gloyne every evening?" he asked with a very definite dryness in his voice.

"Yes, sir, every evening at six-thirty."

"Never later?"

"No, sir, sometimes a few minutes before, but never later."

"How long had this been going on?"

"Oh, a long time. Ever since I've been here."

"And he was here last night at six-thirty as usual?"

"Yes."

"Was he in the habit of staying long with Miss Gloyne?"

"No, sir, he always came down again in a few minutes and left."

"Did he ever speak with you?"

"Never, sir. I spoke to him once and told

him that I didn't think Miss Gloyne was in, but he didn't answer me—merely gave me one of his horrible looks. The elevator came down just then and took him up, but he came down again almost immediately. When he passed the switchboard he gave me the most awful look and walked out of the door. Miss Gloyne came home just then. He almost ran into her as she came up the steps. I saw him grab her arm and shake her. I couldn't hear what they said because the door had swung shut behind him, but I could see through the glass that he was angry about something and that she was trying to calm him down. They went up together and he came down again in a few minutes and left."

McLaughlin leaned back in his chair with a movement of disappointment.

"Are you positive that he didn't stay last night?" he asked.

"YES, I'm sure. He came right down, as usual. I remember because Mrs. Spinks on the third floor was in the elevator with him. She stopped at the switchboard and said: 'Isn't he the most awful looking man, Vera. If I had had to stay in the cage with him for another floor, I'd have fainted.'"

McLaughlin sighed audibly.

"That doesn't seem to get us anywhere, Lieutenant," he said to Paul. He turned to the girl. "Did any one else call on Miss Gloyne last night?"

"Yes, sir, two other gentlemen and one lady," the girl replied. "Mr. Harner came a little before nine o'clock. At nine-thirty a man came up to the switchboard and asked me to announce him to Miss Gloyne. He gave the name of Thyme. He talked with Miss Gloyne on the telephone for a few minutes, then went out again."

"He didn't go up?"

"Not then. But he came back a few minutes later and went up without being announced."

McLaughlin gave my husband a quick look. "What time did these two gentlemen leave?" he asked.

"Around eleven o'clock."

"Did they leave together?"

"No, sir. Mr. Thyme came down first on the elevator and Mr. Harner came walking down the stairs about five minutes later."

"You mean that Thyme used the elevator and that Harner didn't?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you positive about the time these two men left?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Thyme had just gone out of the door when the clock in the hall struck eleven. Mr. Harner walked down the stairs a little while after."

"Did either of them speak with you as they went out?"

"Mr. Thyme said good-night and thanked me for calling Miss Gloyne for him. He was a very nice and polite gentleman. Mr. Harner never speaks to me."

"Did you notice anything unusual about either of them? I mean did they seem to be in a hurry or worried about anything?"

"Mr. Thyme didn't. Mr. Harner's always in a hurry. He used to stand and tap with his cane if the elevator was slow in coming down."

"What about this man Thyme—had you seen him before?"

"Yes, sir—once before. He came in with Miss Gloyne one evening about a week ago and stayed for an hour or so. Last night was the first time he called alone unless he was here during the daytime when I'm off shift."

"So you never knew him by name until you announced him to Miss Gloyne last night?"

"That's right, sir."

"Then how d'you know that he's a nice, polite gentleman?" McLaughlin demanded somewhat testily.

The girl's face turned a faint pink.

"He tipped me half a dollar when I announced him to Miss Gloyne," she replied embarrassedly.

"I see. He seemed to be a recent acquaintance of hers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was the woman caller?"

"I don't know, sir."

(Continued on page 60)



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The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 59)

"You mean that you'd never seen her before?"

"No, I never had."

"When did she call?"

"About a quarter to eleven, I think. It was just before Mr. Thyme and Mr. Harner left. She rang me on the telephone first from the outside and asked for Miss Gloyne's apartment. Miss Gloyne didn't answer, so she said that she'd ring again. But instead of ringing she came in about ten minutes later and asked me if Miss Gloyne had returned. I told her that Miss Gloyne hadn't gone out, and that I thought she might be in—in Dr. Slade's apartment for a treatment." The girl gave her employer an apologetic look. "I asked the lady if I should ring the doctor's apartment—it's on the same floor as Miss Gloyne's, you know, but she said not to bother Dr. Slade. She said that she had an appointment with Miss Gloyne for eleven o'clock, and that she'd go up to her floor and wait in the hall until she returned. She went up in the elevator and came down again shortly after midnight."

McLaughlin leaned forward with quickened interest.

"Were there any other telephone calls for Miss Gloyne between nine and eleven last night?" he asked.

"No, sir. But she called me herself a few minutes after Mr. Thyme had spoken with her and told me that if anyone rang up and asked for her during the next forty-five minutes to tell them that she was busy and couldn't talk with them. That's why I thought she was in Dr. Slade's apartment when I rang her for the lady at a quarter of eleven."

McLAUGHLIN and Rice exchanged glances.

Paul had walked to the window where he stood looking out. At the silence that ensued, he looked over his shoulder at the girl and said:

"What did the lady look like, Miss Baum?"

"I was coming to that, Lieutenant," McLaughlin cut in crustily. "Can you describe her, Miss Baum?"

"She was about my age, I think, slender and very—lovely. She was in evening dress and silver slippers. Her wrap was rose velvet with collar and cuffs of ermine, and her hair was dark brown and bobbed very short."

"And Mr. Thyme and Mr. Harner left shortly after she had gone up?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see," said McLaughlin, but his tone belied his statement. "Could Miss Gloyne have been in your apartment between ten and ten-thirty, Dr. Slade?" he asked our landlord.

"Not very well since my door was locked and I was here in this room with Lieutenant Ames and his wife."

"And when you returned there was no sign of her having been there?"

The physician regarded the District Attorney stonily, then relaxed his face in a hard smile.

"I see," he said, "you mean that I might have forgotten to lock my door? No, there was no sign of Miss Gloyne's having been in my apartment when I returned at midnight."

"Nor any note under your door from her?" Paul asked casually over his shoulder.

"I'm not in the habit of exchanging notes with my tenants, Lieutenant Ames," he retorted.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," Paul replied with his most disarming smile. "I was referring to a professional message—not a billet doux."

The physician seemed to be estimating the truth of my husband's statement. If he had known Paul as I did he'd have felt even more dubious.

McLaughlin compressed his thin lips, then opened them again without removing his piercing eyes from my husband.

"Could Miss Gloyne have been visiting in any other apartment—I mean was she on friendly or intimate terms with any other tenant in whose apartment she might have been?"

The physician shook his head.

"Not to my knowledge. So far as I know she had no friends or even acquaintances in the house."

McLaughlin turned to the girl.

"Did the young lady come or leave by taxi?" he asked.

"I didn't see any. When she left she walked toward Broadway."

"All right, Miss Baum, you may go. But I want to ask you not to discuss this matter with any one. Can I reply upon your discretion?"

"Yes, sir, indeed you can!" The expression of relief in her pretty little face was pathetic.

Officer Larkin arose with the girl.

"Shall I bring the night man up, sir?" he asked. "His name's Clump—Joe Clump."

"Yes, bring him up, Larkin," McLaughlin ordered, "I want to check up on the girl's story before we make our next move."

When the door had closed upon them he looked up at my husband. "I wonder if the man Thyme could be Roland Thyme, the actor, Lieutenant?" he mused.

"Beyond a question of doubt it is no other," Paul replied. "His picture—an unsigned one for publicity purposes—was lying in the drawer of the davenport table. I happen to be one of his most ardent fans."

McLaughlin drummed the arms of his chair.

"Looks like it's going to get him publicity with a vengeance," he remarked.

Larkin knocked and ushered in Clump, the night elevator man.

His story was in substance the same as that of the girl, but less specific.

"When you took the lady up shortly before eleven o'clock, did you notice if she remained in the hall waiting for Miss Gloyne?" McLaughlin asked.

"No, sir, but there's a turn in the hall by the stairs on every floor, and Miss Gloyne's door is just beyond that turn. The lady might have stood there waiting without me seeing her as I went up and down with the car."

"Had you ever seen her before?"

"No, sir, never—at least I don't think so."

"And the man who called on Miss Gloyne every evening at six-thirty—you don't know who he is either?"

"No, sir."

"Did he never speak with you?"

"Never opened his head once to me, sir! The first time or two he went up, he just held up five fingers for the floor. After a while he knew that I knew where he wanted to go, so he didn't even do that."

McLaughlin nodded perplexedly.

"All right, Clump," he said briskly, "you may go."

When the door had closed behind him, Paul said:

"A taciturn Teuton. He exhibited not the faintest curiosity about what had happened to Miss Gloyne."

"Somebody told him downstairs, probably," McLaughlin said sourly. He turned to Captain Rice. "Better send a couple of men to bring in Harner and this man Thyme. You might also check up the taxi companies and see if you can get a line on the girl. If she were in evening dress, she must have used a cab, unless she lives near by."

Dr. Slade spoke up.

"You'll pardon me for the suggestion," he said, "but I might state here that you're wasting your time investigating Mr. Rufus Harner. He couldn't possibly have had anything to do with Miss Gloyne's death—if indeed any one has. I might also add that you'll be sorry if you make him think that you suspect him. He's a powerful and dangerous man to fool with."

McLaughlin smiled icily.

"No one is too powerful or dangerous to escape investigation in a murder case, Doctor," he retorted. "Why could he not possibly have had anything to do with the death of Miss Gloyne? He was here in the house during the hour she met her death."

"He just couldn't!" the physician replied.

"Mr. Harner is the head of the firm of Harner and Slee, one of the oldest and best-known contracting firms in this city—a multi-millionaire. Men of his type do not go around murdering women."

The smile faded from McLaughlin's thin lips.

"Men of any type commit murder when the provocation is great enough," he replied curtly.

"That reminds me," said Paul, "you stated, Doctor, that Miss Gloyne had no friends or ac-

quaintances among the other tenants. Are you positive about that?"

"One can never be positive about anything, of course," the physician replied with a shrug. "How many new tenants have moved in here during the last month or two?" Paul went on.

"Four besides yourself and Mrs. Ames—I mean four sets."

"Who are they?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, in number 520, next to my own apartment, and Mr. Rupert Free in 531, directly across the hall from Miss Gloyne's. Then there's Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Green on the seventh floor, apartment 716, and Miss Elsie Thrasher, who has the apartment corresponding to Miss Gloyne's on the sixth floor, number 611. The Carrolls and the Greens moved in two months ago, on the first of May. Mr. Free came on the second of June, the day after you and Mrs. Ames arrived. Miss Thrasher came here on the first of April. She was originally in 427, but when 611 became vacant, she asked if she could change to an outside apartment."

"They all came recommended?" Paul asked.

"Certainly. I never let my apartments to people without references. You can eliminate the Greens at once. They left a week ago for their summer cottage in Maine. Their apartment had been locked up for six or seven days. The Carrolls are personal friends of mine. They never even knew that Miss Gloyne existed. Mr. Carroll is the son of one of my old clients. He and his young wife moved in here to be close to me. Mrs. Carroll is in a delicate condition. She wanted to be near me. The event is expected to take place within the next two weeks, so I must ask you not to frighten her with questions."

"How about Mr. Free in 531? The man with the apartment facing Miss Gloyne's?" Paul asked.

"He's an artist with a studio in the Village. A portrait painter and illustrator. He came recommended by a well-known publishing firm. Not a chance of his having known Miss Gloyne. He's a recent arrival from Denver, Colorado."

"And Miss Elsie Thrasher, the woman with the apartment corresponding to Miss Gloyne's on the floor above?"

Dr. Slade smiled.

"Miss Thrasher is a stranger in New York. She's a retired school-teacher on a pension. She came here recommended most highly by the Board of Education in Terre Haute, Indiana." The physician shook his head. "You'll accomplish nothing but annoyance to yourself and them by questioning any of those people, Lieutenant."

"I guess you're right," Paul replied. I looked at him quickly. When my husband agrees with such chameleon readiness, I know that there's something going on in his mind. So I was not surprised when he said: "There's a fire-escape leading from the roof to the alley that runs along the side of the building, isn't there, Doctor? It passes one of the windows of Miss Gloyne's living-room, I believe?"

"Yes." The physician paused. "I see what you mean, Lieutenant! However, you may safely discard the idea. Miss Thrasher is not the sort of person who would climb down a fire-escape and murder a person entirely unknown to her."

"You are sure that Miss Thrasher and Miss Gloyne didn't know each other?"

"Certain, Lieutenant. Miss Thrasher keeps very much to herself. I don't believe she has as much as spoken to any one since she has been here."

CHAPTER III

THERE were several moments of silence at that remark, at the end of which time Dr. Slade arose. His manner was tense and he seemed anxious to be off.

"You'll excuse me, gentlemen, but I must get back downstairs and close my office. It's getting late."

McLaughlin nodded. As the physician passed out, the District Attorney glanced at his watch.

"Let's see where we stand before we go to dinner," he said. He glanced from my husband to Captain Rice. "Which one of you is handling this case? You're on your vacation, aren't you, Lieutenant?"

When Rice hesitated, Paul said:
(Continued on page 62)

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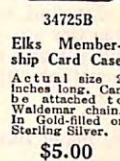
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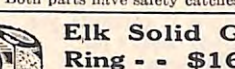
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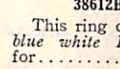
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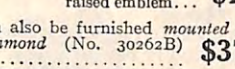
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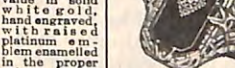
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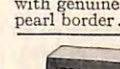
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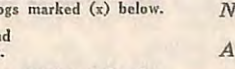
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The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 61)

"Captain Rice and I have handled a good many cases together, already. Of course, being that I'm on leave, the official credit—or blame will go to him."

The other smiled. "I'd rather make it fifty-fifty both ways," he remarked quietly. "I'm of the opinion there'll be more blame than credit in it."

"All right, all right!" McLaughlin retorted testily. "I just want to know who's going to be responsible." He lowered his voice. "First of all this landlord-medico of yours doesn't look good to me at all, Lieutenant. His alibi's too perfect and he's an accomplished liar."

"Not very accomplished," Paul replied. "I'd say he was a rank novice."

"Be that as it may!" the District Attorney remarked drily. "We know from the telephone girl's statement—unless she too is a liar—that Miss Gloyne called her at a little after nine-thirty and left word not to be disturbed for forty-five minutes. As Slade was in this apartment visiting with Mrs. Ames and yourself at that time and stayed here until sometime after her death, he could hardly have killed her."

Paul was smiling. "That's a thought—Miss Baum might have lied, too."

"I hope it comforts you," McLaughlin retorted, "it doesn't me!"

Paul shrugged. "There are so many possibilities in this case that it doesn't do to overlook a single one."

"Miss Thrasher with her fire escape is another one, I suppose?"

"Certainly. A somewhat remote one, perhaps, but a possibility never-the-less."

"And the Carrolls and Free, the artist, on the same floor, and the absent Greens on the seventh?" McLaughlin pursued.

"All of them," said Paul, "are listed in my mind as possibilities."

The District Attorney made a wry face.

"You'll do me a great favor, however, if you'll bring in Harner, Thyme, and this unknown girl with the silver slippers and the rose velvet wrap trimmed with ermine," he remarked.

At that moment there was the sound of a scuffle outside the door. Captain Rice sprang to his feet and flung it open. It was Officer Lennox with another man handcuffed to his left wrist.

"It's the bird that calls here every evening to see Miss Gloyne," he explained as he dragged the man across the threshold, unlocked the handcuff, and pushed him into a seat. "He refused to talk and started to rough-house me, so I just put the darby on him and brought him up."

The new arrival was a small, sharp-faced man with snow-white hair and a pair of deeply sunken, burning eyes that regarded us with a mixture of fear and desperation. His face, which was but a shade less white than his hair, was thin to the point of emaciation. He looked like a person who had tasted the dregs of life to the last drop, but his clothes and the quality of his linen were that of a gentleman.

"What's your name?" McLaughlin demanded.

The man darted each of us a furtive glance but said nothing. McLaughlin leaned forward in his most threatening attitude and shook his finger in his face.

"What are you doing here every night at six-thirty?" he wanted to know. "You might as well make a clean breast of it without any fuss. We're going to find out before you leave this room!"

The man's lips moved but no sound issued from them. He was watching the District Attorney like a cornered fox. McLaughlin made a movement as if to arise, but Paul held up a warning hand.

"Shouting's no good," he said, "the man's deaf and dumb. Shell shock, if I'm not mistaken."

The District Attorney sank back in his seat with a baffled expression on his face.

"Give me that pencil and pad," he snapped.

"The man gave his name readily enough in an unsteady but very legible hand. It was William Sadler. To Mr. McLaughlin's next question of what his business was with Miss Gloyne, he merely handed the pencil and blank pad back to the District Attorney with a shrug

and sat watching him with the pupils of his burning eyes contracted to pinpoints.

McLaughlin grasped the pencil and wrote: "We're officers of the law," then handed the pad back to the man.

He read the message, shrugged his shoulders once more and returned the pad to the District Attorney. Savagely, McLaughlin tore the sheet of paper off and wrote on the next page: "Miss Gloyne has been murdered. Tell us or go to jail!"

The effect of this was instant. The pad dropped from the man's bony fingers and fell to the floor. His whole body seemed to wilt. He shrank into his chair and stared at us with terrified and incredulous eyes.

At that moment there was a knock on the door. It was Robertson, the finger-print expert.

"Not a thing worth photographing, Chief," he said to Captain Rice, "but I found this in the top drawer of the dressing table in the bedroom. The drawer was locked, so I pried it open." He handed a small blue bottle to Rice. "Coke," he said briefly.

The Captain glanced at the vial, then passed it on to the District Attorney who removed the stopper and sniffed the contents. Paul stepped forward and took the stopper from McLaughlin's fingers and touched it with the tip of his tongue.

"Heroin, Robertson," he corrected, "two ounces of it!"

The District Attorney sat looking at the little blue vial in his hand.

"THIS case looks like it's going to develop into something after all," he said. "She was not an addict, herself, evidently, or Dr. Burke would have found it out. His gray eyes moved to the wilted figure in the chair. "So that's what you came for every evening, eh. Well, we'll just lock you up, son."

"Major," Paul cut in, "of all the cruelties that have been committed in the name of the law since Moses wrote his stone tablets on Mount Sinai, there never has been any quite so exquisite devised as the one that deprives an addict of his drug by imprisonment. You'll gain nothing by jailing this man. If he had had any knowledge of this crime, he'd hardly have come calling at his usual hour."

McLaughlin's bony hand remained poised in mid-air as if suspended there by the war-time title of Major.

"Well, anyway, it narrows the case down considerably," he said somewhat mollifiedly. "The old girl was a member of the drug ring, and some of the mob murdered her."

Paul said nothing. McLaughlin made Sadler write his address on the pad, which the latter did tremblingly but without protest. It proved to be in West Fifteenth Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. The District Attorney dismissed him with a wave of his hand and wrote on the pad: "You may go," but the man remained seated for several moments with his burning eyes fastened upon the small vial standing on the table beside McLaughlin. Presently he arose unsteadily and slipped out of the door like a shadow.

"I'm going to see him out of the building," Paul said, "Larkin might try to stop him. I'll be right back." He motioned to the officer who had brought the man in. "Come on, Lennox."

He made no comment when he returned, but I knew by his expression that he had accomplished what he had gone after. Picking up the little blue vial, he stood looking at it in silence.

"Mind if I take it into the bathroom for a moment?" he asked. "I want to make a simple test to be sure that it is in fact heroin."

"Go ahead!" the District Attorney replied wearily. He turned to Rice. "It'd be a good thing to bring Harner in while we're at it, Captain—that is unless Mrs. Ames objects to having her apartment turned into a branch of the Department of Justice."

I was about to reply that I had no objection when Paul said over his shoulder:

"I sent Lennox after Harner already. The number is in the nineties in Riverside Drive. They ought to be here in twenty or twenty-five minutes unless Mr. Harner's out."

The District Attorney stared after my hus-

band as he disappeared in the direction of the bathroom.

"Oh—all right!" he said. He turned to Rice when the telephone rang. I went to answer it. It was Miss Baum calling from downstairs.

"The lady who called on Miss Gloyne last night is on the wire," the telephone operator said excitedly. "What shall I tell her, Mrs. Ames?"

Putting my hand over the mouth piece, I relayed the message to the District Attorney. McLaughlin sprang to his feet.

"QUICK, Captain, trace that call!" As Rice flung himself out of the door, McLaughlin took the telephone from my hand with a jerk. "Hold her on the wire, Miss Baum!" he ordered, "tell her that Miss Gloyne's somewhere about the building and that you're trying to get her. Understand? O. K. I'll be right down!" He handed the telephone back to me and sprinted after Rice.

I was still standing with the instrument in my hand when Paul returned from the bath-room.

"Why the sudden exodus?" he asked, glancing about the room.

I explained.

"Oh," was his only comment. He put the little blue bottle down on the table. "It's heroin all right, Pete," he said.

"As if you didn't know it in the first place," I retorted. "You may be able to throw dust in the eyes of your superior officers, but don't try it on your wife."

"It'd be a shame to throw dust in those nice eyes of yours, Pete," he said solemnly.

I put the telephone down with more emphasis than was strictly necessary.

"Aren't you curious to know who the girl in the rose velvet coat and the silver slippers is?"

"I'm never curious about any girl but you, Darling," he replied.

"Not even when she's involved in a murder?"

I tried to inject a note of exasperation into my voice, an extremely difficult thing to do when you've just been handed a brace of compliments by the only man in the world that matters.

"This is no woman's job," he said in a tone of finality.

"What makes you so sure?"

Paul gave me one of those would-be mysterious looks which he feels are necessary to use when I get too inquisitive. He merely succeeds, however, in giving a good imitation of a shame-faced owl.

"I'd rather not tell you. It'd only start that old argument again."

"I see. You think it too cleverly done for a woman?" I scoffed. "You still refuse to give us credit for having imagination?"

He shook his head.

"Wrong, Pete, a woman might have planned it; she'd merely never have been able to carry it through. It takes a man—and a strong one to do what was done last night in Miss Gloyne's apartment."

"Very well, O Fount of Wisdom!" I retorted, as Rice and McLaughlin walked into the room. Paul jerked his thumb at the blue bottle.

"It's heroin, as I thought, Major," he said.

"Oh, IS IT?" the District Attorney snorted.

"She smelled a rat and hung up on us! Calling from a pay booth in a drug-store on Broadway not two blocks away. Before Larkin could get there the bird had flown! No finger prints on the receiver either! Aren't we in luck!"

"Luck?" Paul reiterated, "you could hardly expect a lady in street attire to go without gloves just to accommodate us."

"Aren't you funny!" McLaughlin snapped.

Captain Rice spread the evening paper on the table. The account of the affair had received front-page position. Miss Doris Gloyne, a wealthy retired Thespian, had been found dead in her apartment that morning by Mrs. Lulu Reed, her colored maid. Dr. Slade, the dead woman's physician, had attributed Miss Gloyne's death to heart failure, but upon further investigation the police had become convinced that she was the victim of foul play. The District Attorney's office had unearthed important evidence and expected to make an arrest at any moment, etc.

Again the telephone rang. It was Officer Lennox calling from the lobby. Mr. Harner was with him.

"Bring him up," McLaughlin ordered.

(To be continued)

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Armistice Day Address of Vice-President Charles Curtis

*Delivered at the Celebration Held November 11, 1929,
Under the Auspices of Chicago Lodge, No. 4*

THE Exalted Ruler, Governor Emmerson, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are gathered here at the invitation of a great, noble and useful fraternal group; a long-established and valued national organization having hundreds of thousands of members throughout the land; fellow-countrymen who hail from the East and West, North and South, from town and country; from all walks and stations of life; citizens whose aims and purposes are well summed up in a name which is a household word among us—Elks—members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. It is an honor to be part of this gathering in this wonderful City of Chicago; to be invited to address the Elks.

The purpose of our meeting is to commemorate a great and glorious day in the history of mankind; that day eleven short years ago which marked the end of a madness such as no man living or dead ever before had participated in or beheld; that day which witnessed the end of scenes of indescribable horror, of frightful cruelties and barbarities practised by man against man, by nation against nation; that day which was then and is now truly a day of gladness and rejoicing on earth, and for which as each year of peace throughout the world continues we have still more reason to feel glad and joyful.

November 11, 1918, is known and celebrated on earth as Armistice Day. No other name for it is conceivable. On that day in the year 1918 tongues babbled joyfully, hysterically, tearfully, wildly; there was much incoherent talk in many languages on both hemispheres of this earthly globe of ours; in every continent; in nearly every country, state, city, town, village, hamlet, and field and forest; on land and sea and above and below each. And all the incoherent words summed up were—This is Armistice Day!

In truth November 11th is not merely a date on the calendar. It is a name, a symbol, a brilliant beacon lighting a point in the history of mankind which we may well be proud of, though as to the acts and deeds which led up to it we would undo them if we could; would erase them from the memory of the present were that possible; would keep them from the knowledge of the future were there any means of doing so. Since we cannot shield the world's folly from the eyes of future generations, we can reveal to them the unparalleled example of unselfish devotion to ideals; of unswerving adherence to the principles of humanity, of freedom, liberty and justice which our own country gave to the world in the memorable struggle.

We all know of the loyalty of the Elks during the great World War; of how in every section of the country they helped the needy families of those who had gone off to the war; of their liberality in the purchase of bonds to raise the money necessary to carry on the greatest of all wars.

Here to-day, on this Soldiers' Field, we recall the great rejoicing this day eleven years ago. The people of the civilized world were happy at the news of the signing of the Armistice. They are still happy and thankful for the cessation of war, and hope that peace may continue forever.

Our people have a right to remember and to celebrate this day because of the part our country took in the War; the invaluable help it gave to make this day possible. We were able to and did raise, equip and maintain a powerful Army and Navy. We placed more than two million men in Europe and had millions more in reserve ready to go "Over There." This was done at a most critical period of the conflict; at a time when our manpower was desperately needed; when the soldiers of France had their backs to the wall; and all the Allies were sorely pressed. Our people never doubted the result because they knew the make-up of our Army and they

had great confidence in its able leader, General John J. Pershing.

Today and as in the wars of the past, we all acknowledge the great obligation our nation owes to those who served it on sea and land; those who did so much to help bring about the final and lasting victory. I recall the grand review in Washington of the Grand Armies of the Republic. A banner on the Treasury building greets the sight of the victorious Union soldiers of the Civil War as they march down Pennsylvania Avenue in impressive, heart-stirring array. That banner blazons forth the national feeling as it always has been and always will be: "There is one debt our nation owes which it can never pay; that is the debt it owes to its soldiers and sailors." That was the feeling in 1865, eleven years ago, and today, for the men who rendered such valuable service.

Money is needed to redeem the bonds issued during the war; to meet the expenses of the Veterans Bureau now being incurred in taking care of the disabled and their dependents; and to aid those who were dependent upon the brave men, and women too, who gave their lives in the great struggle. This money, can, should and will be, raised and applied to these needs, that we may in part at least repay our obligations. The debt to those who lost their lives in our own country and on foreign soil; to those who are now suffering yet from wounds and disease as a result of the war, and to their dependents, cannot be paid in dollars. Our people will always remember their brave deeds; their great sufferings and sacrifices.

While the place of highest honor goes to those men and women who wore the uniform of our country, there was and is a great appreciation for those of our citizens who furnished money, produced food, clothing, materials and supplies necessary in the struggle. They did their part in the great conflict which meant so much to Civilization and Christianity.

THE speed with which was raised the money needed to carry on the war and to lend to our Allies was a great surprise to the financiers of the world. The ease with which our great War Debt has been reduced from twenty-six and one-half billion dollars to fifteen and one-half billion dollars in eleven years speaks volumes for our people, and is equally amazing to the financiers.

The political situation during the World War closely paralleled that existing in the Civil War. History repeated itself. When President Lincoln took his oath of office there were strong men from the North in the Congress who did not belong to his political party. Out here in Illinois, his own state, there were two particularly powerful men who had opposed him; the little giant, Stephen A. Douglas, and the fearless John A. Logan.

When the war came, however, the President found Stephen A. Douglas one of his strongest supporters in the Senate, ever ready to do his part to help win the war. Gen. John A. Logan, believing he could do more at the front, left his seat in the House of Representatives, returned to his home, and helped secure volunteers. General Logan was a wonderful man and it is fitting that as a result of his work, he became known as the greatest volunteer General the world had ever known.

The loyal men in Congress forgot party lines. On matters pertaining to the war there were no party lines drawn. In the Congress in 1917 and 1918 the members of one of the greatest political parties, the one to which the President did not belong, drew no party lines. They did everything they could to help win the war. On matters pertaining to war the members of the Republican party, as well as the Democratic party, stood by the Government. They upheld the hand of President Wilson in all legislation necessary to carry the war to a final victory. The

President, as Commander-in-Chief of our Army and Navy, had the full support of the loyal men and women of the country, both in and out of Congress. When he needed war legislation it was only necessary for him to call for it and those of the minority in the government joined the members of his party in the Congress in quick and full response. Today if trouble came, our President would find the same universal, loyal support, for it can be said truthfully that in this country no political party has a monopoly on patriotism.

When I read of soldiers I wonder if any of us realize the fact that in all countries and at all times, there live and die in obscurity, remote from the scenes of battle, yet doing their full share for the good of their country, a number of men and women equally as heroic, whose deeds remain unsung. I think too of the unknown dead soldiers. Their names and deeds may not be known here below, but every one is written into the great book above in large letters of gold; each man and each deed has left an indelible impression in the hearts of our people. These soldiers and citizens, known and unknown, have not died in vain. Their record justifies full faith and confidence in the wisdom of the American people and in the still more glorious future of the nation; as long as we have a "Government of the people, for the people, and by the people," we are in no danger.

Much of the cost of the last war was caused by the fact that we were unprepared for it, and this was the second such occasion in twenty years. I hope the lesson taught by unpreparedness may not be forgotten. With our wonderful prosperity and great resources our country should always be prepared for National Defense. Such a course will save many lives, millions of dollars, and untold suffering; it will greatly lessen the possibility of war.

In this country we do not believe in a large standing Army, nor do we believe in having an over-large Navy, but our people do want both Army and Navy to be ample for National Defense.

The people of the United States are, and always have been, peace-loving and law-abiding as a whole. They are industrious, generous, and not quarrelsome as a nation. They concern themselves with their own affairs and do not meddle in the affairs of other nations. They are sympathetic with the woes and distress of the people of the world. They ask nothing more than to be permitted to work out their own destiny without interference, and they freely concede this same right to others. They are proud of their country and their form of government. They have a strong national consciousness because of which, despite their innate peaceful aims and desires they will not submit to insult, abuse or ill-treatment by any other nation. Our country has never engaged in nor will it ever engage in a war of aggression, and it will engage in a war of defense only as a last and inevitable resort.

DURING the first three years of the World War we were neutral. We hoped and prayed that we might be permitted to remain so but it was decreed we should be drawn into the conflict. International law was violated; fundamental rights of mankind were denied. The false doctrine of "might is right" was openly proclaimed against us; men, women, and children of our citizenry were sent to the bottom of the sea without warning. War was never forced upon a more unwilling combatant.

We entered the maelstrom early in 1917 in self-defense against an aggressive militant country ruled by its War Lords who had complete domination over a naturally peace-loving people, a people whom, thanks to Almighty God, we are now friendly with and desirous of helping wherever possible. We could keep out no longer and retain our national honor. We remained in the war until the end; until that for which we strove was accomplished. Now that it is over we want no more war.

We would like to see the time come when nations will settle their disputes by other methods than war. As a government and as a people we are doing and will continue to do everything reasonably possible to bring this about, but we have no desire to and will not be drawn into other countries' political quarrels, or into entangling alliances with other nations.

(Continued on page 66)



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Armistice Day Address of Vice-President Charles Curtis

(Continued from page 65)

Before the World War our nation was a great World Power. Now it is stronger and more powerful than ever before. It is in a position to use and is using all its power and influence to prevent future wars. For this reason we have observed with the utmost satisfaction that the Kellogg pact renouncing war has been adhered to by so many nations. We hope the time has come when great Christian nations of the world will by proper agreements change the cruel custom sanctioned through the ages of engaging in war. Let them rather hold conferences and agree to settle their differences by arbitration; by reason, not force.

The people were noted to see that China and Russia, both signers of the Kellogg pact, have refrained from going to war, thereby acknowledging the agreement as binding and not merely a "scrap of paper".

THE month of October, 1929, will long be remembered by the people of Washington for they had the pleasure of seeing two peace-loving men. One was Sergeant York of Tennessee, who, notwithstanding his conscientious objections to war and his desire for peace, yet answered his country's call and became one of the outstanding heroes of the World War. The other visitor was that able statesman and great leader, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr. MacDonald, who came to see our President Herbert Hoover, on a mission of peace and friendship. Our people are praying their efforts may result in a fair, just and satisfactory agreement among the leading nations of the world. Both the President and Mr. MacDonald put all their cards on the table and we hope their efforts may be rewarded.

How glad we are that in none of the wars in which our Nation has engaged were we the aggressor; in none did our soldiers fight for territorial aggrandizement.

When the war of '61 to '65 was over the Union had been saved; the Constitution upheld; and the principles on which our republic is founded were vindicated and sustained. When the war of '98 ended, Cuba was free and the Maine

had not been lost in vain. When the World War ended, the false doctrine that "might is right" had been exposed in all its iniquity and it has fallen into utter disrepute today.

I believe that some day there will be lasting peace, for it is written "And He shall judge many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off, and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more." Why is not the lesson of the Great War sufficient to cause that promise to be fulfilled at this time?

Now that so many nations have signed a pact to abrogate war, our minds are naturally occupied on the problem of world peace. We readily recall the various movements which we hope and pray will help bring it about as lasting—the Locarno Treaty; the Kellogg pact; the Washington Conference of 1921; the evacuation of the Rhineland; the visit of Premier MacDonald and the calling of a conference to be held in or near London in 1930. These steps all point toward permanent world peace. That it may come is the passionate and lasting desire of the people of the civilized world.

The war and its end will never be forgotten by those who served in it, nor by those who had near and dear ones in it who did not return. I shall not attempt to describe the horrors of that war which was the greatest and most cruel ever fought. The soldiers and sailors had to contend against inventions which never before had been employed by man against man such as poison gas, tanks, deadly airplanes and airbombs; and the death and destruction-dealing submarines.

The ending of the war meant that the roar of the cannon which had been heard for so many years was to be hushed, the danger from shell-shock had passed, poisoned gas was no more to be feared and the submarine was only to be used for experimental purposes.

Yes, as I stated in my opening this is Armistice Day; and it is truly an occasion for celebration for it is the day upon which the greatest of all wars ended; one which will never be forgotten by the peace-loving people of the world.

Just a Member

THERE are comparatively few offices to be filled in a subordinate Lodge. Therefore the great majority of its members can not achieve this distinction. And it is natural that the officers of a Lodge should take the lead in its fraternal activities, thus becoming, by virtue of their official positions and the performance of their incidental duties, the outstanding Elk figures of the community.

But there can be no victorious army without private soldiers. There can be no successful fraternal association composed entirely of leaders. There must be those who are led. And that is where the real strength of any organization lies. That is where the real power of an Elks Lodge is to be found.

The value and importance of wise and capable leadership is admitted. Without it there is no proper concert of action, no true coordination of forces, no definite objective maintained. An alert, intelligent and willing set of officers, having the confidence and regard of their fellows, is essential to real accomplishment; and naturally they receive the praise for success. But no less essential is the rank and file of membership, who "hew the wood and draw the water"; who "pay the shot," and who remain in the background and never receive the individual acclaim for their collective achievements. Their reward is the consciousness of faithful service.

Exceptions to so general a statement are not infrequent, of course; but they merely serve to prove the rule.

An Elk, therefore, who pays his dues, preserves his good standing, keeps in touch with the activities of his Lodge and contributes his personal share to their promotion, who is just a member, should feel no lack of individual importance nor have any feeling of futility in his membership. He and his like constitute the very backbone of the Order. They are the ones

who have made the Order what it is. They are its best assurances of a splendid future.

The Measure of the Call

"THE needs of to-day are the measure of the call for service." This clarion call might well be addressed to every subordinate Lodge of the Order of Elks. No community service is outside the proper scope of their activities. No charitable demand is beyond their all-embracing benevolence. No person in trouble or distress is beyond the reach of their helpfulness.

This does not imply, of course, that each Lodge should undertake to carry every humanitarian burden of its community. This would be neither practical nor wise. It would only lead to a wasteful dissipation of its resources and its energies. But it does mean that no Lodge need remain sluggishly inactive because of a fancied lack of opportunity within its jurisdiction to engage in some distinctive, worth-while work.

Every community presents its own peculiar problems, it is true. These may not appeal strongly to the Lodge membership. But they are all very much alike in their general needs. And in the wide variety of these, there must surely be found some one or more that make a definite appeal to a group of men associated together primarily to serve humanity, as are the members of an Elks Lodge.

When those appeals are heeded and a reasonable capacity for responding to them is fully exercised, then that Lodge is meeting "the measure of the call for service" addressed to it. And when no such appeal is recognized, or is heard with dull ears and unresponsive hearts, then the Lodge in that community is failing to function as an Elks Lodge should, however active it may be as a social club.

Trite? Platitudeous? Perhaps so. But there are subordinate Lodges in the Order which may well consider this little editorial sermon, and take it to heart with profit.

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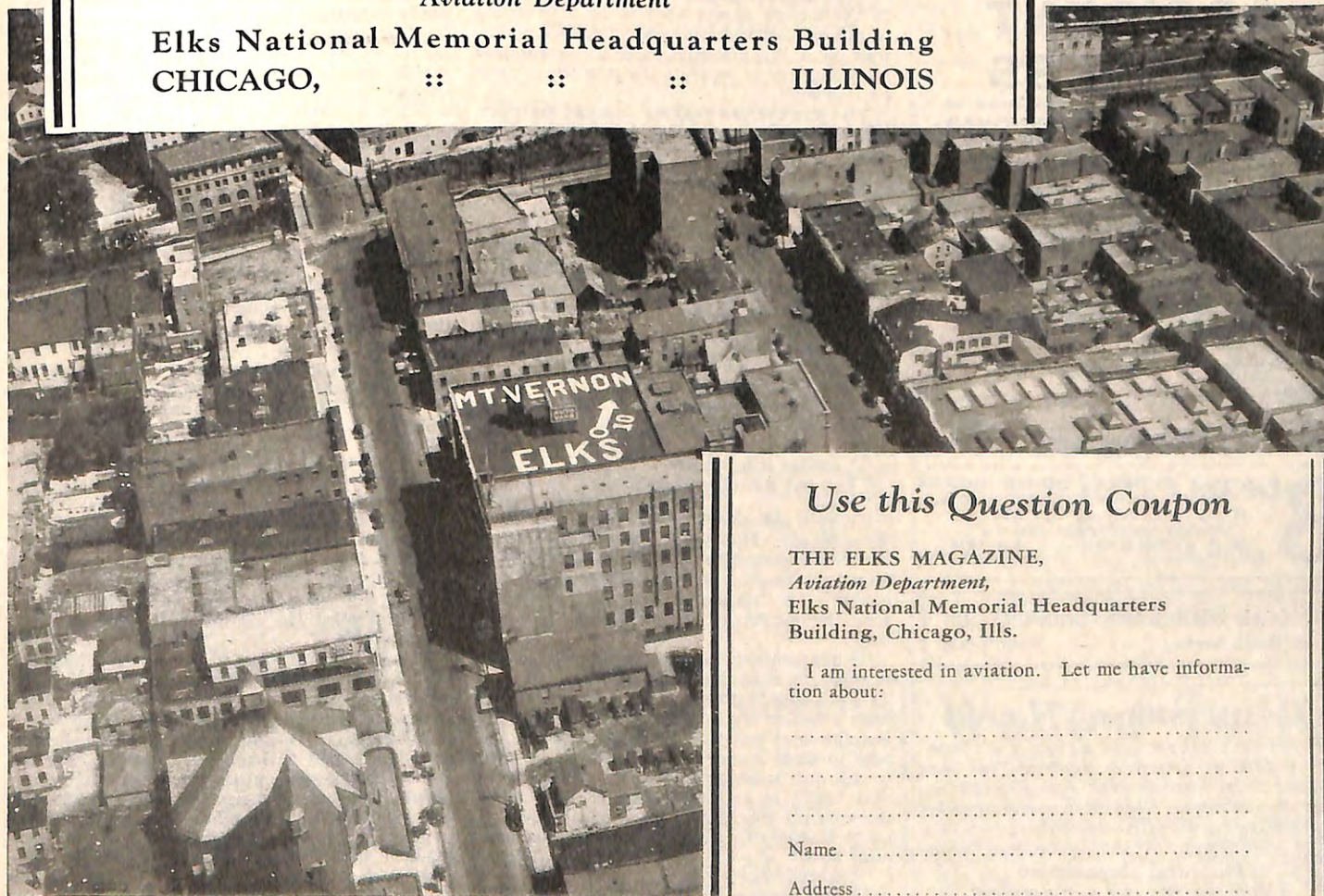
Consider, too, that all the forces of progress are working to make flying easier and safer; not the least of these being the B. P. O. Elks National Air Marker Movement which has been adopted by Elks lodges for the marking of the cities in which they are located. ~ ~ ~ ~

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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Financial Department
THE ELKS MAGAZINE



The Banker and His Business

By Paul Tomlinson

"YOU have a bone to pick with me, have you?" said the banker with a smile. All right, sit down, and let's hear about it."

The caller placed his hat on the desk and took the chair the banker indicated. "I'd like to ask you a few questions," he said.

"Fire away," exclaimed the banker. "Maybe I can answer some of them."

"You know," said the caller, "we laymen are always being told to consult our bankers. Do you think it's a good idea?"

"Well," laughed the banker, "I do. But, of course, I'm prejudiced."

"Some of us were talking about it at the club last night," said the caller. "There were some pretty hard things said about bankers."

"I've heard some myself. Anyone say we were crooks?"

"No, not that."

"I'm glad to hear it. You know the banker in the movies always used to be a crook; he wore a silk hat and a fur coat, lived in a palace, rode in a big limousine, and was constantly scheming how to separate the poor widow from her money."

"It wasn't as bad as that," laughed the caller. "It was said, though, that every time an investor went to a banker for advice, he found the banker had some axe to grind, and always tried to work off something he was interested in personally."

"Yes," said the banker. "What of it?"

"Do you think that's fair?"

The banker leaned forward in his chair. "If you went to a man who was agent for a certain make of automobile, and asked him to suggest a good car for you to buy, would you expect him to recommend his own or the car handled by some other agent around the corner?"

"Why, his own, of course."

"Why do you say 'of course'?"

"A man in business tries to sell his own goods, not some other fellow's."

"A banker is in business."

"Yes, but it's different with him."

"How?"

"Why," said the caller, "he's supposed to be disinterested. He's sort of a public servant."

"He's expected to have his customer's interests at heart, I grant you that," said the banker. "Is that any reason why he can't also have the interests of his own business at heart, too?"

"I suppose not. Lots of people don't seem to think it's right though."

"Look here," exclaimed the banker. "Why can't a banker try to make money for his bank just the same way that any other business man tries to make money for his firm? If he tried to sell questionable securities to his customers that would be one thing, but so long as he recommends only what he honestly believes to be good stuff why shouldn't he recommend his own?"

"I don't know."

"Aren't bankers entitled to earn a profit as well as other people?"

The caller looked perplexed. "I suppose they are. They do it, too, don't they?"

"They try. Remember this though—bankers like me are on a salary; if they make money for their bank that makes the bank a stronger and safer institution, a better place for people to put their funds, and an institution capable of doing more good to the community it serves."

"Can it serve the community and make money out of it, too?"

"Why not? If a bank is a business, as I say it is, it expects to make money. Every other business in the community hopes to make money. That's why they are in business."

"Yes," said the caller, "but—"

"But nothing," exclaimed the banker. "What makes a community prosperous but prosperous businesses in it? A bank can't make money in a community that's not prosperous, but if a bank and the other businesses in a community are prosperous, you know the community must be prosperous, too. I think it's probably fair to go even further, and say that no community can be prosperous without prosperous banks."

"How is that?"

"Well, practically all business is done on credit, and on borrowed money. If a bank is not in a position to extend credit or to loan money, how is business to be carried on?"

"But banks never want to take any risk."

"BANKS can't take risks. You must remember that a good part of the money banks loan out doesn't belong to them, but to their depositors. You wouldn't consider it proper for them to gamble with other people's money, would you?"

"No, but I never thought of it in that way before."

"We have to," laughed the banker. "Further, you know, we are often restricted by law as to the kinds of investments and loans we are allowed to make. The fact that there are such laws is only another proof that the government itself recognizes the value of strong banks. They want to keep them strong. A bank failure hurts more people than any other kind, you know."

"I suppose that's true," said the caller. "Maybe it's the people who have tried to get loans and failed who are the most bitter against the banks."

"Undoubtedly. Why, I know a man here in town who has an invention he thinks is going to revolutionize one of our largest industries. Maybe it's good; maybe it isn't. Naturally he thinks it is. In any event, he needs capital to swing it, and he has been to see us several times. He wants about thirty or forty thousand dollars, and is very angry because we don't see our way clear to letting him have it. He has practically told me he thinks banks, and this bank in particular, are dens of cutthroats and pirates. Heaven only knows what he says about it around town."

"I could tell you some of the things he says,"

laughed the caller. "I've heard him on the subject."

"He has tried to find investment bankers to sell stock for him, too. None of them, from what I've heard, seem very anxious to do it, and he's mad at them, too. When some of them have suggested that they don't feel sure his proposition is sound, and have intimated that they should hesitate to recommend stock in his company to their customers, he thinks they are implying he is crooked, and of course, he doesn't like that."

"It is sort of tough on him, I suppose."

"Of course it is. Banks have to be careful though, and so do investment bankers. None of them want to be associated with something that is not going to work out properly, and when there's a reasonable doubt, they seem to feel that the answer to such requests must be 'no.' Don't you agree with me, that they have no other alternative?"

"Looking at it from the banker's point of view, I do."

"The banker's point of view is that of his bank. The bank's point of view must be that of the community. It's hard on the individual at times, I'll grant you that, but that seems to me unavoidable."

"The individual, of course, only sees his own side."

"Which shows he is human," laughed the banker. He leaned back in his chair. "To get back to this matter of recommending investments," he said, "have you any idea how many stock and bond issues there are in this country to-day?"

"None whatever."

"Nor I, but they certainly run far up into the thousands. There are about three thousand different stocks and bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange alone. Is it reasonable to suppose that any one man or the people in any one bank can know about them all?"

"I don't see how they could."

"Of course not," said the banker. "And here is what happens. In a bank like this we have correspondents in the big financial centers, and the largest part of our investments we get from them. If we take say ten thousand dollars of a certain bond issue from our New York correspondent, it follows that we have ten thousand dollars of that particular issue to sell to our customers. Is it anything against us if we try to sell them?"

"Not if you think they're all right."

The banker laughed. "Don't you give us credit for having sense enough to have looked into these bonds and satisfied ourselves that they are all right before we agreed to buy them? We don't want worthless investments any more than you do."

"But suppose I don't want to buy one of these particular bonds?"

"You don't have to. I can't force you to buy anything you don't want."

"You'll try to sell them to me though."

"I very possibly would recommend them, yes. Remember that I know all about these particular

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The Banker and His Business

(Continued from page 69)

bonds, know they're good, and feel perfectly safe in advising you to buy. I don't know all about all the thousands of other bonds there are."

"You can find out, though?"

"Positively. Also, if you come in here and tell me you want to buy a certain bond or a certain stock we'll buy it for you whether there's any profit in it for us or not. If you ask my advice I'll give it to you, but if you merely give me an order, we'll execute the order. We're here to give service, you know."

"Service with profit?"

"Certainly. Just like any other business."

"You know" said the caller, "people say that bankers always want the biggest slice in the profits."

The banker considered this for a moment. "Look here," he exclaimed finally. "Let me try to explain the situation as I see it. Suppose I were not a banker at all, but a man who had lots of money. You know I am a rich man, and being in need of capital you come to me for a loan, and right here I want to say that, of course, I don't have to loan you any money if I don't want to. After all, the money is mine, and I can do as I please with it; if it were you who had it, you wouldn't consider that I had a god-given right to borrow from you on your terms, would you?"

"I imagine I would think that so long as the money was mine it would be for me to say what should be done with it, not you," laughed the caller.

"Exactly," said the banker. "However, you want to borrow some of my money. I ask you what do you want to use it for, and you tell me.

Then I ask you what security you can offer, and you tell me that too. Next I make up my mind whether I want to let you have the money or not, and if I decide to loan it to you, the terms of the loan must be fixed."

"And you fix them."

"I fix them. It is my money you know. If your security is none too good, and if the proposition you have in mind seems risky of speculative, the chances are my terms may seem hard; on the other hand, if all you have to offer is first class, you'll probably have no fault to find with my terms."

"Suppose you were a bank and not an individual."

"Then I wouldn't loan you any money at all if there was any real risk. You know one must be even more conservative in handling other people's money than one's own."

"But banks should encourage legitimate enterprises, it seems to me."

"Banks do. There may be a difference of opinion as to what is legitimate and what is not, but I don't believe any enterprise which seemed legitimate to bankers ever lacked for funds, or for enthusiastic support for that matter."

"I think I see," said the caller. "What you are saying to me is that when I go to a bank, or to an investment banker, the less I have to offer the more it is going to cost me."

"Exactly."

"Well," said the caller thoughtfully, "I suppose that's fair enough, after all."

"It's business," said the banker. "Elementary, fundamental business."

The Elks National Foundation Bulletin

(Continued from page 29)

	Sub- scription	Payment
New Jersey		
Jersey City Lodge, No. 211...	\$1,000.00	\$1,000.00
Dover Lodge, No. 782.....	1,000.00	100.00
Irrington Lodge, No. 1245....	1,000.00	100.00
Boontown Lodge, No. 1405....	1,000.00	200.00
Freehold Lodge, No. 1454....	1,000.00	100.00
New York		
Lancaster Lodge, No. 1478....	1,000.00	100.00
Wellsville Lodge, No. 1495....	1,000.00	100.00
Saranac Lake Lodge, No. 1508.	1,000.00	100.00
August Howering (Bronx Lodge No. 871), New York, N. Y..	50.00	10.00
Ohio		
Canton Lodge, No. 68.....	1,000.00	200.00
Oregon		
C. K. Stark (The Dalles Lodge, No. 303), Prescott, Arizona.	5.00	5.00
A. S. Shockley (Baker Lodge, No. 338), Baker, Oregon...	1,000.00	250.00
Pennsylvania		
New Castle Lodge, No. 69....	1,000.00	100.00
Butler Lodge, No. 170.....	1,000.00	100.00
Norristown Lodge, No. 714...	1,000.00	100.00
Washington Lodge, No. 776...	1,000.00	100.00
Shenandoah Lodge, No. 945...	1,000.00	100.00
Berwick Lodge, No. 1138....	1,000.00	100.00
Philippine Islands		
Manila Lodge, No. 761.....	1,000.00	1,000.00
Porto Rico		
San Juan Lodge, No. 972....	1,000.00	200.00
Tennessee		
Nashville Lodge, No. 72.....	250.00	250.00
Vermont		
Barre Lodge, No. 1535.....	1,000.00	100.00

Virginia		
Virginia State Elks Association	\$1,000.00	\$1,000.00
Wisconsin		
Wisconsin Elks Association...	1,000.00	100.00

We have requested the officers of the subordinate Lodges to make the Elks National Foundation a special order of business at a meeting, regular or special, during November or December, and to arrange a program which will bring home to those present the significance and importance of this major project of our Order. Therefore, we are confident that the Season's Toast "Here's to the Elks National Foundation—Success" will be proposed in every Lodge during this season of Thanksgiving and Good Will, and that the generous response of the members will enable us to report great progress in our next bulletin.

Fraternally,

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION
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RAYMOND BENJAMIN, Vice-Chairman
JAMES G. McFARLAND, Treasurer
JOHN G. PRICE, Secretary
CHARLES E. PICKETT
EDWARD RIGHTOR
CHARLES H. GRAKELOW

Grand Exalted Ruler's Northwest Visits

(Continued from page 28)

Duluth and Superior Elks, joined by members from many surrounding Lodges. Following his address to the large gathering, Mr. Andrews left by train for Grand Forks, N. D., for a visit to the Lodge there. Arriving early in the morning, a committee, headed by District Deputy Philip R. Bangs and including Exalted Ruler William C. Van Doren and Secretary Frank B. Kent, met the visitors. At noon Mr. Andrews was guest of honor at a wild duck luncheon in the Home of the Lodge, after which he visited with the members and inspected the commodious building, expressing high praise of the condition and spirit of the Lodge. That evening he addressed more than 200 Elks, municipal officials

and their wives, following a banquet in Epworth Hall. During the course of the dinner an orchestra from the University of North Dakota, directed by John E. Howard, provided delightful music. Mr. Howard, who is musical director at the university and a member of Grand Forks Lodge, also played a number of violin solos, accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Howard. Mr. Andrews was introduced by Tracy R. Bangs, the senior Past Exalted Ruler of Grand Forks Lodge. District Deputy Philip R. Bangs presided, and Exalted Ruler Van Doren presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a handsome vase of North Dakota clay, made in the

(Continued on page 72)

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Grand Exalted Ruler's Northwest Visits

(Continued from page 71)

ceramics department of the State University. Spending the night in Grand Forks, Mr. Andrews, accompanied by District Deputy Bangs, Past District Deputy Sam Stern, Exalted Ruler Van Doren, and Secretary Kent, left at noon the next day for Devils Lake. Arriving in mid-afternoon, the distinguished visitor was taken on a sight-seeing trip before attending a reception and the Lodge's annual wild-duck dinner. Following the dinner, at which more than 200 members were present, a meeting of the Lodge was convened, and Mr. Andrews addressed the gathering, which included many Elks of the State and of those adjoining it. An excellent entertainment, largely provided by the boys from the School for the Deaf, and a general good time rounded out a most happy and enjoyable evening. Duane Clapp, Exalted Ruler of Minot Lodge, N. D., presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a handsome loving cup, as a token of esteem from his fellow members. Arriving at Fargo the next afternoon, the Grand Exalted Ruler was met by the officers, a group of members, and the Elks Purple Band, and escorted to his hotel. That evening he attended a banquet in his honor at the Home of Fargo Lodge, at which more than 200 Elks, including District Deputy Bangs, Past District Deputy Stern, and Charles T. Gregg, President of the Montana State Elks Association, were present. His address of the evening was broadcast from Radio Station WDAY. At Jamestown, on the following day, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Jamestown Lodge at a dinner at which he, District Deputy Bangs, Past District Deputy H. K. Jensen, and Exalted Ruler Harry Oram of Fargo Lodge, made brief addresses. At the Lodge meeting which convened later in the Home, Mr. Andrews spoke to 250 members of the Order assembled to greet their Grand Exalted Ruler. The session was opened by Exalted Ruler Harry

Miller, who then turned the gavel over to Past Exalted Ruler J. J. Nygaard, Mayor of Jamestown, who welcomed the visitors on behalf of the Lodge and the city. An entertainment and supper followed the formal ceremonies.

Crossing the State line into South Dakota the next morning, the official party continued on to Aberdeen Lodge, where the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest at a dinner given by the officers and members, at which other well-known Elks present included Dwight E. Campbell, of Aberdeen Lodge, Justice of the Grand Forum; District Deputy Bangs of North Dakota; Past District Deputy J. Ford Zietlow, of South Dakota; and George Crane, also of the host Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee. Mayor John Wade welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler to Aberdeen. Speaking from the rostrum in the Lodge room, to which he had been escorted by the Purple guard, which afterwards gave an exhibition drill, Mr. Andrews paid tribute to the fine record of South Dakota Elks, and expounded for their information the many activities, actual and planned, of the Grand Lodge. At Watertown Lodge, the next South Dakota stop, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the luncheon guest of the Lodge, the Chamber of Commerce and the service clubs of the city, at the Lincoln Hotel. At the guest table with Mr. Andrews were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland; District Deputy Bangs; Past District Deputy Zietlow; Exalted Ruler J. G. Follett and Secretary C. D. Ray, of Watertown Lodge; Mayor D. C. Noonan, and the presidents of the Chamber of Commerce and the service clubs. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to a crowd which filled to its capacity the large dining room, telling his hearers of the plans and ideals of the Order. In the evening Mr. Andrews visited the Lodge Home where an informal reception was held, followed by a dance. The next

day Mr. and Mrs. Andrews spent in the Chain Lakes district where, as the guests of the G. & N. Club, they were offered some fine duck and pheasant shooting. At Huron, on October 30, the travelers, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, were the guests of Huron Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler dined with the officers of Huron Lodge and their invited guests, including District Deputy C. L. Doherty, while a larger dinner was held in the Home for the general membership. Later, the head of the Order repaired to the Lodge Home, where a concert by the Huron Elks band was enjoyed, after which he addressed the assembled membership. Pushing on to Rapid City, the next morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party, accompanied by District Deputy Doherty, met with a most enthusiastic welcome, and were escorted to breakfast by the officers of the Lodge there, after which they set out for a day of sight-seeing in the beautiful Custer State Park. In the later afternoon Mrs. Andrews was guest of honor at a reception, while the Grand Exalted Ruler met with the Rapid City members in their Home. Early that evening the distinguished visitors left for Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, after which visit they were scheduled to call on the Lodges listed below. These, and other visits made, will be reported in the January issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE: November 2, Lincoln, Nebraska; 3, Fairbury; 4, Manhattan, Kansas; 5, Wichita; 6, Independence; 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, Tex., in the evening Fort Worth (joint meeting); 12, Temple (joint meeting with six other Lodges); 13, San Antonio (joint meeting of Southwest Texas Lodges), staying in San Antonio through November 16; 17 to 20, inclusive, Houston (for dedication of the new Home of Houston Lodge and initiation of a class of candidates).

Outline of 100 Billion Cigarettes

(Continued from page 22)

weed in great quantities, the feverish antics of the auctioneer, buyers and warehousemen, the expectant "gallery" of planters who are betting on their product to win again—here are the gala touches of the harvest that lift tobacco out of the mundane.

It is the ancient lure of the game that keeps the planters at it. Other crops are surer, but tobacco may pay handsomely. All farmers are gamblers, but the tobacco farmer more so. Each year he loses or comes out even or just a little

ahead of the game, he puts on a poker smile and says, "Oh, well, better luck next time."

The tobacco belt is generously checkerboarded with the fields of chance-taking agriculturists, who year after year shoot craps with Nature so that you may have your nicotine. They gamble with weather, bud worms, horn worms, disease, carelessness, labor shortage and a market governed by that well-known and hardboiled firm, Supply & Demand. They bet that you are going to get your smoking materials and they

are going to make money out of it. You always win, because the first provision of their wager is always fulfilled. But the second not always.

The consumer is a lucky fellow, after all. Consider the millions who puff contentedly at their cigarettes as you read this, steadily reducing the supply of our annual hundred billion. What a difference it would make in these smokables, in their aroma, their soothingness, their satisfactoriness, their coughlessness, their walk-a-mile-ness—if everybody had to raise his own!

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 28)

An active campaign has been outlined for the winter months. Each of the four Districts will be under the supervision of an exceptionally strong Committee, headed in each instance by the District Deputy from that District.

Massachusetts

PRESIDENT THOMAS J. BRADY, of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, and Past Grand Tiler, has inaugurated a change in the regular meetings of the officers, and instead of their all being held in Boston, they are now held in various parts of the State, and the officers of surrounding Lodges invited to participate. Such meetings have been held in the Homes of Northampton and Fitchburg Lodges, Nos. 997 and 847, and have proved most successful in stimulating interest and good-fellowship.

Charles Murray, the moving-picture star, was recently the luncheon guest of the Association, at the Home of Boston Lodge. Mr. Murray is a member of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, and during the Grand Lodge Convention, acted as toastmaster at the banquet, and was responsible for the personal appearances of many other

motion-picture stars. Among those who attended the luncheon, which was given in appreciation of his services at the Convention, were Chief Justice of the Grand Forum Andrew J. Casey; President Brady, of the Association; Past Grand Tiler Michael H. McCarron; Bernard E. Carbin, State Association Treasurer, and Daniel J. Honan, State Association Trustee, who presided during the speaking program.

Texas

PRESIDENT W. W. BRIDGERS, of the Texas State Elks Association, has announced the appointment of Secretary T. B. Phillips, of El Paso Lodge, No. 187, as Secretary of the State Association. He has also appointed the following committees and chairmen: Social and Community Welfare, Dr. J. C. Crimen, El Paso; Membership, Ben N. Dean, Waco; Good of the Order, C. W. Gove, Palestine; Resolutions, Julius LaCrosse, Del Rio; Credentials, V. Curry, Del Rio; Grand Lodge, L. A. Mindrup, Dallas; Ritualistic, W. R. Dudley, Jr., Dallas; Observance of Flag and Memorial Day, W. O'Brien,

Houston; Publicity, B. F. Pierce, Del Rio; Auditing, Maurice Meyer, Galveston.

New Jersey

ARRANGEMENTS have been completed which make it possible for a member of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association to meet with the corresponding committee of any Subordinate Lodge of the State to assist in the local handling of the work.

Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia

IN THE first issue of the monthly bulletin now published by the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association for distribution among its thirteen member Lodges, is a list of the committee appointments. The committees, with their chairmen, are as follows: Judiciary, Lawrence E. Ensor, Towson, Md.; New Lodge, John J. Powell, Wilmington, Del.; Ritualistic, Charles W. Bennett, Salisbury, Md.; Lodge Activities, Charles H. Sherman, Annapolis, Md.



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And yet constipation yields so readily to proper treatment.



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Simple water-washing effectively conquers this age-old foe. Everyday drinking water would be excellent, were it not for the fact that it is absorbed and passed

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Pluto Mineral Water is bottled at French Lick Springs—America's greatest spa. Thus the benefits of this famous resort—the mecca of thousands each year—are brought to you . . . in your own home.

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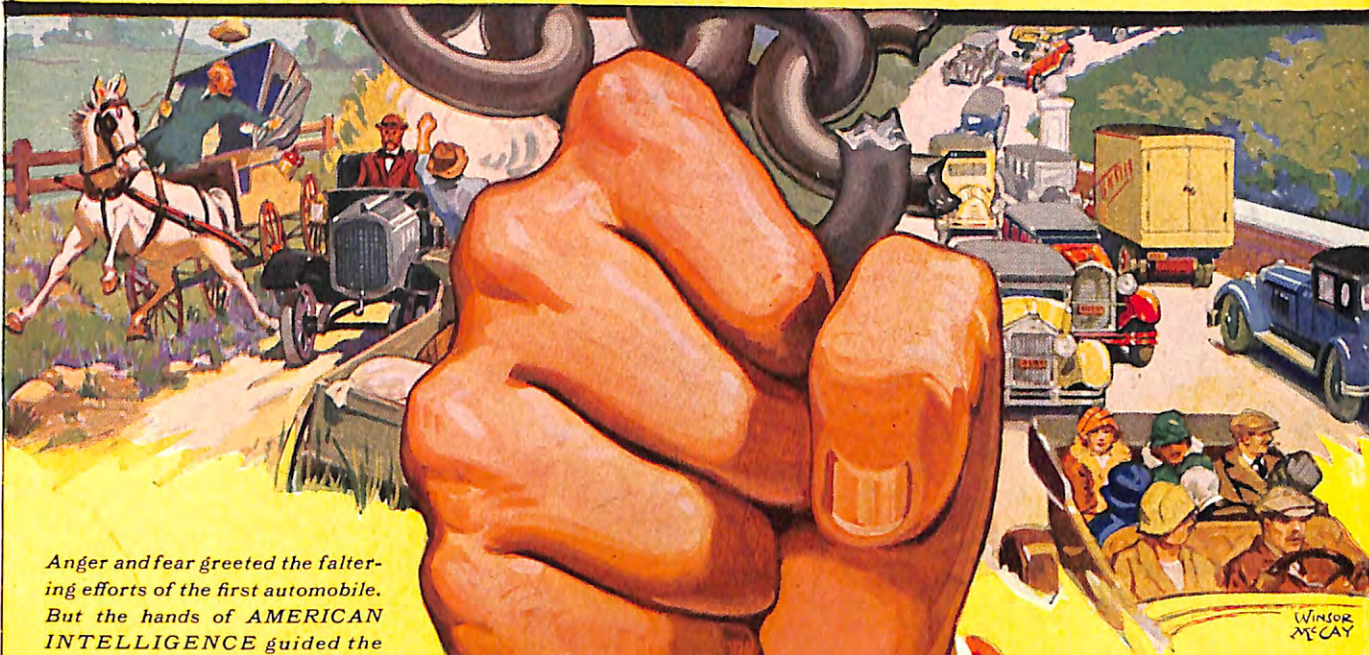
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