

The Elks

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Magazine

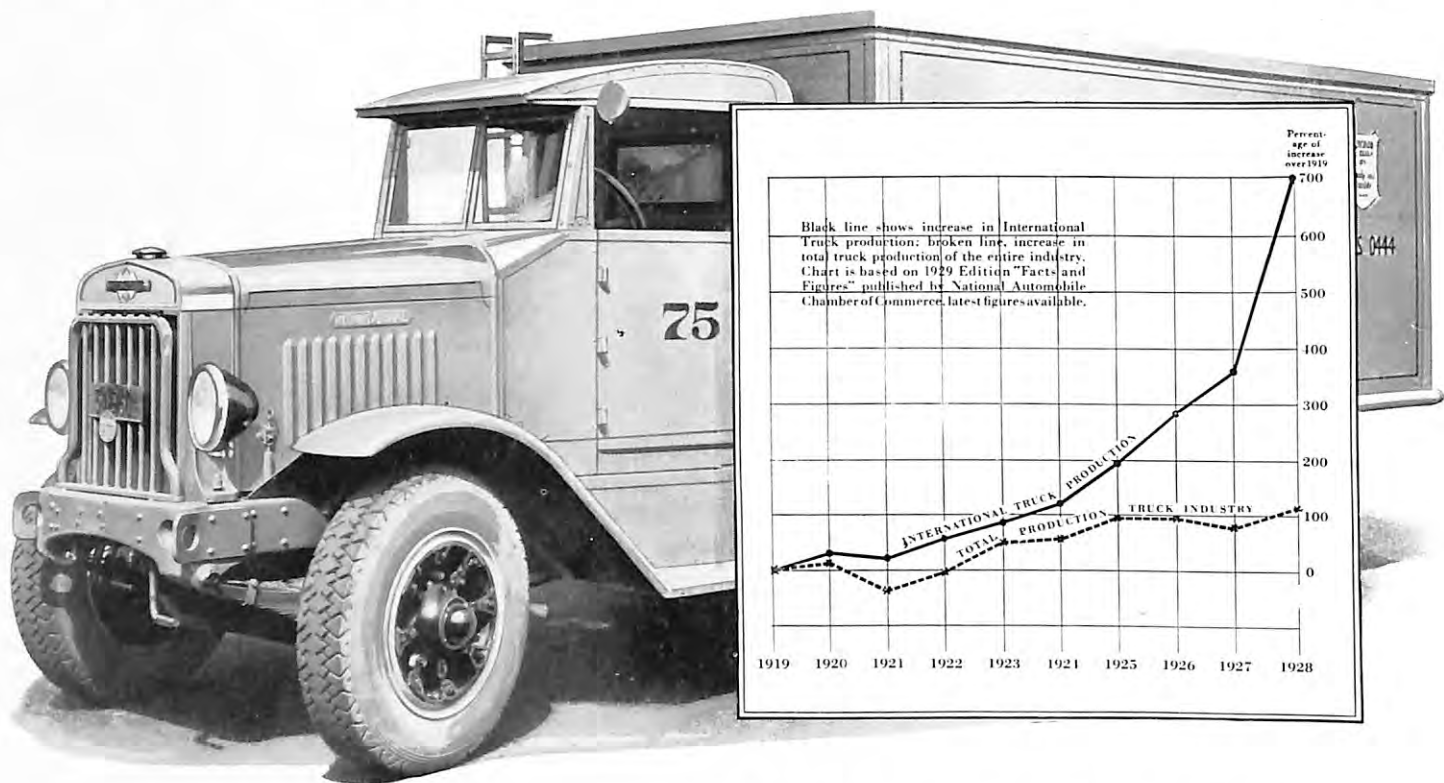
JANUARY, 1930



Alvin
Finkel

This Month: Boyden Sparkes, Octavus Roy Cohen, Jack O'Donnell, and many others

Fast-Growing Popularity



In ten years International Truck production has increased Seven-Fold, while the total truck production of the industry has only doubled.

Starting in 1919, with a 15-year record of successful truck manufacture, and a production already well up with the leaders, International Truck production has grown seven times as fast as the total output of the industry.

The steadily rising popularity of Internationals can be seen in every form of trucking from New York to Hollywood and on every kind of highway from the pavements of Pensacola to the back-country trails of British Columbia.

Owners of International Trucks representing every type of business, large and small, are firmly convinced that Internationals deliver the very utmost in hauling satisfaction.

This comparison, indicating the growing preference for Internationals, is offered in no vainglorious spirit but simply as a matter of public record.

Please remember, too, that back of International Trucks stands more than a quarter of a century of automotive achievement and 99 years of experience in general engineering and manufacture.

May we add that what Internationals have been doing for others year after year they may rightfully be expected to do for you.

There is an International Truck to meet your particular requirements. We suggest that you ask the nearest International Branch or dealer to show it to you. There is no obligation.

International Trucks include the $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton Special Delivery; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; Speed Trucks, $1\frac{1}{4}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$, and 2-ton; and Heavy-Duty Trucks to 5-ton. Company-owned branches at 176 points and dealers everywhere have the line on their display floors for convenient inspection. Catalogs on request.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois



INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Discontent

your first step to Greater Success!

If you're contented—satisfied with your lot—merely hoping for things to come your way, the chances are you'll stay where you are.

If you're dissatisfied—discontented—studying over what the future holds and how you're going to get ahead—that can be your first step to success.

Be dissatisfied with yourself but don't stop there—let your dissatisfaction stir you to constructive action.

Analyze yourself and your ability, find out why you aren't going ahead, see what successful men have done to deserve success.

You'll find that there's an easy way out—a short cut to bigger ability and larger success—if you are really in earnest.

It lies through the field of specialized business training—that's where the big rewards are paid. That's where you should be.

* * *

Listen a moment to what other men who were in the same position you are today have done.

These are not unusual cases—similar reports come over our desks every day in the year.

For instance, W. A. Day wanted more money but he didn't wish to change employers—he made up his mind to get more money *right where he was*. That meant he must make himself worth more money to his employer, and that, in turn, meant training. LaSalle training was the answer—in two years, his salary increased 73.3%.

Mr. Paul F. Bourscheidt was Assistant Actuary of the Peoria Life Insurance Company. Eleven months after enrolling with LaSalle, he was promoted and his salary increased 30 per cent. Since then he has been made Assistant Secretary and Office Manager of this great company, and today he is being entrusted with larger and larger responsibilities.

These are men who grew without seeking new employment. On the other hand, you may want to be in business for yourself.

In that case, consider W. R. MacNeal and J. H. Bryson.

Mr. Bryson was a young grocery clerk at \$40 a month. Today he is president of the Bryson Novelty Manufacturing Company,



of Fayetteville, Tenn., doing a nationwide business. Mr. MacNeal was a mature, successful executive, vice-president of an old established company. Today, he is owner, president and general manager of Knadler & Lucas of Louisville, Ky.

If you believe that your future success lies in a new field or with a different employer—

Read the experiences of C. J. Farris, of Tennessee, U. S. McIntyre of Alabama, and Zura E. Bells of California.

Mr. Farris, at 45, was a Credit Manager at a small salary—now he is a Certified Public Accountant and head of a highly successful accounting firm. Mr. McIntyre was rate clerk for a western railroad—today he is operating a traffic bureau for three southern cities with an income increase of several hundred per cent. Mr. Bells was manager of a music goods store—now he is vice-president and sales manager of a prominent real estate firm and earning several times as much as when he enrolled with LaSalle.

* * *

We could cite hundreds and thousands of similar cases of discontent leading to success through LaSalle training but these should be enough. What you need now is to act.

We have prepared a special, new 64-page book for you. It tells in detail about LaSalle spare time training under the LaSalle Problem Method. It analyzes and discusses your field of business in a very interesting, vital way. It will be valuable to you for that information alone—if, in addition, it leads you to take advantage of LaSalle training, only your future can ever measure its real value to you.

The coupon will bring this book, and another, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," to you quickly and without cost or obligation.

And—in your spare hours at home—at low cost and easy terms—you can turn discontent into success if you are the right man.

Measure the real meaning of your discontent by what you do with this coupon NOW.

LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

Tell us which of the following courses of home-study training interests you most.

Business Management: Managerial, Sales and Department Executive positions.
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Stenography—Stenotypy: Training in selected business colleges in the new machine shorthand.
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Railway Accounting.
Paper Salesman's Training.

NOTE: If you are undecided as to the field which offers you the largest opportunity, write us a brief outline of your business history and education, and we will gladly advise you without obligating you.

— — — Find Yourself Through LaSalle! — — —

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 Dept. 1328-R Chicago

I would welcome full particulars regarding opportunities in

(State subject in which you are interested)

Please send me your book on the training indicated, outline of LaSalle plan, and a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—all entirely free.

Name _____

Present Position _____

Address _____



"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Eight
Number Eight

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Features for January, 1930

Grand Exalted Ruler, Official Circular No. 4	8	How Well Do You Know Your Country's Monuments? A pictorial questionnaire by Charles Phelps Cushing	32
"Pilot's Aboard, Sir," an article by Boyden Sparkes	10	Editorial	34
Illustrations by Enos B. Comstock		Memorial Sunday at Elks National Home	36
Magic Roads to Sunshine, book reviews by Claire Wallace Flynn	14	Elks National Foundation Bulletin	37
Decoration by Bob Dean		The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits	38
Behind the Footlights	15	A Candidate for Grand Lodge Office	38
Picture Framed, a story by Octavus Roy Cohen	18	1930 Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City	39
Illustrations by H. Weston Taylor		Bulletin No. 1	
Famous "First Nights," an article by Jack O'Donnell	22	Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Order	40
With photographs		News of the State Associations	49
The Gloyne Murder—Part II, a mystery novel by Carl Clausen	26	Looking Ahead, an article by Paul Tomlinson	68
Illustrations by G. Patrick Nelson			
The Man Who Ran Away From His Shadow, a short short story by Tom Curry	31		
Illustration by Douglas Ryan			

Cover Design by Alan Foster

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER
OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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Joseph T. Fanning,
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John Chapman Hilder
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Charles S. Hart
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"I GAMBLED 2¢ and WON \$35,840 in 2 YEARS"

*A Story for Men and Women
who are dissatisfied with themselves*

THIS is the story of a gamble—a 2c risk—which paid me a profit of \$35,840 in two years. I am not, and never was, a gambler by nature; in all probability I never would have taken the chance if more money was involved. So even if you, too, are against gambling, you will feel like risking two cents after you've read my story.

Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But this sort of luck I had everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

Almost any \$40-a-week wage earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two years ago, I too, was in the \$40-a-week rut. My earnings were \$2,080 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money—a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be on a par with people I then looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatterbrained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

THE end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising costs of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of \$20,000 a year. That's exactly \$17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of



\$35,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do. When I am old I will not be a mill-stone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I LOOK forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the will to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a \$5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a \$100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused the change in my circumstances? How did I, a \$40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word—Pelmanism. I gambled 2c on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old \$40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to concentrate—how to observe keenly. Initiative, resourcefulness, organizing abi-

lity, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared. Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten, there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2c as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism, called "Scientific Mind Training." Reading that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the Course because of the Institute's guarantee. All I gambled was 2c and I am \$36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

THE Pelman Institute will be glad to send a copy of "Scientific Mind Training" to any interested individual. This book is free. It explains Pelmanism. It tells what it does to the mind.

It tells what Pelmanism has meant to others. For over 25 years Pelmanism has been helping people to happiness. Over 750,000 others have studied this remarkable science. Among those who have praised it are such great world figures as Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Harry Lauder, T. P. O'Connor, Major Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, H. R. H. Prince Charles of Sweden, and many others. Your whole life may be altered as a result of reading "Scientific Mind Training." Send the coupon. You have nothing to lose. If Pelmanism does not help you it costs you nothing. There is no obligation in mailing the coupon. No salesman will call on you. Decide for yourself what to do after you read the free book about Pelmanism. Mail the coupon NOW.

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THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and forwarded to the

Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications.

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.

This "Crazy Scheme" Made Me Independent

Learn the secret of my success. Be a Real Estate Specialist. Start at home in spare time. Use my successful system. Free Book shows how.

"IT'S a crazy scheme," said some of the old-time real estate men. But with this "crazy scheme" I made a net profit of \$100,000 in less than five years—enough to make me independent for life.

So, no matter where you live, or what you are now doing, or what your sex or present age may be, if you want to learn all about my "crazy scheme"—if you want to do as I did—if you want to make big money—right at home—in your spare time—mail coupon at once for a free copy of my beautiful, new, illustrated book, which contains the biggest and best money-making business opportunity you ever heard of.

Use My Money-Making Method

When I started in real estate, I turned my back on all the ancient, threadbare, moss-covered methods of the past, and used a simple, scientific system of my own which is as far superior to the old-time methods as the radio is superior to the old-style music box.

With little education—no real estate experience, no money, no pull, I started a new kind of real estate business which met with overwhelming success.

If you want to follow the trail I blazed—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—write for my free book now. It tells how I won success, how



A well-known cartoonist's conception of my idea

I have helped other men and women succeed, how you, too, can succeed, how you can have a high-class business of your own and make more money than you ever made before in your whole life.

A Remarkable Business

The real estate business—run my way—is a wonderful business. It is as permanent as Mother Earth itself. And it is constantly increasing as our great country grows. It does not require years of study like most other trades, businesses or professions. And it pays big profits to ambitious men and women. Users of my methods report earnings of \$1,000, \$2,000, \$5,000—and more—on single deals; as much as the ordinary man or woman gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are always for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start with little or no capital—right at home—in your

spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

What Others Say

Read the following record of results achieved by a few users of my remarkable system.

Anthony C. Maurell, New Jersey (former barber), reports earnings of more than \$4,133 his first three months in my kind of a real estate business. Mrs. Kate Luke (65-year-old widow) says she has averaged \$200 a week for the past 6 months. W. E. Shoop, Pennsylvania (former weaver), earned \$6,000 in one deal. A. D. Perkins, Connecticut (former woodworker), reports earnings of \$1,252 in one month. J. W. Randolph, North Carolina (former grocery clerk), reports 3 sales in 2 weeks that paid him \$510. W. B. Campbell, Kansas (former druggist), made real estate sales amounting to \$22,875 in one day.

These are a few samples of the successes you will learn about in my free book. Get it. Read it. Follow its instructions. Make big money my way.

Send For Free Book

My free book, "How to become a Real Estate Specialist," is filled with astounding facts about my kind of a real estate business. It tells what I have done—what others are doing—what you can do in this big field of opportunity.

Mail coupon at once and get all of this valuable, money-making information free. For although this book costs you nothing, it may be worth more to you—in actual dollars and cents—than any other book you have read. So, mail coupon now and learn all about the "crazy scheme" that made me independent for life. Address President, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. AA-33, 205 East 42 Street, New York.

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San Antonio, No. 216

UTAH
Salt Lake City, No. 85

WASHINGTON
Aberdeen, No. 593
Bellingham, No. 194
Bremerton, No. 1181
Centralia, No. 1083
Hoquiam, No. 1082
Olympia, No. 186
Seattle, No. 92
Walla Walla, No. 287
Wenatchee, No. 1186

WEST VIRGINIA
Grafton, No. 308

WISCONSIN
Eau Claire, No. 402
Kenosha, No. 750
Milwaukee, No. 46

Louisville, Ky., No. 8

Traveling Elks

Will find splendid accommodations, hospitality, friendliness and reasonable rates in the Elks Clubs listed here.

MAKE THEM YOUR HEADQUARTERS
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Brainerd, No. 615
Little Falls, No. 770
Minneapolis, No. 44
St. Cloud, No. 516

MONTANA
Butte, No. 240
Missoula, No. 383

MISSOURI
Joplin, No. 501

NEBRASKA
Omaha, No. 39

NEVADA
Elko, No. 1472

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Concord, No. 1210
Rochester, No. 1391

NEW JERSEY
Bergenfield, No. 1477
Bridgeport, No. 733

Hempstead, No. 1485
Kingston, No. 550
New Rochelle, No. 756
New York, No. 1
Norwich, No. 1222
Patchogue, No. 1323
Port Chester, No. 863
Poughkeepsie, No. 275
Queens Borough
(Elmhurst) No. 878
Rochester, No. 24
Staten Island, No. 841
Troy, No. 141

NORTH CAROLINA
Winston, No. 449

NORTH DAKOTA
Devils Lake, No. 1216

OHIO
East Liverpool, No. 258
Salem, No. 305

Honolulu, H. I., No. 616

Kenosha, Wis., No. 750



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



"If You've Anything to Say Speak Up!"—Barked the President **-and I Answered with a Speech that Pushed Me Ahead 10 Years!**

THE little knot of men around the conference table sat silent as the President's voice rasped to the end of what he was saying.

"It's a bad mess, men, and that's all there is to it," he said. "Now I want some ideas from you fellows. Wellington," he turned to me suddenly, "Have you anything to say? If so, speak up!" His words came like a flash of lightning. I was in for it now! No

time to dodge; no chance to pass the buck to someone else. Almost before I knew it I was on my feet. As I rose I heard some one at the end of the table whisper:

"This is going to be a joke! Poor Wellington'll about die on his feet, trying to talk at this meeting."

"I know it," was the whispered reply. "He's so timid he can't say two coherent sentences. He'll only make a show of himself, and waste valuable time."

I knew they were impatient and scornful—expecting to see me make a chump of myself. Then I grinned to myself, waiting to see their expressions.

It was a treat to watch their faces change with my first words. From bored annoyance their expressions turned to amazement—then to the tensest interest. In clear, concise terms, without a halt or hitch, I told them just where I knew the trouble lay, where the waste of time and money came in, and how everything could be remedied. For the few minutes it took to tell the whole story I had that group of executives hanging onto my words—spellbound. There was not a sound from any of them until I had finished—then a regular chorus of admiring words broke forth from every man there: "That's the idea, all right!" "The very thing I thought

and didn't know how to say!" "Great stuff, Wellington!"

At the end of it all: "Well, that settles that," said the President. "You certainly know what you're talking about, Wellington. But while I think of it, young man, I'd like an explanation from you. Why haven't you spoken out like this before? Why have you always acted around here as though you were afraid of your own voice. You can certainly talk well enough when you want to! What brought about the change?"

I laughed. "It was just a case of stage-fright that got cured," I admitted. And then I told them how a certain wonderful little free booklet had shown me how to change almost overnight from an embarrassed, retiring "human clam" into the self-assured man who had addressed the conference. "That book did a wonderful thing for you," commented the President. "Anyway, Wellington, I want you to take charge of the work of straightening out that ware-

house tangle. There ought to be a lot in it for you," he added significantly.

That was something over one year ago. Today I sit in a private office marked "Traffic Manager" on the door—next in line for the General Manager's position. I can hardly believe it, yet I know it's true, and I know that I owe it to that wonderful little booklet that explained to me the secrets of dominating, powerful speech. As far as promotion, salary and increased influence are concerned, that little speech pushed me ahead at least ten years.

More than that, I am now a popular after-dinner speaker—widely sought-after at civic and political meetings, and a constantly-in-

vited guest at social functions. The secrets of effective speech, which that little booklet told me about, and which I mastered in my own home in only twenty minutes a day, did the work.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker, an easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer embarrassment and stage-fright. One of America's leading specialists in effective speech can aid you to rise to positions of greater prestige and wider influence. This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that by spending twenty minutes a day in the privacy of your own home you cannot fail to make rapid progress.

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative little booklet called *How To Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage-fright, self-consciousness, timidity and bashfulness. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—which can win for you advancement in salary and position, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy FREE by sending the coupon NOW.



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How to talk before your club or lodge
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How to propose and respond to toasts
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write better letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation

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

Official Circular Number Four

526-9 Healey Building,
 Atlanta, Ga.,
 January 1, 1930

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

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

The Old Year, 1929, with all its multifarious problems, sentiments, projects, joys, sorrows, successes, failures, and accomplishments, is now relegated to the records of history.

Let us all hopefully and joyously acclaim the New Year!

As Grand Exalted Ruler, in the true spirit of Elkdom, I extend to all our Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodge officers, and committeemen, and to all brother Elks and their families, my heartiest and most cordial greetings, as well as my very best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year for them all.

Let us all begin the New Year with renewed hope, zeal and determination to put forth the very best and most constructive efforts of which we are capable.

The fiscal portion of my year of administration will close on March 31st, 1930.

I urge every Lodge and every Brother Elk to enter *right now* into the *hardest* and *most loyal efforts* of *his life* for the upbuilding of his Lodge and for the good of the Order.

Elkdom is founded on eternal principles and virtues, is free from all intolerance and bigotry, and is organized and equipped to lead in fraternal, social, charitable and community efforts to accomplish good.

I suggest that every Subordinate Lodge begin at once the preparation and organization of a class of new members, to be known as the "*New Year Loyalty Class.*"

Constitutional Amendment

The vote on the Amendment of Section 17 of Article III of the Constitution, approved at the Sixty-fifth Session of the Grand Lodge, was submitted to all Subordinate Lodges for adoption or rejection, and the vote upon the Amendment, as tabulated on December the third, 1929, shows the Amendment to have been overwhelmingly adopted.

Therefore, I hereby declare that said Amendment, having received a majority of the votes cast by the Subordinate Lodges, has been adopted and is promulgated by me as part of the Constitution of the Order as follows:

Section 17 of Article III of the Constitution amended to read as follows:

Section 17. Subordinate Lodges may be instituted in any city or village in the United States of America, or its possessions, that has within its corporate limits 5,000 or more white inhabitants, according to the last National, State, or Municipal census; provided, however, that in cases dependent upon a Municipal census the verity of such census shall be established to the satisfaction of the Grand Exalted Ruler; and provided also that the Grand Exalted Ruler may, where in his opinion special circumstances warrant such action, grant a dispensation for the institution of a Subordinate Lodge in any city or village in the United States of America, or its possessions, with a population of less than 5,000 white inhabitants; and in such cases he shall set forth in the official order granting such dispensation the special reasons for his action.

Applications for Membership

Applications for membership received by a Subordinate Lodge from persons residing within its jurisdiction for a period of less than five years prior to the date of such application, shall, in accordance

with provisions of Section 148 Grand Lodge Statutes be referred to the Lodge in whose jurisdiction the applicant resided, prior to taking up his residence in your community.

The provisions of Section 148 Grand Lodge Statutes are vital and obligatory, and in no sense optional.

Many Exalted Rulers have ignored certain provisions of the above Statute, which fact has led to several controversies between Subordinate Lodges. It should not be necessary for me to bring this matter to the attention of your Lodge, but I do so in order that proper consideration may be given to the requirements of Section 148.

Commercialism

It is alarming to know that a number of members of the Order are violating Sections 183 and 213 of the Statutes by circularizing, without the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and commercializing their membership for financial gain. There is satisfaction, however, in the knowledge that in most cases these violations have been made through ignorance of the law. In every case, which has come to my attention, no time has been lost in issuing orders to the offenders, directing them to immediately cease their activities and to withdraw all circulars sent out by them.

Too much credit can not be given to the officers of Subordinate Lodges, as well as to many members of the Order, for their prompt action in bringing such violations to my attention in the interest and protection of our membership.

Every violation of this section may subject the violator to charges.

When the facts show that a member of the Order has violated the provisions of Section 183 and of Section 213, and done so with full knowledge, I shall proceed against him to the fullest—COMMERCIALISM IN THE ORDER MUST CEASE.

Nominations

At the first regular session in the month of February, nominations for office, to be filed at the annual election in Subordinate Lodges, may be made.

I urge every Subordinate Lodge to nominate men of standing in the community, possessed of the ability, the courage, and the willingness to devote their time and efforts in the interest of our great American Fraternity.

We must have interested, ambitious, zealous and determined officers in charge of our Subordinate Lodges, or we will slip backward.

Dispensations

The Grand Exalted Ruler is the only officer of the Grand Lodge who has authority to grant a dispensation to a Subordinate Lodge to omit a regular session in the month of February.

Lapsation

I urge every member of your Lodge to give his full co-operation to the Lapsation Committee in order that every member now in arrears may, without delay, be reinstated.

If every brother will lend his assistance, I know you will report a paid up, as well as a substantial increase in membership of your Lodge at the close of this Subordinate Lodge year—I ask your full co-operation.

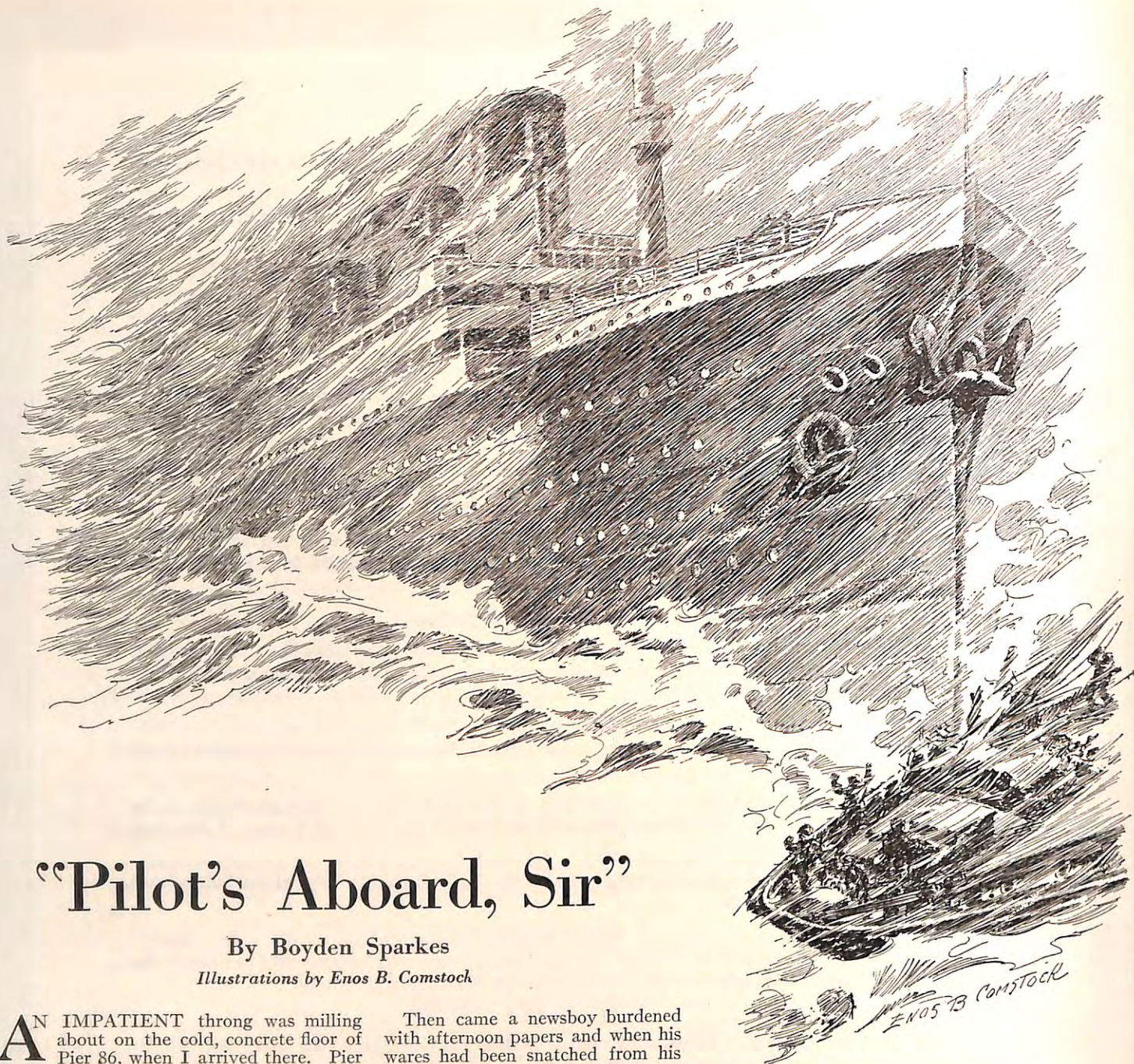
Announcements

I announce the appointment of Brother Arthur C. Labbe, of Augusta Lodge, Number 964, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Maine, East to succeed Brother Mills D. Barber, of Bangor Lodge, Number 244. Also the appointment of Brother Robert S. Macfarlane, of Seattle Lodge, Number 92, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Washington, Northwest, to succeed Brother Dave Beck, who, on account of the pressure of his personal business affairs, resigned.

I call upon every Elk to do his full duty, upon behalf of his Lodge and our beloved Order.

Cordially and fraternally,

Walter P. Andrews.
Grand Exalted Ruler.



"Pilot's Aboard, Sir"

By Boyden Sparkes

Illustrations by Enos B. Comstock

AN IMPATIENT throng was milling about on the cold, concrete floor of Pier 86, when I arrived there. Pier 86 projects into the Hudson River at the end of West 46th Street, New York City. A regiment might be drilled under that grimy roof and, indeed, on this occasion a regiment might have been recruited from the host of Americans who were there waiting to greet friends and kinsfolk arriving from Europe. Most of them stood outside the picket fence which forms a corral designed to hold debarking passengers until they have satisfied the customs officers.

Everyone on the pier had supposed that the *Leviathan* would have been tied up alongside the pier at ten o'clock in the morning. Now it was noon and the crowd, somehow, had tidings that it would be mid-afternoon before we should see the big ship and try, each of us, to discern a familiar face in the fringe of faces that would stretch along her deck rails. I heard complaints uttered by peevish voices. You might have supposed that the gigantic vessel was being detained deliberately for no better purpose than to annoy this gathering. Line officials had spoken of an unfavorable tide but smart aleck landmen had retorted rudely to that explanation.

"Tide?" echoed one of these. "That sounds like applesauce."

Then came a newsboy burdened with afternoon papers and when his wares had been snatched from his hands we read:

"Because of a strong tide in the Hudson River the *Leviathan*, flagship of the United States Lines, can not tie up to-day before 3:30 or 4 o'clock.

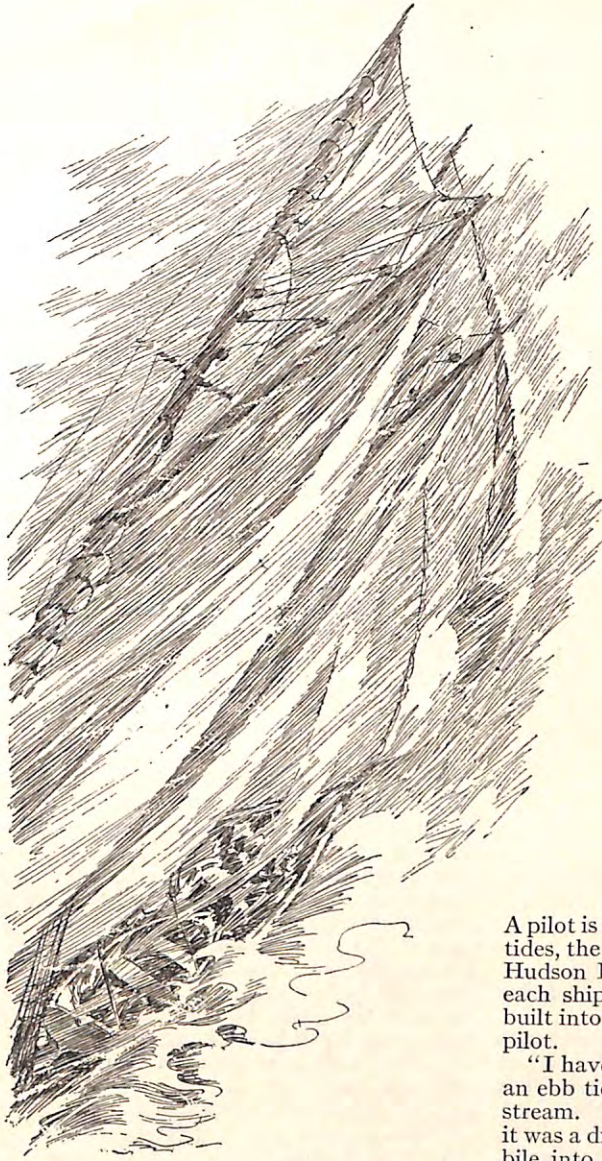
"Adverse winds and heavy head seas for two days during the crossing slowed the *Leviathan* down so that she will miss the favorable morning tide. Docking the *Leviathan* and boats of her size in the Hudson River always has been a problem. Several months ago the *Leviathan* arrived in the early evening and because of the lateness of the hour it was decided to dock her, although the tide was not considered any too favorable. She made her way up the river, but not even the powerful engines, with the assistance of a dozen tugboats, could get her nose into the slip. Finally Captain Cunningham, and the pilot, abandoned the attempt. Until early the next day the *Leviathan* lay against Piers 84 and 86, waiting for a stage of the tide that would assist her into her berth."

Certainly there was no "applesauce" about that, and, after all, this was not a street-car for which we were waiting but, next to the *Majestic*, the greatest single, floating mechanism in the world. At 3:30

P. M., she appeared through the haze and presently, a thing of shining black and white, was prodded by tugs and her own propellers into the quiet water beside the pier. On her bridge were half a dozen officers in gold-braided uniforms and one who was buttoned to his chin in a great ulster and wore on his head a soft felt hat. This one seemed to be of equal importance with the captain. He was the pilot. It was he who had been making decisions concerning this great vessel's progress during the last twenty-five miles of her voyage from Europe.

WHO are these pilots? Who commissions them? What are their duties? What special knowledge have they which compels the finest ships, and the shabbiest, to lay to outside all the important harbors of the world until one of their kind has come aboard from some peanut-shell of a rowboat? In pre-radio days these would have been foolish questions. In that time every voyager awaited the coming of the pilot as impatiently as did the ship's captain. The pilot brought news of the world from which these people had been cut off during their

To Avoid Adventure Is the Harbor Pilot's Business— To Meet It Is Often His Lot



days at sea. To-day the wireless relays gossip, market reports, obituaries and other scraps of information; but the pilot's real importance has not dwindled even though the fashionable travelers on the sea have ceased to watch for his coming with their old-time enthusiasm. Sea-weary passengers used to enliven his arrival by making bets with one another concerning which foot he would first place on the deck after his dizzy climb up the ladder hanging from the deck to the water.

"Right foot!" some would implore.

"Put your left foot down first, Pilot," another would call out.

Sometimes to oblige an old acquaintance, grinning down at him from the rail, a genial pilot would shift his steps as he climbed, and later, as a reward, carry ashore a snug, bottle-shaped package. To-day this is changed. Most big ships have a port in their sides far down near the water-line. The pilot enters there and a ship's officer escorts him to an elevator which hoists him six, seven or eight stories (decks, that is) to the bridge.

What he does when he reaches that post of command is, for most people, as much a mystery now as it ever was. In order to find out I asked some of those who are best informed on the subject. I asked pilots.

One of the younger men among the full branch pilots had two engagements on a recent occasion when I talked with him. One was to play bridge with his wife and some neighbors at their Long Island home

and the other was to go aboard the *S.S. Paris* at midnight to pilot her out of New York harbor. I wondered aloud how he could keep his mind on a bridge game when such important duty was next in sequence.

"I wish," he said, "that I might play bridge with the same conviction and peace of mind with which I shall be able to guide the big ship on the first stage of her journey."

"You make it sound easy."

"It is easy," he said, "when you know how, but I was a long time learning and very little that I learned came out of books."

A pilot is a specialist in local knowledge. The tides, the wind, the channels, the character of Hudson River traffic, the responsiveness of each ship to the machinery that has been built into her, all these things are tools of the pilot.

"I have brought the *Paris* up the river on an ebb tide when the wind was blowing upstream. Perhaps you can remember when it was a dreadful chore to drive your automobile into your backyard garage, when you feared that you might not be able to stop before you hit the back wall of the small shelter. Eh?"

I confessed that I could remember such a time.

"WELL," he resumed, "fancy what it would be like to stand on the bridge of the *Paris*, or of the *Majestic*, or the *Berengaria*, or the *Leviathan* and realize that within your skull you must find the right commands that would bring such a vast mechanism into her berth against a New York dock. You can't shut off the engine then, put your foot on the brake, and invite some superior intelligence to take your place at the wheel. You are on the bridge. Behind you is the quartermaster standing at the wheel. When he turns that wheel, ever so slightly, power like that which might be distilled out of a thousand horses is exerted on a ponderous thing at the stern. The stern is as far from you as you could drive a golf ball with a mid-iron. The thing at the stern is the rudder. It is a great black wall of steel. It is the tail of this monstrous fish, a tail with which the monster can be steered left or right. What shall you

say to that man at the wheel? You must speak quickly before the tide throws all that precious bulk with disastrous force against the dock. Millions of dollars worth of property,

thousands of lives, men, women, children, pampered creatures and poor ones; all this is in your care.

"WHAT is the tide? You look at your watch. It is ten o'clock in the morning. On this particular day of the year at that precise moment you know that water is rushing into the sea with more force and volume than can easily be estimated in understandable terms. A three-story house could be dropped into that torrent at your back and it would sink from sight. The torrent is the Hudson River, wider than a mile. The tool you are wielding now is a power that reaches from you to the moon. The attractive power of the moon is drawing at the earth as if it were a poultice. Only the water may respond. It withdraws from the shore and the water of rivers rushes swiftly to overtake it. That is what is pressing like giant hands against the side of your ship lying in the manner of a dam across the stream. It is a dam that extends down to within a few feet of the river bottom. A sensitive person can feel that pressure against the steel fabric of the hull; an understanding one can identify it as the tide. But there is another force contending with the tide.

"The wind sweeping upstream is blowing the surface of the river into a froth. The froth is unimportant except for what it betrays to the eye of a mariner. Flags at the mastheads and at the stern are standing stiffly in that wind. The current of air is palpable. Its pressure can be felt against one's body. What must it be against the acres of black shipside?

"From the deck of the bridge to the water line of the ship is equivalent in height to six or seven stories of an ordinary building. It was wind which blew Columbus and his flotilla across the ocean to the new world. What is this powerful wind doing to the ship you are trying to dock? How can you balance the struggling forces of wind and tide? What shall you say to the officer standing by the telegraph which will relay your command from the bridge down into the ship farther than a man might fall and live? Down there are the engines astride those twin shafts which extend hundreds of feet back to the screws. The blades of the propeller screws can, if you say the word, thresh that water about the stern into a foam and drive the ship ahead faster than the law allows an automobile to go. Shall you order full speed ahead? Shall you order half speed? Will saying it wreck the ship against the cobbled street that is crowded with taxicabs, limousines and trucks awaiting the passengers and cargo?

"There is no brake on a ship. You can reverse the engines, but will that merely stop the progress of the vessel or will it swing her out into the tide and crash her





against a sister ship? Imagine the awful newspaper headlines!

"These are not the normal thoughts of a pilot. When one of us is convinced that we have even so little depth of water under the keel of the ship we are piloting as you could get in your bathtub, we work with an instinctive assurance like that of an experienced automobile driver. What I have tried to show you is that ten years is not too long a time to learn the things that a pilot must know."

"When I took my examination for my eighteen-foot ticket, I think I was given the hardest problem of my career. The five commissioners had two old pilots to assist them in taking soundings in my brain. I sat at a long table in their chamber. This adjoins the shore rendezvous of the Pilots Association, a suite of rooms in a bleak building that has foundations in the river at Whitehall Terminal, close to the Battery."

"Now then," said one of the pilots, addressing me. "Get aboard (in your mind) a square rigger off Fire Island. Have you done that?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"You have a fair wind and a light breeze, but as you come in the wind increases."

"With each imaginary change I had to give the commands as I would have given them if that square rigger had been a real ship instead of a phantom of the examination. They told me the wind was drawing to the northward and finally ahead. I solemnly gave my orders to shorten sail and they, just as solemnly, kept on raising a mental wind and other difficulties until at last I was forced to drop a hypothetical anchor in the lower bay. They had imagined a set of conditions under which it was impossible to proceed."

"When I finally dropped that anchor they gave me my first ticket."

Although the Federal Government has reserved control of the navigable waters of the United States, individual states have been permitted by Congress to enact laws which govern the operations of pilots. Several times in the nation's history, though, there are recorded instances of efforts by shipping interests to persuade Congress to make laws providing for Federal control. However, since 1789, when the first laws were made by some of the states, down to the present the pilots have been responsible only to some body within the state in which they have operated. In the port of New York this controlling organization is called the Pilot Commission. It is a board of five men, three of which are named by the Chamber of Commerce and two by the Marine Underwriters. The members of this commission examine and weigh the qualifications of all applicants for pilot licenses in New York.

SOMETIMES those apprentices have been preparing themselves for twelve years for the responsible tasks they wish to assume; it is rare that anyone receives his ticket until he has served eight years of apprenticeship. Before the aspirants may become pilots they must learn to be sailors and they learn in a sternly disciplined school, serving the boats of that company of pilots which they wish to join.

The first two years of an apprenticeship are commonly passed pulling a fourteen-foot oar in the yawl which carries the pilots to and from their station boat, and ships leaving and entering the harbor. After he has hardened his muscles at that job for a couple of years the apprentice is promoted—to another oar in the same yawl. Eventually, if he proves himself to be an apt scholar and an agreeable personality, the apprentice

is made boat-keeper aboard one of the two yachts which cruise about twenty-five miles out from the Battery and are the sea bases of the pilots. Then, when a pilot dies or retires from active service, the apprentice gets his chance.

"You called it an eighteen-foot ticket," I reminded the pilot with whom I was talking. "Does that mean—"

"Everyone asks that," he said, without impatience. "That first ticket gives a pilot authority to serve any ship floating no more than eighteen feet deep in the water. If a pilot meets all of his problems in his first year without giving cause for complaints he is given a 24-foot ticket; the year afterward he is advanced to 28-feet; then comes 32 feet. After two years in that class, if his record is still free from the blemish of an accident he becomes a full branch pilot. These are the aristocrats of our profession. They may pilot a ship of any draught or kind. So, you see, our apprenticeship may last twelve years and then our probationary period lasts for five years, a total of perhaps seventeen years from the time we enter our school until we are admitted to the charmed circle of our elders."

"But do you not have adventures?"

THEN the pilot spoke earnestly. "Listen," he began, "when you are entrusted with a ship costing ten or fifteen millions of dollars, which may include as one small part of its cargo \$5,000,000 in gold bars, to say nothing of humanity numerically sufficient to populate a small town, the last thing in the world you want is an adventure. If you want stories of adventure come out and talk to one of the retired pilots. They have had plenty of them. One I know has been shipwrecked, he has walked across Africa, sailed all over the globe, but at seventy-eight he can recall more hair-raising experiences on the New York pilot grounds than I like to contemplate."

That was how I heard about the blizzard of 1888. I went not long afterwards to call on Capt. George Seeth at his comfortable home in Hollis, Long Island, where he lives surrounded by persons for most of whom an adventure is something fictitious that is commonly found embalmed between the covers of a book. His house sits amid other comfortable houses in a prosperous suburb. It is steam-heated; it contains a radio, an electric ice box, and other mechanical marvels, and it is only a few blocks from a moving-picture theatre. After sitting with Mr. Seeth during the time it took to consume a couple of cigars, I wondered how he could ever find entertainment watching the staged adventures of motion-picture heroes. Adventure was his business until he retired nearly ten years ago. We began with the blizzard. His shoulders are broad, his hands big and his voice deep.

"I had been staying home," he said, "because the doctor had told me if I went to sea again I might not see my wife when I returned. Already in the association we had more widows than pilots. Ten men had been lost in one of our boats. Some were lost every year. It worried her. Still, I had to make a living."

"It was Thursday when I left home, telling her as I said goodbye that she should not worry. When I got to the waterfront—South Street—the others were beginning to arrive for the trip down to Stapleton, where our pilot boat was waiting for us. Because of ice in the river it was thought best not to bring her up stream any farther. We were to go down in a yawl."

"We waited and waited but our boat-keeper did not come. At last some other

boat megaphoned to us the news that he had been arrested after a fight in South Street. There were a lot of tough fellows along the waterfront forty years ago. Well, he had all our sea clothes so it was the next day before we started down the river. That was a Friday.

"Eight of us were in the yawl. People wonder why a small boat turns over so easily. It is because so much weight is above the gunnels. Just our feet and legs in the bottom; our heaviest parts above the seats. We were almost at the side of our schooner anchored at Stapleton when the yawl struck a cake of ice. It turned over like I flip my hand—so.

"I was the first to come to the surface and shouted for the crew to come on deck and throw us lines. It was lucky we were so near because it was the only boat in the bay. Well, we had one extra pilot along, Jack Heines, a comical fellow who weighed near 300 pounds. In sea boots and oilskins he was not buoyant. He was staying afloat but he could not scramble aboard as the rest of us did. Finally the crew put over the tackle with which we usually launched our yawl. So, big Jack was hoisted aboard dripping icy salt water. We had hot tea and whiskey—just a little—and then we went to sea.

"**S**ATURDAY was like a summer day. We put pilots aboard several ships that showed by flags that they wanted pilots. Then, on Sunday night it started to rain and presently the rain turned to snow. We were cruising off the upper end of Long Island. Just before the storm started we had put John Shooks aboard a Nova Scotia bark ship, but after that we decided to lay to off Fire Island; between there and Shinnecock Light. Monday we could not see the length of the boat so thick was the weather. Aye, that storm raised old Harry up and down the coast. Lots of boats were lost.

"Our ship, with the tiller lashed, laid over like a lame duck. You couldn't do anything with her and it was impossible for anyone to stay on deck. We sat below and hoped for the best. Hoping, though, seemed a foolish pastime in

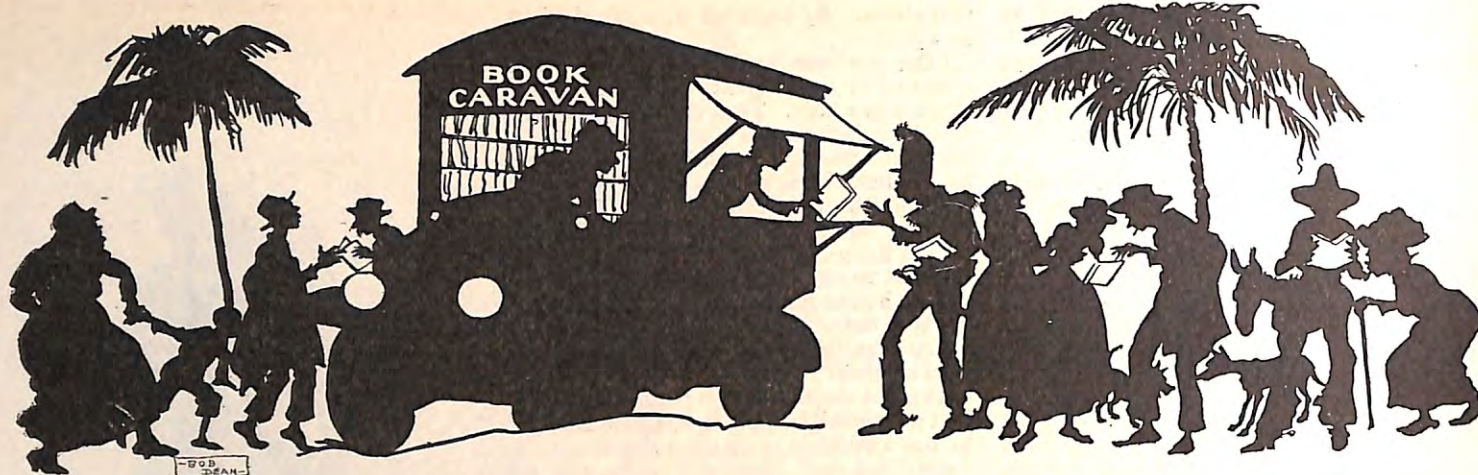
that storm. By night we were surprised to be still alive.

"Our yawl was frozen to the deck beneath a mound of ice so great as to destroy any likeness to a boat. Then through the blackness I distinguished a blue flare. It was a tramp steamer, wanting a pilot. I wouldn't answer her. How could we send off a pilot without a boat to send him in? Old Harry Weaver, though, he would not let them go by and lighted a flare. The steamer laid by all night to await our pleasure, and grumbling we had to go on deck and begin to chop the boat out of the ice, tons of it.

"At five in the morning we threw the yawl overboard (the frozen tackle would not work), but she was still so freighted with ice that she turned turtle. It was calm now but we had a problem in deciding how to get our water-filled small boat back on the deck for another try at launching. Our schooner was riding low in the water because of the weight of ice that touched her everywhere like the hand of death. So, we hauled the water-filled yawl around until it was lying off our bow and every man aboard grasped the stiffened line with which it had been kept from drifting away. As the schooner dipped her bow we were standing knee deep in water and that was when we gave a great heave. In that manner our yawl was brought aboard once more, sliding on deck along with tons of sea water.

"We had breakfast then, and as we gulped quarts of hot tea we heard a big steamer. It was the *Fulda*, Captain Sanders in command. We hailed him and received a reply. That time we succeeded in launching our boat with Pilot Howard Murphy in it. We never did
(Continued on page 54)





Magic Roads to Sunshine

We Reach the Far Corners of the World Through This Group of Lively and Tempting Travel Books

By Claire Wallace Flynn

THERE are times when the higher vagabondage seems the only desirable existence for intelligent man.

There are times when all else seems folly; and January regularly develops into one of these. Why all this hard grind?—this staying prisoner to duties and business?—this dull compliance to life within the stupid and innumerable walls that we build up around us? Why not, we ask ourselves, pack up our troubles in our old kit bag and make a dash for those places on the far horizon that so long have beckoned, and have whispered tantalizing promises of relaxation and adventure?

Why not?

This is the season when the windows and the posters and the booklets of the travel bureaus draw us to them as by magnet; and we rebel, suddenly, at all our bonds.

Other people seem to be able to break away, and see the world. Actually, to this very moment, there are people that we know who are off on the long trek to Egypt, to Tahiti, to Persia, to the Riviera, or to some land of heart's desire nearer home!

The thing can be done. And the perfectly gorgeous thing about it is that it can be done in two ways.

The first, or actual "flesh and blood" method, demands a good deal: leisure, money, tickets, luggage and those other appurtenances known as what-not.

The second, or the jolly "figure to yourself" system, permits a man, paradoxically, to stay at home, yet roam the world. It calls for no elaborate paraphernalia save a deep chair, a reading lamp, and some well-chosen books gleaned from the travel shelf.

Knowing well ourself this mid-winter wanderlust, we have visé, so to speak, a selection of rare vagabonding volumes and present them to you in brief as sure and thrilling passports to the long white roads that run up hill and down, beside the lapis lazuli seas or through the jungle-cities of the East.

We had a great time reading these books—they brought hours when we as surely lost ourself in, say, the terraced hills of Java, as though we had been physically there; hours when winter vanished and the sunlight of Spain fell around us, telling us that if we simply turned our face toward the south

we could feel the hot breath of Africa upon it; that if we listened we could almost hear the beat of African drums—so near is the Dark Continent to King Alphonso's country. Quickly, we turned the next page, and immediately took boat from Algeiras to Casablanca in Morocco, "and in two hours and a half—at the cost of a little over a dollar"—we were in Africa!

So the question simply comes down to this. Why stay at home? There is the whole wide world open to us, one way or another. And to this reader at least, good travel books are as good a way as real globe-trotting—almost!

KIPLING, somewhere, has said: "There is a certain want of taste, an almost actual indecency, in seeing the sun rise on the earth." But we think he was speaking particularly of dawn in the Indian hills—"a raw and cruel light," and not of any such dawns as Mr. John C. Van Dyke writes about in his fine book, "In Java" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), which were red skies reflected in mirror-like seas, or white clouds unfolding against the very "palest of blue skies."

Strange, isn't it, that after all that has been written about the South Seas and the East Indies, all the adventures and descriptions of Frederick O'Brien and his school, all the transcriptions of South Sea dramas that have found their way onto the motion-picture screen, there is still such magic in the very name of that romantic part of the globe that our hands reach out, enthusiastically, for any book that will again lead us there?

Mr. Van Dyke, professor of art at Rutgers College and lecturer at Harvard, Princeton and Columbia, becomes the best possible companion for a voyage from Australia, through the green-gold Celebes, the Moluccas, to Borneo and Bali and, finally, to Java.

He does not confine himself to the visual aspects of the lands, fascinating and beautiful as he knows them to be, but digs deep into the native life of the various islands and gazes thoughtfully upon the results of the

European administration of justice and peace.

The Dutch in Java, Mr. Van Dyke discovers, are gentlemen, splendidly equipped to govern a prosperous colony with their generous, thorough, far-sighted and equable methods. The result is, that in this distant spice island, Chinese temples, Arab bazaars, Javanese thatched huts in bamboo groves, flourish side by side with the prim white suburban villas of the Dutch. The "native" is protected in his "land holdings, helped in his agriculture, and heard in legislative . . . proceedings."

Indeed, Mr. Van Dyke concludes that both the United States and England, in the matter of colonies, could learn much from the gentlemen from Amsterdam.

This book, full of wise and delightful observation and glowing descriptions, is a joy to read. It has a sweep and an enthusiasm that are infectious.

JUMPING nimbly from the East Indies to Yucatan and Mexico, we take up, with a sense of coming adventure, Phillips Russell's "Red Tiger" (Brentano's, New York).

The book derived its name from a primitive carving to be found in the Yucatan Museum, of the Chac Mool or red tiger, symbol of the Tiger God of the Mayas.

Mr. Russell, contemplating this piece of stone carving, marveled at its excellence, remembering that at the time of its creation the artist very probably had no metal tools but only a deft knowledge of how to rub stones together. But he got results.

The author's concern is, however, not mainly with those things which would beguile the archeologist—such as the cons-old Temple of The Warriors, but with nice human incidents . . . his hunting in the mountains, his experiences on a veritable Robinson Crusoe isle, and his arrest by a "celador" for having taken photographs without "permiso."

When they arrested him there was no jail to pop him into, nature having made any such provision unnecessary. The little town held him as securely as though it was Sing Sing, for the only escape lay through the surrounding jungle and swamp, or by

(Continued on page 61)



Helen Broderick and William Gaxton

FLORENCE VANDAMM

COMEDY and swiftness of pace are the strong points of "Fifty Million Frenchmen" billed as "a musical comedy tour of Paris." William Gaxton, as the spendthrift young millionaire in Paris, temporarily signs over all his money to his friends on a bet that he can win his own sustenance and the girl of his choice within a given

time without the glamour of his wealth. He hits on the device of becoming a tourist guide, and his efforts to show the unshockable Miss Broderick the sights of the town contribute liberally to the fun. The cast is generally first rate, the setting and chorus handsome and the songs supplied by Cole Porter pleasantly tuneful—E. R. B.

PHOTOS BY
VANDAMM

The prolific Messrs. Rodgers and Hart have written music and lyrics for another spritely and successful musical comedy entitled "Heads Up." The story concerns the plot of some scheming bootleggers to use the yacht of the socially prominent Mrs. Trumbell for their nefarious work, and the counter plots of a handsome young coast guard officer who is in love with Mrs. Trumbell's daughter. But there's lots of fun by the way, especially in the galley of the "Silver Lady," where Victor Moore at his best may be seen (left) demonstrating to Betty Starbuck some of his personally invented labor-saving devices



The violently colorful period of the French Revolution was chosen by the famous Romain Rolland for a series of plays for the French Peoples' Theatre. "The Game of Love and Death," produced here by the Theatre Guild, is one of this series. They have given it a beautiful setting and fine players. Above are pictured Frank Conroy and Claude Rains, both of whom acquit themselves nobly in a play intensely interesting, not only because of its individual tragic drama, but because of the authentic feel of the very spirit and color of the times that Mr. Rolland has managed to infuse into his play



The most beguiling thing about the "Street Singer" is the presence of Queenie Smith (left). Her witchery and charm have full play in the character of a Paris gamin converted into a perfect lady by a rich American. Guy Robertson lends a good voice to the role of fairy godfather, and the whole proceeding is cast in the style and tempo of good comic opera rather than musical comedy. Andrew Tombes, the English comic, does good work and there are some amazing dance interludes by Nick Long, Jr.

In "Broken Dishes," a comedy by Martin Flavin, Donald Meek (right) is spouse to a domineering lady who all their married life has brandished over his head the virtues and accomplishments of a somewhat legendary suitor she might have married. His two eldest daughters are sour old maids because their mother wouldn't let them "throw themselves away." But one evening when he is left alone with his youngest girl (Bette Davis, right) to do the supper dishes she incites him to revolt and once turned he becomes a most spirited worm. A homely comedy, entertaining and perfectly played by Mr. Meek

If you want to see a hilariously amusing exposition of what one energetic jury woman, endowed with wit and ingenuity, can do with a "hung" jury you must devote an evening to "Ladies of the Jury" by Fred Ballard. From the moment the renowned Mrs. Fiske makes her first impressive entrance in the courtroom attended by her maid you will not have a dull moment. The play veers widely from tragi-comedy to broad farce, but is continuously diverting



Captions by
Esther R. Bien

If you have a taste for the gruesome and bizarre in the theatre you will enjoy "Rope's End," a thriller by Patrick Hamilton. This melodrama is unusually ingenious in conception, extraordinarily well sustained in the suspense, and finely acted. Two brilliant but abnormal collegians conceive and execute a brutal crime purely for the sake of its mental excitement. To further enhance the thrill they give a party for the relatives and friends of their victim. One of the young criminals, Sebastian Shaw, is pictured at the left trembling on the brink of further crime to prevent detection through the erratic genius of his friend, a rôle in which Ernest Milton gives an outstanding performance



PHOTO BY
VANDAMM





Opus Randall was pitched violently out of a canoe and banged with a rubber paddle

A Man May Be a Shrimp, But Not Necessarily a Poor Fish

Picture Framed

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

MALIGNANT SMITH was large, black, ambitious, and dumb. But—dumb as he was—he knew that he coveted a job with Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., as he had never wanted anything else in his whole life.

He had known of Midnight for years, because even in the little Alabama town of Habersham there was a colored picture house which had featured these scintillant two-reel comedies by and of negroes. Since the advent of the talkies, Midnight comedies no longer played the colored house at Habersham, because that edifice was not wired for sound projection; but Malignant's huge form could be discerned occasionally loafing in front of the Palace, Habersham's foremost white theater, where the two-reel talkies were creating a mild sensation.

And now the mountain had indeed come to Mahomet. Malignant had long entertained ambitions to visit Birmingham and try his luck with Midnight, but somehow had never gotten around to it. He was always too busy doing nothing. Therefore, he thrilled when news was brought to him that one entire Midnight production unit was encamped on the shores of Mustard Creek, a lazy little stream which meandered happily through a pretty stretch of woodland about eight miles from the town of Habersham.

Malignant immediately declared a holiday for himself. Instead of going to work—which he never did anyhow—he donned his best suit and tramped eight weary miles along a chert road to the spot where Midnight was on location. And what he saw filled him with enthusiasm and wonder.

Midnight was busy—very busy indeed. This particular unit was under the command of Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz, who was assisted by his pulchritudinous wife, Glorious; Opus Randall, star; Author Forcep Swain; Sound Mixer Callous Deech; and an electrical crew under the command of Julian Fever.

At the moment of Malignant's unheralded arrival the company was rehearsing a boating scene. Near the stream was parked the location truck with its compact and efficient generator, batteries, recording machine and microphone and camera hookups. There

was an air of confusion which was somehow orderly, although the dapper little director seemed somewhat appalled by the technical difficulties in his path.

Malignant watched the rehearsals and the shooting of a scene wherein Opus Randall was pitched violently out of a canoe and banged consistently on the head with a rubber oar. Then lunch was called and the culinary department announced that fresh barbecue and Brunswick stew was being served under the trees.

Mr. Smith detached himself from his post of vantage and moved into the grove. He was enormously impressed that so insignificant a creature as Eddie Fizz could be in command of an outfit like this. Malignant reflected upon the vagaries of Fate and Circumstance. Here he was, six feet two inches tall and possessing better than two hundred pounds of bone and muscle . . . and he was about to ask a favor of a shrimp like Mr. Fizz. Ordinarily, Malignant was accustomed to taking what he wanted by sheer power of muscle, yet it struck him that it would probably be lacking in tact for him to address Eddie Fizz thusly: "Say—if you don't gimme a job Ise gwine frail you over the haid." He did debate the idea for a few seconds before discarding it, and then waited patiently until a gorged sigh from Mr. Fizz informed the world that the little director had consumed ample lunch.

Feeling that this was a strategic moment, Malignant advanced to the attack.

"Is you the bossman heah?"

Mr. Fizz, a kindly person, gazed up at the dark, human mountain which accosted him.

"Tha's the one thing I ain't nothin' else but."

"I—I reckoned so when I seen you tellin' ev'ybody else what to do. An' also I could guess it fun that noble look you got."

Eddie flushed with pardonable pride.

"My name is Mistuh Fizz," said he. "I is the director in charge of this production."

"An' me—my name is Malignant Smith." Eddie extended his hand.

"Ise much obliged to meet you, Mistuh Smith. Do you live down thisaway?"

"Uh-huh. In Habersham." A wistful look came into his eyes. "I walked all the way out heah to see you folks make pitchers."

"Tha's nice of you, Mistuh Smith. You is puffedekly welcome. An' if there's anything us can do you for—"

"There is, Mistuh Fizz; there shuah is."

"What?"

"I tell you—" Malignant spoke with passionate eagerness. "Always I has craved to git me a job with you folks, an' when I heard you was located down heah fo' some pitchers, right away I made up my mind to go to work fo' you. An' heah I is."

Eddie politely concealed a smile.

"I see—What sort of work did you aim to do, Mistuh Smith?"

"I dunno."

"Is you an actor?"

"Golly, no. I never acted a lick."

"Is you a 'lectrician? Or a carpenter, or something?"

"Nossuh. I ain't none of them things."

"Well, what can you do?"

THE eyes of Mr. Smith alighted on the green and gold location truck which had cost Midnight twenty thousand dollars and which marked the ultimate step in modern talkie advancement.

"I could drive that truck, Mistuh Fizz. Ev'y once in a while I drive truck fo' the Habersham Coal an' Ice Comp'ny."

Eddie shook his head.

"Ise sorry, Malignant, but already we got a truck driver."

"Who he?"

"Vinnie Napp." Mr. Fizz pointed to a diminutive figure which leaned against the truck munching a barbecue sandwich.

"Tha's him yonder."

"That li'l light-brown feller?"

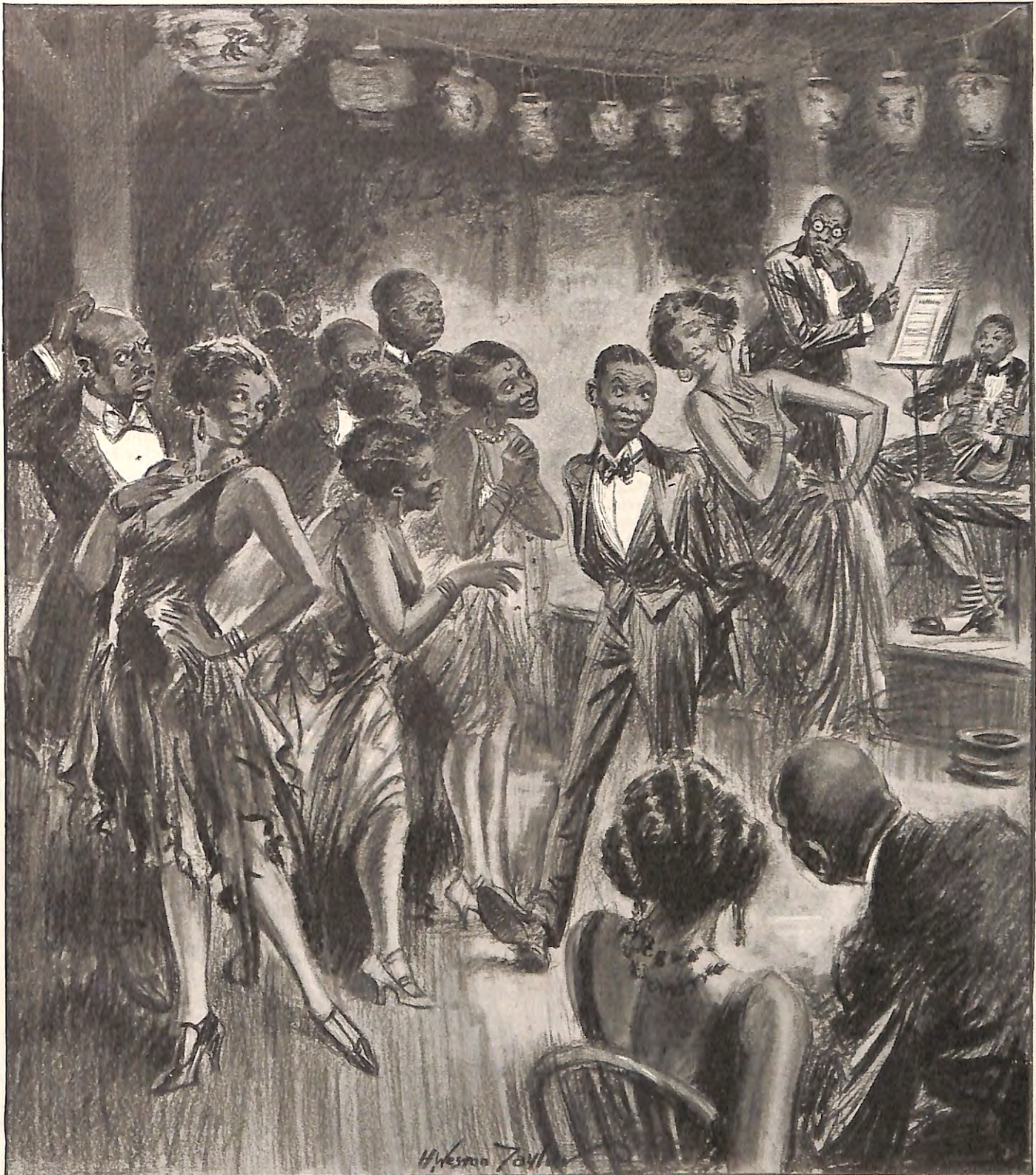
"Uh-huh!"

"He's yo' truck driver?"

"He ain't nothin' else."

"Why shuh, Mistuh Fizz—Ise twice as big as him an' ten times as strong."

"Yeh, I know. But Vinnie is a good driver an' there ain't hardly no reason why us should fire him out of a job, is there?"



"No . . . not less'n you was awful keen to git me."

"We is," said Eddie tactfully. "But I don't hardly think it would be fair to Vinnie. Satisfaction is the most thing he has give us, an' we don't crave to do him no dirt."

"An'—an' you ain't got no other job fo' me?"

"Nary job. Ise sorry."

"Mistuh Fizz, where you stop off bein' sorry . . . tha's just where I begin at. Ise plumb mis'able."

Eddie clambered to his feet. "You come to Bumminham some time an' talk with President Latimer. Maybe so he can find a place fo' you. But just now there ain't nothin' we can do."

A pained expression settled on Malignant's face.

Gals! and such gals! Black girls and brown; girls who were demure and girls who were provocative. And yet—of the scores who made open bid for his favor—there was only one who held his eye

"You could gimme a job couldn't you?"
"Yeh—if there was one to give. But there ain't."

"I mean: if you did, the company would let me keep it, wouldn't they?"

"Sho'ly. But Ise awful busy now, Mistuh Smith—an' there honest ain't no job fo' you. So if you don't mind Ise gwine excuse you fum further conversation between us two."

Malignant nodded gloomily and ambled away. His large feet carried him to the vicinity of the little truck driver who was

regretfully completing another large sandwich.

Vinnie Napp was not an imposing person. He was about five feet four inches in height and had the complexion of very weak iodine. His clothes were shabby and his manner indifferent, as though he didn't even appreciate his gorgeous job.

For several seconds Malignant stood looking down at the little man who apparently stood between him and the only Midnight job he was competent to fill. It occurred to Malignant that he wasn't at all fond of Vinnie. And what made it worse was that the more he saw Vinnie doing nothing the more convinced he became that this was precisely the sort of job he could fill to perfection.

Vinnie felt a baleful stare upon him. He

looked up into the somewhat insulting visage of Malignant Smith and blinked. As a matter of fact, the shy and modest Vinnie experienced a faint misgiving.

"See anything?" he demanded with a show of courage.

"Just a hunk of tripe."

"Meanin' who?"

"You!" growled Malignant, "an' what is you gwine do about it?"

Mr. Napp closed his eyes for a moment.

"Who?"

"You."

"Do about what?"

"Bein' a piece of tripe."

"Gosh," murmured Vinnie with disarming candor—"I reckon a feller cain't hep it if he's a piece of tripe, can he?"

Malignant made a gesture of annoyance,

"Cain't you even take an insult?"

"Nope," said Vinnie promptly. "I cain't."

"How come not?"

"CAUSE long ago I learned that ev'ry time I'd git my dandruff up at somebody, I always would wind up in a hospital. So now does anybody have a good time callin' me out of my name, I wishes him plenty of good breff to th'ow after bad."

"You ain't got no courage."

"Big Boy! you sho'ly spoke troof that time."

"An' you wouldn't fight, would you?"

"I ain't no fighter. Ise a truck driver."

"Yeh . . . an' I bet I is a better one than you is."

"I bet so, too. Vinnie was refusing steadfastly to become unduly annoyed.

"An' Ise a good mechanic," boasted Malignant.

"I could just look at you an' see that."

Malignant's manner altered. "Ain't you got no need fo' a good mechanic, Mistuh Napp? I'd sho' like to work with you."

Vinnie shook his head. "I ain't got nothin' to do with that."

"But you could use a mechanic, couldn't you?"

"I ain't sayin' I couldn't."

"An' you ain't said you could. Now I ask you: Could you could or could you couldn't?"

"I don't know nothin' 'bout nothin', Large Feller. All I know is that I has got a swell job which I crave to keep. An' I ain't gittin' suggestive that the comp'ny gives me no 'sistant fo' fear they'll go out an' hire somebody fo' my job which ain't got such highfalutin' ideas. An' now, I got to git to work. We is takin' some shots down the crick an' they got to have the truck there."

"Fo' what?"

"Cause our batteries an' interlock is on board," explained Vinnie, gleefully airing his technical knowledge. "An' less'n I is there they cain't git their stuff in synchrony."

Malignant staggered. "Gosh! do you have to do all that?"

"Uh-huh," returned the little man complacently. "With Midnight ev'ybody has got to be an expert."

"I—I bet I could learn easy."

"Maybe you could learn," admitted Vinnie. "But it ain't easy fo' nobody."

A raucous command from Callous Deech, the sound engineer, caused Vinnie to

leap into the driver's seat of his truck. The starter hummed, the motor thrummed, and Vinnie guided it carefully through the pine trees toward the water's edge where the electrical staff took charge and commenced hanging cylindrical microphones to low-hanging boughs of trees.

Malignant stood forlornly beside a bush and gazed at the tense activity. It was all so new and bewildering that his ambition surged afresh and he declared to himself that some day—by hook or by crook—he would become a Midnight employee. Just now he was considerably appalled by technicalities and his chief ambition of the moment was to become an auto mechanic. But suddenly the town of Habersham had become very tiny and Malignant found himself yearning for the fleshpots of Birmingham and one of the fabulous salaries which he had heard Midnight paid its employees.

Others had drifted out from the sleepy little Alabama town to watch the negro company in action. Two of these were young colored farmers in overalls who were particularly interested in the sound truck. One of them conveyed some interesting information to Vinnie Napp.

"Whyn't you come to Habersham to-night, Mistuh?"

Vinnie was slightly superior.

"How come I should?"

"We's got a big dance there. All the swell cullud folks is gwine be present an' they sho' would be proud to entertain somebody fum the comp'ny."

"Says you?" Vinnie considered the matter. His impulse was to arrange with someone else from the company to go with him, but he discarded that thought instantly. If a Midnight member was to come in for some social acclaim he preferred to be that one, and it was a cinch that anybody else who might accompany him would dim his own lustre. Besides—

"Reckon I cain't come nohow," he said regretfully.

"Why not?"

"Ise busy."

"At night?"

"Uh-huh. All night long I got to keep my

"Nossuh. Cross my heart I didn't. Honest, Mistuh Smith,—I never would have puck yo' gal to dance"



motor runnin' so my batt'ries will stay charged."

"Golla."

"But anyway where this here dance hall is at?"

"Right on the main road, two mile befo' you git to Habersham. It's about six mile fum heah."

"I'll remember," promised Mr. Napp. "But also I ain't gwine be there. I got to be careful who I dissociate with."

Yet, when the day's work was finished, and the company had dined well at the little cabin which had been converted into a mess hall, Vinnie again bethought himself of the invitation.

Bright moonlight filtered through the branches of spreading oaks, casting a shadow lace over the ground. Somewhere a phonograph was playing a melancholy ballad and two or three would-be singers were harmonizing. Through the open door of a two-room cabin Vinnie could see a hectic bridge game in progress between four of the more important members of the company and in another hut a poker game was getting under way.

Mournfully Vinnie drove off into the woods. There was one feature of this location business which was not so popular with him. Because batteries must be kept charged in order that there might be sufficient current for the next day's shooting, Vinnie was compelled to keep his motor running all night. And the first night on location the company had protested loudly against the incessant thrumming of the six cylinders, with the result that Vinnie had been banished to a distant spot.

BEING alone in the woods made no appeal to him, even though—a quarter-mile away—he could see the lights of the movie camp. The motor kept him awake, too. Yet he was afraid to leave his truck lest some vandal should tamper with the motor.

To-night he found his sleeping spot, a miserable little shanty sufficiently far from the camp to save the actors' slumbers from disturbance. Mr. Napp hooked up his generator, slipped to the ground, lighted a cigarette, and stared unhappily into the gloom.

In the camp, poker and bridge and music. Six miles away, at Habersham, a swell colored dance. And here he was, miserably alone.

The more he reflected upon that dance, the more irresistible became its appeal. He envisioned himself appearing at the hall and announcing himself as an important member of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. He knew he would receive the warmest kind of a welcome, for he had been in the game long enough to understand that there was scarcely a colored man, woman or child in the South who did not aspire to establish a connection with Midnight. Besides, they regarded Midnight employees as persons above themselves—and in all Vinnie's life he had never been looked up to.

Nine o'clock. Nothing to do, and ten hours in which to do it. Six miles away jazzy music and pretty gals. And it struck him then that his motor was running anyway. Gasoline was being used . . . why shouldn't that gas serve the purpose of conveying him to the dance on the outskirts of Habersham and of later bringing him back? He smiled. He would see to it that the motor continued



The stunned Mr. Smith saw Vinnie strike a royal attitude. "I an' Malignant heroed all over them bandits an' one by one we sent 'em skally hootin' th'oo the woods"

to run while he tripped the light fantastic hoof and no one . . . in camp would be the wiser. Should they require him during the night—which was extremely unlikely—he could claim to have camped in another and more distant spot where he would be less likely to disturb the temperamental artists who were getting headaches in the effort to memorize lines and cues for the morrow's talking. And as for danger to his truck, Vinnie knew well enough that its body was of steel and that Callous Deech carefully had locked the door so that nobody could tamper with the delicate and elaborate sound mechanism.

Vinnie thought the matter over from every angle, decided that he would not attend the dance—and began changing his shirt. Before he was aware of the fact, he was dressed for a dance. And somehow—without knowing how he got there—he was in the driver's seat of the truck purring quietly along the broad gravel road toward Habersham and happiness. Whatever feeling of guilt may have been in his bosom was momentarily overshadowed by anticipation of pleasure. Mr. Napp was confident that this would be a very large night for one theretofore rather insignificant Birmingham gentleman.

Toe-tickling music and gay lights informed him that he had arrived. The pavillion stood in the midst of a little grove, and Vinnie could see colored couples moving about the crowded dance floor. He whirled grandly in at the gate, parked his car under the trees, left his motor running and climbed down from his seat.

A LARGE, rotund colored individual with a red sash around his mezzanine was bustling forward, ebony face beaming. His eyes were focussed on the side of the truck:

MIDNIGHT PICTURES CORPORATION, INC.
The Best in Colored Talkies.

ORIFICE R. LATIMER, Prest.
Birmingham, Alabama.

This person extended a limp and flabby paw to Vinnie.

"You is fum the Midnight comp'ny?"

"That's the most thing I is," swelled Vinnie.

"Is you the president?"

"Well, no," answered Mr. Napp modestly. "But in some ways I has got a mo' impotant job than him."

"You is an actor?"

"Gosh, no. I wouldn't be such."

"Then what is you?"

"Ise a technicker."

"A which?"

"A technicker. Ever since sound pitchers come in Midnight has needed trained men to do their technicking, an' I is the most feller that does such."

"Gee gosh! Ain't you marvellious! An' may I ask yo' name?"

"My name is Mistuh Vinnie Napp. Why?"

"'Cause, Mistuh Napp, it does us proud to welcome you as our gues' at this Fo'th Annual Dance of the Open Road Hiking an' Barbecue Sassiety of Habersham, Alabama; an' if you will design to come in, I take great pleasure in straducin' you to all the best-lookin'est gals we has got, which their name is lesion."

Vinnie accepted eagerly. He was in the grip of an exaltation which he had never before known. The fat little man hesitated for just a moment.

"Ain't you gwine turn off yo' motor, Mistuh Napp?"

Vinnie shrugged.

"I reckon not."

"But you is wastin' gas."

"Sho'ly. But where did you ever heah of a fust-class movin' pitcher comp'ny that didn't waste somethin'? An' besides, if I leave my motor runnin', it saves me all the trouble of puttin' my foot on the starter when I completes my dancin'."

The Habersham host was impressed. He would have been almost as much impressed if Vinnie had explained that it was necessary

for business reasons to keep the engine running . . . but somehow Mr. Napp's indifference to gasolene consumption seemed actually regal.

The visitor was announced from the rostrum and the merrymakers lined up for introductions. Vinnie was in a daze of rapture. Dark-eyed damsels gazed long and earnestly into his eyes, and declared that he was the most wonderful man they had ever met. No international star on a personal appearance tour could have received more adoring glances than were showered upon the superlatively happy Vinnie.

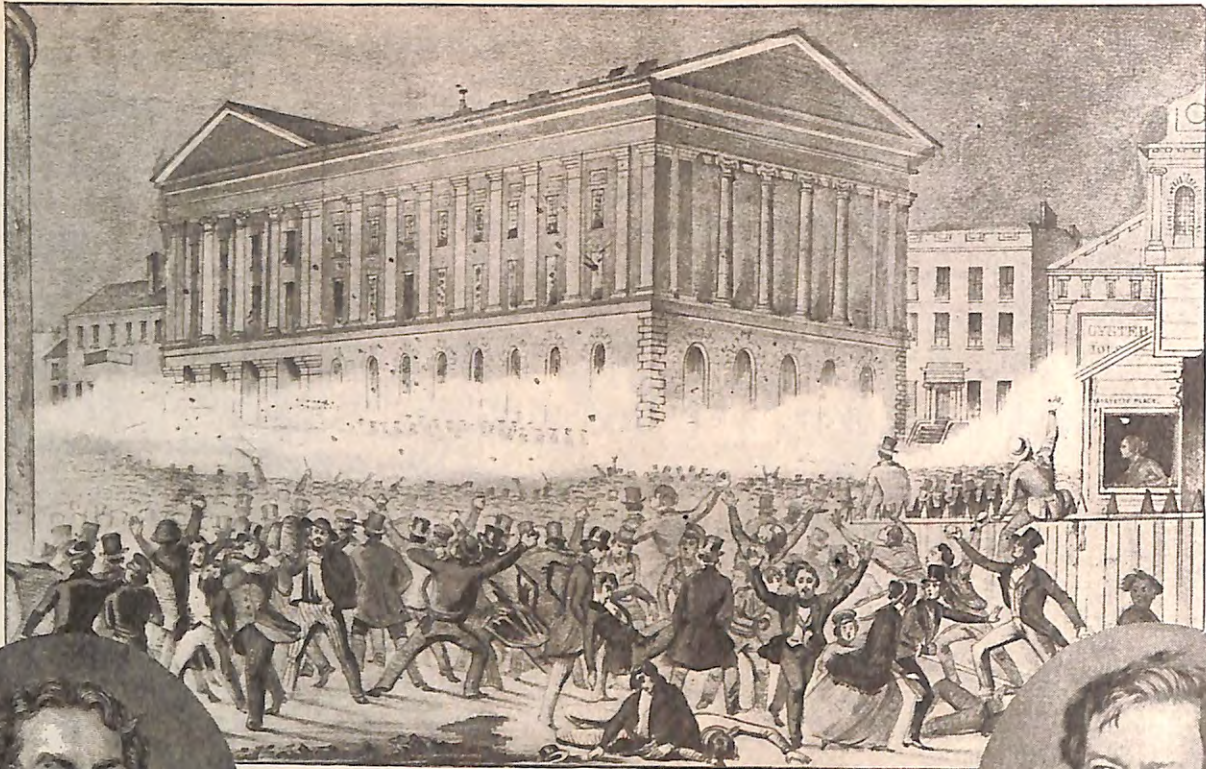
GALS! And such gals! Tall ones and short ones; thin ones and stout ones. Black girls and brown; girls who were demure and girls who were provocative. And yet—of the scores who made open bid for his favor—there was only one who riveted his attention.

There was nothing about Coral Perkins which, to the casual observer, raised her above the other girls in that dance pavillion. True, she was not unpleasing to the eye, and her colorado-claro complexion was soft and velvety. She pressed Vinnie's hand very warmly and suggested that they dance immediately—which invitation he gladly accepted.

There were other girls in the room prettier, but Vinnie knew from the outset that Coral was his favorite, and by the time they had danced three fox-trots they had attained a friendly intimacy which ordinarily comes only after an acquaintanceship of years.

Coral was frankly seeking to please her gentleman friend. In the first place, she liked him; but, what was more important, she was, by his selection, attaining a social preeminence which would last forever.

(Continued on page 50)



The great riot at the Astor Place Opera House on May 10, 1849



W. C. Macready



Edwin Forrest

Famous "First Nights"

By Jack O'Donnell

Photographs and Prints from Culver Service

TICKETS for the opening performance of an elaborate modern revue went on sale at 10 A. M. At 10:02 a pompous little man with a white carnation in his buttonhole bustled up to the box office and asked for "two, not further back than the seventh row."

"Two in the fifth, four from the aisle," said the man behind the wicket. "Fifty-five dollars!"

Without a word the pompous little man counted out \$55, took his tickets and went away, smiling.

Sucker?

No; just one of those inveterate first-nighters who would rather be right down front on an opening night in the theatre than right down in the White House on one of those auspicious March Fourths when a president is inaugurated.

There is a fascination about "first nights" that is easily understood. A first night is pregnant with possibilities. It may be the occasion when a great dramatist, a great actor, or a great producer is uncovered, and it gives the individual an opportunity to exercise his critical judgment independent of the professional critics—to predict whether a play will become a popular success or a dismal flop.

The complexion of first-night audiences has changed a great deal in the last twenty years. The cultured and critical first-night playgoers of two decades ago have been crowded out, more or less by the *nouveau riche*, the semi-celebrity, the sensation-seeker, and that peculiarly constituted individual who craves to be seen wherever celebrities foregather.

Inveterate first-nighters may attend

ninety and nine openings without seeing or hearing anything sensational, memorable or important. But the one-hundredth! Ah, that may be one which will go down in theatrical history as a famous first night—a first night which will thrill the reader of theatrical history fifty or a hundred years hence. The American theatre has witnessed many such openings in the last century and—who knows?—may witness another to-night!

It was "in the days of old, the days of gold, the days of Forty-nine" that New Yorkers witnessed one of the most famous,

and at the same time the most infamous, first nights in theatrical history. It was at the revival of "Macbeth" under the management of William Niblo and J. H. Hackett at the Astor Place Opera House on Astor Place between Broadway and the Bowery, May 10, 1849.

To get the proper perspective upon this famous incident we must go back a few years to the season of 1845-'46 when Edwin Forrest, the American actor, invaded London for the second time. Forrest had won considerable fame in this country and abroad by his dramatic acting, and had been acclaimed by the British public on his first visit to London. He was royally entertained by W. C. Macready and other famous English actors at that time, and it appeared that he was firmly entrenched in theatrical hearts across the sea. But it so happened that when he played *Hamlet* at the Princess Theatre on his second visit, the audience was unimpressed and a storm of hisses broke as the curtain fell on one of his big scenes.

WITHOUT reason or justification, according to writers of that period, Forrest attributed this to Macready. No amount of argument could convince him that the Englishman he considered his rival was not behind the hisses, actually or by proxy.

Shortly after the performance at the Princess, being in Edinburgh, where Macready was acting, Forrest went to the theatre to see the English tragedian as *Hamlet*, stood up in his box and hissed as Macready made an exit.

Out of Forrest's resentment of the wrong he imagined Macready had done him grew



C. J. HAYES & CO.

Maude Adams as "Babbie"

the Astor Place riot, or "massacre" as it is often referred to.

The storm clouds gathered three years later when Macready came to New York for the third time under the management of Niblo and Hackett. When these managers announced that the English actor would, on May 10, play the title role in a revival of *Macbeth*, with Mrs. Coleman Pope the *Lady Macbeth*, a small group of Forrest's friends decided to cause trouble. As the hour for the opening drew near it became evident that there would be serious trouble. The city authorities heard of the impending fracas and prepared to meet it.

On the morning of May 10th the following appeal was posted in various sections of the city:

"Workingmen, shall Americans or English rule in this city? The crew of the British steamer have threatened all Americans who shall dare to express their opinion this night at the ENGLISH AUTOCRATIC Opera House!

"We advocate no violence, but a free expression of opinion to all public men.

"WASHINGTON FOREVER!

"Stand by your Lawful Rights.

AMERICAN COMMITTEE."

Crowds began assembling in the vicinity of the Astor Place Opera House as early as 6:30 P. M., and at seven o'clock there was a tremendous rush to get admittance. At curtain time the theatre was packed from pit to gallery. Police were distributed

result that not a word of the first act could be heard.

Outside the scene was equally exciting. The crowd stormed the entrances, yelling like madmen. They attacked the building ferociously, hurling bricks and stones at windows and doors. Several times messengers were sent to the city hall with appeals for the military, which was stationed there, to come and stop the riot.

It was about ten o'clock when the tramp of cavalry was heard coming up Broadway, and a few minutes later two troops of mounted men of the First Division of the State Militia, and a battalion of the National Guards, turned into Astor Place from Broadway and rode through the crowd to



Fanny Davenport



Emma Eames

the Bowery. They were pelted with stones, bricks and over-ripe vegetables as they forced a lane through the people. A few minutes later the National Guards marched into Astor Place and tried to force their way to the theatre. They were driven back by a fusillade of stones and bricks, and were forced to retire to Broadway. There the officer in charge told the sheriff who was present that his men would abandon the



Emma Calvé

all over the house and the atmosphere was charged with danger.

At the rise of the curtain there was an outburst of hisses, cheers, groans and cat-calls. The police got busy immediately, ejecting from the theater a number of persons causing disturbance.

When Macready entered in the third scene he was greeted with hisses and groans. These came chiefly from the upper part of the house. Macready stood for a moment, hesitating. Then more than three-fourths of the audience, being friendly to the visiting actor, rose and cheered him. The trouble-makers tried to drown out the roar of approval and as a result the tumult lasted ten minutes. Finally, an effort was made to restore order by bringing a board on the stage on which were the words, "The friends of order will remain quiet." This quieted the friends of Macready but the rioters continued their hisses and groans with the



The cymbal dance in "Lalla Rookh," as presented at the Grand Opera House in 1872



LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

Richard Mansfield



Georges Bizet



Clara Morris

streets unless they got orders to fire on the crowd the next time they were attacked.

When this permission was granted the National Guards again advanced, and when attacked fired a volley over the heads of the mob. This having no salutary effect the chief of police then read the Riot Act a number of times. He was hooted down and again the crowd threw stones and bricks at the soldiers. When the order to fire came again it was to fire into the crowd. Two men fell—one dead, one wounded.

FOR a brief space the crowd was shocked and frightened. It retreated a short distance only to renew the attack a few minutes later with renewed and increased anger. The militia fired another volley and again the crowd fell back leaving many dead and wounded on the street.

The crowd inside the theatre could hear the shots and this added to the excitement

of the audience. Many rushed to the streets just as the police and military were taking advantage of the opening left by the retreating mob to move quickly and force a line across the street at both ends of Astor Place, thus preventing any avenue between Broadway and the Bowery.

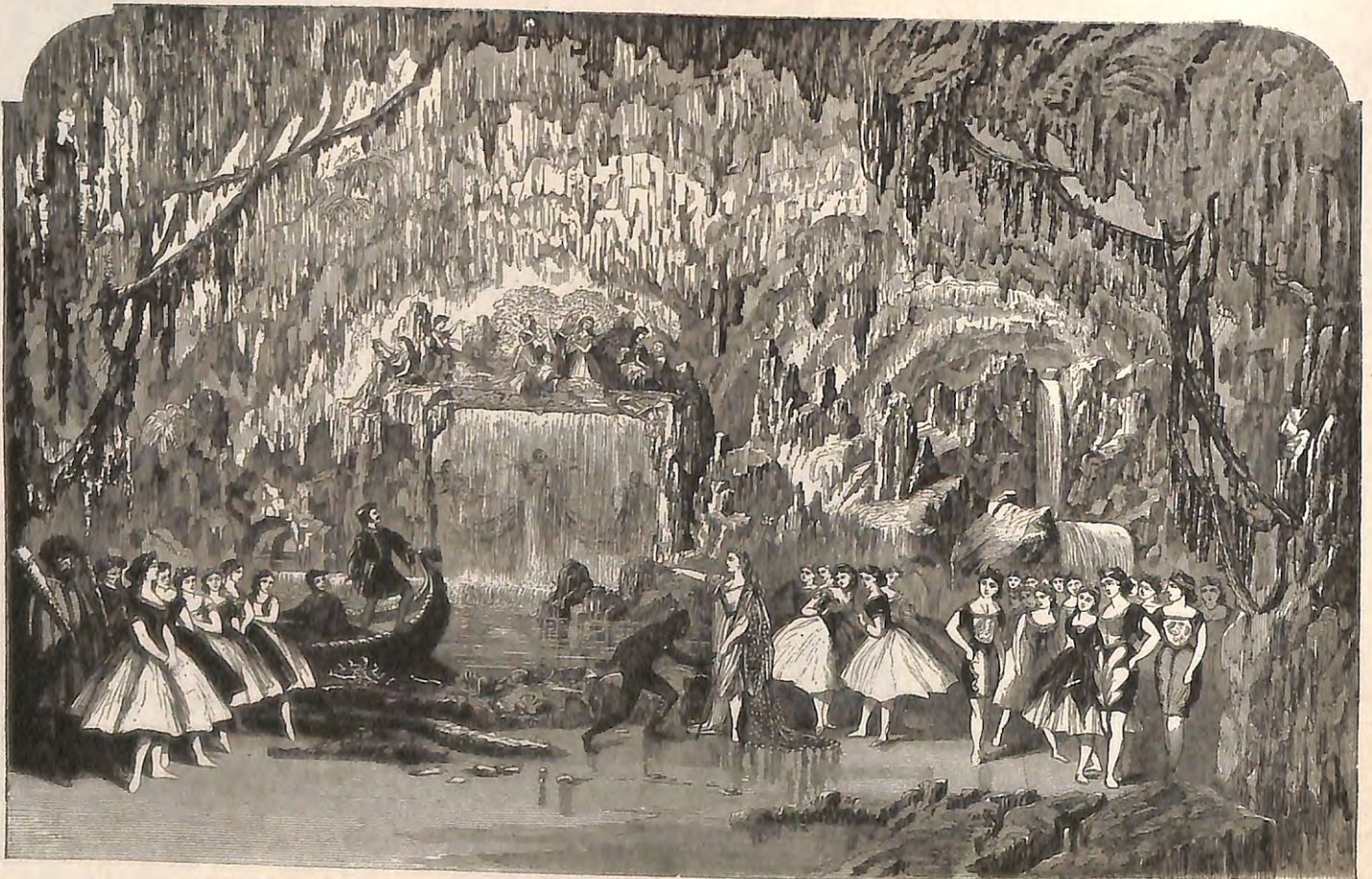
Major General Sanford, commander of the troops, then issued an order for more troops, and two brass field pieces loaded with grape. The cannons soon arrived and were placed in front of the theatre.

The play inside came to an end at one o'clock and an afterpiece was about to be staged when rioting broke out anew. Somebody in the audience cried, "The house is about to be blown up!" Immediately the theater was in an uproar, all getting to their feet. A jurist in the audience stood on his

seat and pleaded for order. Quiet finally was restored but almost immediately somebody yelled, "They're killing men and women in the street!"

That started a break for the exits. Men and women were bruised and trampled in the rush. The crowd outside now numbered close to 25,000. On the pavements, in alley ways and in the side streets lay dead and dying. The police were arresting many of the rioters and the military covered the crowd with their guns.

Fearing that Macready would be lynched if the rioters caught sight of him his friends persuaded the actor to don a disguise and attempt to escape. Aided by one Robert Emmett he made his way out of the theatre through a door opening on Eighth Street and went to Emmett's house in Clinton Place. There he sat up all night and at 4 A. M. was taken in a carriage up Fifth Avenue and to New Rochelle where he



"The Grotto of Stalacta," a scene from "The Black Crook," produced at Niblo's Garden in 1866

had breakfast, after which he boarded a train and went to Boston. He remained in Boston a few months, then sailed to England. It was his last visit to America.

When the rioters were finally driven from the streets and order restored it was found that twenty-one persons had been killed, thirty-three wounded and sixty arrested. It was the bloodiest first night in the history of the American theater, and thereafter Astor Place Opera House was referred to as the Massacre Place Opera House.

SELDOM in the history of the American theatre has an unknown actress taken a New York first-night audience by storm, and left a lasting impression upon the metropolitan stage. This feat was accomplished in no uncertain manner at Augustin Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre one September night back in 1870 by a girl who never before had played before a New York audience—Clara Morris.

In those gay days Daly's had a fashionable clientele and enjoyed the distinction of having two splendid stars among its players—Fanny Davenport and Agnes Ethel. And, strangely enough, it was because of the rivalry that existed between these two actresses that Clara Morris, the "raw Western recruit," got her big chance to play *Anne Sylvester* in "Man and Wife," which Augustin Daly was about to present for the first time on any stage.

Miss Morris had been playing leads in Cleveland and Cincinnati with immense local success, winning the approval of such great actors as Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, but never had been heard of in New York.

When she came under Daly's management, at a salary of \$35 a week, he was making preparations for the production of "Man and Wife," and speculation was rife among members of the company as to which of the two stars would be cast as *Anne Sylvester*—Ethel or Davenport. Daly himself was in a quandary, as both ladies were temperamental and intensely envious of each other.

Miss Morris went to the green room of the theatre the day the cast was to be chosen in a cheap linen dress which was a decided contrast to the silks and velvets worn by her sister thespians. She was coolly greeted—when at all—by the men and women who gathered there that morning, and was greatly disappointed when she was given the part of *Blanche*, a comedy rôle, to rehearse. Disappointed to the verge of tears she went to the little hotel room where she was staying with her mother and her little dog, and wondered if she hadn't been foolish to leave Barney Macauley's company back in Cincinnati.

The next morning she was summoned to Daly's office where she found the great manager visibly agitated.

"Do you think you can play *Anne Sylvester*?" asked Daly.

"I can!" replied Miss Morris.

"Can you obey orders?" asked Daly.

"I always have," said Miss Morris.

"Then," said Daly, "if anybody asks you, tell them you were given this part last night. Understand?"

Miss Morris wouldn't promise to lie, but she intimated that she would be evasive enough to block any attempt to get information from her.

As she left Daly's office Fanny Davenport swept in and a heated session between herself and Daly ensued. Miss Morris heard enough of the argument to convince her that the producer would have a hard time explaining why a "tyro" was given the part instead of Miss Davenport.

Later Miss Morris learned that Miss Ethel

had refused to play the part of *Anne Sylvester* because of the "immorality of Anne," and that Daly did not think Miss Davenport suited for the rôle.

The rehearsals were a nightmare to Miss Morris. Because of the depleted condition of her purse she was unable to purchase the kind of food that she needed; the company was none too friendly and she realized that practically everybody in the cast thought she would be a failure on the opening night.

Out of her none too extensive wardrobe she managed to select a couple of costumes which she believed would be suitable for the part of *Anne*, but at the dress rehearsal she was chagrined to find that her gowns looked cheap and skimpy compared to those worn by other women in the piece.

With a piece of cheese and a few crackers for her dinner she went to the theatre for the opening. She soon forgot her hunger and her physical weakness in the excitement attendant upon the first performance, however, and was in good spirits when the curtain rose. Then for the first and last time in her career she experienced something akin to stage fright. Her first lines were scarcely audible to those in the first row. Taking a grip on herself she spoke the succeeding lines in that beautiful, well-modulated voice which afterwards became so famous in the American theatre.

The effect was almost sensational. Oakey Hall, newly elected mayor of New York, who occupied a box, after hearing *Anne* say in the first scene: "You are rich, a scholar, and a gentleman; are you something else besides all these—are you a coward and a villain, sir?" was heard to say, clearly and distinctly, "Larmes de la voix! larmes de la voix!"

Many of the audience looked up at Hall and a few hissed impatiently. Miss Morris ignored the incident and went on, playing the part of *Anne* with such consummate skill and feeling that at the end of her first scene the applause was so tremendous and so long sustained that Daly, who was on the stage, literally forced her to do the unprecedented—to return to the stage in the middle of a scene and take a bow.

ALBERT PAYSON TER-
HUNE'S animal stories need
no introduction. We, ourselves,
have published some of his most
delightful tales of the famous
Lad and his companions. Mr.
Terhune has just written a dog
story for us called "Seventh Son."
Watch for it in an early issue.

At the end of the first act the entire audience rose as an individual and the house "blossomed with white waving handkerchiefs." Clara Morris was a sensation. She had accomplished what so many other Western actresses had attempted and failed—climbed from the comparative obscurity of stock in the provinces to stardom on the New York stage in one night. She was the first Western actress to be accepted by the hard-boiled, critical first-nighters of the metropolis.

What Clara Morris did in 1870 another actress from out of the West was destined to do in an entirely different stage setting thirty-five years later, for it was in November, 1905, that the elusive, diaphanous, bewitching Maude Adams gave a first-night audience in New York one of its greatest thrills in the rôle of *Peter Pan*.

Miss Adams, then under the management

of the late Charles Frohman, had climbed the theatrical skies to stardom, but her lasting fame rests on the shoulders of the whimsical *Peter*. She has a double claim on this particular rôle, for she not only played it for the first time in America, but she it was who "discovered" it after Frohman had read and practically discarded it.

Frohman was near the peak of his career as a producer. He was looking about for a vehicle suitable for his fragile star and had a play under consideration. One day, however, he handed Miss Adams the script of "Peter Pan" with the comment, "Here is a Barrie play you might be interested in reading. It isn't suited for you, however, and I hardly think it is suited for New York production." He then went ahead making preparations for the other play he had in mind.

A few days later Miss Adams said to him, "Forget everything else. I'm going to do *Peter Pan*."

Frohman, great and wise manager that he was, abided by her decision with some misgivings. But once he agreed he did everything in his power to provide a beautiful production. That he succeeded is a matter of stage history.

On the opening night—November 6, 1905—the Empire Theatre was the Mecca of New York's élite. The audience was perhaps the most sophisticated that ever assembled to see what was believed to be properly a play for children.

FROM the opening scene to the final curtain that audience was enthralled by Barrie's fantasy and Miss Adams's interpretation of *Peter Pan*. So completely did she hold that audience under the spell of her acting, so subtly did she weave them into the web of fancy that when she came down to the footlights and explained that *Tinker Bell*, the invisible fairy, must die unless they—the audience—believed in fairies, from all over the house came cries of: "We do! We do!" It was a remarkable tribute to a remarkable actress in a remarkable play.

Back in the '80s when New Yorkers took their theatre almost as seriously as they took their religion; when the actor, not the play, was the thing, Richard Mansfield trod the path to fame and glory on the tottering legs of that senile, lecherous old roué, *Baron Chevalier*, at the Union Square Theatre, then under the management of the genial and scholarly A. M. Palmer.

When Palmer decided to present "A Parisian Romance," adapted by A. R. Cazauban from the French of Octave Feuillet, he could see but one actor in the part of Chevalier—J. H. Stoddart, one of the most accomplished and popular New York artists. Accordingly Stoddart was given the part, but after a week's rehearsal decided he could not play it as it should be played. He went to Palmer and told him how he felt about it, and requested that the Baron be played by somebody else. Palmer laughed at Stoddart's fears, however, and told him to go ahead and that all would be well before long. Stoddart worried and fretted about the part for several days and finally his wife, seeing the agony he was going through, advised him to definitely refuse to play it. In so doing, Stoddart suggested that the character be turned over to young Mansfield, who had expressed to him a keen desire to play it in case Stoddart did not.

As "A Parisian Romance" was considered a one-part piece Palmer hesitated about intrusting it to Mansfield, who was then considered a minor actor, but urged by Stoddart he finally agreed to that arrangement.

(Continued on page 58)

The Gloyne Murder

By Carl Clausen

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

Part II

MR. RUFUS HARNER was all that Dr. Slade had intimated. No one but a personage would have dared to wear the wonderful vivid cravat he sported. He permitted himself to be ushered in with the manner of a person who expects himself to be announced, and I felt sure that he was deeply disappointed at the absence in our flat of a butler with a clarion voice. Like all pompous little men he was anything but impressive except as to raiment. His gray-striped trousers encased a pair of short, stubby legs that showed a decided inclination to arch below the knees, and the carefully tailored cut-away hid not at all a very rotund stomach. A fringe of sparse hair of no particular shade encircled a bald dome that glowed a faint, salmon-pink in the waning evening light.

He seemed at an utter loss in disposing of his derby and stick in the absence of a servant, so I came to the rescue and carried them into the bedroom, at which he gave me a slightly grateful look that said as plain as anything, "You'll get a good tip for that, m'girl!" then sat down in the chair pulled out for him by Paul, crossed his legs, folded his small pudgy hands over his little kewpie stomach, and by these actions made it known that he was ready to grant us an audience.

McLaughlin blinked at him from under his bushy eyebrows. The District Attorney was an old hand and a cool one, but Mr. Rufus Harner's aplomb seemed to worry him.

"You realize, of course, why we've asked you to step down here, Mr. Harner," he said for apparently no other reason than that he could think of nothing else to say.

Mr. Harner inclined his head gravely.

"Quite," said he.

"Knowing that you were one of the last persons to see Miss Gloyne alive, I thought you might be able to give us some information," McLaughlin ventured cautiously.

Mr. Harner took a slightly firmer grip upon his rotund stomach.

"Information?" he repeated, "—I? About her death, you mean?" His tone conveyed a nice blending of incredulity and reproach.

"Well, er, yes," McLaughlin admitted, striving hard to eject a note of regret from between his tightly clamped teeth. He evidently decided upon a devious route to get what he was after.

"How long had you known Miss Gloyne, Mr. Harner?" he asked.

"How long? Well—now let me see." He pursed his lips into an O of which an oracle might have been proud. "About two years, I'd say. A charming, estimable lady, if I may be permitted to state."

"What were your relations with her?" McLaughlin queried.

"My relations?" Mr. Harner's almost invisible eyebrows hitched themselves into

two faint interrogation points, but the District Attorney's face was a perfect Caledonian blank. "Oh, I see. You mean my business relations?" When this brought no affirmative, he added:

"Miss Gloyne was considering building a small cottage upon a plot of ground near Stony Brook, Long Island, which she had acquired last year." He paused with a slight deprecatory smile. "Building small cottages is somewhat out of the line of Harner & Slee, but one cannot ignore the personal element altogether in business, so I had agreed, somewhat reluctantly, I must confess, to handle this little job for her."

"I see. A matter of friendship?"

"Precisely! Mrs. Harner was very fond of Miss Gloyne." Mr. Harner's rubicund face was not exactly wreathed in smiles, but he seemed very pleased

at having been understood so perfectly.

"Your call on her last night was to discuss this matter?" McLaughlin asked.

"It was. I had brought along a sketch of the plan which one of our draughtsmen had prepared for her approval." His pudgy right hand moved tentatively to the inside pocket of the cutaway. "I believe I still have it here," he added happily, but when the District Attorney evinced no interest in the sketch, his hand fell away lamely.

"Tell me, Mr. Harner," McLaughlin asked, "did Miss Gloyne have any enemies?"

The contractor appeared to give the matter his most careful consideration.

"Your question is somewhat ambiguous, sir. None of us go through life without making an enemy or two."

"Do you know of any?" McLaughlin demanded specifically.

"Who? Me? No! No, I didn't."

The District Attorney's frown of annoyance was deepening. Mr. Harner's way of repeating part of every question put to him was getting on McLaughlin's nerves.

"You can think of no one who might have wished her death?" he asked.

"No."

"When you called upon her last night did she seem to be in her usual spirits?"

"I'm afraid I'm unable to tell you," the contractor replied.



McLaughlin's gray eyes narrowed slightly at the other's persistent evasiveness.

"Your statement a moment ago of friendship with the dead woman implied that you knew her well enough to have noted anything unusual in her manner," he reminded the contractor.

Mr. Harner smiled.

"I'm sorry if I gave that impression," he said easily. "The friendship I alluded to was between Miss Gloyne and Mrs. Harner." His smile widened to one of sheer indulgence. "Again, while it is true that I called on Miss Gloyne, I saw her only for a moment."

McLaughlin straightened up with a jerk. "You mean that you left her apartment immediately?"

"Not precisely," the other replied, folding his hands comfortably once more. "I didn't even enter. Miss Gloyne said that she was expecting a visitor, so I left."

The District Attorney leaned forward in his chair.

"Mr. Harner," he said, "you arrived here a little before nine o'clock last night and stayed until after eleven. Will you be good enough to tell us where you spent that two hours?"

"Gladly. I was smoking in the roof garden."

McLaughlin glanced at my husband.

"Is there a roof garden here, Lieutenant?" he asked.

"Mr. Harner," said the District Attorney, "will you be good enough to tell us where you spent those two hours?"



"Yes," Paul replied, "a very nice one. That's what decided my wife to take this apartment. Dr. Slade is a very progressive landlord. Plenty of comfortable seats and a most impressive view of the Hudson and the Palisades."

Mr. Harner nodded his small bullet head triumphantly at the District Attorney.

"The gentleman is correct. It is really a most—er, charming spot," he concurred, "particularly when the fleet's in."

"I see," said McLaughlin. "Do I understand that you stayed there smoking for two full hours?"

"Yes."

There were several moments of silence.

"Were you alone all that time?" the District Attorney asked softly.

"Yes. Quite alone."

"No one saw you?"

The contractor's rubicund face became slightly clouded.

"I don't think so," he said. "However, someone might possibly have seen me, al-

though the garden is quite large. I wasn't hiding, you know."

"And you saw no one?"

"No, I didn't. I heard voices once or twice. However, they might have come from one of the apartments of this floor. The evening was very warm. All the windows must have been open."

"What decided you to go to the roof?" McLaughlin asked.

"Why, as I said, the evening was very warm, and I decided to call Miss Gloyne later to see if she was at leisure. I was anxious to dispose of the matter of the cottage before joining Mrs. Harner at our Montauk place for the summer. I don't like to leave town with small matters like that unfinished, you understand."

"Mrs. Harner is at Montauk already?" Paul interjected.

The contractor glanced over his shoulder. His face registered hauteur at being so rudely interrupted.

"Mrs. Harner left for Montauk day before yesterday," he replied shortly.

McLaughlin cleared his throat.

"Did you call Miss Gloyne on the telephone later?" he asked.

"No. When I came down from the roof at about eleven o'clock, I stopped at her door and rang. Receiving no answer, I decided that she had retired, and left, myself."

"DID you walk all the way down from the roof?"

"Yes."

"That was why the elevator operator didn't see you, then?"

The contractor gave him a quick, level look.

"Obviously," he said.

"Did Miss Gloyne tell you who she was expecting?" McLaughlin pursued.

"No. But she acted mysterious about it."

"Mysterious?" The District Attorney hitched himself forward. "How?"

"Well, perhaps I shouldn't have said mysterious. Excited would be more correct, I think. She said that she'd have something surprising to show Mrs. Harner and myself next time we saw her. She wouldn't tell me what it was, beyond saying something about a work of art, and knowing her—ahem,

G. PATRICK
NELSON

artistic temperament, I didn't press her." "You have no idea who this person was she expected?" The District Attorney repeated.

"Well, now, I wouldn't say that. I think I might hazard a guess. Inquiry on your part could settle it quite easily."

"Who d'you think it was?" McLaughlin asked with one eye on Paul.

"Mr. Roland Thyme, the actor," the contractor replied.

"What makes you think it was he?" McLaughlin queried.

"Because I—ahem, saw him standing in the hall of the fifth floor where her apartment is, waiting for the elevator as I was descending from the sixth by way of the stairs."

"Did he see you?"

"No. At least I don't think so. After the elevator stopped and took him aboard, I waited a suitable time to let him get out of the building before I rang the bell of Miss Gloyne's apartment. Receiving no reply, I decided that she had made preparations to retire for the night, so I left."

McLAUGHLIN regarded him in silence for several minutes, then said:

"Mr. Harner, do you realize the seriousness of this statement? We happen to know that Miss Gloyne was murdered sometime between nine-thirty and ten-thirty last night."

The contractor spread out his small, pudgy hands with a fanwise gesture.

"I'm sorry if I've said anything I shouldn't. But you pressed me for an answer, you know. I'm sure, however, that Mr. Thyme can explain his movements last night as easily as I have mine."

"Hm," was all McLaughlin offered in the way of comment. He sat toying with the point of his pencil against his thumb as if to test it for penetrating qualities. "Are you going to remain in town for a few days, Mr. Harner?" he asked presently.

"I—hadn't planned to," the contractor replied. "I was expecting to join Mrs. Harner at Montauk to-morrow. However—"

"I'd like to request you to stay for a day or two in view of what you've just told us," McLaughlin cut in briskly. "We might need you as a material witness."

"Very well. I shall of course defer to your wishes," Harner said without enthusiasm. He leaned forward in his chair with a sudden and a somewhat elaborate burst of geniality. "I hope that you'll respect my confidence—I mean what I told you in—ahem, confidence. I trust that it won't be necessary to mention my name in connection with this—sad affair. You understand my position?"

"Of course, Mr. Harner," McLaughlin replied so drily that his voice seemed to crackle. You may rely on our discretion. Shall I have Miss Baum call a cab for you?"

"Thank you—don't trouble! I'll walk home. My usual after-dinner exercise, you know."

He arose and stood waiting expectantly for his derby and stick like a fat little lost penguin on a rock in mid-ocean, and the bow he tendered me as I handed them to him suggested the nervous dodging of a blow from behind rather than an obeisance. When he had gone, Paul slumped down in the vacated chair. "Liars have short wings," he murmured.

McLaughlin was biting his short stubby mustache.

"Ye-ah! Imagine him walking up four

flights of stairs when there's an elevator?" he snorted.

"I'm afraid it would stretch my imagination to the bursting point!" Paul agreed.

The District Attorney scowled darkly.

"I wonder who he's protecting with his pack of lies?" He paused, his face illuminated by a sudden idea. "Captain," he said to Rice, "send a man out to Montauk and find out if Mrs. Harner was there last night!"

Paul regarded the District Attorney quizzically.

"I'm afraid you'll go gathering goat feathers in that direction, McLaughlin," he said. "In my humble opinion the person Mr. Harner's trying to protect is not his wife, but someone nearer and dearer."

"Indeed! And who, may I ask, could be nearer and dearer than his wife?"

"Mr. Rufus Harner!" Paul retorted blandly.

McLaughlin sat tapping the arm of his chair with the pencil—the rubber-tired end—fortunately for my new Cogswell.

"Nevertheless, I want you to send a man out there to check up on her, Captain," he said to Rice. "And now suppose the four of us go to dinner at the expense of the Department of Justice. There's a good little place around on Broadway near Ninety-sixth."

"My wife and I expect company this evening, so you'll have to count us out," Paul said. At my look of inquiry he added: "The Harringtons said they might drop in this evening after the show for a rubber of bridge, Pete. I forgot to tell you. I saw Walter at the barber shop this morning."

"All right, then," the District Attorney replied. "Sorry you folks can't come, and many thanks for the use of your apartment, Mrs. Ames. I'll have Thyme brought in to-morrow morning, Lieutenant. Will you be down or are you going on your vacation?"

"I'm not going on my vacation just yet," Paul replied. "Major," he said, looking at the other steadily, "Will you do me a favor?"

"Depends what it is," the District



He stayed on the roof long enough to smoke five cigarettes

Attorney retorted with Caledonian caution.

"I want you to let me bring Thyme here to this apartment in the morning. If you take him down to the hall of justice, it's going to be bad for him. The reporters are going to spread his name all over the front page. If he's innocent it might easily ruin him. If he's guilty he'll talk much more readily here if he doesn't think we suspect him."

McLaughlin's thin lips were stretched stubbornly. "Aren't you letting personal admiration run you amuck, Lieutenant?" he asked coldly.

Paul's dark eyes held McLaughlin's for a moment.

"Mr. Thyme may be a murderer," he said levelly, "but he's also a gentleman."

I thought for a moment that the two were going to fly at each other's throats like a pair of common ruffians, but finally McLaughlin shrugged his shoulders and barked out:

"All right, bring your—gentlemanly murderer here! Unless he has gone out of town," he added with enormous sarcasm.

"He hasn't," Paul said, "I called him on the telephone at his hotel when I went out with Sadler a while ago. He promised me that he'd be here at ten sharp."

When McLaughlin and Rice had gone I said sternly:

"Lois and Walter left for Atlantic City four days ago. Lois called me from the Pennsylvania Station and said good-by."

"That's why I picked on them, Darling," Paul replied calmly. "I knew you'd understand that I wanted to get rid of McLaughlin and Rice—and particularly of McLaughlin."

"Who is it you're expecting?" I asked gently. "There's not so much as a piece of cold meat in the ice-box."

He pinched my cheek.

"The gentleman who's going to call on us is not interested in ice-boxes—although he's a snow-bird."

"You mean Sadler, the dope-fiend?" I queried startled.

"Mr. James Sadler, the drug addict," Paul corrected. "When I took the bottle into the bathroom I held out a little heroin on McLaughlin. He'll never miss it, m'dear, but poor Sadler would. That's why I told him to wait down at the corner until he saw Rice and the District Attorney leave, then to come up. There he is now!" he added as the buzzer rang under a long and sustained pressure. "Perhaps you'd better leave us for fifteen or twenty minutes. It'll be less embarrassing for the poor fellow."

I submitted with a sigh and left the room.

IT WAS nearly half an hour later when all but consumed by curiosity I returned to the living-room after having heard the door close on Paul's visitor. My husband was seated at the library table arranging some half-dozen slips of paper, moving them out like a child with a picture puzzle.

"This is going to give McLaughlin something to chew his mustache over in the morning," he said. "Listen, Pete!

"Question one: How long have you known Miss Gloyne?"

"Answer: Since we were children together. My brother Neal and she were engaged at one time. We were living in Duray, Page County, Virginia. Miss Gloyne's real name was Dora Gleich. When she was nineteen years old she ran away with an actor and married him. They were divorced two years later, and she took the name of Doris Gloyne. Her husband's name was Billy Brennan. He's still in vaudeville under that name, I think.



"Question Two: Was Miss Gloyne to your knowledge a member of a drug ring?"

"Answer: Positively not. She had tried to cure me for years of the habit contracted by me after I returned from the war, suffering greatly from shell shock and the effects of my wounds. She thought that she could take me off it gradually by limiting my doses, so she had me call here every night. There was no alternative. All my money was gone.

"Question Three: How and where did she get the drug?"

"Answer: I don't know.

"Question Four: Do you know Mr. Rufus Harner?"

"Answer: Yes. He tried to throw me out of her apartment one evening about two months ago when I came as usual. Miss Gloyne had to do a lot of explaining before he calmed down.

"Question Five: Do you know Roland Thyme?"

"Answer: No. I've seen his name.

She had tried to break him of the habit by reducing the doses

"Question Six: Do you know who performed the face-lifting operation upon Miss Gloyne?"

"Answer: It was performed by Dr. Slade in 1924 or 1925, I think."

Paul leaned back in his chair. "Mighty interesting details, eh, Pete?"

I nodded. "Which one of them do you think did it?" I asked. "I'd say Harner. The doctor's alibi's too perfect."

"Alibis are made to order every day in the week, Petey, dear," Paul retorted. "As a matter of fact I don't think either of them did it."

"How about Sadler, himself?" I suggested. "He certainly had plenty of motive. He must have known where she kept the drug."

My husband reached out his hand and patted my cheek.

"Use your nice old bean, Petey. Sadler would be killing the goose that laid the golden egg. Besides, a drug addict's mind is utterly incapable of the continuity of effort necessary for the planning of so cleverly an executed crime as this." He paused. "I suppose you've noted how remarkably the trails of all the people involved in this case are crossing and re-crossing each other. Take the case of Roland Thyme for instance. He's a Southern Californian. Our native State seems to be well represented, eh, Pete?"

I smiled reminiscently. Paul's wooing of me was intimately associated with Roland Thyme the actor, who was at that time playing repertoire with the Casco Stock Company in Los Angeles—a wooing that was conducted largely in fifty-cent balcony seats in the old Casco Theatre on Main Street, where Thyme was making a reputation for himself in Old Heidelberg and as Sydney Carton in a Tale of Two Cities. Paul had been graduated from Stanford the

year before and had attached himself to the Los Angeles Times, but the death of his father and the outbreak of the war had cut short his career as a journalist.

"Yes," I retorted, "and how about Mr. Rupert Free, the artist whose door faces Miss Gloyne's? It's beyond the turn in the hall, too. He could have gone from his own apartment to hers as often as he wished without being observed by the elevator man or by any one passing in the hall?"

Paul pinched my cheek.

"YOU'LL be a detective yet, unless you watch your step, Pete," he grinned. He slumped down in the Cogswell and ran his hand into his pocket and drew out a small brown limp-leather-bound address book. "I found this in Miss Gloyne's handbag. It was the only thing there of any interest," he added as he opened it, "and I don't know how much it is going to help us. Her possible connection with the drug business seems to have been knocked flat by Sadler's statement. Still, there's a page that interests me mightily. Look, Pete!" He held the book out for me to see. "There are nine telephone numbers here without any names opposite them. She must have had an excellent memory, to say the least. What I'm wondering is why did she make so obvious a point of concealing the identity of those nine persons? All the rest are listed in the conventional alphabetical manner."

I smiled grimly.

"You think I'll be a detective—yet," said I. "Well, if I were the sort of a woman I think Miss Gloyne was, I think I'd keep the telephone numbers of my gentlemen friends incognito, as it were, so that if one of them should happen to look through my address book, he wouldn't find anything in it to—worry him."

Paul grinned.

"Thanks for the tip, dear. If I find any odd telephone numbers jotted down here and there, I'll know it's time to get busy and clean the old gatling gun."

CHAPTER IV

THE impression one gets of an actor from a balcony or an orchestra seat is apt to be misleading, so having prepared myself for disappointment, I was pleasantly surprised to find Mr. Roland Thyme almost everything my imagination had accredited him. Paul and I had followed his rise to stardom on Broadway with more than provincial interest. He was tall and distinguished, grave and courteous, with hair graying at the temples and little lines in his face that told their story of struggle and fortitude. There was a certain brooding air about him that became him very well, and invested him with more than a halo of romance.

He remained standing before McLaughlin with his dark somber eyes bent searchingly upon the District Attorney.

"Be seated, Mr. Thyme," McLaughlin said. "I need not explain why I've asked you to come here. You have, of course, seen the papers."

"Yes, I have. After reading last night's account I rather expected to be called. It was considerate of you to ask me to come here," he added, glancing about him.

"It was Lieutenant Ames' suggestion that the interview take place here," McLaughlin said. "This is his apartment."

"Oh!" He looked curiously at my husband and myself, and inclined his head gravely. "Thanks, Lieutenant," he said.

"Mr. Thyme," McLaughlin began, "you called on Miss Gloyne night before last, did you not?"

"I called to see her, yes, but I didn't succeed."

The District Attorney said nothing for a moment. He impaled the actor with his gray penetrating eyes.

"Miss Baum, the switchboard operator stated that you spoke with Miss Gloyne on the telephone at nine-thirty," he remarked.

Thyme smiled gravely.

"Miss Baum was correct. I spoke with her but I didn't see her."

McLaughlin's bony hands closed about the arms of his chair, then relaxed slowly.

"What did Miss Gloyne tell you?" he asked.

"She said that she'd be busy until ten-fifteen and asked me to return later."

McLaughlin seemed to be estimating the veracity of his auditor.

"I believe you returned in fifteen minutes or at about nine forty-five. Will you tell us why you didn't wait until a quarter past ten when Miss Gloyne had informed you that she would not be at liberty until that time?"

"Because the evening was very warm. I didn't fancy walking the streets for an hour. I remembered that there was a garden on the roof here, so I decided that I'd go up there and wait until Miss Gloyne was ready to see me."

McLaughlin's face was a study in mixed emotions at this piece of news. His eyes narrowed ever so slightly as he hitched himself forward in his chair.

"When you returned at nine forty-five, you did not announce yourself to her. How was she to know that you were waiting on the roof?" he asked softly.

The actor seemed to sense the menace in his interlocutor's eyes. His own dark ones widened.

"It does look a bit queer," he admitted without a trace of resentment. "As a matter of fact I took the elevator to the fifth floor intending to ring Miss Gloyne's bell to tell her where I'd be when she was at leisure, then decided not to bother her again and walked up the four flights of stairs to the roof."

JACK O'DONNELL, whose article "Famous First Nights" is one of the features of this issue, has written a splendid characterization of one of the best loved figures on the American turf. It will appear soon under the title "The Sentimental Colonel." Watch for it in an early issue.

"You didn't have an appointment with her in the first place, then?"

"No, I didn't."

"Just took a chance on finding her in?"

The actor gave McLaughlin another of his gentle, grave smiles.

"Yes. Miss Gloyne had—er, importuned me quite urgently to stop in at my earliest convenience," he said.

"For any particular reason?" the District Attorney asked.

"Well, yes, for quite a definite and particular reason." A faint wave of color suffused the actor's handsome face for a moment, then ebbed as quickly as it had come. "In some way Miss Gloyne had secured one of my photographs used for publicity purposes. She wanted me to autograph it, and in an ill-advised moment I had agreed to do so."

"Why ill-advised, Mr. Thyme?"

The actor regarded the other levelly.

"I'm not in the habit of autographing my photographs for casual acquaintances, sir."

"Miss Gloyne was such a one?" McLaughlin asked, dropping his eyes under the other's direct gaze.

"Rather."

The District Attorney seemed to toy with this idea for some moments, then he said:

"Mr. Thyme, how long did you stay in the roof garden?"

"You mean altogether? About an hour I should say. I walked down at ten-fifteen, and rang Miss Gloyne's bell again. Receiving no reply, I returned to the roof and remained there another forty-five minutes. On my way out I tried her bell once more without result, so I rang for the elevator and left. I remember that it was within a few minutes of eleven-thirty when I walked into the lobby of my hotel. The night clerk there can verify the fact that I asked for my key at the desk at that hour, for he told me that a man who refused to leave his name had asked for me on the telephone just a moment before."

Paul looked up quickly.

"Have you any idea who this man was, Mr. Thyme?" he asked.

"No, I haven't. Whoever it was he wouldn't have got to speak with me even if I had been in. I never answer anonymous calls, telephone or otherwise."

McLaughlin resumed his questioning of Thyme with a speculative eye on Paul.

"YOU stated that you remained on the roof for the best part of an hour and a half, exclusive of the first time when you went down to see if Miss Gloyne had returned. Were you seated or did you move about?"

"I sat in the canvas swing."

"Was the roof dark, or is it lighted?"

"It is not lighted, but an electric sign on the roof of a building over on Broadway gives enough light to find one's way about quite easily."

"I see. Was there any one else there besides yourself?"

"Why, yes; four or five people came up during the hour, but none of them stayed for very long."

"Did you know any of them?"

"No. I am not acquainted with any one in the building outside of Miss Gloyne."

"Are you acquainted with a Mr. Harner—Mr. Rufus Harner of Riverside Drive?" McLaughlin wanted to know.

Alertness flickered in Thyme's dark eyes for a moment.

"I've met the gentleman on two occasions," he said non-committally.

"You didn't see him on the roof during the hour you were seated there?"

"No, sir!" This with evident surprise.

"Was the light sufficiently strong for you to have recognized him if he had come up?"

The actor's lips curled with the merest suggestion of irony.

"Quite," he said. "I have very good reasons for remembering Mr. Harner. He snubbed me most delightfully at a dinner some weeks ago. I fancy that an actor is to him merely another name for a cake-eater, if I may be permitted to use a vulgar but highly expressive delineation."

"I see," said McLaughlin, "he doesn't like you?"

"I believe that I'd be safe in stating that he doesn't. I might add that the feeling is mutual, though less aggressive on my part."

"You're positive that he was not there during your stay?"

(Continued on page 70)

The Man Who Ran Away From His Shadow

A Short Short Story

By Tom Curry

Illustrated by Douglas Ryan



THE merrymaking in the joint amused the tall man who sat alone in his corner, sipping a large highball. There were wrinkles at the corners of his black eyes, and his mouth turned up.

And who wouldn't be happy, George Insell thought. A stick-up man who has just walked off with eight grand and not a rumble has a right to congratulate himself.

He patted his breast pocket—yes, the sugar was safe.

The card racket was swell. Insell had walked in, his shoulders hunched over to hide his height, a black drop-mask covering his face. His deep voice, which might have given him away, he had not needed to use. Insell smiled as the face of the jeweler floated before his mind.

"Keep your mouth shut. Open your safe and cash register and hand over your money. I've got you covered." The jeweler had taken the card, read it, and shelled out.

Not a word had been spoken. The jeweler and the clerk had acted like lambs at the slaughter—there had been a nasty shooting in the neighborhood the previous week, and nobody would put up a fight under such circumstances.

Insell had been pluming himself upon the neatness of his job. He had left no holes. He was well known as a crook; in spite of his smartness he had been in prison and had a record. The dicks knew him—and George knew the dicks. But this time there was no danger.

It was good sport to think over a crime after having committed it, looking for holes. This one hadn't any. In his long list of acquaintances, Insell told himself there was no one who could have done such a neat job.

Insell had been a criminal for many years, and a successful one.

Self-satisfied, well-heeled with plenty of jack, Insell could laugh at life for a while.

He looked again, complacently, over the throng in the saloon.

His scalp suddenly prickled; the wrinkles about his eyes read fear instead of mirth; the corners of his mouth dissolved into a straight line.

That bullet-headed man over there, heavy-set, clad in a gray suit and soft hat, was looking at him. Insell knew him. Detective Moran had just come in, and was now regarding Insell from the opposite corner of the saloon.

Insell froze for several moments; then, nonchalantly as possible, he took up his glass and sipped a small gulp of the cool liquor. But it almost choked him.

Insell knew Moran well; Moran had "had" him. The Kendal job again passed swiftly in review through Insell's mind; this time, he was not so sure. Maybe some one had seen him going in there—

The crook shrugged inwardly. He told himself it was only imagination, and for five minutes he did not look at Moran. Yes, he assured himself again and again, it was just his conscience; Moran couldn't be after him.

Another glance at Moran—this time, there could be no doubt of it. Moran was watching him with evident interest—and such scrutiny was anything but flattering to a man like Insell. It could mean only one thing—that Moran was on his trail.

No longer sure of the neatness of the Kendal hold-up, Insell's brain whirled in circles. Always it came back to this: how? How had Moran got on him?

If it had been another dick, now, Insell might have hoped for a stroke of luck. He would have offered anybody else a split of the cash he had, and trusted to human nature.

But it was no use pulling that stuff on Moran. The veteran sleuth, hard as nails, would not even laugh at him. Just the week

before, Insell knew that Moran had sent his own stool pigeon, the man who had given him tips on innumerable crimes, to Sing Sing for a small doublecross. You couldn't work on such a man, and he would show no mercy.

But maybe Moran wasn't after him; perhaps the detective was just out on patrol, looking for trouble, and had chanced to come in here.

There was just one way to find out, and Insell rose at once, paid for his drinks, and strolled casually from the joint.

In the street, he walked through the night as swiftly as he could without seeming to hurry. At the corner, the crook turned and looked back.

Moran was ten yards behind him.

Insell cursed and started to run; Moran, speeding up, called out to him to halt. But the crook turned into an alleyway and made for the back courts.

THE stick-up man got over one fence before the sleuth, wise to such chases, perched on the top of the last fence and sent a bullet into the boards, a foot from Insell's body.

Insell turned, and walked back, with a sign of surrender.

"Well?" said Moran gruffly.

"All right, collar me, cuff me and send me to a dungeon. I'll take the rap," said Insell bitterly. "I done it; I suppose some dirty whistle guy seen me go in Kendal's, huh?"

"Oh, you did that one, did you?" said Moran. "Well, I had that among others, kiddo. But I didn't know who did Kendal's and neither did anyone else, Insell. I'll tell you, I knew you were a smart crook and I work the old-fashioned game of using a stoolie, see? My own pigeon went bad on me last week and I sent him away. I wanted to have a word with you to-night, privately, to see if you'd do for the job."

How Well Do You Know Your Country's Monuments?

Compiled by Charles Phelps Cushing

The answers to this questionnaire will be found on page 67



KEYSTONE

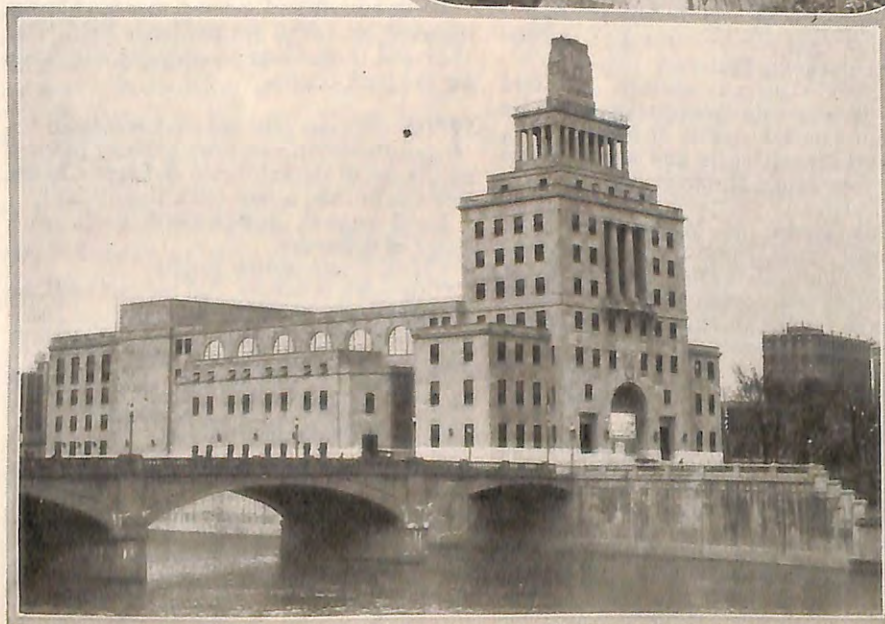
1. The date of one of the many inscriptions which early day white travelers chiseled on this rock is 1606. Do you know the place—it is now a National monument?

2. The fountain below honors an author from Scotland who wrote a great tale of pirates, rum and treasure. Can you name him and tell in what city this is?

C. P. CUSHING



4. The building below is a million-dollar war memorial. It houses the city hall, a large auditorium and an armory. The place is a city in the mid-West Corn Belt



EWING GALLOWAY



EWING GALLOWAY

3. Here is a monument to peace. It marks an unfortified international boundary line. On its arch is carved "Children of a Common Mother." Guess where it is located?



PUBLISHERS PHOTO

5. A short story by Hawthorne helped this mountainside profile to attain wide fame. What's it called and where is it?



PUBLISHERS PHOTO

6. The stone tower above was built upon this hill because a famous vessel anchored in the near-by harbor November 11, 1620. What ship? What harbor?



G. F. CUSHING

7. This mast of a battleship marks the last resting-place of sailors and marines killed by a mysterious explosion. Know where it is?



G. F. CUSHING

8. In the circle is pictured a lively statue—adorning a civic center “out where the West begins.” Does a hint suffice to tell you where?



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9. The pictures on the spiral of this column portray an epic of discovery and pioneer life in a State of the far Northwest. Which one?



EWING GALLOWAY

10. A battle fought after peace had been signed is marked by this obelisk, at the right. Can you recall its hero and the place?



EDITORIAL

FRATERNAL LOSSES

UNDER the above caption, the Jackson (Miss.) Daily News, in a recent editorial which has attracted wide attention, referred to losses in membership as a present experience common to fraternal organizations generally. And, after ascribing the condition in large measure to the counter attractions of golf, motoring, radio, picture shows, and like entertainments, more interesting and refreshing than the usual Lodge meetings, it expressed the opinion that such organizations have lost touch with the spirit and demands of the present age.

Whether this opinion be correct or not, all will approve the wisdom of the following suggestion, quoted from it:

"A supreme effort should be made to remedy this condition, as those organizations constitute a very necessary and a very important part of our every day life and have been the mediums through which great good has been accomplished not only for the pleasure of the members, but for the relief of suffering and distress."

As Past Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell stated, in an appreciative comment on the editorial:

"The value of the fraternity to American life is not always appreciated. . . . No other Country has so many, or such splendid ones; and I believe that the victories of the people of the United States may be traced, in some measure at least, to them."

Fortunately, as has been demonstrated in these columns, our Order has been less affected by the current tendency than have other fraternities. But that tendency should be recognized and met by intelligent activity. It is not merely a matter of Lodge attendance. That is only a symptom. It is rather the result of subordinate Lodge indifference and lack of enthusiasm. The officers and members are, in many instances, too content to drift along with a minimum of effort; and they are neglecting opportunities for real community service.

The best insurance of the growth of membership, or at least of its maintenance, is Lodge activity. They must continuously engage upon programs

of constructive work in which the people of their respective communities have a real interest. And then these programs must be brought to the attention of available applicants in a manner to arouse their desire to have an active part therein.

The solution of every membership problem will be found by adopting this suggestion. And it requires only a little real enthusiasm on the part of the Lodge officers, intelligently applied to local conditions. A Lodge busy upon good works is a growing Lodge.

A GOOD EXAMPLE

SHORTLY after the Conference of District Deputies a few months ago, and while the inspiration of that meeting was still fresh in his mind, one of the District Deputies invited all the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges in his jurisdiction to meet him in a centrally located city, for a round table discussion of fraternal conditions in their respective communities. The meeting was well attended and was unanimously conceded to have been most stimulating and helpful.

The District Deputy spoke to them at length of the relations between the Subordinate Lodge and the Grand Lodge; of the policies and activities of the latter and how the several Lodges could and should foster and promote them. The local officers presented and discussed their own peculiar problems and received helpful suggestions as to how they might be solved. And the fraternal friendships that were formed led to plans for several inter-Lodge visits in the immediate future.

There is something peculiarly effective about a quiet, earnest discussion of Lodge affairs by those who are interested in the subject, while they are face to face and can exchange thoughts and views that have been well considered. It is much more likely to result in the adoption of wise suggestions than when they are made at a formal Lodge session in a prepared speech; for they are then too frequently regarded as mere theoretical preaching.

It also has the advantage of getting all the Lodge officers interested and enthused at one



Decorations in dry-point by Ralph L. Boyer

time without waiting for the official visit of the District Deputy. And when that visit is made on a later date, the official has already learned something of the particular conditions he should deal with.

It may not be practicable to do this in every jurisdiction every year. But it is so obvious that such meetings can be made of real value to all the Lodges, and to the whole Order, that the example is commended as worthy to be quite generally followed.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION

THERE is, within the jurisdiction of every Subordinate Lodge, a large number of men who are not members of the Order, but who would make acceptable additions to its membership. Many of these would readily submit their applications for initiation if they were approached in the proper manner by the right person.

The effort to secure such additions should not be made with lax discrimination nor by any general drive. But it might well be undertaken by the careful selection of desirable prospects and an equally careful selection of those who are to extend the invitation. And the following is submitted as a practical plan, under which it is believed each Lodge could secure a substantial increase in its membership, made up of those who would bring to it an added prestige as well as greater strength to carry forward its fraternal activities.

Each Exalted Ruler, should appoint a special committee, composed preferably in part if not wholly, of Past Exalted Rulers, for the purpose of making a survey of the community to ascertain and list those who are not Elks, but who should be. Business and telephone directories will be found useful in making the preliminary survey. And from these and other sources the list should be carefully compiled, so as to include only those whose character, standing and personality would make them acceptable fraternal associates to the existing membership. Special thought should be given to the eligible younger men, although age should not be the controlling consideration.

When the list is completed there should be set opposite each name thereon the name of an Elk who has business or social contacts with the pros-

pect, and who has some agreeable avenue of approach to him. In many instances several Elks might be found thus qualified for each name listed.

The members so designated should have assigned to them the definite duty of presenting to the particular prospect a special invitation to apply for admission to the Order. This invitation should not only be personal but extended on behalf of the whole Lodge. It should be accompanied by an explanation of the purposes of the Order, the activities of the Grand Lodge and those of the local Lodge, its program of community service, and its claims for support in its humanitarian endeavors upon the best citizenship.

It would be quite proper also to present the many advantages of membership specifically from a standpoint of the splendid club facilities available in nearly every City where an Elks Lodge exists, advantages peculiar to our Order.

Each member so charged with such duty will, of course, know best just how and when to approach the person assigned to him and will exercise his discretion as to the most effective manner in which to present the proposal.

Under this suggested plan, there is a desirable division of labor among a considerable number of the members. And it has the obvious merit of assigning a specific service to a specific person. It does not suggest a duty to be performed by some one, but places a definite obligation upon a definitely selected individual. No loyal Elk will decline such an assignment.

It would, perhaps, add to the appeal if the plan should include a special, elaborate occasion for the initiation of a number of candidates in one class. But this must depend upon the peculiar conditions in each case.

Every Exalted Ruler realizes the necessity for securing additions to his Lodge membership. Most of them have learned that this cannot safely be left to the initiative of the members generally. The suggestion here made, if adopted and intelligently carried out, should prove tremendously effective throughout the Order. It is certainly well worth a trial; and it is to be hoped that, at least in its substance, it may be given favorable consideration in every Subordinate Lodge.

Memorial Sunday at the Elks National Home

Grand Exalted Ruler Delivers the Memorial Address

December 1, at Bedford, Virginia

THE annual Elks Memorial Day Services at the Elks National Home, in which Roanoke Lodge, No. 197, and Lynchburg Lodge, No. 321, participated, were held at the Home, at Bedford, Va., on Sunday, December 1. Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews delivered the Memorial Address. Among those in attendance were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and the members of the Board of Grand Trustees.

The services were conducted by Exalted Ruler Frank H. Ritter of the Home Lodge, assisted by the other officers. The invocation was delivered by Rev. Dr. J. A. G. Shipley, and "Thanatopsis" was recited by Felix R. Doherty, of the Home Lodge. Miss Ruby Scott assisted. The musical program consisted of piano selections by Walter W. Harris and A. F. Koerner, of the Home Lodge; vocal selections by Mrs. George W. Grant and Miss Helen M. O'Conner, of Roanoke, and the Elks Glee Club of Lynchburg Lodge, directed by Howard S. Holt.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Memorial Address follows:

LADIES, BROTHER ELKS AND FRIENDS:

There is no obligation, in Elksdom, that more profoundly stirs our souls, than that duty, which we owe to the memories of our honored dead.

This fraternal solicitude is so deep and earnest, in the hearts of all brother Elks, that our Grand Lodge has designated and dedicated the first Sunday in December of each year, as Elks Memorial Day.

Upon each recurring anniversary, it is compulsory, by Statute, that every Subordinate Lodge of Elks shall hold Memorial Services, in sacred session, to the memories of our departed brothers.

The real inwardness of the heart and soul of Elksdom is truly typified and beautifully exemplified by the sorrowful and loving consideration, which the entire Order of Elks bestows upon our "absent brothers."

Human nature has always been and always will be substantially the same; and a universal characteristic, as old as civilization, is man's desire to be remembered after death.

In keeping with this human sentiment, we follow the bodies of our deceased brothers and friends, with tears, with flowers, and with farewells, to the open grave, always hoping that we may find some opportunity to honor and serve the memories of our dead; but we must there recognize, that the tomb is the one tragic barrier that halts all human knowledge that is possible to the finite mind.

Scholars, scientists and theologians have striven and agonized, throughout all the countless ages, to comprehend and understand Eternity, and the actual state of man's existence after this "mortal has put on Immortality."

They receive the same answer to-day, that was received millions of years ago, and that will be received millions of years hence—"Mortal man hopes, believes and feels through his gift of conscience, but he does not and cannot know eternal realities."

It is recorded in the Holy Scriptures, that "man by reasoning cannot find out God"; and it is a mathematical axiom, that the "finite cannot comprehend the Infinite."

No person has ever shown that he possessed knowledge, beyond the realm of the finite, and no scholar has ever actually proven and demonstrated Immortality.

I do not advance this postulate, in order to arouse argument; but solely for the purpose of stressing the tragic futility of contentions, strifes and intolerances, among men, regarding the shades of differences, that might exist, and do exist, relative to their denominational, or sectarian opinions.

The faith of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, as an Order, is founded and grounded upon the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, universally comprehensive,

inclusive, and applicable to the whole human race.

Prejudice, narrowness, intolerance, and sectarian bitterness, can never have any rightful place in Elksdom, for those abnormal sentiments never solve any problems, and never serve any good purposes, in human affairs, whether temporal or spiritual.

All around us, and all about us, daily and constantly, thousands of plain, simple, human, and distressful problems confront us, and offer us appealing opportunities to prove the quality and sincerity of our hearts and souls, and, to the solution and relief of these, we should devote our loyal and fraternal efforts.

It is the purpose and program of Elksdom to deal practically with the human side of life, and with those phases of common, everyday affairs, that affect and concern all men of whatsoever creed.

Fine spun theological discussions, regarding sectarian and doctrinal interpretations, do not disturb or interest the Order of Elks, as an organization.

The Master plainly tells us, in His Own words, that *whatsoever we do, for the least of His Brethren, we do for Him.*

If we feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, shelter the stranger, clothe the naked, and visit the sick, though they be the least of His Brethren, we thereby minister unto Him.

This Scripture teaches us, that we can serve the Master Himself, by aiding and ministering to others, however insignificant they may be, for they are, indeed, the children of God, and our brethren, and herein lie our finest opportunities, and our highest obligations for helpfulness to our fellowmen.

The teachings, tenets and fundamental principles of Elksdom, are so plain, sincere, genuine, unostentatious and human, that they seem to me to respond, in a remarkable way, to those gentle and Fatherly words of the Master, to which I have referred, and I feel warranted in claiming that Scripture, as a true text, upon which to center Elk doctrine and activities.

Our fraternal and patriotic consciences demand, that we always hold, in devoted remembrance, those dear brothers, who answered their country's call, during the World War, who served with superb patriotism, who glorified Elksdom, and who paid the supreme price.

They fulfilled every obligation, as Elks, and patriotic American citizens, and were faithful unto death.

It is with devoted satisfaction, that we contemplate the splendid Elks National Memorial Building, marvelous in architecture and matchless in beauty, which the Order of Elks has erected, in Lincoln Park, Chicago, as a testimonial of love and remembrance of those eleven hundred Elks, who died, as well as to the seventy thousand Elks, who served, and survived.

This Memorial Building is a beautiful and lasting guaranty that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America will never forget.

In all our efforts to memorialize our dead, we are simply demonstrating the practical operations of the Golden Rule, as we are doing for others, what we hope and expect will, some day, be done for us.

I declare to all Elks, everywhere, that we should put our whole hearts into our Elksdom, and practise Charity, Justice, and Brotherly Love, with Fidelity, in all our Elk dealings and associations, and thus carry forward the fraternal cause, in whose service our brothers lived and died.

I reverently voice the prayer of Elksdom, to-day, for all our brother Elks, who have passed from this earthly life, infinitesimally brief, into life immortal, of eternal duration, that their names and memories may be perpetuated for all time, and that they may live always in celestial peace and progression.

If we mere mortals thus love and remember our

"absent brothers", we may rest assured that their Father in Heaven will never forget them.

We know that we are brothers, traveling in the same direction, along the same way, and scheduled, ultimately, to arrive at the same destiny; and, in compliance with that sentiment, we have assembled to-day to attune our hearts to the enchanting chords of memory, by recalling the names and virtues of our absent brothers, whose "faults we have written upon the sand"—whose virtues we have graven upon the tablets of love and memory.

It is most pleasing for us to know that a beautiful and impressive ritual has been prepared and furnished to all Subordinate Lodges, in order that the Elks Memorial Services may be rendered with uniformity, and, in compliance with the sentiments and purposes of Elksdom, throughout the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge, and the performance of this ritual always impresses us with a sorrowful satisfaction.

But we can never know, in this mortal flesh, whether or not our solicitude and prayers reach into the Unseen World, and bear our benedictions to the souls of our absent brothers; but Elks feel, in their hearts, that their constant associations in their Lodge rooms, their cordial fraternal greetings in the daily affairs of life, their sympathetic ministrations of mutual brotherly love, their charitable benefactions to the poor, the sick, the needy, and their faithful joint labors, in doing, and living the Cardinal Virtues of Elksdom, do serve, at last, to fortify their departing souls, with a consoling courage, that follows them into the shadows of Life's Eventide, and accompanies them into the morning of a New Day.

This feeling is general with Elks, who know their Order, and its true meaning in their lives, and, when such a brother passes away, we do not think of him, as dead, but we remember him, only, as having answered his Father's summons.

It has always been a human characteristic, when halted by grief and sorrow at the open grave, to seek to follow loved ones with memory and every consideration of affection and bereavement; and to this end, men have built monuments, mausoleums, tombs, memorials and countless devices of constructive art, with the thought and purpose of perpetuating the names and memories of their dead.

These memorial efforts assume the greatest variety of form, character and degree, of splendor or of poverty, in accordance with financial ability.

Foremost, in the capital city of our Nation, expressive of the love and admiration of a grateful people, there pierces the very sky, a lofty shaft of marble, imposing in height and grandeur, erected to commemorate, for all time, the name and fame of the Immortal Washington, who will always live in the hearts of all true Americans, as the "Father of his Country."

Hard by this transcendent expression of a people's love, there stands a superb and inspiring Memorial, erected, as an expression of a Nation's affection and gratitude, to Lincoln, whose life and character typified the very highest degree of Americanism, and whose name and memory now rest in the keeping of Immortality.

While these two Memorials rank among the wonders of the World, in design, beauty, architecture, and construction, marvelously exemplifying the purposes for which they were built, we all know that the true and everlasting monuments of Washington and Lincoln are to be found in the services, which they rendered to their country, to the American people, and to all mankind.

Cemeteries and church yards furnish innumerable examples and studies, regarding the laudable disposition of men to honor and cherish the memories of their departed loved ones.

Upon one hand, we behold elaborate and costly memorials, representing, in purest marbles, figures of angels, gates-ajar, and other designs, prompted by love, faith, hope and devout imaginations, expressive of the tenderest sentiments

(Continued on page 72)

Elks National Foundation

Bulletin

15 State Street,
Boston, Mass.,
January 1, 1930

GRAND Exalted Ruler Andrews is most enthusiastic about the Elks National Foundation and is promoting the project on all his official visitations. During his tour through Oklahoma, he was presented with a check for \$1,000 by Brother Lew H. Wentz, of Ponca City, for an Honorary Founders' certificate of the Elks National Foundation.

The letters which have been received in this office since the "Season's Toast" was suggested by the Foundation Trustees, show an appreciation on the part of the members of the Order which is most encouraging, and evidence the interest with which the progress of the National Foundation is being followed through the columns of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. We are very grateful to the District Deputies and to the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of subordinate Lodges for their response to our communications, and for the effective co-operation which they are giving us in this great work.

The month of November has been the record month in the number of subscriptions and donations. The subscriptions for Honorary Founders' certificates and Good Will offerings received since our bulletin was compiled for the December issue of the Magazine, tabulated by States, are as follows:

	Annual Good Will Offering	Sub- scription	Payment
<i>Arizona</i>			
Prescott, No. 330.....		\$1,000.00	\$250.00
M. H. Starkweather (Tucson, No. 385), Tucson, Arizona....	\$20.00		20.00
<i>Arkansas</i>			
Hope, No. 1109.....		1,000.00	100.00
<i>California</i>			
Alameda, No. 1015.....		1,000.00	200.00
Henry J. Weber (Monrovia, No. 1427), Monrovia, Cal.....	5.00		5.00
Walter F. Kaplan (San Francisco, No. 3), San Francisco, Cal.....	5.00		5.00
<i>Connecticut</i>			
Waterbury, No. 265.....		1,000.00	200.00
<i>District of Columbia</i>			
Washington, No. 15.....		1,000.00	100.00
<i>Guam</i>			
Agana, No. 1281.....		1,000.00	200.00
<i>Idaho</i>			
Wallace, No. 331.....		1,000.00	100.00
A. C. Hineley (Pocatello, No. 674), Pocatello, Idaho.....		1,000.00	200.00
<i>Illinois</i>			
William Welch (Blue Island, No. 1331), Joliet, Illinois.....	5.00		5.00
Floyd E. Thompson (Moline, No. 556), Chicago, Illinois.....		100.00	20.00
<i>Iowa</i>			
A Henigbaum (Davenport, No. 298), Davenport, Iowa.....		100.00	100.00
<i>Massachusetts</i>			
Medford, No. 915.....		1,000.00	1,000.00
Fred B. Roach (Milford, No. 628), Dover, Mass.....	2.00		2.00



Hon. Lew H. Wentz, of Ponca City, Oklahoma, presenting to Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews \$1000 subscription for Honorary Founders' Certificate

Frank D. Whitcomb (Springfield, No. 61), Springfield, Mass....	\$250.00	\$250.00	<i>North Dakota</i>		
<i>Michigan</i>			Dickinson, No. 1137.....	\$1,000.00	\$100.00
Traverse City, No. 323.....	1,000.00	100.00	<i>Oklahoma</i>		
<i>New Mexico</i>			Thomas C. Mathewson (Alva, No. 1184), Alva, Okla.....	1,000.00	100.00
Joseph P. Gribbin (Gallup, No. 1440), Gallup, N. M.....	\$20.00	20.00	Lew H. Wentz, Ponca City, Okla.....	1,000.00	1,000.00
<i>New York</i>			<i>Pennsylvania</i>		
Lockport, No. 41.....	1,000.00	100.00	Kane, No. 329.....	1,000.00	100.00
New Rochelle, No. 756.....	1,000.00	200.00	Ashland, No. 384.....	1,000.00	100.00
Bartholemew J. Burke (Brook- lyn, No. 22), Brooklyn, N. Y.....	25.00	25.00	Jeannette, No. 486.....	1,000.00	100.00
Lambert G. Anderson (Herkimer, No. 1439), Herkimer, N. Y....	1.00	1.00	Freeland, No. 1145.....	1,000.00	100.00
			Woodlawn, No. 1221.....	1,000.00	100.00

(Continued on page 70)

The Season's Toast

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

New Year's 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 Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

Mr. Andrews Completes Tour With Calls on Southwestern Lodges

GRAND Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, continuing the tour of Lodges partially reported in these columns last month, arrived at Lincoln, Neb., on the afternoon of November 1. That evening he attended a meeting of Lincoln Lodge, where he addressed the assembled members, as did Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain. An appointment had been made for the following morning for Mr. Andrews to go to the Capitol building to meet the Governor, after which he was the luncheon guest of the Lodge. In the afternoon he attended the football game between the Universities of Nebraska and Kansas, later leaving for Fairbury as the guest of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rain. After calling on Fairbury Lodge, the next day, the Grand Exalted Ruler journeyed to Manhattan, Kans., where, on the evening of November 4, he was guest of honor at a banquet given by the Lodge there, at which officers and past officers from many nearby Lodges were in attendance. Following a short program presided over by Exalted Ruler C. Vern Noble, the regular meeting of the Lodge was called, when Mr. Andrews spoke of the history and the ideals of the Order. A number of excellent entertainment acts brought the evening to a close.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, Mrs. Andrews, and F. J. Schrader, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, who acted as Mr. Andrews' traveling secretary, arrived in Wichita the following morning accompanied by Harry E. Christopher and H. Glenn Boyd, Past Exalted Rulers of Wichita Lodge, who had escorted them from Manhattan. After lunching, the visitors were taken on a tour of the city, and at 6.30 the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the banquet in his honor at Wichita Lodge's Home, while Mrs. Andrews was entertained by a committee of ladies. Judge J. D. Dickerson, acting as toastmaster, welcomed the distinguished visitor, and introduced him to his audience. In his address Mr. Andrews spoke of his impressions of Kansas and congratulated his hosts on their progressive city. Others who spoke at the dinner were Mr. Schrader; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers L. Timken and John W. Cornell. At the meeting which followed, and at which were members from more than a dozen Kansas and Oklahoma Lodges, the Grand Exalted Ruler again spoke, after being presented by Exalted Ruler Frank L. Galle. A buffet supper and entertainment wound up the program. Motoring to Independence the next day the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by an escort of officers, stopped on the way at the Home of Augusta Lodge, where he was received by a group of members, and signed the visitors'

register. The official party was then escorted to the highway leading to Independence by the Kiwanis Girls Drum Corps and a delegation of Augusta members.

Arriving at Independence, Mr. Andrews was received at a banquet at the Booth Hotel, where Mayor Charles Kerr made the address of welcome. The Grand Exalted Ruler was then introduced by Past Exalted Ruler James A. Carroll, a fellow Georgian. Nearly 100 of the

Pushing on to Oklahoma City the next day, the official party was met by the officers and a group of Past Exalted Rulers of Oklahoma City Lodge, and entertained at luncheon, and were later taken on a tour of the city. In the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler attended an elaborate banquet in the Lodge Home, where he addressed the large number of Elks gathered to do him honor. On the speakers' program were Exalted Ruler George B. Brown, toastmaster; Attorney-General J. Berry King, who welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler to the State; City Manager E. M. Fry, who extended the greetings of the municipality, and H. I. Aston, President of the Oklahoma State Elks Association, who

introduced him. The speech-making was interspersed with excellent entertainment numbers. The Grand Exalted Ruler's next visit was to Tulsa Lodge, where he was the guest of the membership at a banquet in the Mayo Hotel and, later, at a meeting in the Lodge Home. On both occasions Mr. Andrews spoke to large gatherings.

On the next day a noon visit was paid to Sapulpa Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and Mr. Schrader being accompanied on the motor trip by several members of Tulsa Lodge, and by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden, who had traveled with the Grand Exalted Ruler since joining him at Wichita. The party was greeted at the Lodge Home by a goodly number of members and

their ladies. A luncheon in their honor followed. Both the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Andrews thanked Sapulpa Lodge for the beautiful flowers presented to them on this occasion as well as those sent to Tulsa the evening before.

At McAlester Lodge that night the distinguished visitor was greeted by a great outpouring of Elks from the Lodges of southeastern Oklahoma. At a dinner in the Lodge Home State Senator Guy L. Andrews acted as toastmaster, assisted in the introductions by Exalted Ruler Frank Thornton and State Association President H. I. Aston. J. H. Gordon had the honor of introducing the guest of the evening. After Mr. Andrews' address, a program of entertainment was enjoyed. This was the Grand Exalted Ruler's last stop in Oklahoma and the next day he crossed into Texas. Arriving at Fort Worth on the morning of November 11, the official party was met by a committee composed of Exalted Ruler John D. Carter, Past Exalted Ruler Carlton Hines, and Secretary T. E. Lipscombe, all of whom were accompanied by their wives. After being escorted to breakfast, Mr. Andrews set out for Dallas

(Continued on page 64)



This magnificent new Home of Houston, Tex., Lodge No. 151, was dedicated with elaborate ceremony a few weeks ago by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. For a description of the building see "Under the Spreading Antlers"

officers and past officers of the Lodge were present. Later, at the Home, where a gathering of 200 Elks attended the meeting, Mr. Andrews witnessed the initiation of a class of twenty-two candidates. The Grand Exalted Ruler's speech, a smoker and a buffet supper concluded the program.

Crossing the State line into Oklahoma the next day, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest at luncheon of Blackwell Lodge. Some 200 Elks and members of the various civic clubs were on hand to greet Mr. Andrews, the first Grand Exalted Ruler ever to visit Blackwell, and gave close attention to his address. A committee of three Past Exalted Rulers of Enid Lodge, headed by Henry J. Sturgis, senior past head, were on hand, and later in the afternoon escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler to their city. An informal reception was held on his arrival, and he was later guest of honor at a banquet at the Oxford Hotel, where he was officially greeted by Exalted Ruler George D. Wassam, who presided, and by Mayor Jesse T. Butts. The dinner, accompanied by music, was attended by both Elks and their ladies. Later, Mr. Andrews delivered an address in the Home of Enid Lodge.

A Candidate for Grand Lodge Office

Allentown Lodge Presents Lawrence H. Rupp For Grand Exalted Ruler

AT ITS regular meeting held October 22, 1929, Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, unanimously voted to present Lawrence H. Rupp, Past Exalted Ruler, as a candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler in the annual election to be held by the Grand Lodge at its 1930 Convention in Atlantic City, N. J., next July.

Mr. Rupp joined the Order February 18, 1908,

when he became a member of Allentown Lodge. He served as Esquire for 1910-1911 and in 1912 was elected Exalted Ruler. In 1913, he was the Lodge's Representative to the Grand Lodge. In 1916, he represented the Grand Lodge in certain litigation and, in 1917, was appointed to a committee to examine into the wisdom of further continuing that litigation. He was a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order for 1917-1918 and was Chairman of that Committee for 1918-1919. In 1921, he was appointed to the Grand Lodge Committee on

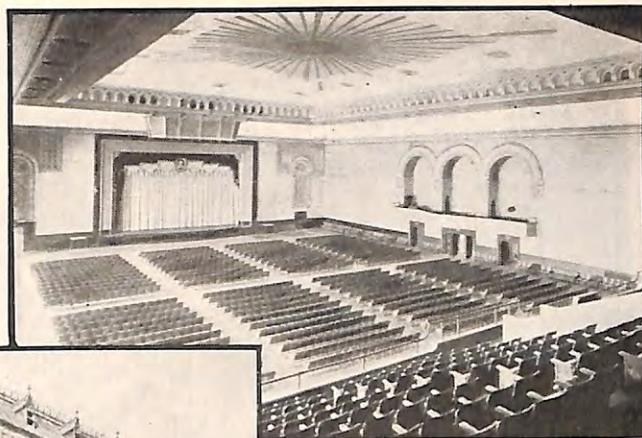
Judiciary and the following year, 1922-1923, served as Chairman thereof. He was again Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary from 1926 to 1929, inclusive.

Mr. Rupp was elected vice-president of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association in 1918 and attained the Presidency in 1919. His Lodge elected him an Honorary Life Member in 1922.

A lawyer, Mr. Rupp was admitted to the Pennsylvania Bar in 1905. In 1911, he served as District Attorney of Lehigh County, and has since been in private practice.



ATLANTIC FOTO SERVICE
Airplane view of Atlantic City Municipal Auditorium, world's largest convention hall



ATLANTIC FOTO SERVICE
Ballroom in Auditorium where Grand Lodge business will be conducted

1930 Grand Lodge Convention



ATLANTIC FOTO SERVICE
Home of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276

Atlantic City, New Jersey Bulletin No. 1.

ATLANTIC CITY—"Playground of the World"—for the eighth time in less than four decades is to be the scene of the foregathering of the hosts of America's greatest fraternity when the Sixty-sixth National Convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is held during the week of July 6, 1930.

It is with a sense of pardonable pride in its bright record of achievement as having directed successfully seven great Elks conventions that Atlantic City Lodge No. 276 again assumes the rôle of host and, actuated by a firm resolve to outdo in all departments of entertainment and arrangement every former conclave of the "antlered herd," awaits the advent of its fraternal brothers with pleasurable anticipation.

While the locale of the Reunion is to be Atlantic City yet every one of the fifty-eight progressive Lodges in the great commonwealth of New Jersey feels charged with the responsibility of host to the end that the traditional reputation of the State for accomplishing big things in a big way shall be maintained. Therefore Elksdom can look forward with confidence that the 54,000 Elks of the New Jersey jurisdiction will actively cooperate with their Atlantic City brethren in making the forthcoming gathering notable in every respect.

A splendid convention organization is now zealously functioning and the program of entertainment is rapidly assuming concrete form. In the formulation of the schedule of events special emphasis is being placed on the entertainment of the "rank and file" and the thousands of visitors anticipated will find that every conceivable form of amusement and social activity has been provided for them.

SO CLOSELY associated with the name "Atlantic City" as to have become synonymous is "The Boardwalk," stretching ten miles along the silverstrand of the Atlantic shore of Absecon Island and constituting a marine promenade with which there is nothing comparable. On this magnificent pedestrian highway, thronged to capacity in season, the world passes in review, a kaleidoscopic picture of intense human interest. Abutting this unique recreational promenade are located the instructive and interesting exhibit palaces of the nation's greatest business organizations where are displayed for the edification of the visitor the latest developments in the world of art, science and industry. Jutting from the boardwalk hundreds of feet into the undulating bosom of the broad Atlantic are the great pleasure piers, internationally famous, where Elksdom may rest from strenuous convention activities, invigorated by cooling ocean

breezes and entertained by the best amusement talent.

In July Atlantic City is at its best. Climatic conditions are ideal; the ocean waters tempered by the warmth of the Gulf Stream to a mean temperature of 75 degrees are delightful for surf bathing; yachting and motorboating are in full sway; deep-sea fishing is at its peak; golfing is superb and auto-touring a constant joy. All these outdoor recreations and many more, equally attractive, await those who come to the convention.

The focal point of the convention will be the Atlantic City Auditorium, a municipal enterprise occupying seven acres of ground fronting the Boardwalk and erected by the citizens of this progressive community at a cost of \$15,000,000. The colossal structure is 675 feet long by 351 feet wide, seats comfortably 66,000 persons and well justifies its appellation as "the largest convention hall in the world."

IN THE ballroom of this stupendous edifice will be held the business sessions of the Grand Lodge. This spacious chamber fronts off the Boardwalk and has a capacity, if desired, of 5,000 persons. Ventilated in accordance with the most modern engineering practice the room is delightfully cool under any and all conditions. As an additional comfort feature there is ready access to a loggia fronting the surf for 185 feet where the stimulating ozone from the Atlantic may be enjoyed during recess periods.

Marking a most revolutionary and progressive departure from the stereotyped method of conducting Grand Lodge parades, with the consent and approval of the Grand Lodge officers, the great marching pageant of the Elks 66th Convention will pass through the Atlantic City Auditorium, the immensity of the building making this procedure practicable. By such plan safe and comfortable seats can be provided for 30,000 persons and the marchers will be reviewed from the mammoth stage of the convention hall by the Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen. The great illuminating system of the building will permit of unusual and startling lighting effects to add to the beauty of the spectacle.

After a careful survey the Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Trustees have selected the Traymore

Hotel on the boardwalk as official Grand Lodge headquarters. This splendid hostelry is but a few minutes walk from the Auditorium and in close proximity to the home of Atlantic City Lodge.

Although Atlantic City has approximately twelve hundred hotels able to accommodate four hundred thousand persons, yet the Executive Committee of the convention requests that all persons or Lodges desiring hotel accommodations deal directly with convention headquarters instead of with the individual caravansaries, thereby assuring assignment to certified institutions whose rates have been approved and housing conditions found to be satisfactory.

In each succeeding issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, until the convention, will appear bulletins of progress giving the program in detail, rules governing contests and special features.

Following is a list of committee chairmen and the convention activities they will direct:

EXECUTIVE, Harry Bacharach; aeronautical, Dr. I. N. Griscom; antlers, William H. Schmid; auditing, C. E. Knauer; automobile, William G. Williams; auditorium, A. Lincoln Dickey; badges, Elias Rosenbaum; church, Rev. H. M. Fisher, Rev. Wm. J. Fahey, Rev. H. M. Mellen; contests, Robert C. Miller; decorations, William C. Cuthbert; electrical decorations, Clifford H. Howell; entertainment, Enoch L. Johnson; finance, Emerson L. Richards; fraternal societies, Harry Jones; Golf, Harold A. Brand; Grand Lodge entertainment, David C. Reed; hotel accommodations, Julian J. Hillman, Harry Schoenthal, Vice-chairman; information, Charles Proebstle; ladies' reception, M. F. Allman; law and contracts, Joseph B. Perskie; music and parades, William Cuthbert; medical, Dr. David B. Allman; national trap shoot, Fred Plum; public safety, P. J. Doran; publicity, Monroe Goldstein; radio, "276" greeters, Louis A. Steinbricker; registration, Albert H. Skean; State Association, Joseph G. Buch; transportation and baggage, James S. Murphy; yachting, Harry T. Headley; fashion show, reception, Edward I. Littman.

Fraternally yours,

THE ATLANTIC CITY ELKS REUNION ASSOCIATION

HARRY BACHARACH, General Chairman,
LOUIS STEINBRICKER, Vice-Chairman,
DAVID E. REED, Treasurer
ELIAS ROSENBAUM, Secretary,
MONROE GOLDSTEIN, Executive Secretary.





Dunkirk, N. Y., Elks Dedicate Magnificent New Home

PRECEDED by a street parade whose marchers included crack drill teams from neighboring Lodges, and in the presence of a large group of officers of the Order, Dunkirk N. Y., Lodge, No. 922, held recently the formal dedicatory ceremonies of its new Home, one of the finest and most commodious in western New York. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John H. Burns, of New York, West, officiated at the dedication, assisted by members of his Lodge, Buffalo, No. 23, after Exalted Ruler Walter F. Munay, of Dunkirk Lodge, had opened the meeting. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert served as representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. The principal speaker of the occasion was Thomas P. Heffernan, a member of long standing in the Lodge, and a noted attorney. His address, dealing with the ideals and standards of the Order, was followed by talks by Mr. Hulbert, D. Curtis Gano, Past President of the New York State Elks Association, and member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; and Past Exalted Ruler John W. LeSeur, of Batavia Lodge, No. 950. The Degree Team of Buffalo Lodge assisted in the conduct of the ritualistic ceremonies. Upon the completion of these, the keys to the Home were handed by Mr. Burns to Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. William Murphy who in turn delivered them to Past Exalted Ruler Godfrey M. Hoefler, chairman of the Lodge's board of trustees. The evening was concluded with a lavish buffet supper and a tour of inspection of the premises.

The preface to the formal ceremonial of dedication, the street parade, assembled early in the afternoon and proceeded through the principal thoroughfares of Dunkirk to the Elks' Home at 428 Central Avenue. In order, in line, came a color guard of the Dunkirk Naval Militia, the White Eagle band of Erie, Pa., Lodge, No. 67; Buffalo Lodge's famous drill team, followed by the Buffalo Bills, the mounted troop of Buffalo Lodge, in cowboy attire, and thereafter marchers from Corry and Titusville, Pa., Lodges, and from Buffalo, Erie, North Tonawanda, Lockport, Batavia, and Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodges. A second section of the column was led by the Fife and Drum Corps of the Dunkirk Naval Militia, with Mr. Hulbert, Mr. Heffernan, Mr. Gano, Dr. LeSeur, Mr. Murphy, Past Exalted Ruler Fred B. Barnes, chairman of the Dedication Committee, and the other Past Exalted Rulers of Dunkirk Lodge. The members of No. 922, led by Exalted Ruler Munay, constituted the third and last division of the procession.

The new Home of the Lodge was formerly the residence of one of the principal families of Dunkirk, a stately and soundly built dwelling with great, handsome rooms. The floors throughout are of shining hard wood. There are marble fireplaces and crystal chandeliers, and tall mirrors reaching from baseboard to ceiling. A fine staircase leads to the upper floors, and the dining room is paneled in oak. These magnificent appointments have been thoroughly refinished, and to them has been added kitchen and plumbing equipment of the most modern construction. The spacious foyer on the ground

floor gives, on the north side, into two drawing rooms for the use of ladies, and on the south side, into a general lounging room. In the rear of this is the dining room, and, back of that, the billiard room. The grill room, the game rooms and the kitchen are on the second floor, as is also the secretary's office. On the third floor, whose whole extent formerly was devoted to a ballroom, the Lodge room is located. Accessory equipment, such as the china designed and made expressly for the Lodge, is of an order in keeping with the handsome appearance of the Home as a whole.

The day before the official dedication of the building, the Elks held a reception in the Home for friends, when the visitors were outspoken in their admiration for the Lodge's new quarters.

Elyria, O., Lodge Officers Initiate Class for Toledo Lodge

The officers of Elyria, O., Lodge, No. 465, officiated at a meeting in the Home of Toledo Lodge, No. 53, a few weeks ago, initiating a class for their hosts. An exchange of visits in Ohio, Northwest, which will involve much traveling by all the Lodges of the district, was thus inaugurated. Exalted Ruler J. C. A. Leppelman, First Vice-President of the Ohio State Elks Association, welcomed the visitors after they had been guests at a dinner given in their honor. The officers, who were accompanied by a number of other Elyria members, including several Past Exalted Rulers, were headed by Exalted Ruler William E. Dengate.

Past Exalted Ruler F. A. Stetson, of Elyria Lodge, delivered an address which was directed primarily at the newly made Elks, while Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. F. Loomis expressed for the Elyria members the pleasure of being in Toledo, and extended to

their hosts an urgent invitation to visit Elyria Lodge.

The Elks' Luncheon Club of Toledo Lodge has had as its guests during the past few weeks Mayor William T. Jackson and Carl J. Christensen, whom he defeated in the recent mayoralty race by a small margin. Successful and defeated candidates for judgeships of the Municipal Court also were guests of the Lodge, as were Vice-Mayor Charles D. Hoover and members of the council, both victorious and defeated.

District Deputy Babcock Visits Chadron, Neb., His Home Lodge

Paying his official visit to his home Lodge, Chadron, Neb., No. 1399, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George T. H. Babcock, was greeted by a large turn-out of members. Following a most interesting talk by the District Deputy, who served as Chadron Lodge's first Exalted Ruler, a class of candidates was initiated by the officers. The meeting was then adjourned and the members present enjoyed a supper and social hour.

"Boys of Auld Lang Syne" Celebrate Anniversary of Indianapolis Lodge

The forty-eighth anniversary of the issuance of its charter to Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, was celebrated at their annual meeting by the "Boys of Auld Lang Syne," members who have been on the rolls of the Lodge for twenty years or more. Some fifty of the "Boys" were on hand. Memorial services were held for those who had died during the year, old songs were sung, toasts were offered, and old stories retold, as the gathering re-lived the early days of the Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler James F. Quigley



Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44, dedicates its splendid Boy Scouts' Camp

was re-elected as presiding officer and George W. June as Secretary.

Especially honored were the charter members present, James V. Cook, Charles Cleaveland, Eugene A. Cooper and Mr. June. The other remaining charter members, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; former Postmaster-General Harry S. New, and John Jay Curtis, who were unable to attend, sent messages of felicitation, which were read to the gathering during the course of the evening. Many other messages of good-will were received from Elks all over the country, including one from Major John E. Burk, a member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, since 1873, and one from Harry Armstrong, on the rolls of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, for fifty-three years.

J. Charles Paine, Long Assistant To Grand Secretary, is Dead

J. Charles Paine, of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge, No. 297, widely known in the Order for his long service as Assistant to the Grand Secretary when Fred C. Robinson first held that office, died suddenly at his home in Dubuque, as a result of blood-poisoning which followed the removal of a sliver from the palm of his right hand. He was sixty-one years old.

Although a native and life-long resident of Dubuque, Mr. Paine had many friends among Elks all over the country whom he met during his work in the Grand Secretary's office, and to whom news of his death will come as a shock. Exalted Ruler Leo Tierney and the officers of Dubuque Lodge conducted the Elk ritual at the grave-side. To Mrs. Paine, to his fellow-members, and to his many devoted friends, in and out of the Order, THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its sincerest sympathy.

Visit of Elizabeth, N. J., Members To Asbury Park Lodge a Gala Event

The visit of a huge delegation of members of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, to the Home of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, taxed to the utmost the seating capacity of the Lodge room, and resulted in one of the finest and most enjoyable meetings ever held by No. 128. Headed by Exalted Ruler James F. Pierce, the visitors' officers conducted most impressively the initiation of a class for their hosts, while interesting talks by well-known members, including Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George L. Hirtzel, a Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, had the close attention of the large audience. Following the close of the formal meeting, a bounteous table supper was served in the social room, after which a program of musical and vaudeville numbers was enjoyed.

Distinguished Guests at Watertown, N. Y., Elks' Thirtieth Anniversary

Celebrating its thirtieth anniversary, Watertown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 496, was host to visitors, many of them widely known in the Order, from twenty-five other Lodges, at one of the most brilliant functions in its history. Following a banquet in the New Woodruff Hotel, the gathering adjourned to the State Armory for the formal meeting, the initiation of a class of sixty-one candidates, and a program of speeches by well-known Elks. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert was the principal speaker of the evening. During the course of his speech, he left the rostrum to address, face to face, the newly made Elks, impressing upon them their privileges and responsibilities. Mr. Hulbert referred to the fact that at the end of the last Lodge year, when Watertown Lodge reported a decrease in membership of sixty-one, he urged Exalted Ruler J. E. Bourcay to make up the loss, and that the class which he was addressing represented a 100 per cent recovery. Other speakers included Charles M. Bedell, Sr., who was present at the institution of Watertown Lodge. Mr. Bedell, former Grand Lodge officer, is Past Exalted Ruler of Syracuse Lodge, No. 31, of which his son, Charles M. Bedell, Jr., is now the head. D. Curtis Gano, Past President of the New York State Elks Association, and a member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; Miles S. Hencle, also a Past President of the Association, who represented



The Degree Team of Salem, Ore., Lodge No. 336, winners of the State Ritualistic Contest

President William T. Phillips; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler T. A. Hendricks, who paid glowing tribute to the charter members of No. 496 and, on behalf of the Lodge, presented the seven remaining pioneers with parchment scrolls, bearing witness to the esteem in which they are held, also spoke.

A delightful program of entertainment brought the splendid occasion to its finish.

"Iron Man McGinnity," Member of McAlester, Okla., Lodge, is Dead

"Iron Man McGinnity," a life member of McAlester, Okla., Lodge, No. 533, and one of the most picturesque, famous and widely loved of big league baseball players, is dead. Mr. McGinnity died at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., in November, after several months of illness. His body was sent for burial to McAlester, his boyhood town, where it was received by fellow members of No. 533, and escorted to the Lodge Home, where it lay in state, surrounded by floral tributes from friends and admirers all over the United States, as early team-mates and other companions of his youth came to pay their last respects. At the cemetery, with members of his old McAlester baseball team as pall-bearers, the "Iron Man" was laid to rest with the Elks grave-side service.

Mr. McGinnity's baseball career extended over a period of thirty-two years. His first appearances were with teams from Krebs, Okla., and McAlester, and his last with the Dubuque, Ia., team for whom, as player-manager, at the age of fifty-three, he pitched twenty games. It was as a member of the Brooklyn, N. Y., team, that he earned his famous sobriquet of Iron Man. Playing against Philadelphia, in seven days he pitched and won six games, and the pennant, for his club. He later played with the New York Giants, for whom he often pitched both games of a double-header.

Pawtucket, R. I., Elks' Skating Carnival a Brilliant Event

An ice carnival, noteworthy as a sporting event as well as for its financial success in behalf of the Elks' Christmas charity fund, was held by Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge, No. 920, a short time ago at the Rhode Island Auditorium in that city. National speed and figure skating champions, members of Olympic skating teams and acrobatic skaters of exceptional skill performed in a manner to make the event unusually brilliant. One racing champion who competed was Floyd Degon, of Springfield, Mass., national juvenile speed champion, who with his brother Melvin, defeated Eric Noseworthy, former boy champion, and John McDonald, in a half-mile relay. In a later special match race Noseworthy raced to the tape ahead of Degon. Figure skaters later gave an exhibi-

tion of skill, their number including James L. Madden, of Newton, Mass., national amateur champion and member of the 1928 United States Olympic team; Miss Maribel Vinson, of Winchester, Mass., national amateur singles figure skating champion; and Mrs. Theresa Blanchard and Nathaniel W. Niles, of Boston, national pair champion figure skaters and Olympic representatives since 1920. Two professional skaters from Chicago performed an acrobatic dance on the ice, and Everett McGowan, of Springfield, gave an exhibition of barrel jumping. Special numbers by two foreign women skaters from Denmark and Germany, and a ladies' hockey game, played with brooms and a football, concluded the evening's sport.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge Officers Conduct Mount Vernon Initiation

Officers of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535, conducted the initiation ceremonies for Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, a short time ago. The occasion was marked by the presence of a large delegation of Elks from White Plains, and the neighboring Lodges of Yonkers, No. 707, Mamaroneck, No. 1457, New Rochelle, No. 756, Port Chester, No. 863, Ossining, No. 1486, and Mount Kisco, No. 1552. Addresses were delivered by Exalted Ruler L. W. Kenney and Past Exalted Ruler Edward F. Fitzgerald, of White Plains; and by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Sydney A. Syme, of Mount Vernon Lodge.

Providence, R. I., Lodge Celebrates Its Forty-eighth Anniversary

With more than fifty present who had been members for twenty-five years or longer, Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, recently celebrated its forty-eighth anniversary. Four of these veterans who attended were Past Exalted Rulers R. F. Jones, C. H. Horton, John E. Hurley and James H. Fleming. In addition to those distinguished for long membership and the younger Elks of No. 14, there were among the gathering members of the nearby Rhode Island Lodges of Pawtucket, No. 920; Newport, No. 104; and Woonsocket, No. 850. The dean of Providence Lodge, Secretary H. W. Callender, who was initiated in 1888, was the first speaker on the program. Later in the evening Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight James F. Duffy recalled, from the records of the Lodge and from memory, many of the historic incidents of its life, and interpreted for those present the significance of many of the heirlooms in the Home, some of which are only a few months less old than the Lodge itself. At the beginning of the ceremonies incident to the anniversary, the members qualifying were escorted into the Lodge room by the drill team and there presented with Elk buttons, emblematic of their affiliation.



This Home of Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, has an air of both stateliness and hospitality

A. Leathley, and Edward J. Brophy, Exalted Ruler of Cristobal Lodge. High points of enthusiasm during the evening were reached when Mr. Davies spoke of what Panama Canal Zone and Cristobal Lodges had done since their institution, and when a cablegram of greeting from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning was read to the assemblage: "Hail to Dick and to Lang and to fourteen-fourteen."

This "Grand Lodge Night" at Panama Canal Zone Lodge's Home followed a few days after another and no less gratifying event on the Isthmus, the installation at Cristobal Lodge, by Mr. Davies, of Mr. Wardlaw as District Deputy.

Past Chief Justice John J. Carton Honored by Flint, Mich., Lodge

A career of distinguished service to his Lodge and to the Order in general was recognized when his fellow members of Flint, Mich., Lodge, No. 222, gave a banquet in honor of Judge John J. Carton, Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, on his seventy-third birthday. More than 400 members and distinguished guests from other Lodges gathered in the Home of No. 222 to pay tribute to an "exemplary Elk and worthy citizen." Among the widely-known Elks who spoke of Judge Carton's notable career were Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, who was a member of the Grand Forum in 1926-27 when Judge Carton was its Chief Justice; and Grand Chaplain the Rev. Dr. John Dysart. The speaking program was opened by Exalted Ruler Paul V. Gadola, who introduced as toastmaster Fenton R. McCreery, an ex-member of the United States diplomatic corps. Mr. McCreery then called upon Mr. Mountain, Mayor Ray A. Brownell, representing the city in the tribute to Judge Carton; Mr. Hulbert, and Dr. Dysart, who presented to the guest of honor the card of the Honorary Life Membership to which his fellow members had elected him. When Judge Carton rose to respond, he was given an ovation by the diners that lasted for more than a minute. In his speech he told his hearers of what the Order of Elks had meant to him in his thirty-eight years of membership, and said that one of his great regrets was that, although on the list of candidates to be initiated when Flint Lodge was instituted, unavoidable absence from the city had kept him from becoming a charter member.

Yankton, S. D., Elks Place Road Signs to Welcome Tourists

Yankton, S. D., Lodge, No. 994, has placed, at intervals of every five miles and within a radius of thirty miles of that city, sign-posts informing Elks traveling by automobile, of the proximity of a Home of the Order. The signs are white, with large black letters, and read, for example, "Yankton, 5 Mi." Beneath this inscription, in smaller letters, is "Elks' Club." The Lodge was prompted to set these signs along all important highways by the experience of several members who, when touring, found to their regret they had on several occasions missed calling at a Lodge because they were unaware of its presence.

Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge Enjoying An Active Winter Season

For both the man in the street and the man in the air, the top of the Home of Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge, No. 287, has become a significant sight. The Lodge recently painted white the figure of an elk surmounting the building which, spotlighted after dark, is now one of the striking landmarks of the city. The Walla Walla Elks have made further use of the roof of the Home by placing upon it a guide-sign for aviators, prepared in strict accordance with Government regulations. These outward manifestations of activity among the members of No. 287 have their counterpart in inward enterprises. An Elks' Band, under the direction of a well-known leader, is in the process of formation. And recently there have been two markedly enjoyable entertainments, the one a dinner at the Grand Hotel to which members brought the ladies of their families, the other a steamed clam feast within the Home. Both functions attracted gatherings of about two hundred. The

with the Order for a quarter-century. They were then congratulated upon their long membership by William S. Flynn, former Governor of Rhode Island; by Mayor James E. Dunne, and by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Hartigan.

Many Visitors at McKeesport, Pa., Lodge When District Deputy Calls

Delegations from eight other Pennsylvania Lodges were present at the ceremonies at McKeesport, Pa., Lodge, No. 136, upon the occasion of the official visit there of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Brown. The commendation by the District Deputy of the officers' excellent conduct of the ritual, and of the soundness and efficiency of the Lodge management, added to the attendance at the gathering of so many visiting Elks, made the event a most pleasing one to the hosts of the evening.

Terre Haute, Ind., Elks Commemorate Anniversary of Their Home

Impressive ceremonies marked the celebration recently by Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, of the twentieth anniversary of the dedication of its Home. After the initiation of one of the largest classes the Lodge has ever inducted, the honor of presiding was given over by Exalted Ruler George C. Morris to D. L. Watson, who was Exalted Ruler in 1909 when the present Home was first formally opened and dedicated. There were present, too, at this commemoration of that event a score of years ago, a number of other Past Exalted Rulers, among them being Raymond F. Thomas, Homer Williams, John M. Fitzgerald, and William E. Hendrich, all of whom participated in the initiatory work. Points of especial interest during the evening were the reading of a congratulatory message from Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, a stirring address by Past Exalted Ruler Birch E. Bayh, and the reading of messages of appreciation and good-will from former members, now living elsewhere, to whom had been dispatched special letters and badges in honor of their long membership. A splendid dinner preceded the meeting and a buffet supper, served in the

newly remodeled basement of the Home, followed it.

New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Celebrates Thirty-fourth Birthday

More than 200 members of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, gathered at the Home for the gala banquet and entertainment with which the thirty-fourth birthday of No. 324 was celebrated. Arranged by a committee of Past Exalted Rulers, headed by Secretary Edward Burt, the affair was a noteworthy success. Following the invocation, delivered by the Rev. William A. Gilfillan, dinner, during which the Lodge orchestra furnished music, was served, after which Exalted Ruler Monroe W. Taylor, acting as toastmaster, introduced Samuel D. Hoffman, a member of New Brunswick Lodge, as the principal speaker of the evening. Many well-known Elks were in attendance, and among others who spoke were President Edgar T. Reed, of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Past President John H. Cose, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Francis N. Dobbins. At the conclusion of the addresses Past Exalted Ruler Raymond J. Stafford took charge as master of ceremonies, and conducted the program of entertainment, which was provided by professionals from New York.

"Grand Lodge Night" at Panama Canal Zone Lodge, Sets Record

As a token of esteem for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Lang Wardlaw and of Richard M. Davies, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and Past District Deputy, Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, held not long ago "Grand Lodge Night." This gathering broke all attendance records for Lodge meetings. So numerous were the members present, including those who came over from Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, that extra chairs had to be placed three deep to accommodate the crowd. In addition to the guests of honor, among those who attended were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur W. Goulet, Past Exalted Rulers Grover F. Bohan, Q. C. Peters, Hugh V. Powers, Thomas

Lodge is also conducting a membership campaign which, at the time of writing, had brought in some sixty applications. A class of eleven candidates was initiated at the meeting at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. D. Randall made his visit.

District Deputy McCormick Conducts Inspection of Defiance, O., Lodge

Dr. Edward J. McCormick, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Ohio, Northwest, recently conducted the annual inspection of Defiance, Ohio, Lodge, No. 147. He congratulated the members of this Lodge upon the manner in which it was managed and upon the appearance and arrangement of the Home. In addition to this and with particular emphasis, Dr. McCormick expressed his pleasure at the success with which No. 147 has sponsored a Lodge of Antlers, commenting upon the fact that Defiance Elks are among the first in Ohio to inaugurate a representation of this junior Order.

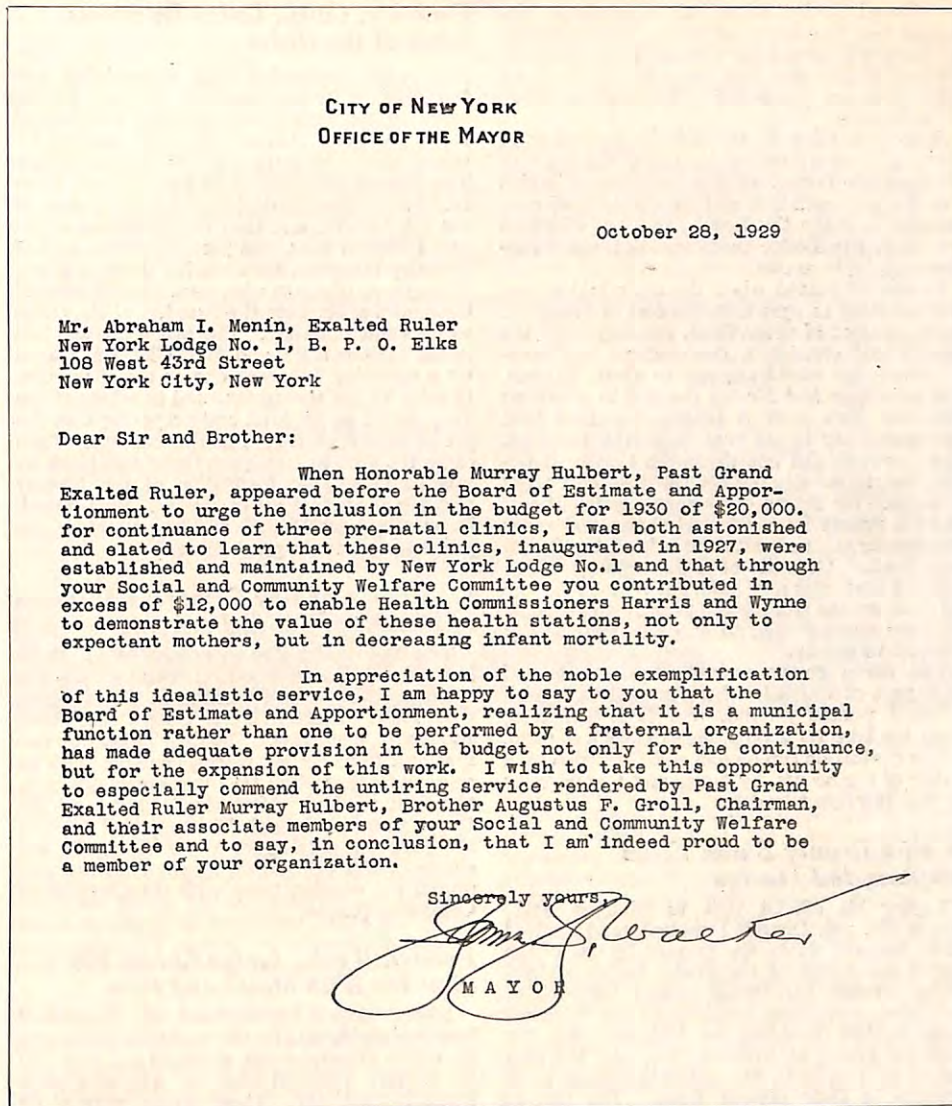
At the banquet to the District Deputy, some two hundred members were present to greet him, as well as the delegation from his own Lodge, Toledo, No. 53, which accompanied him, and included Exalted Ruler J. C. A. Leppelman and Secretary Louis E. Volk. It was announced at the conclusion of the initiatory ceremonies that Defiance Lodge had complied with the request of the Grand Lodge to provide an airway marker upon the roof of the Home.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge Burns Its Last Outstanding Note

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, celebrated a short time ago the retirement of the last of its outstanding debts by burning the note with ceremony. This took place at a luncheon at the Home and was followed by a smoker at which a preponderant majority of the members were present. The occasion marked the freedom of the Lodge from all financial obligations with the exception of bonds yet to mature. In commemoration of the event, there were addresses by several Elks prominent in Lodge affairs, the principal speech being that of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George L. Geisler. Mr. Geisler commented particularly upon the sound business management of the Lodge in its twenty-eight years of existence and upon the reward of this, the exceptionally commodious and well appointed Home.

"Baby Elks" of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge Give Entertainment

The more than 400 "baby Elks" of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, comprising the members of the various classes initiated during 1929, combined their efforts and put on an entertainment for their fellow members that was one of the most successful ever held in the Home. Some 900 Elks crowded the spacious quarters and enjoyed thoroughly the long program of music, dancing and vaudeville, which the 'twenty-niners had arranged. Preceding the formal opening of the occasion by Exalted Ruler D. T. Lane, there had been a grand entry



A letter of congratulation from Mayor Walker to New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1

of the initiates of the year, and an address of welcome to the older members of the Lodge.

Carnival Given by Baker, Ore., Lodge Proves Both Gay and Gainful

Profits from the recent carnival held by Baker, Ore., Lodge, No. 338, establish that the affair was fully as remunerative as it was enjoyable to all who attended. The carnival, given in behalf of Baker's neediest families, was staged for three successive evenings in the Elks' Home there and proved to be one of the merriest events the town has known in some time. The Lodge was assisted in its work by the contribution of merchandise and cash by merchants of Baker. Prizes were

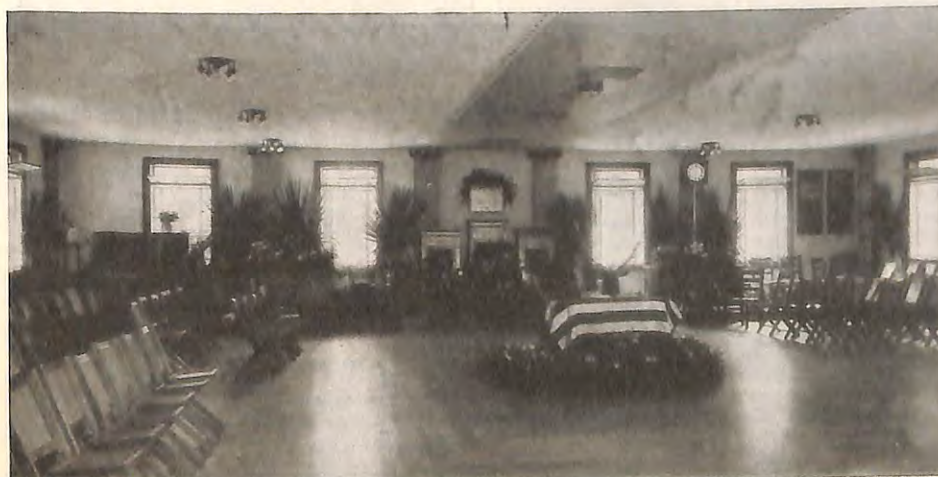
awarded nightly for dance attendance and upon the last evening of the carnival two special prizes were contested for. Exalted Ruler Herbert Chandler announced after the charity show had ended that an unexpectedly large sum had been earned for the Lodge's relief enterprises.

Kangaroo Court at Roll-Call Is a Hit at Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge

Announcement of the holding of a kangaroo court and of the awarding of unusual prizes succeeded in making the recent annual roll call of Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge, No. 1247, an exceptionally well attended and memorable event. The Lodge was fortunate in having available for judges in the kangaroo court a Circuit Judge, a Justice of the Peace, and the President of the Oregon State Elks Association. Before these three, about fifteen members, habitually dilatory in attendance, were brought and fined with a promptness highly enjoyable to the other Elks present. The roll-call throng was swelled also by the offer of prizes for the oldest member to attend it and to the youngest member.

Boy Scouts Thank Minneapolis, Minn., Elks for Gift of Camp

What has been designated by Chief Executive George S. Wyckoff and other officers of the Boy Scouts of America as one of the finest Scout camps in the country, Camp Tonkawa, on Lake Minnetonka, Minn., was dedicated recently by its donors, Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44. The principal ceremony of the occasion was the placing of a bronze tablet expressive of the appreciation of the Scouts for the Elks' provision of so unsparing and so genuinely beneficent a gift. On behalf of Minneapolis Lodge, Past Exalted Ruler W. C. Robertson, Chairman of



The Lodge Room of DeLand, Fla., Lodge, No. 1463, decorated for memorial services

the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, delivered the dedicatory address. Thereafter W. G. Compton, acting for Colonel P. L. McClay, Exalted Ruler, who had been called away by military duties, proceeded with a modified ritual of dedication.

This dedication is the culmination of eight years of zealous enterprise upon the part of Minneapolis Lodge, only a measure of which was the accumulation and expenditure of over \$40,000, to make this Scout camp one of which not only the Lodge members but the entire State might be proud.

It was estimated when the undertaking was contemplated in 1921 that the cost of filling the eighteen acres of swampland, clearing away the ground and erecting a commodious and comfortable lodge would amount to about \$25,000. But no sooner had No. 44 decided to go ahead with this idea than it became manifest that an appreciably larger sum would be required. This, however, did not deter the Lodge; it determined to see the project through, cost what it might. By means of personal contributions, through profits from minstrel shows and other entertainments, and with the help of the Building Trades Council of Minneapolis, which donated materials and labor for remodeling the old barn on the site for the present great lodge, the plan was adhered to and this year finally brought to reality.

The camp covers now twenty-five acres of land, part of which has been leveled to furnish a broad parade ground, and it is bordered, along the lake, by a wide, smooth beach of sand.

The dedication ceremonies were preceded by a review of the Scouts, by music and by addresses by Elk and Scout leaders.

District Deputy Burke Visits Bluffton, Ind., Lodge

Paying his official visit to Bluffton, Ind., Lodge, No. 796, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Burke was greeted by one of the largest gatherings of the year. In his address of the evening, Mr. Burke covered the work of the Order, mentioning particularly the Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago and the National Home at Bedford, Va., and the part played by THE ELKS MAGAZINE in making these possible in their present form. The famous Bluffton Degree team, headed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Ardner, then conducted the initiation of a class of candidates, following which a buffet supper was served. This fine meeting served as a house-warming of the redecorated and refurnished Home of the Lodge.

Berkeley, Calif., Lodge Re-enacts Birth of the Order

A most instructive and entertaining performance, a re-enactment in costume of the origin of the Order, was given by members of Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002, on the occasion of its celebration of Old Timers' Night. The two-act skit, written by Past Exalted Ruler Hubert N. Rowell, depicting the early days of the Jolly Corks, and then the institution of the first Lodge of Elks, was performed by a cast of Berkeley members, each playing the part of one of the group of actors who, meeting in "Mother" Giesman's attic, were the founders of the Order as we know it to-day. The first scene was laid in the famous attic, and Mrs. Giesman, played by a Berkeley Elk, was one of the characters. Charles Vivian was represented as telling of the Jolly Corks in England and proposing that the group form such a club in this country. Then came the vote in which the Order was given its present name, the institution of the Mother Lodge, and its first act of charity. Well-staged, historically correct and wittily presented, the performance was a great success.

Elks Troop of Boy Scouts are Winners of Pittsburg, Calif., Jamboree

The Boy Scout Troop, sponsored by Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge, No. 1474, won first place in a scout jamboree held recently in the Pittsburg City Park. Thirteen other troops, comprising 190 scouts, competed. The Elks Troop won two first and three second places, enabling them to come out ahead of all the other organizations in the final scoring. After the jamboree all the troops paraded through Pittsburg and back to the park for a campfire and a feast. In the course of this celebration Mayor Donovan presented the winning troop with the Chamber of Commerce plaque.

Everett, Wash., Lodge Cheers 150 Shut-Ins With Music and Film

More than one hundred and fifty inmates of hospitals and homes for the aged were guests at a theatrical entertainment arranged not long ago by Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, at a playhouse in that city. Those invited were of all ages and varying degrees of health. They were brought to the theatre in cars either driven or provided by the members of No. 479, or by kindly disposed citizens whose interest had been won to assisting in the problem of transporting the shut-ins between their institutions and the place of entertainment. Some of the Lodge's

guests were able to walk from the cars to seats inside the theatre, others were so incapacitated as to require wheel-chairs. But all, once the program was under way, displayed an equal capacity for enjoyment.

The first features of entertainment were musical; an organ recital of old-time songs and thereafter an accordion solo. After a dancing act, a talking picture was shown. It was selected for its ability to cheer and amuse, and it did both. The instrumental numbers and the dancing act were arranged through the cooperation and the courtesy of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, the members of whose shut-in committee came over from there and worked in association with Everett Lodge.

Roll-Call and Roundup at Bellingham, Wash., Lodge Attracts 200

As wholehearted a response as Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, has ever known at any gathering was given the recent annual roll-call and roundup. More than 200 members were present at the beginning of the evening. And before its end, by virtue of initiation ceremonies, eleven more were added. To supplement this event and the regular meeting, there was an entertainment by professionals engaged especially for the occasion, and speeches by Past Exalted Rulers Roland G. Gamwell and P. J. Snyder, and others prominent in the Lodge. The evening was begun with one of No. 194's good-fellowship dinners, and wound up with a buffet supper.

DeLand, Fla., Lodge Takes Care Of Nearly 100 Bank-Closing Victims

In order to relieve the distress occasioned by the closing of two banks, DeLand, Fla., Lodge, No. 1463, recently and by means of appropriations from its charity fund and other contributions, took care of the vital needs of nearly one hundred families in its city. So acute was the depression in DeLand that it was feared by some that the municipal authorities must establish a bread line for the colored population. The Elks' Lodge, however, took charge of the situation and handled it satisfactorily.

Through donations by members of Lodge No. 1463, and through contributions from citizens of Volusia County, one from the city of DeLand and from commissions on ten Sunday showings at the Dreka Theatre, a considerable sum was accumulated, which was disbursed in the interest of relief work for the thirty-five white and the sixty-three colored families suffering from the bank closing. The Elks band furthermore gave two concerts a week for a month and a half to bolster public morale.

District Deputy Robbins Visits Trenton, N. J., Lodge

Accompanied by a large delegation from his own Lodge, Lakewood, N. J., No. 1432, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leo Robbins paid an official visit recently to Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105. It was the expressed opinion of the District Deputy, upon meeting the members of Trenton Lodge, that they were to be commended particularly upon the enthusiasm they displayed in fraternal activities, and upon the manner in which they conducted the business of the Lodge.

San Diego, Calif., Elks Hold Charity Ball and Entertain Visitors

Two unusually successful events were held recently by San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, the first a Charity Ball at Mission Beach, and the second the entertainment of the members of Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415. So fully attended was the ball in behalf of the Charity Fund that the figure of an Elk which the committee had placed in the center of the ballroom floor had to be removed to make space for the dancers. The number of these was about two thousand.

Some two weeks later came a second occasion over whose outcome San Diego Lodge had reason to be elated. This was its acting as host to the Huntington Park officers and drill team and a group of ladies accompanying them.

From the time the visitors arrived aboard the



Governor Young and members of Alameda, Calif., Lodge lay Memorial cornerstone

steamer Harvard, at eight o'clock in the evening, to the time the ship left again for Huntington Park, a little after two the following morning, there was never a lull in the festivities. Immediately after landing, the ladies among the guests were taken by a committee acting for San Diego Lodge to a theatre party. This left the Huntington Park members free to attend the initiation at the Lodge, and the entertainment thereafter. Buffet supper was served the ladies later in the reading-room and card-room of the Lodge and to the members of the two Lodges in the banquet-room. There followed still later a supper dance aboard the Harvard, lasting until it was time to sail from San Diego harbor.

1,200 Elks Crowd Olympia Auditorium At Western Washington Meeting

At the first of a series of three get-togethers planned by Elks of the State of Washington, held recently at Olympia, 1,200 members of Lodges from western Washington were present. Two other such meetings to be held during the administration of Russell V. Mack, President of the State Association, have been arranged for eastern Washington and northwestern Washington. The program of the occasion at Olympia included performances by several drill teams, music by Elks' Bands and addresses by Dave Beck, then District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Washington, Northwest; Emmett T. Anderson, second Vice-President of the State Association; J. C. Slater, third Vice-President; and Victor Zednick, Secretary. Four bands in all were on hand and two drum corps.

Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge, Farthest North, Dedicates Its New Home

The farthest-north Lodge, Fairbanks, Alaska, No. 1551, dedicated its new Home a short time ago and completed the program of ceremonies with the holding of its first annual roll-call and the initiation of eleven new members.

Response to the roll-call was especially hearty. Eighty-four members of Fairbanks Lodge attended, and in addition there were present at the impressive ceremonies and to share the enthusiasm of the occasion, several visiting members of the Order, and both hosts and guests voiced their pleasure at the arrangement and appearance of the new Lodge quarters in the News-Miner Building.

Elizabeth, N. J., Elks' Bazaar Nets \$16,000 for Crippled Children

For its crippled children's fund, Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, earned recently, by its yearly institution, "Oriental Nights," more than \$16,000. This attraction was a combination of bazaar and vaudeville show, and it ran for a solid week. Attendance on the opening and closing nights reached 2,000 and on each intervening evening approximated between 1,000 and 1,300 persons.

Impetus was given the first of the "Nights" by a children's promenade, to the winners of which were awarded three prizes. The bazaar was preceded every evening by a concert by the Elks' Band, playing upon the verandah of the Home to attract attention to the festivities within the auditorium. Professional singing and dancing acts, mind-reading performances and a special dance orchestra contributed by a large amusement company provided entertainment throughout the week.

"Million-Dollar Ball" at Pensacola, Fla., Lodge Proves Big Success

Both for its earnings for charity and for the pleasure evinced by all its patrons, the "Million-Dollar Ball" given recently on two successive evenings by Pensacola, Fla., Lodge, No. 497, was pronounced the most successful of these annual events ever held. The affair was a combination of carnival and dance. The lower floor of the Home was converted into a ballroom, to which admission was charged, and the upper floor given over to booths for the sale of merchandise and refreshments. The name "Million-Dollar Ball" derives from a novel method of making purchases. Ticket-holders were presented, when they entered the Home, with script in denominations calling for hundreds of



"Old Timers' Night" at Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002, proved a memorable occasion

thousands of dollars and, using these later for dancing fees and in payment of things offered at the booths, had all the thrill of squandering millions during the evening. Festivities were preceded, on the first evening, by a torchlight procession to the Home. Marchers in this included members of Pensacola Lodge and their wives, mounted police, the American Legion drum and bugle corps and an army band.

Bronx, N. Y., Members Create Charity Fund by Division of Dues

As a departure, in the interest of greater effectiveness, from the customary means of raising funds for welfare work, Bronx Lodge, No. 871, of New York, recently created, by an initial immediate appropriation and by amendments to its by-laws, a Lodge Charity Fund. The creation of this fund will render unnecessary the usual annual appeal for subscriptions.

Under the lately inaugurated and present system, 20 per cent. of the dues of every member will go into the Charity Fund. Dues have been increased to meet this assessment without pinching the Lodge unduly in its appropriations for other needs. Also all the profits from functions conducted by the Lodge will go into the Charity Fund. In order that the administrators of this fund have at once a substantial sum to work with, it was voted that \$2,000 be appropriated from the general fund of the Lodge for the Charity Fund.

Centralia, Ill., Lodge Lays Cornerstone Of New \$75,000 Brick Home

Centralia, Ill., Lodge, No. 493, recently laid the cornerstone of its new \$75,000 Home, which the members hope to see ready for occupancy before the thirtieth anniversary of the granting of the Lodge's charter next May. The ceremonies in connection with this step were conducted by Exalted Ruler Norman Hoffman. The principal address of the day was given by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, who dwelt upon the importance of the new Home not only as quarters for social activities and the engendering of enduring friendships but also as a center of enterprise in behalf of community and civic betterment. On the platform with the Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Exalted Ruler Hoffman were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lester H. Schneider, of Illinois, Southwest; and H. C. Warner, President, and George W. Hasselman, Secretary, of the Illinois State Elks Association. Delegations of members of East St. Louis Lodge, Ill., No. 664, and Belleville, Ill., Lodge, No. 481, attended the exercises. The new Home, already rising from an ample

corner plot, is to be a two-story structure thoroughly modern in design and equipment and built of brick and steel. In the basement will be located a gymnasium and bowling alleys, with shower and locker rooms adjoining, and the kitchen. The first floor, across the front of which extends a deep porch, will have the main club room, with tables for billiards, pool and other games; a lounge, a reading room and a ladies' parlor. The entrance lobby there will have a large open fireplace. Most of the space on the second floor is to be devoted to the extensive Lodge room. The rest will be converted into a second lounge. Throughout the Home the appointments and fixtures will be of a quality befitting the fineness of the building itself.

Bremerton, Wash., Lodge Clears \$2,500 at Tenth Annual Fair

More than \$2,500 is estimated as the profit, to be used for charitable purposes, accruing from the four days of the Tenth Annual Fair of Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, No. 1181, held recently at its Home. The Lodge acknowledges, in accounting for the success of the Fair as a whole, the assistance of the ladies who worked in association with the members toward making a record showing.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin Visits Hawaiian Lodges

Honolulu and Hilo, Hawaii, Lodges, Nos. 616 and 759, had the pleasure, some time ago, of entertaining Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin. Mr. Benjamin, who, accompanied by Mrs. Benjamin and Miss Barbara Benjamin, is making a trip around the world, was greeted upon his arrival at Honolulu by a committee which included District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. A. Nicoll; Exalted Ruler Paul O. Smith; Secretary W. N. Hanna, the other officers of No. 616, Senator Robert Shingle, and Past Exalted Ruler Frank E. Thompson. Native musicians serenaded the visitors and hung them with leis, the beautiful flower wreaths of the islands. Attending a regular meeting of Honolulu Lodge, Mr. Benjamin addressed the members, explaining particularly the Elks National Foundation, of whose Board of Trustees he is Vice-Chairman. A delightful feature of the Past Grand Exalted Ruler's stop was a native feast, with Hawaiian music and hula dancing, held at the country residence of Senator Shingle.

At Hilo, a special session of the Lodge there was called in honor of the visitor, who was accompanied on the visit by District Deputy Nicoll and Exalted Ruler Smith. Past District



This is the spacious and inviting Home of Garden City, Kans., Lodge No. 1404

Deputy James Henderson entertained the party at his home, and the travelers were taken on an extensive sight-seeing trip about the island.

Members of New Haven, Conn., Lodge Enjoying an Active Social Season

The splendid new Home of New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25, dedicated last spring, is the scene of many enjoyable social events. Present and future activities within the building include billiard and pool tournaments, Saturday-night dances, a minstrel show, ladies' nights, and a series of nationality nights, while interest in bowling is stimulated by a league made up of teams of members, and by the presence in the Bowling League of Connecticut, West, of a team representing the Lodge.

San Francisco, Calif., Elks Lose Ball Game, but Charities Win

Although the end of its fifth annual baseball game against the Shriners, played at Recreation Park, found the team of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, on the short end of a 10 to 8 score, both the Elks who participated and the enormous throng who witnessed the contest were elated at the financial outcome. The game aroused an uncommon amount of popular, as well as fraternal interest, and the income from admissions is reported to be more than ordinarily gratifying. It is to be divided between the Shriners and the Elks and devoted to charities.

Dallas, Texas, Drum and Bugle Corps Wins State Contest

The Dallas, Texas, Lodge, No. 71, Drum and Bugle Corps won its third large cash prize within the last five years when it took first place, against four other similar organizations, in the competition at the State Fair at Dallas this fall. In addition to the money award of three hundred dollars, the corps received a sterling silver cup in token of its victory, and its director, H. V. McKee, was presented with a gold medal. The two previous victories of the corps were scored at the National Elks Conventions at Boston, Mass., and Portland, Ore.

District Deputy Pays Official Visit To Staten Island, N. Y., Elks

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin, of New York, Southeast, accompanied by a large delegation of members of his Lodge, Queens Borough, No. 878, paid an official visit a short time ago to Staten Island Lodge, No. 841. This escort of the District Deputy's included James T. Hallinan, Member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and members of the Drill Team. Present at the welcome extended to Mr. Navin were, in addition to Elks from Staten Island Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert; Thomas F. Cuite, of Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22, Vice-President of the New York State Elks As-

sociation; Philip Clancy, Secretary of the State Association; and Past State Association President Joseph Brand, of Bronx Lodge, No. 871. After the meeting and initiatory exercises and the delivery by Mr. Navin of the message from Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, a program of special and highly enjoyable entertainment was provided.

Large Initiation and Band Concert Open Orlando, Fla., Lodge's Season

With the initiation of thirty-five new members and with the giving of the first of a series of concerts by the Elks' band, the fall and winter activities of Orlando, Fla., Lodge, No. 1079, were opened most auspiciously. The initiation ceremonies at the Home in Orlando were marked by the presence of David Sholtz, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight and Past President of the Florida State Elks Association, who now is a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee.

The first of the band concerts comprised, among other numbers, compositions by the band director, James F. Doyle.

Many at Thirty-second Anniversary of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge

Nearly 400 Elks gathered recently in the auditorium of the Home of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395, to celebrate, with an elaborate banquet and notable entertainment, the event of the Lodge's thirty-second anniversary. The program of the evening included short speeches by Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin, and Edgar T. Reed, President of the New Jersey State Elks' Association. The Lodge had the pleasure, moreover, of entertaining as guests of honor John H. Cose, Past President of the State Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Francis V. Dobbins, of New Jersey, Central; Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney; and Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey State Elks Crippled Children's Committee. Both throughout the dinner and later, for dancing, an orchestra provided excellent music.

Portland, Ore., Elks Visit Seattle Lodge And Celebrate Fortieth Anniversary

Two events of outstanding interest in this year's activities of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, took place recently within almost a week of one another. The first was the visit to Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, of a delegation requiring two large motor buses to transport; the second was the celebration of Portland Lodge's Fortieth Anniversary. Those who made the trip into Washington were welcomed by an assemblage of 300 Seattle Elks early in the evening and from that time until the members from Portland started on the return journey at midnight, they were constantly and pleasantly entertained. A banquet before the Lodge session and further attractions thereafter were features of the evening arranged by Exalted Ruler Arthur

S. Morganstern for his guests. Exalted Ruler Harry M. Niles of Portland Lodge was in charge of the visiting delegation. At the second notable event of this season, the celebration of Portland Lodge's fortieth anniversary, special effort was made to link the life and traditions of the early Lodge to the present. To the 100 who had been members longest seats of honor on the stage were given and badges significant of the length of their membership were awarded. After the official meeting of the Lodge was adjourned, the evening was given over to an old-fashioned stag social and reunion. Past Exalted Ruler Gus C. Moser acted as master of ceremonies. In the course of the evening the members received a message from Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, at Atlanta, Ga., congratulating the Lodge upon its anniversary and expressing regret at being unable to be present at its celebration.

Distinguished Escort for District Deputy at Liberty, N. Y., Lodge

Twenty Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of Lodges within his jurisdiction acted as an escort of honor to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jacob A. Decker of New York, East Central, upon the occasion of his recent official visit to Liberty, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1545. Upon his arrival in Liberty, the District Deputy was greeted by officers of the Lodge and conducted first to a dinner arranged for him and his delegation at the Hall House, and thence to the Elks' Home. After the meeting, during which Mr. Decker praised the members of Liberty Lodge for their conduct of affairs, there was held a turkey supper, enlivened by a vaudeville show. About three hundred Elks were present.

Secretary Gaven, of the New Jersey State Association, Dies

Daniel F. Gaven, Past Exalted Ruler of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, and Secretary of the New Jersey State Elks Association, died some weeks ago at his home in East Orange. Mr. Gaven had also served as Secretary of Newark Lodge, and was widely known and esteemed by Elks throughout New Jersey. At the convention of his State Association, held last June at Asbury Park, Mr. Gaven was elected Secretary to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Edgar T. Reed to the Presidency, but was unable to be present for installment in office, and was prevented by his illness from ever being active in that capacity.

Mr. Gaven is survived by a wife, two sons and three daughters, to whom THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends, on behalf of the entire Order, its deepest sympathy.

Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge Members Enjoy Annual Venison Dinner

More than 200 members of Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, No. 461, sat down to their annual venison dinner in the Lodge Home, a few weeks ago. This yearly jollification, made possible by the keen shooting eye and the generous spirit of a member, "Chalkie" Breece, who provides the wherewithal for the feast, is one of the enjoyable fixtures on No. 461's program. Following the dinner, the members present were entertained by a number of professional vaudeville acts.

Albuquerque Lodge keeps up a high degree of interest among its members in the fraternal and charitable activities of the Order, and a splendid spirit prevails in its Home.

Eleven Permits for Antlers Lodges Granted by Grand Exalted Ruler

Eleven permits to institute Lodges of Antlers had been granted at the time of writing, by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews since he was installed in office last July. These have been issued to Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78; East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981; Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, No. 1328; Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28; Gallup, N. M., Lodge, No. 1440; Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888; Stockton, Calif., Lodge, No. 218; Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289; East Liverpool, O., Lodge, No. 258; Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85; San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener Convalescing in Florida

The many friends of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener will be glad to know that he has recently recovered from the serious illness that confined him to a hospital in Pittsburgh for several months. Mr. Tener is convalescing in Florida and is stopping at the Hotel Wofford, Miami Beach. At the time of going to press word was received that Mr. Tener had made such good progress that he had been able to attend Miami Lodge's great outdoor Memorial services and address the 12,000 persons gathered for the occasion.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Holds Dinner In Honor of District Deputy Reynolds

As a token of personal esteem and in recognition of his recent appointment, Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, held a banquet and entertainment in honor of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Hal Reynolds, of California, South Central, a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 672. Uniting with the District Deputy's own Lodge in rendering this tribute were visiting Elks from San Diego Lodge, No. 168; Fresno Lodge, No. 439; Long Beach Lodge, No. 888; Redlands Lodge, No. 583; and Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99. The event, designated as "C. Hal Reynolds Day," began with a dinner, at which 250 members were present. The regular meeting, presided over by Judge Walter Desmond, Past Exalted Ruler of Long Beach Lodge, ensued; and thereafter followed a program of songs by grand opera and concert artists which was enjoyed by 400 members of the Order. The eleven o'clock toast was recited by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Adolph R. Schultz, of California South, Past Exalted Ruler of Redlands Lodge.

Hazleton, Pa., Lodge Gives Banquet For Two Athletics' Players

Two members of the Philadelphia Athletics' championship baseball team, Joe Boley, of Mahanoy City, Pa., and Jack Quinn, of Pottsville, were guests of honor at a banquet given recently by Hazleton, Pa., Lodge, No. 200. The affair was a token of the pride the Lodge, as representative of the citizens of its part of the State, felt in these two native sons, and of gratitude for having brought uncommon celebrity to their home district. The principal speaker of the evening, John H. Bigelow, expressed the feeling of admiration of the Lodge toward its guests.

Virginia City Elks Hold Dance To Celebrate 32nd Anniversary

Two hundred and fifty persons gathered in the City Hall recently at a dance given by Virginia



The handsome and recently dedicated new Home of Pekin, Ill., Lodge No. 1271

City, Mont., Lodge, No. 390, in celebration of its thirty-second anniversary. Among the guests were visitors from Dillon Lodge, No. 1554, Butte Lodge, No. 240, and Bozeman Lodge, No. 463. The anniversary is but one cause which Virginia City Lodge has had for congratulation within the last few weeks, another being the virtual completion of the gymnasium the Elks have provided for the community and the school.

District Deputy's Conference Draws Eleven Lodges to Canton, Ill., Home

At the annual conferences of the officers of the West Central district of Illinois, called by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred A. Perkins, eleven Lodges gathered recently at Canton Lodge, No. 626, and framed plans for a joint initiation of all Lodges in the district and for the forthcoming district ritualistic contests. In addition to these and other matters, attention was turned also to the work of the Illinois Welfare Commission in its program of assistance to the crippled children of the State. Those who attended the conference, besides the District Deputy and Lodge representatives, included State Association President Henry C. Warner, Secretary George W. Hasselman and Treasurer

William Fritz of the Association, and Dr. F. S. Winters, in charge of the White Ritualistic Trophy competition.

5,000 Elks March to Celebrate New Home of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge

To celebrate the first step, the successful financing of the new \$400,000 Home of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, and to honor District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Hal Reynolds, of California, South Central; and President of the California State Elks Association Fred B. Mellman, five thousand Elks from all parts of the State marched through the streets of Long Beach recently. The procession, more than a mile in length, swung along through thoroughfares gay with purple and white bunting to the Municipal Auditorium where, under the direction of prominent members of the Order, 143 candidates were initiated into Long Beach Lodge. Before the start of the parade visiting Elks' officers were given a dinner at the Breakers Hotel. About two hundred were present. To participate in the procession, nineteen California Lodges sent delegations, many of these including the drill teams, drum corps and bands; and as many other units of the Order were represented by members unofficially in attendance. Chief of Police J. S. Yancy led the parade, followed by a color guard. Next came T. C. Donnell, senior Past Exalted Ruler of Long Beach Lodge, in an automobile bearing a placard inscribed "Father of 888." Other cars bearing city officials, Grand Lodge and State Association officers were next in order and after them came the uniformed drill teams and bands of visiting Lodges. These comprised the Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, band, drill team and chanters; Glendale Lodge, No. 1289 band; San Fernando, Lodge, No. 1539, drum corps; Santa Barbara, Lodge, No. 613, drum and bugle corps; Pasadena, Lodge, No. 672, band and drill team; Santa Monica, Lodge, No. 906, band; Whittier, Lodge, No. 1258, drum and bugle corps and drill team; Huntington Park, Lodge, No. 1415, drill team; and Long Beach Lodge drum corps. Lodge delegations marched with these military and musical units. Prominent among the attendants of the celebration were Grand Trustee Ralph Hagan; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knights Harry M. Ticknor and Mifflin G. Potts; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. R. Schultz, of California, South; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Taylor Renaker of Monrovia Lodge, No. 1427; Frank R. Cryderman of San Pedro, Lodge, No. 966; Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles, Lodge; Wesley Crandall of San Diego, Lodge, No. 168; Charles Pitzer of El Centro, Lodge, No. 1325; Joseph C. Burke of Santa Ana, Lodge, No. 794; H. H. Quincy of



Worcester, Mass., Lodge No. 243, celebrates the burning of the mortgage on its Home

Alhambra Lodge, No. 1328; L. A. Lewis of Anaheim Lodge, No. 1345; C. G. Pyle of Los Angeles Lodge and Frank V. Cason of Pomona Lodge, No. 789. Present also were State Association Secretary Richard Benbough and John J. Doyle, Past President of the State Association. The initiatory ceremonies were presided over by Exalted Ruler Carl A. Shipkey, of Santa Barbara Lodge. In the two principal speeches of the evening, District Deputy Reynolds and State President Mellman congratulated Exalted Ruler Houston L. Walsh and his fellow members of Long Beach Lodge upon the splendid management of the Lodge and of the celebration attending the start of its new and larger Home.

District Deputy and Visiting Elks At Huron, S. D., Lodge Initiation

In the presence of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. L. Doherty and other prominent Elks, and assisted by members of Madison, Lodge, No. 1442 and Aberdeen Lodge, No. 1046, Huron, S. D., Lodge, No. 444, held recently one of the most memorable initiation ceremonies in its history. Besides the District Deputy, the meeting was attended by C. H. Nelles, President of the South Dakota State Association and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Ford Zietlow, both of whom spoke briefly after the exercises. The officers of Madison Lodge, whose delegation was accompanied by the Lodge Band, conducted the ritualistic work, after which the Aberdeen Elks' degree team took charge of the proceedings.

Antlers Lodges of California In Active Programs

The Antlers Lodges of California, where the junior Order is under the aegis of the Big Brother Committee of the State Elks Association, headed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Fenton Nichols, are extremely active, patterning their program upon that of the Elks. They are banded together in a State Association of their own; engage in inter-Lodge visits and athletic contests; conduct social events; publish bulletins, and take part in charitable, municipal and fraternal affairs, just as do their Big Brothers.

Hanford, Calif., Lodge Honors Charter Members at Anniversary

Ten of the thirty-six charter members of Hanford, Calif., Lodge, No. 1259, and ten of its sixteen Past Exalted Rulers were among the 250 Elks who gathered recently to celebrate the Lodge's eighteenth anniversary. This and the fact that forty members of Fresno Lodge, No. 439, which conducted the institution of No. 1259, attended and participated in the initiation ceremonies, made the occasion noteworthy among the younger Lodge's anniversaries. Addresses of especial interest and cordiality of feeling were made by Exalted Ruler L. E. Bishop, of Fresno Lodge, who emphasized the value of the kinship of feeling and friendship existing between the two Lodges. The initiation ceremonies were performed by the officers of Fresno Lodge, following a banquet in honor of the charter members of Hanford Lodge.

Merrill, Wis., Lodge Entertains Boy Scouts at Its Home

Merrill, Wis., Lodge, No. 606, acted as host to 130 Boy Scouts recently in the spacious rooms of its Home. Although the youngsters arrived early in the evening while the Lodge meeting was being held, they were diverted and entertained by a showing downstairs of scenic and comic motion pictures. Later they were called upstairs where talks were given on Scouting and a Court of Honor held, with Fred Heineman presiding. There followed a speech by W. B. Chilsen upon the Scouts' part in the making of citizens of the future. Thereafter S. G. Browman, Scout Executive, lead the boys in song, and Exalted Ruler Stanley Emerich directed them in a recital of the Pledge of Allegiance.

Freeland, Pa., Elks Give Luncheon Honoring Past Exalted Rulers

Freeland, Pa., Lodge, No. 1145, held a short time ago the third of its annual luncheons in honor of its Past Exalted Rulers. In addition

to Freeland Elks present, there were among this gathering of tribute members of Berwick Lodge, No. 1138, Lehigh Lodge, No. 1284, and Allentown Lodge, No. 130. One of the principal features of the occasion was an address by Lawrence H. Rupp, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Other enjoyable parts of the program were musical and recitative performances. For its large attendance and the presence of a speaker so distinguished in the Order, this year's luncheon was regarded by everyone there as the best gathering of its sort Freeland Lodge has yet held.

Mortgage Burning at Worcester, Mass., Lodge a Striking Ceremony

In the presence of a gathering of 750, including officers, past and present, of many nearby Lodges, and prominent city officials, Worcester, Mass., Lodge, No. 243, recently made a striking ceremony of the burning of the \$65,000 mortgage on its Home. After an elaborate dinner, the members of Worcester Lodge and their guests repaired to the auditorium of the Home where in a silver receptacle set upon the stage, the mortgage bond was placed. Then, to the cheers of all present, Past Exalted Ruler John P. Irwin pressed a button which sent the paper up in flames. A program of speeches and entertainment followed this celebration. The principal speaker was Theodore T. Ellis, donor of the large organ in the auditorium. Others who addressed the Elks and those whom they had invited to attend, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Cantwell, of Massachusetts, West; Past Exalted Ruler Emil Zaeder, Cornelius J. Buckley, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Worcester Lodge, and Mayor O'Hara, who extended the greetings of the city. At the speakers' table also were exalted Ruler John J. Power, Chief of Police Thomas E. Foley, and a large number of Past Exalted Rulers.

Elkhart Lodge Entertains Meeting Of Indiana North Association

More than 300 Elks, members of the twelve Lodges of the Indiana, North, Association, gathered in Elkhart for a gala meeting and initiation. A street parade in the morning gave the festivities a colorful start. Headed by the 25-piece band of Gary Lodge, No. 1152, resplendent in new uniforms, the local members, visitors and officers of the Association marched through Main Street. Returning to the hospitable home of Elkhart Lodge, a bountiful chicken dinner was served, after which the entire assemblage mounted to the Lodge room for the meeting presided over by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. Greenwald. Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Frank J. McMichael made the principal address of the occasion, while others who spoke included Secretary Floyd D. Saxton, of the State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Clyde Hunter; Exalted Ruler Fred J. Forbes, of Elkhart Lodge, and John Motto, of Warsaw Lodge, No. 802. The initiation of the candidates was impressively conducted by a degree team selected from the officers of the member Lodges.

The next meeting of the North Association will be held in East Chicago, in April.

Florida Elks Gather for Fort Pierce Lodge Initiation

With more than 250 visiting members from Cocoa, West Palm Beach, Lake Worth, whose delegation included the Patrol and Degree Team, Fort Lauderdale and other Lodges in attendance, the gala meeting and initiation recently held by Fort Pierce Lodge was a memorable occasion. The citizens of Fort Pierce called a holiday, and assembled on the main streets to do honor to the visitors and to witness the colorful parade which opened the festivities. The ceremony of initiation was conducted in the Masonic Temple, a class of forty candidates being inducted into the Order by Lake Worth Lodge's fine degree team.

Among the many prominent Elks who gathered for the occasion were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, now a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; Harold Colee, President of the Florida State Elks As-

sociation; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. Chapman; Edward W. Cotter, Past Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; J. Edwin Baker, State Association Secretary, and the Exalted Rulers, Past Exalted Rulers and officers of Lodges in Florida and other States.

Charter Members at "Old Timers' Night" at Monmouth, Ill., Lodge

Four charter members and eight Past Exalted Rulers attended the "Old Timers' Night" held a short time ago by Monmouth, Ill., Lodge, No. 397. After the meeting, at which particular mention was made of the work of the Lodge in connection with other units of Illinois Elks in behalf of the crippled children of the State, there was arranged an entertainment of vocal and instrumental musical numbers of especial merit. The charter members present were Past Exalted Ruler John S. Brown, Fred Gayer, Frank Gayer and John C. Allen.

Price, Utah, Lodge, Instituted Last Spring, Adds to Membership

Price, Utah, Lodge, No. 1550, instituted last spring with a charter membership of 51, some time ago added 29 new names to its rolls, bringing its membership total to 101. The recent class was initiated at a special meeting held at Heeper, with the ceremonies conducted by the officers of Provo Lodge, No. 849, headed by Exalted Ruler J. Edwin Stein. An honored guest of the occasion was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. T. Farrer, who instituted Price Lodge. The pleasing day was closed with a banquet and dance, attended by some 150 Elks from Price, Provo, Park City and Tintic, Utah, and Grand Junction, Colo., Lodges.

Many Attend Eureka, Calif., Lodge Meeting Honoring District Deputy

In honor of the visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles A. Redding, of California, Bay, to Eureka, Calif., Lodge, No. 652, more than 250 members of this and neighboring Lodges gathered recently in a meeting remarkable for its enthusiasm. In addition to the Eureka Elks and the delegation from the District Deputy's home Lodge, San Rafael, No. 1108, there were present visiting members from San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, Oakland, No. 171 and Richmond, No. 1251. Speakers during the evening, besides Mr. Redding, were Charles Cadman, senior Past Exalted Ruler of Eureka Lodge, James M. Shanly and John D. Saxe, Past Presidents of the California State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler C. W. Cole, of Richmond Lodge; and Exalted Ruler Joseph Collins, of San Rafael Lodge. Before the initiation ceremonies, there was held a venison dinner, during which the Elks' Band and a dance orchestra entertained the District Deputy and other guests. In the interim between tunes the affair was enlivened further by songs, instrumental solos and other numbers by a few of the Elks present, whose performances displayed an almost professional merit and evoked prolonged applause from everyone in attendance.

Blackfoot, Idaho, Lodge Maintains Consistency in Progress

For enthusiasm and for its evidence of concrete achievement, Blackfoot, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1416, is establishing a record of which any unit of the Order might well be proud. The end of the year 1929 showed an increase in membership of at least 200 and the new \$60,000 Home, designed to accommodate the fast-expanding Lodge, is to be dedicated formally within a short time. This showing is in keeping with the previous work of Blackfoot Lodge. Since its institution eight years ago, with a membership of 110, it has increased its numbers to 360. Interest in Lodge activities, too, has been commensurate with numerical growth. In 1928 the Lodge won the State Ritualistic Contest and in 1929 all inter-Lodge competitions excepting the final District elimination. At the last initiation ceremonies, Grand Tiler R. W. Jones, of Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge, No. 674, commended the members of Blackfoot Lodge upon the consistency of their progress and congratulated them upon the promise of still further gains in strength.

Secretaries Should Identify Bearer Of Lost Whiting, Ind., Lodge Card

Casper Matson, Past Exalted Ruler of Whiting, Ind., Lodge, No. 1273, reports the loss, while he was in Louisville, Ky., of his Elks' card. The card bore ledger number 73, member's number 60, was dated April 27, 1929, and paid up to April 1, 1930. In the event of this card's being presented at any other Lodge, Secretaries are urged to demand full identification of the bearer.

Malden, Mass., Lodge Welcomes District Deputy McNamara

Three Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers were present recently when Raymond V. McNamara, of Haverhill, Mass., Lodge, No. 165, District Deputy for Massachusetts, Northeast, paid an official visit to Malden Lodge, No. 965. They were John F. McGann, of Somerville Lodge, No. 917; Arthur G. Ledwith, of Melrose Lodge, No. 1031; and D. H. Graham, Jr., of Lynn Lodge, No. 117. Upon his arrival, the present District Deputy was met by an escort of honor, headed by Past Exalted Ruler Edward G. J. Ryan, of Haverhill Lodge, and including four other Past Exalted Rulers of Malden Lodge. The meeting of the Lodge was followed by a delicious supper.

Hamilton, Ohio, Elks Perform Fine Act of Fraternal Loyalty

The details of a fine example of fraternal loyalty, typical of many performed every year by members of the Order have been learned by THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Nine years ago Hamilton, O., Lodge, No. 93, lost by death one of its most distinguished and beloved members. He was survived by his widow and a son, to whom in recent months has come misfortune of the direst sort. Upon hearing of the circumstances, Secretary Charles Howald headed a committee which bought for \$400 from the widow a ring, for which the committee then solicited subscriptions among the Lodge members. A generous response met the appeal, and a further sum of \$1,400 was raised and forwarded to the beneficiary of this truly thoughtful action on the part of the Hamilton Elks.

Anaheim, Calif., Lodge Uses Plan To Own Home Within Five Years

Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345, has carried out a financing plan to own its Home free and clear by means of the sale to members of special endowment insurance. This totals more than \$80,000 and will both guarantee subscribers

a return of one hundred and fifty per cent upon their investment and put at the disposal of the Lodge capital sufficient to enable it to eliminate all obligations on its Home within five years. The plan is patterned upon that which in the past was used in financing other California Lodges at Whittier, Alhambra and Long Beach.

Alameda, Calif., Lodge Lays Cornerstone of Veterans' Memorial

Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, recently had the honor, accorded to it in recognition of its having initiated the project, of laying the cornerstone of the Veterans' Memorial Building in Alameda. About 250 members of the Order participated in the ceremonies attending this. Among those who were present and spoke was Governor C. C. Young, of California. Before the holding of these exercises at the building, there was a street parade from the Elks' Home to the Memorial, nearly a mile distant. In this there marched, in addition to members of No. 1015, and the Governor and his staff, thirteen G. A. R. veterans and other ex-Service men representing every campaign since the Civil War, and Mayor Victor Schaefer and William Hamilton, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of the Memorial, both of the latter being Alameda Elks. In dedicating the new building to the memory of the men who fell in battle, Judge Homer R. Spence, Past Exalted Ruler of Alameda Lodge and veteran of the World War, described it as a monument to peace. His address followed the impressive Elks' service for the occasion. The actual laying of the cornerstone was performed by Exalted Ruler James C. Fogarty and his staff. This ceremony marked the final step in the completion of the building which, with the exception of this one stone, had already been finished and made ready for almost immediate occupancy.

Three District Deputies at Large Kirksville, Mo., Lodge Meeting

All three of the State's District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, Bernard F. Dickmann, of Missouri, South; Jerome H. Bamberg, North; and M. E. Gouge, West, were present at a recent meeting of Kirksville, Mo., Lodge, No. 464. Three hundred Elks in all attended, making the gathering exceptional for its size as well as for its inclusion at one time of so many prominent officers of the Order. A number of members of St. Louis Lodge, No. 9, were among the guests and to three of these, Judge H. A. Hamilton, C. J. Dolan and E. J. Martt, was delegated the conduct of the Lodge work during the evening. One of the principal speakers of the evening was Mayor Leo M. Ewing, of Kirksville. The initia-

tion ceremonies were preceded by a buffet dinner and followed by a supper dance.

Fall Festival Held by Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Was Successful

The three-day Fall Festival, held some weeks ago by Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, was successful both in raising funds and in attracting the interest of possible new members. The proceeds of this, and subsequent festivals, are to be used for the assistance of needy members, or their dependents.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates New Home of Houston, Texas, Elks

Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews dedicated recently the new \$300,000 Home of Houston, Texas, Lodge, No. 151. An account of the ceremonies is included in the story of Mr. Andrews' visits in this issue. This Home to-day ranks as one of the most attractive and commodious in the country. A three-story brick structure of modified Colonial design, at once thoroughly American and thoroughly modern, the Home is one which for comfort, for variety of convenience and for inviting appearance leaves nothing to be desired. Entrance into the building brings the visitor first into a spacious rotunda from which a graceful staircase rises to the floors above. On this first floor, too, are the gymnasium and other rooms for athletics, and the swimming-pool. The pool, twenty feet wide and twenty yards long, has a graduated depth of from three to eight feet. Near it are the bowling alleys; and on the same level also are handball courts and the athletic director's office. Returning from a tour of these and mounting the stairs from the rotunda, one reaches, on the second floor, a central lobby giving into a number of wide and high-ceilinged rooms. There is the main reception room and, at its right, the lounge, with its great open fireplace. Opposite to this is the library, sunny and with well-stocked shelves and periodical racks. No less attractive and carefully fitted is the ladies' parlor on this floor; and the buffet, reached by a long hall from the lobby, affords light refreshments at any hour of the day or evening. Near the buffet is the billiard room and close by, too, is the barber shop. On the same floor, but adjoining the lobby, are the secretary's office and the club manager's offices. The third floor is devoted in practically its entirety to the Lodge room, convertible, when meetings are not the occasion, into a ballroom or a theatre. Two thousand persons may be seated there; and at the rear, for motion-picture showings, there has been installed a fireproof projection booth. With its

(Continued on page 64)

News of the State Associations

Indiana

THE annual meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Indiana was held November 10 in the Home of Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13, with representatives from forty-eight Lodges participating. The 150 Elks in attendance were served a five-course luncheon before the opening of the business session by First Vice-President Fred A. Wiecking, of the Indiana State Elks Association. Mr. Wiecking was acting for President Fred C. Cunningham, who had been present at the preliminary conferences the day before, and during the morning, but who had had to leave before the formal meeting. After the calling to order of the gathering, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Burke presided. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, a charter member of No. 13, was the first speaker. He spoke of the function of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and congratulated the Indiana Lodges on their activities. The principal address was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, who stressed the value of State-wide programs of humanitarian work in strengthening and binding together the individual Lodges.

Other distinguished members of the Order who were present for this fine and important

meeting included Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Frank J. McMichael; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Hubert S. Riley; Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry Lowenthal; Past Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Thomas L. Hughes; Earl Berry and Edward J. Greenwald, and State Association Secretary W. C. Groebel.

Massachusetts

EVENTS of importance to be held in February by the member Lodges of the Massachusetts State Elks Association are the initiations which President Thomas J. Brady has requested every Lodge to hold on the night of the 12th, Lincoln's birthday, and the annual banquet of the Association to the Grand Exalted Ruler, which will be held on the 17th in the Home of Boston Lodge, No. 10.

Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia

THE second meeting of the officers of the Maryland, Delaware, and District of Columbia State Elks Association was held in conjunction with the meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries called by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. R. Yourtee in the Home of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378. Among

those who addressed the gathering were President John B. Berger, Mr. Yourtee, and Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight and Past State Association President John Powel. Following the meeting a social session was held and a committee appointed to arrange for an annual 'coon hunt for the organization.

Virginia

THE Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Virginia State Elks Association is planning full cooperation with the State Health Commission in its efforts to eradicate tuberculosis. At present the Association is caring for the hospitalization at the Blue Ridge Sanatorium of nearly a dozen victims of the disease.

South Dakota

STATE Association and South Dakota Lodge officers recently gathered at the Home of Huron Lodge, No. 444, for a meeting with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. L. Doherty. Among the plans formulated for the coming year was a program of inter-Lodge visits, with the out-of-town officers conducting the ceremony of initiation for their hosts. A feature of the meeting was the formal presentation to District Deputy Doherty of his jewel of office by State Association President C. H. Nelles.

Picture Framed

(Continued from page 21)

"You is a wonderful man, Mistuh Napp."
"Shuh!" modestly—"I ain't very wonderful."
"Yes, you is, too."

"Who says so?"
"Ev'body—an' 'specially me."
"Well," sighed Vinnie, I reckon a feller has got to be anyhow a li'l bit wonderful to wuk fo' Midnight."

"Ain't it the troof? I got a gemmun friend who craves to wuk fo' you folks."

"You got a gemmun friend?"
"Uh-huh."

"Is you an' him sweethearts?"
"Well, no—not exactly. But he's awful crazy 'bout me, an' boy! ain't he jealous!"

Vinnie smiled in superior fashion. "I should worry 'bout jealous boy-friends! Up in Bum-minham where I live, there is so many pretty gals always chasin' me . . . What's the name of yo' friend, Miss Perkins?"

"You wouldn't know him. He ain't nothin'."

"I bet he, ain't."

"Just wuthless trash. His name is Malignant Smith."

Vinnie winced. His thoughts flashed back to a brief moment that afternoon when a vicious looking person of herculean physique had introduced himself.

"S-s-says which?"
"Malignant Smith."

"Not—not Mistuh Malignant Smith?"
"Uh-huh. Tha's him."

Vinnie released the lady quite suddenly. "I has met that feller, Miss Perkins."

"Where at?"
"Our location. He was over yonder to-day lookin' fo' a job."

"Hmph! An' what about it?"
"I don't like him," declared Vinnie positively.

"He ain't even a li'l bit populous with me."

"Oh, Mistuh Napp. You ain't scared of a big brute like him, is you?"

"No-o-o. But I'd be a lot less scared if he was a heap smaller. An' furthermo'—"

The girl's face brightened.

"Yonder he is now," she announced. "An' heah he comes."

MR. NAPP closed his eyes. When he opened them again it was to gaze into the evil countenance of the jealous Mr. Smith. The latter's deep bass voice boomed forth.

"What you doin' heah?"
"I—Ise dancin'."

"Who with?"
"Miss—Miss Perkins."

"Didn't you know she was my gal?"
"Nossuh. Cross my heart I didn't. Honest, Mistuh Smith—I never would of pucky yo' gal to dance with . . ."

"I dances with which man I please," interjected Coral hotly. "An' right now, I crave Mistuh Napp's sassiety."

Malignant stared at the trembling truck driver.

"You better be careful," he warned sepulchrally.

"Man! ain't you givin' good advice?"
"Ise watchin'," repeated Malignant. "Ise watchin' ev'ry move."

He turned and strode away. Coral Perkins stared after him with distaste.

"Tripe!" she anathematized.
"Meanin' me?" asked Vinnie.

"No. Meanin' Malignant Smith. Ain't he?"
"Well," returned Mr. Napp judiciously: "If he is, he sho' is a whole lot of it."

He suggested that perhaps it would be wise for them to discontinue dancing together, but Coral refused to entertain the idea. She knew that the eyes of all other girls were focused enviously upon her and she was of no mind to relinquish the spotlight. Besides, she explained to Vinnie that since Malignant had failed to commit manslaughter in the first flush of his jealousy, he was not likely to resort to such a procedure at any time.

Meanwhile, Mr. Smith had passed out of the dance pavillion and gone for a walk under the trees. It had been difficult to resist the primeval impulse to exterminate Mr. Napp completely, but Malignant remembered that there was a faint possibility of acquiring a job with Midnight as Vinnie's assistant.

Malignant wished to think, and thinking was no swift process with him. Had it not been for instinct, the chances were he would have gone through life doing nothing. But this night he attempted to marshal his thoughts, and all of those thoughts had to do with Vinnie Napp and the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.

And then, as he rambled under the trees, he came upon a gleaming motor truck with a body of polished steel. His trained ear caught the steady hum of the motor and Malignant's eyes lighted as he recognized the truck which he ambitioned to drive.

He touched it caressingly. What a beautiful thing it was, and what amazing contraptions were contained inside the steel body. Mr. Smith felt that he would be willing to give five years of his life just to have the privilege of driving that truck regularly, or even to be employed in its vicinity.

He leaned against it and stared rapturously toward the brilliantly lighted dance hall. Somewhere in there Vinnie Napp was dancing with Coral Perkins. It occurred to Malignant that he was sorry Vinnie enjoyed such ostentatiously good health.

"I wish," soliloquized the big man, "that Mistuh Napp would happen to an accident."

Suddenly his gargantuan figure stiffened, and his eyes narrowed to pin points. For the first time in years a thought struck him . . . and it struck with sledge-hammer force.

Vinnie Napp! An accident! Malignant slammed one hamlike fist into the palm of his other hand.

"Hot ziggity dam!" he enthused—"Heah's where somethin' gets done."

At eleven o'clock Vinnie left the pavillion, after promising Coral he would return immediately. Mr. Napp was enjoying himself thoroughly. The crowd was seeking to do him honor, and Miss Perkins declared frequently and unmistakably that she never had met such a gorgeous man in her whole life. For more than an hour he had not seen the menacing figure of Malignant Smith, and therefore believed that his Nemesis had departed.

Vinnie rambled happily through the darkness toward his sound truck. He wasn't worried, but he wished to make sure that it had not been tampered with and that the motor was still functioning.

The truck was parked in a very gloomy bower. The motor was purring; the vehicle had not been moved.

But just as Vinnie turned away, a figure emerged from the shadows. It was a huge figure and a terrible one, and its very first words indicated that Vinnie's period of enjoyment was about to terminate abruptly.

"Now," growled Malignant Smith, "I has got you!"

Vinnie turned in a panic to face his bête noir.

"Who," he quavered, "has got which?"
"Me, you," explained Malignant.

"But—Mistuh Smith . . . I ain't done nothin'."

"You says! But when a man dances with my gal, he is sho' flirtin' with trouble."

Malignant raised one hamlike fist and Vinnie closed his eyes.

"Y-y-you wouldn't hit me, would you?"
"That," answered Malignant, "proves you is a rotten guesser."

And then before the paralyzed Vinnie could move, the power of a falling mountain caressed that portion of his jaw which is known to the pugilistic cognoscenti as the button. In a split-second Mr. Napp ceased being vertical and became horizontal.

Malignant acted swiftly and with an efficiency which betokened careful aforethought. He dragged the unconscious figure of Vinnie Napp deep into the underbrush and dropped it there. Then he climbed to the driver's seat of the Midnight sound truck and drove off toward that sylvan dell, six miles away, where the moving-picture company was encamped.

"No one saw him leave the grounds. And as he touched the delicately adjusted accelerator with his toe and felt the response of the six-cylinder motor, Mr. Smith knew that he had planned wisely and well.

He was riding to a job with Midnight. In

the morning, when the dynamic little Mr. Fizz appeared, Malignant intended to inform him that he had found the Midnight truck stranded by the side of the road and that he had returned it safely to its owners. Surely, then, Mr. Fizz's gratitude would take the form of the job which Vinnie Napp had held.

Of course it was possible that Vinnie would return to camp, but Malignant believed that was unlikely. He put himself in Mr. Napp's place and realized that if he had gone joyriding, been slugged, and awakened to find his car missing he would figure a robbery and be afraid to report to his superiors. Malignant knew that Vinnie had gone to that dance in the truck without Eddie Fizz's permission . . . and he fancied that when the little man eventually recovered consciousness his sole ambition would be to put plenty of distance between himself and everybody connected with Midnight.

Long before twelve o'clock Malignant stopped the truck at a point about four hundred yards away from the camp. He left the motor running, dropped to the ground and made himself comfortable for the balance of the night. Within ten minutes he was slumbering heavily, a beatific smile on the lips which were upturned toward the star-flecked sky.

MEANWHILE, at the gay little dance pavillion two miles outside of the sleepy little town of Habersham, Miss Coral Perkins sulked in a corner and wondered what had become of her cavalier. He had announced that he would return in a few minutes, and now fifteen sixty-second periods had passed and he was conspicuous by his absence. Eventually she went in search of Vinnie.

Mr. Napp was nowhere to be seen, and, what was worse, his truck was gone.

Coral believed she understood. The gorgeous Vinnie had wearied of her provincial charms and departed for camp without so much as a Good Evening. Miss Perkins was hurt, but there was considerable solace to be derived from the fact that for one blazing evening she had been the colored belle of Habersham.

When the melancholy strains of Home Sweet Home filled the pine-scented air at a few minutes after midnight, Mr. Napp was still slumbering in the underbrush. And even the starting of cars, the cheery good-nights and the pleasant badinage of tired and happy dancers failed to disturb his artificially provoked sleep.

It was near one o'clock when the little truck driver struggled back to consciousness. He was oppressed by the silence which surrounded him, and racked by a pain which stabbed through his jaw.

He put a trembling hand to the side of his face. A large lump was there—a large, painful lump. Vinnie groaned. He might have known better than to trespass on the preserves of so mighty a man as Malignant Smith. He recalled the awful impact of fist against flesh and the sudden curtaining of the world immediately thereafter . . .

Vinnie sat up and cupped his spinning head in a pair of trembling hands. He reflected upon his own misery and wondered whether he would be able to drive Midnight's precious truck back to location on the banks of Mustard Creek.

The dance hall was shrouded in gloom. The music had gone; the merry-makers ditto. Surrounding Mr. Napp was a very great deal of nothing.

Vinnie mounted shakily to his feet. The pain of his jaw was intolerable, but he was grateful that Malignant was no longer present.

"That feller," groaned Mr. Napp, "was positively indecent."

He staggered through the trees toward the spot where the sound truck should have been. But the truck was not there. Vinnie closed his eyes, opened them again, sought new bearings and made a fresh search.

And suddenly he understood. Someone had stolen Midnight's twenty-thousand-dollar location truck!

This was the most unkindest wallop of all. Vinnie leaned against the trunk of a stately pine and informed the world in one awful, hollow groan that he was its most unhappiest citizen.

"Agony done kissed me right in the face," he mourned. "An' what is gwine happen to me will be plenty."

Somehow, it never occurred to him that

(Continued on page 52)



APPEARANCE
PERFORMANCE
COMFORT
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January 4th

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

Picture Framed

(Continued from page 50)

Malignant Smith was the culprit who had made off with the truck, nor did he question the motive behind Malignant's ferocious attack. That Mr. Smith had committed a large assault and an effective battery for the sole purpose of ousting Vinnie from a job never came to the mind of the little man. He believed that while he sprawled unconscious, some unknown person had seen the truck with its smoothly purring motor and been unable to resist the temptation to acquire that much free automobile.

Vinnie knew that this indeed was a disaster—as much to Midnight as to himself. Not only had the outfit cost twenty thousand good, hard dollars; but Midnight had been forced to wait four months after placing its order. If the truck was now gone, it meant that Midnight could do no more location work on its sound pictures until another truck should have been constructed and delivered; an incalculable loss of time and money.

It struck Mr. Napp that he had better resign from Midnight, effective immediately. He had eighteen dollars in his pockets as he started down the road in the general direction of Habersham. With this money he intended to purchase one large, long railroad ticket—destination unimportant.

But as he trudged along a new thought came to him. Midnight had treated him well, and he was a simple, loyal soul. No matter what the consequences, he felt that it was his duty to return to camp, make a clean confession to Director Eddie Fizz, and give that colored executive a chance to notify the police of all nearby towns to be on the lookout for the missing truck.

Vinnie realized that two things would happen if he pursued this course. In the first place, he would be discharged summarily and perhaps punished for borrowing the truck to go to a dance. But at least Midnight would be certain to recover its missing property, and Vinnie hoped that Eddie would be fair enough to let Vinnie's punishment end with his discharge. Immediately, Mr. Napp turned back toward Mustard Creek, but the course upon which he was now embarked did not fill him with enthusiasm.

Six long, weary miles to camp; six interminable miles during which every plodding step sent a jagged pain through Vinnie's bruised and swollen jaw; two hours of solitary tramping through a very dark night which could only be followed by a dreadful dawn.

Mr. Napp was steadfast. Duty beckoned and Vinnie was no person to evade. But he did hope . . . oh! how he hoped that the truck would be recovered and Eddie Fizz prove merciful!

Many thoughts came to Vinnie as he slogged through that awful night. For one thing, he decided unanimously that from this very moment he was a misogynist. Him an' wimmin was done with each other fo'ever!

"An' if I ever does play aroun' with one," he amended, "Ise gwine be terrible careful that her feller ain't no mo' than half my size."

Vinnie, in all honesty, blamed himself. But with equal honesty, he couldn't fail to censure Coral Perkins for intriguing him, and Malignant Smith for hanging a terrible hook on his jaw.

Shortly after four o'clock, when the first crimson finger of a perfect June dawn came poking up from the east, Vinnie arrived at the camp. The quiet little shacks, the air of tranquillity, almost blasted his noble resolve.

Then he reflected upon the best course. Was it his duty to arouse Eddie Fizz and confide the ghastly tidings, or would it be wiser to wait until the little director had quaffed his customary two cups of steaming coffee and consumed his plate of grits and bacon? Vinnie decided that he had better wait. Eddie's temper was notoriously bad before breakfast.

Vinnie marched doggedly toward the clearing where he had intended to spend the night with his beloved truck. Much that was terrible was destined to happen in a few hours hence.

Somewhere a rooster crowed and another answered. A faint breeze sighed through the pine trees. A bird burst into full-throated song.

And Mr. Vinnie Napp sat down very suddenly, his eyes fairly popping from their sockets.

There, spic and span and all apleam—it's

motor thrumming evenly—was a gorgeous sound truck on the sides of which were the words "Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc."

Vinnie couldn't credit the evidence of his senses. His truck! The truck which he had fancied was gone forever, and because of which he had almost banished himself to parts unknown. It was there, safe and sound and untouched. Vinnie crept forward and touched the glistening steel body.

Then his eyes strayed and he saw something else.

Lying flat on his back beside the truck; a happy and proprietary smile on his lips, was the figure of Malignant Smith. Malignant was sleeping noisily—as though he hadn't a care in the world.

Vinnie Napp was slow to anger, but now a tense fury commenced to smoulder in his skinny breast.

The truck—the sleeping figure of Malignant Smith—the afternoon's visit of Malignant in quest of a job—the abrupt assault at the dance pavillion near Habersham . . . these told Vinnie the whole story, and Mr. Napp became passionately incensed.

A cold, reasoning rage came to Vinnie Napp. The glance which he bestowed upon the slumbering giant was shot through with hatred.

And because he hated the man so violently, as well as because this was a desperate situation demanding desperate remedies, Mr. Napp acted with Napoleonic promptitude and cunning.

From his pants pocket he produced a clasp knife. With this he proceeded to carve at a heavy wooden club. With quiet deliberation, he whittled the end of that club into a handle. Then, armed with his crude but effective weapon, he walked to the immediate vicinity of the slumbering warrior and stared down upon him. "Feller," murmured Vinnie, "you is goin' to git completely kissed right away."

Vinnie was not strong, but he was earnest. He raised the club in his right hand and it swished through the air. The sound it made as it caressed the cranium of Mr. Malignant Smith was music to the ears of Mr. Napp. Malignant uttered a long-drawn whoooooosh and became more completely unconscious.

Righteously triumphant, but calmly unhurried, Mr. Napp proceeded to procure several strands of rope. He bound Malignant's feet and hands, and fitted a gag into his mouth. Then he stood back and surveyed his handiwork.

"Sampson," he announced, "Yo' hair is now cut."

MR. NAPP seated himself on the ground and leaned back against the sound truck. And as he stared at the helpless figure of his victim he found a spark of compassion in his heart. In the first place, he knew that victory was his, and that Malignant had been victimized by presuming to pit brawn against brain.

Malignant returned to consciousness. His eyes flickered open and came to rest, first upon the truck, and then upon the smiling countenance of Vinnie Napp, albeit, Mr. Napp's expression was considerably distorted by the excessive swelling of his jaw.

Malignant tried to move, and couldn't. He attempted speech, but the words wouldn't come. Vinnie waved him a cheery greeting.

"Mawnin', Big Boy," murmured Vinnie. "I hope you has slep' good."

Malignant's gaze reflected abysmal misery.

"An' now," continued Vinnie, "I has got me a duty to pufform. 'Sposin' you just remain where you is at until I complete such."

Malignant saw Vinnie rise and strut toward the shack where Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz was sleeping . . . and Malignant needed no further hint of Mr. Napp's intentions.

He knew just exactly what was coming. Vinnie was about to notify the authorities that he—Malignant Smith—had attempted to make away with the sound truck, and that there had been a terrific battle in which Vinnie had risked his life for the honor of dear ol' Midnight.

The prospect was not very alluring for Malignant. He envisioned four great stone walls and himself performing hard labor consistently. No chance for him to say a word until after Vinnie finished speaking . . . and then he

wouldn't be believed. Of course, he could prove that Vinnie had taken the truck to the dance at Habersham, but that was all he could prove. And it might even be that this very proof would prove a boomerang, inasmuch as it was not at all impossible that someone at Habersham had seen him driving away in Vinnie's vehicle.

Following Eddie Fizz and Vinnie Napp an excited crowd commenced moving toward the misfortunate Malignant Smith. There was a general babble of conjecture as they surrounded his helpless figure. And when all were present Vinnie Napp smiled down at his arch enemy and commenced a brilliant and amazing oration.

"FOLKS," announced Vinnie persuasively—"Somethin' terrible happened heah early this mawnin'. In the fust place, this feller heah—Mistuh Malignant Smith—come over fum Habersham an' ast me again could he have a job as mechanic. I was just telling him No, when all of a sudden six terrible bandits leaped down on us an' commenced to steal Midnight's twenty-thousand-dollar truck."

"Well, they hadn't no sooner got started than I says to my friend, Malignant, that if he he'ps me recover the truck I know good an' well Eddie Fizz will give him a job as my 'sistant. So we tooken off down the road after them bandits an' pretty soon we caught up with them."

The stunned Mr. Smith saw Vinnie strike a royal attitude.

"An' then, Brethren an' Sister'n," continued Vinnie in a loud voice, "the awfulest fight took place you ever seen. I an' Malignant heroed all over them bandits an' 'one by one we sent 'em skallyhootin' th'oo the woods yellin' fo' their lifes. I an' Malignant fit noble, an' we all bofe had plenty hard knocks." He designated the lump on his own jaw. "Right there is where one of them fellers hit me with an iron bar eight feet long, an' you can see fo' yo'self what they done to Malignant. He's all beat up an' bound an' gagged an' ew'ything."

"Well, after us finished dispensin' them robbers, I h'sited Malignant into the truck an' brought him back heah, an' right away I woke you-all up, 'cause I think you ought to know the honest truth about what happened."

There rose upon the clear morning air a shout of praise and congratulation. Somebody whipped out a large knife and loosened the bonds which held Malignant Smith.

That very large and exceedingly unimaginative person staggered to his feet and stared uncertainly at the proud, erect figure of Vinnie Napp.

Eddie Fizz stepped forward and pumped Malignant's hand.

"Mistuh Smith," he proclaimed, "I thank you. We thank you. An' Midnight thanks you. An' fum now on you is employed by this company as automobile mechanic at a sal'ry of twelve dollars a week. Does you assept?"

Malignant teetered uncertainly. Vinnie walked over and patted his shoulder in friendly fashion.

"C'mon, Buddy," murmured Mr. Napp. "Why not assept that job? You an' me can work together swell."

Mr. Smith thereupon signified his acceptance, and for the next fifteen minutes the two men were made much of. The hero rôles appealed to both. Eventually they were left alone, Malignant still in a daze in which he had only definite sensation—and that was a headache.

Mr. Napp spoke first. "Malignant," he inquired—"we is buddies, ain't we?"

Mr. Smith gave the matter careful thought. "I—I reckon so, Vinnie."

"Ain't you shuah?"

"Yeh, Ise shuah. We is buddies all right."

He rubbed his aching head.

"Wha's the matter?" inquired Mr. Napp solicitously.

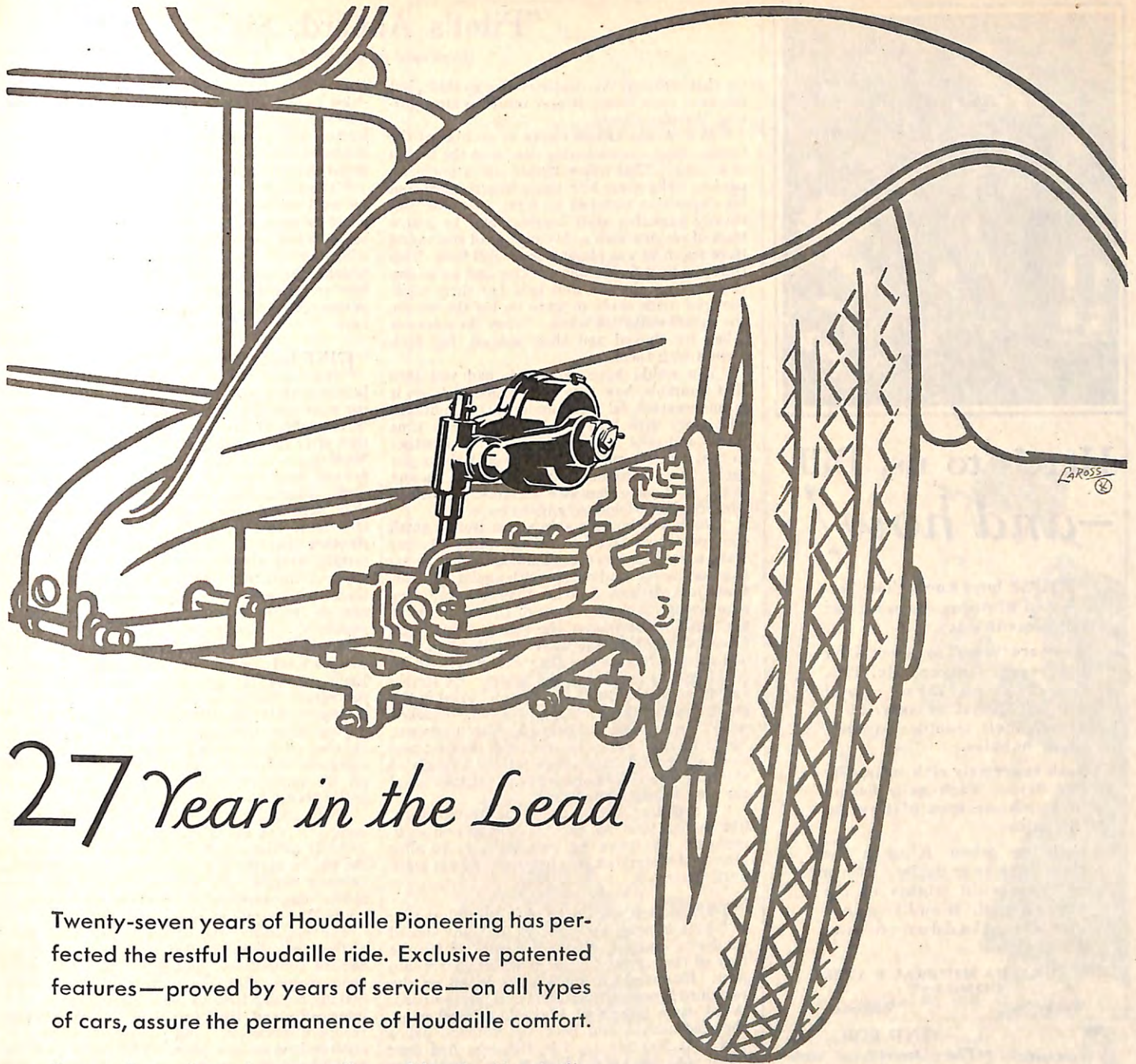
Malignant grinned sheepishly.

"Ise awful ashamed to tell you what's the matter, Vinnie. You know—that wallop on the head must of made me kind of crazy."

"What do you mean?" inquired Vinnie.

"Cain't you tell your-buddy?"

"Well," explained Malignant with proper embarrassment—"I don't remember nothin' about no bandits. Honest—until you told them ezactly what happened I would have swore it was you and me which had that fight."



27 Years in the Lead

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"Pilot's Aboard, Sir"

(Continued from page 13)

see that steamer, the weather being so thick, but the boat crew found it and returned after putting Murphy aboard.

"Now it was Heines's turn to go aboard the tramp. She was wallowing nearby in the trough of a wave. That fellow Heines was a fine companion. His great size made him comical and his disposition matched his form. He was constantly rumbling with laughter and he had a trick of playing with a clay pipe until you would have sworn he was playing on a shrill flute. This time our boat tackle was working and we swung the yawl on the rail and held her there while the crew made ready to jump for her the minute she should strike the water. When the schooner rolled we shoved and they jumped, big Jack Heines with them.

"You would have wondered, had you seen that scramble, how they ever managed to do it in fine weather, let alone under such conditions, all clumsy with heavy clothing. By this time tramp and pilot boat had drifted close together so that her big, rusty plates towered above our deck. She was rolling awkwardly in the sea and as the yawl came alongside her ladder, also thick with ice, Jack Heines scrambled for it.

"When you board a ship at sea from a small boat you must take hold of the Jacob's ladder when a wave throws the small boat high. Doing this becomes second nature with a pilot, but this time Jack Heines, heavier than two ordinary men, grasped the side ropes of the ladder when the yawl was low and the steamer was high. Consequently the next wave engulfed him, and at the same time swung the yawl away. All he could do was to cling to the ladder. He simply could not climb. Again I saw him buried in the sea far down where her hull was red. I looked away, for I was sure this was his time to drown. Seven or eight times he was swallowed up and then a merciful Providence let the captain of the tramp get a line around him. It took all of the crew to h'ist him aboard.

"We drifted away from the tramp then. She had her pilot and the rest of us had duties to perform. We knew we were lucky to be alive after that storm, but how lucky we did not know until later.

"THE office of our boat was in the Fulton slip. Jack Shooks, the pilot we had put aboard the Nova Scotia sailing ship before we felt the fury of that storm, had brought his charge into port. He owned a share in our boat and we who remained at sea were his friends. He was worried. Word came into New York that Number 18, the *Enchantress*, had been lost with all hands and that Number 11, *The Phantom*, had gone down with her crew. Then a lumber schooner captain reported that a boat had run into him (they always reported that the other fellow had run into them) and had gone down. Was it the *Enchantress*? Was it *The Phantom*, or was it our boat? Shooks was sick with foreboding.

"Then who should appear at the ferry slip but Jack Heines, merry as ever. If Heines was alive Shooks was pretty sure the rest of us were too, because he knew that Heines must have left us after the worst of the storm. It was a great relief to him.

"Well, I've been in plenty of storms but that blizzard of 1888 was the worst."

When you listen to the yarns of an old-time pilot there is a necessity for constant effort to keep from losing the thread of his discourse because of continual reference to things that have vanished. The beautiful fleet of swiftly-sailing pilot boats spread their canvas nowadays only in the memories of old gentlemen like Pilot Seeth. After 1895, when the 130 pilots of New York harbor pooled their interests and sunk their rivalries, they bought a steam yacht and sold all but seven of their thirty sail boats. Thereafter each pilot in an orderly procession took his turn at guiding into port, or out of it, the ships that came to New York.

"What was the purpose of those numbers that were painted on the sails of every pilot boat?" I asked Captain Seeth.

"That was done so that shipmasters could identify us. If his ship was a small one sometimes a pilot boat would be tempted to sail away from him and hunt for a bigger, more profitable craft. This was an offence against

the by-laws of the pilot commissioners. The ships were compelled to take a pilot (the first one encountered) before they could enter the harbor, but we pilots were equally under compulsion to furnish a man to any ship that signaled, even though it be a tiny sloop.

"Those figures were ten feet high and could be read through a glass as far away as we could be seen. They were not painted on the sails. That would have weakened the canvas. The numbers were painted on strips of cloth which were sewn to the main'l. We had numbers on our boats for the same reason that automobiles have to display license plate numbers.

"FINE boats they were. They were built for speed and had to be filled with heavy rock ballast or they would not stand up, but their clipper hulls would not take enough cargo to make them profitable in trade. The consequence was that after the amalgamation of pilotage at New York, boats for which we had paid \$16,000 and \$18,000 were sold for \$1,500 apiece and a few of them for as little as \$1,000. What bargains they were and how we hated to see them go! One went to Peru, sailing around the Horn. Another went to Seattle for the Klondyke service, and a couple to the Azores; but the most of them went to the West Indies where their new owners used them as blockade runners to freight munitions to the Cuban rebels against the government of old Spain."

However, the introduction of steam boats into the pilot service was not accomplished easily. Each one of the groups of pilots who were partners in the ownership of one of those slick sailing yachts constituted a body of jealous opponents of the new idea. Fifteen years of fighting, of legislative lobbying, of speeches in Congress, of law suits, and of desperate behavior on the water off New York and New Jersey had preceded the final compromise.

As in most fights which involve groups of men, this was underlain by an economic fact. As early as the seventies there was confusion in the ranks of the pilots because of a struggle between steam and canvas. The fact that steam was undeniably beating canvas only made the struggle more intense.

The big trans-Atlantic steamship lines were at that time determined to see if they could not abolish compulsory pilotage. They felt, with good reason, that the officers of their ships making regular trips to New York were as well informed about the bottom of the harbor and the peculiarities of winds, currents, tides and obstructions as any pilot. The pilots had the backing of the marine insurance companies, and of those New York shipping men who realized that a few bad wrecks in the harbor might so clog the channels that all shipping would be blockaded as effectively as in a later day the Spanish fleet was bottled up in Havana harbor by the scuttling of the *Merrimac* directly in the channel.

The laws providing for compulsory pilotage had been made through the influence of these men who wished to create and nurse a class of hardly, adventurous seamen, well acquainted with the reefs, shoal rocks and intricacies of harbor navigation. Unless the work was made profitable, of course, the special talents of the pilots would not be available when it was most needed, in times of storm and thick weather.

The newer types of steamships with screw propellers gave the big shipping line managers an idea for combating the pilotage regulations. The big paddle wheelers of the type of the *Scotia* and the *Great Eastern* were being transformed into sailing ships and their places taken by splendid new propeller ships. These would go as fast and as far on ninety tons of coal as the paddle wheel steamers could on 150 tons. This sort of economy in the language of modern business is called management; and the management of the day dictated further economies. One of these was directed against the fees of the pilots. As one means of achieving at least a reduction in the fees the big steamship lines raised the point that New York's pilots, however accomplished they might be in handling a sailing vessel, were ignorant of the mechanism of the new ships.

Through their organization, called the North Atlantic Conference, the big shipping lines then entered into an agreement with a few of the pilots, headed by George Cisco, to do all of their piloting. This was a breach of the existing system which, by means of an honest rivalry kept the pilot boat fleet at sea in all kinds of weather beating back and forth in a competitive hunt for incoming ships. But the most exasperating feature of the new agreement was revealed when Pilot Cisco and his associates went down the harbor, not in their old sailing yacht, Widgeon, but in a much swifter, though more ugly boat, the *Hercules*. The *Hercules* was propelled by steam. Her owners called her a steam yacht. Their scandalized rivals called it a steam tug.

Soon afterwards the steamship *Germanic* ignored the offer of a pilot schooner which met her far out from Ambrose Channel Light Ship and cruised solemnly on her course until she encountered the *Hercules*. Then she lay to while Pilot Cisco mounted the ladder thrown over her side.

As a result Pilot Cisco was tried by the pilot commissioners and found guilty of boarding a ship from a steamboat instead of a sailing vessel. This was held to be an offense against a rule of the commissioners that "No pilot shall by unfair means or by a reduced rate take a vessel from another pilot."

It was not an easy quarrel to settle. In 1879, New York newspapers published a statement made by some of the shipping men concerning the amount of money which was being taken each year by the pilots. The gross receipts in the year 1878, it was shown, had been \$587,265. None disputed that figure which was taken from the books of the pilot commissioners, but there was considerable dispute concerning the interpretation of the individual pilot's share in these earnings. The shipping men held that the pilots could not have spent more than \$126,500 to maintain their fleet of schooners, and suggested that a net of \$460,765 seemed to suggest that each of 120 pilots therefore had earned a profit of \$3,800.

"A pilot," said the shipping men, "is getting more money than the master of our biggest ship."

"We are not getting nearly so much," retorted the pilots. "Each of our thirty boats has to be at sea in all kinds of weather. We must pay the crews, we must feed them and we must repair the damage which our boats suffer continually in their efforts to serve your vessels."

"Stuff," replied the shipping men, "and nonsense. You pilots eat your best food in the dining saloons of our liners."

MANY bitter and insulting statements were made on both sides so that even now one can understand the feeling which caused the naval war which developed in New York harbor, a war in which there were some desperate deeds on water and on land. One day the *Hercules* steamed up the bay, a cripple.

"We were lying to," explained one of Pilot Cisco's associates, "close under the stern of the Sandy Hook lightship when Pilot Boat Number — deliberately ran into us. She struck just abaft the boiler, doing considerable damage, shifting the house, smashing the joiner work and doing other injuries. Had she struck us a few feet further forward she would have burst our steam chest and we should, in all probability, have been scalded to death.

"This is not the first time the pilot sailing boats have tried to run us down. They have threatened time and time again to do it and we have positive proof against the pilots belonging to several of the boats."

The men of the *Hercules* received no comfort from the pilot commissioners after their complaint. Indeed, Pilot Cisco was deprived of his license and for years was prevented from following his profession. Then, in 1895, logic and the superior advantages of steam won the contest. A diplomat among the pilots, Paul Woodrich, succeeded in getting a majority of his fellows to accept a common view of the situation. Many of them were men who were not so fortunate as to own a share in the boats in which they sailed, and these were glad of a new arrangement. Owners of boat shares, of course, made more money than those who were merely the holders of pilot licenses.

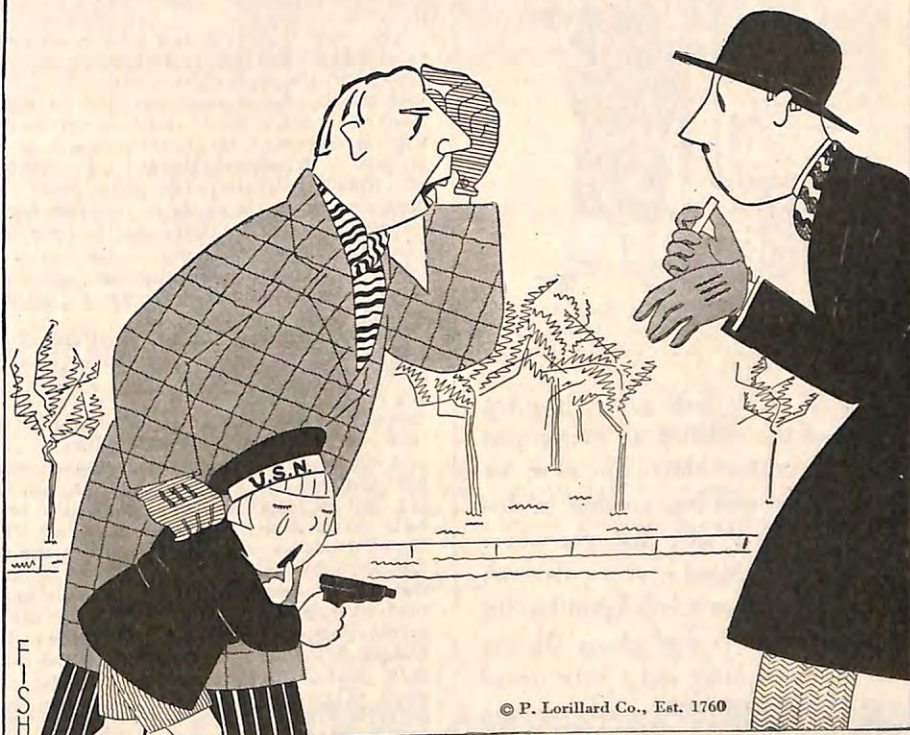
In a Delaware river shipyard the keel of a
(Continued on page 56)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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you are asked "Is this your boy?"...

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

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milder

"Pilot's Aboard, Sir"

(Continued from page 55)

splendid steam pilot boat, *The New York*, was laid on order of the New York and New Jersey's pilots' organization. This boat was designed for her work. She was so staunch that she might steam to sea in any kind of weather and she was able to plough her way through the thickest ice that might form in the harbor. Seven of the sailing boats were also kept in the service for a while and then these were replaced by a second steamer.

Today the pilots' association maintains three boats. One is the *Sandy Hook*, about 175 feet long, which keeps a station at the Ambrose Channel Lightship. *The New York* cruises between the Ambrose Lightship and Scotland Lightship. These two lightships are about four miles apart, twenty-five miles out from the Battery, and mark the approach to the mouth of that watery funnel called New York harbor. The third ship is the *Trenton*, a two-masted schooner with an auxiliary engine. It is in the *Trenton* that the pilot apprentices learn to be real sailors.

The three boats of the pilot service are painted black and have buff funnels.

On shore the pilots of New York were banded together in what is unto this day the oldest American guild, a union which was prepared to fight in defense of the rights of the least aggressive of its membership; but a union which was equally quick to punish guilty pilots. On land, even before the amalgamation, they fought for each other and maintained the right of a pilot who brought a ship into the harbor to take that ship out to sea when her master was ready to leave port; but on the water a different feeling had prevailed.

"If you were my brother," said one of the retired veterans lately, "and you were sailing toward a ship signaling for a pilot, I would beat you if I could. Why, I recall as if it was yesterday seeing one of the oldest men in the service (this was forty years ago) leaping into his yawl as it was tossed over the side of his ship. Another pilot boat was trying to beat him to the side of a big East Indiaman so there was no time to be lost. Yawls were launched in those days while the pilot boats were under way. This one was dropped into the water even as the command was given to drop the mains'l; and as the heavy rowboat splashed overboard this old man of seventy jumped for the stern. He made it, too, and was first to the Jacob's ladder of the Indiaman. But did this give him the pilotage? Not at all. The younger pilot in the rival boat stood poised in the bow of his yawl. As his rowers swung it with a clatter of oars against the old man's boat the young man jumped high in the air and seized the ladder higher than the old man had grasped it. The younger man's feet used his rival's aged back for a platform. Up he scrambled and was the first to shake hands with the Indiaman's captain. That was the goal. He was the pilot of that ship. A hundred times, I guess, I have seen races nearly as close as that.

"We raced sometimes with too much disregard of our lives. When we were just ahead of another pilot boat we always launched our yawl while going full speed. Sometimes, too, we got a swim instead of a job.

"We had enough hazards ordinarily without that crazy racing, but you could not give any such excuse to your companies in a boat if you lost a race through being cautious. The pilot service was never intended for timid men."

Hazards? I made a count from some records in the possession of the pilots' association of the disasters that brought sorrow to their fleet in the years from 1853 to 1883, and made the astounding discovery that in those thirty years the entire fleet had been replaced by new boats. Again and again there was entered a curt phrase, "lost with all hands," or "run down at sea, all hands lost." For many years an average of one out of that brave company was fated to lose his life at sea for every month in the year. Sometimes in storms their ships were driven onto the beaches of Long Island or New Jersey. Often in fogs they were crushed under the great bulk of a blind monster that rushed over them before they were aware of its presence. Often they saved themselves from disaster in situations in which men less competent would have been lost.

Such an occurrence is recorded in the New

York *Sun* of March 31, 1871. I found it pasted in a scrapbook of newspaper clippings that some forgotten pilot of colonial times began to collect when the American Revolution began. The clipping from the *Sun* described an accident to the Pilot Boat *John D. Jones* (No. 15) that had occurred while it was cruising about 270 miles east of Sandy Hook searching for vessels in want of a pilot into port.

"At 11:15 at night," states the article, "a steamer was descried and the pilot boat made all speed to overhaul her. The steamer proved to be the *City of Washington*, and signaled for a pilot. As the vessels approached each other they burned various signal lights to indicate their movements, but by some mischance or misunderstanding the steamer came head on with great force striking the pilot boat squarely on her port quarter, just abaft the mainmast. The shock broke the heavy mainmast sixty-one feet in length while the side of the *Jones* was cracked like an egg-shell.

"When the watch on deck discovered that a collision was inevitable, they called those who were below asleep, so that fortunately no one was drowned. But there were several narrow escapes. As the pilot boat careened after the collision Capt. John Hobbs who was standing amidships was thrown overboard, only saving himself by catching at a rope which hung from the bowsprit of the steamer. He fell into the sea and was picked up by one of the pilot boat yawls. He was insensible."

The sunken boat had cost \$16,000 and was only partially insured. The men lost not only their boat, without which they could not work, but all of their clothing and many other possessions as well.

Another reporter of waterfront news was on hand when Pilot James Heines and several other pilots stepped ashore from the *Etruria* in 1889, full of sea water and indignation. Old Albert Malcolm and Boatkeeper Fitzgerald, who had sailed with them a few days before in the *Charlotte Webb*, No. 5, were not with them.

Fog had blanketed the bay for five days and its thick vapors extended many miles out to sea. Under such conditions accidents were unavoidable. Nevertheless, the game little pilot schooners did not shirk their duty by seeking shelter within the arm of Sandy Hook.

"It's your next call," said Heines to Pilot Hammer. "You'd best be ready."

As Hammer started up the companionway Heines behind him heard a mournful "whooooo."

"That's the *Normandie* outward bound," he said. "She's close to us I reckon; too close."

THE Webb's automatic fog-horn was trumpeting at regular intervals, but as a further precaution Heines and Hammer then ignited two big flares, blue lights made of that kind of powder which small boys burn on Fourth of July nights.

They also fired off two sky rockets which shot upwards into the fog and vanished as if they had been caught in blankets. Then came another steam "whooooo" from the *Normandie's* brass throat. This time it was closer; much closer.

"She's going to strike us," warned Heines. Old Man Malcolm, who had just appeared at the head of the companionway turned in his tracks.

"Get down the companionway," said Heines. His voice was pitched as a scream. "The masts will go. Look out—"

The *Normandie's* huge black bow was towering above the little schooner as the men on deck rushed for shelter. Appreciation of the awful force of such a collision depends on an understanding of the immense weight that lies within the steel hull of a liner; the weight and the speed. Then it happened.

With a grinding crash that hurt the ears of those who heard it, the liner plunged into the sailing ship. The bow, reaching as high as the crow's nest of the small ship, and riding more than twenty-five feet below the water cut deeply into the schooner just forward of the fore mast. Splinters flew about, deadly as spears and arrows. Masts came crashing to the deck. With a rush, water filled the smaller ship. She really was not so small, except by contrast with the vast bulk of the liner. There were seventy-five tons of the

Charlotte Webb. She was seventy-one feet long and had a beam of twenty feet.

"She sinks," roared Heines. "Everybody jump."

Obedient to the voice of his friend, Old Man Malcolm jumped over the side. Somehow he had been injured and paddled feebly in the water which was warm. The Webb had gone from sight and the yawls that had been lying bottom up on her deck drifted off into the shroud of fog. The *Normandie* had swept by them, in appearance just a long row of lights high above the bobbing heads in the tossing water.

The lights did not disappear, but they grew dim. Heines knew she had stopped. Somehow he had found Malcolm and was trying to support him. Boatkeeper Fitzgerald had gone down with the schooner. Off by the dull lights chains were heard rattling. Life boats were being lowered.

WITH seaboots filled with water there was little enough buoyancy in any of those struggling bodies. Old Man Malcolm kept getting lower and lower in the water. Heines himself was growing weak. When the first lifeboat pulled up to them in response to shouts, Malcolm was gone, downward to rejoin his ship.

There were 275 saloon passengers aboard the *Normandie*, and her captain was much more deeply concerned with them than with the company of wretched men he had taken aboard.

"No warm drinks and scant courtesy," complained Heines when he stepped ashore. "We got some turpentine to rub with a few cast off articles of clothing. They transferred us to the *Etruria* next day when we encountered her after getting out of the fog."

A number of the transatlantic captains of that day were inclined to feel that the pilots should not cruise so far at sea. They had schedules to keep, the masters of those big boats, and they did not want to run slow in fogs after they passed over the hundred fathom line. This lies about thirty miles off the coast. It is the edge of the continental shelf beyond which the submerged portion of the American continent slopes sharply into the vasty deeps of the ocean.

Very often a pilot boat was sunk without leaving any sign of its identity, after it was plunged under the surface on the beginning of its cruise of a mile or so into the depths that sailors call Davy Jones's locker. This was the case with the *Columbia*, pilot boat No. 8, which was sunk by the steamship *Alaska* in the winter of 1883. Ten lives were lost.

There were hints from the pilots and their friends after that tragedy that some of these happenings were caused by the reluctance of shipmasters to show a decent consideration for the pilots. As a result the pilot commissioners fixed a penalty, a fine of \$25 to be imposed on any ship entering the port which did not come to a standstill when discharging or receiving a pilot. In this case a gale was blowing; it was night time; and every other factor in the situation was unfavorable to the men in the little boat. It was so dark at the time that the crew of the steamer did not know the identity of the boat they had sunk and it was not discovered to be the *Columbia* until the other pilot boats which were at sea at the time had put into port.

It was dark, too, that night when the pilot boat *Enchantress* was run down by the schooner *Sarth and Lucy* off Seabright, N. J., in April, 1884. This was a collision between vessels nearly equal as to size. The *Sarth and Lucy*, however, had just mounted to the crest of a wave and the *Enchantress* had just dipped into the trough of one when struck. Those on the pilot boat felt as if they were being pounded down into the bottom of the sea. The prow of the other schooner ripped into the rigging of the *Enchantress* and her bow struck them a frightful blow.

Fortunately they were on deck at the time and every man succeeded in scrambling aboard the other vessel. There was a noise of splintering planks, the cannon-like report of tearing sail cloth and then the *Enchantress* disappeared. The pilots and their crew were congratulated by the men of the *Sarth and Lucy* and a day or so later were put ashore in New York harbor, glad to be alive but regretful of their lost boat.

It was about that time that the crew of the fishing smack *G. L. Daboll* at anchor off Old Squan Beach, New Jersey, came rushing on deck in response to a cry from the man on watch. A

(Continued on page 58)



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"Pilot's Aboard, Sir"

(Continued from page 57)

schooner with mains'l set, though pretty well reefed, was bearing down on them.

"Must be crazy men aboard that craft," roared the master of the fishing smack. He had his anchor up and cut across the bows of the stranger just in time. Her maintopmast had been carried away; her planksheer was stove, some headgear was missing and it was obvious that she was leaking somewhat. As a matter of fact, though, no men at all were aboard. The crazily sailing ship was the *Enchantress* afloat and seaworthy. She had been abandoned too hastily.

A salvage crew of three was put aboard and these men discovered the jewelry, the watches and other valuables of the pilot owners in the cabin of the boat, and for every dollar of value the crew of the *Daboll* collected a share in salvage from the absentee owners.

Often in the history of the pilot service there is written the brief obituary of some one of their company who died terribly after going aboard a ship which had signaled for a pilot. Long, long ago John Henderson was one of the bearded pilots who cruised off New York in the *James W. Avery*. In 1812 he had been one of the owners of a pilot boat which had been sent abroad to warn American ship masters of the declaration of war against Great Britain. Many American ships succeeded in eluding the British cruisers lying in wait for them as a result of that warning. Henderson's career was filled with adventures. When he was sixty-seven he slipped on ice that had formed on the rail of a schooner, and falling, was crushed between the grinding sides of the schooner and a blunt-nosed tug.

Farther along in the record is mention of Pilot John Canvin, who was knocked overboard from the American barkentine *Edward Cushing* in a hard gale. A wave which came sweeping over the stern, flung him against the knee-high monkey rail about the poop so that he plunged head foremost into the icy sea. That was in 1890, and some of Pilot Canvin's thirteen orphan children are still living in New York.

Elsewhere the record speaks of one who went aboard the English bark, *Rattler*, in a winter storm. Finally the craft had to run for shelter behind the bar of Sandy Hook. The storm grew in fury. The temperature dropped. When the weather moderated a lifeboat put out from shore. Aboard the *Rattler*, was a company of dead men—frozen stiff. Some of them had starved. When the pilot had gone aboard the ship's stores were exhausted, and before the storm wore itself out the hungry men had died.

Even today if a ship signals for a pilot, the pilot whose turn it is must go aboard, though that ship flies at her masthead the yellow flag that tells of a plague outbreak among her company. The rules that govern the pilots work both ways. If no ship may decline a pilot, neither may any pilot decline a ship. The ethics of pilots are rules of practice, more

sternly enforced with the passage of each year. As ships increase in size the pilot's job becomes more complex. A pilot usually finds it expedient to know at least a few valuable words in the language of every people which has a merchant marine, but in addition to these methods of communication he must also be letter perfect in certain other ways of transmitting intelligence. He must know the language of steamer whistles, the flag code, the meaning of all the red, blue, green and purple lights and flares that may strike his eyes. He must understand the meaning of buoys. He must know the bottom of the pilots grounds where he practices his profession better than ship commanders know the opaque surface of the water that fills that area. He must be familiar with the habits of ferries, of tow boats, of tugs and brick barges, and the myriad other forms of river and harbor traffic.

WHEN the fog blankets New York Bay, or when it smothers the shipping in San Francisco Bay, the pilots nor anyone else can see where to steer a ship. Then they must feel their way and the manner of feeling is to take soundings in order to find out where they are. For centuries the only method of doing this was to drop over the side a heavy lead attached to a measured line. In the bottom of the lead was a cup-like depression filled with ordinary yellow, kitchen soap. The shells, or sand, or mud clinging to this when it was hauled up was a message to the pilot pregnant with meaning. It still is; and on many ships entering American ports this is the only possible means of taking soundings; but in the newest liners there are improved ways. One of these is called a fathometer. It is a device akin to radio. The time that elapses between the emission of a sound impulse and the rebound from the bottom of an echo of that faint disturbance is registered for the mariner, or the pilot, on a dial as easily read as a clock face. The operation is calibrated to the depth of water and the result is shown by a red electric flash of neon gas behind the glass dial. In other words the pilot may know how much water there is under the keel of the ship he guides as readily as you may know from your speedometer how fast your automobile is traveling.

Even with such intricate mechanisms to assist him the pilot must continue to pack his mind with a store of information like that which was known to his forebears, information which you cannot gain from books. He may take the *Leviathan* to sea today, but the ship he brings into port tomorrow may be a tiny brig from Spain. It is no wonder the pilot apprentices have to study more years than it takes to become a doctor. Nor is it any cause for wonder that a shipmaster breathes a sigh of relief when one of his subordinates salutes and then reports:

"Pilot's aboard, Sir."

Famous "First Nights"

(Continued from page 25)

Mansfield was overjoyed when Palmer handed him the part; he went to work on it with great zest. He studied the Baron's counterparts carefully noting every one of their mannerisms, their physical movements, their manners of speech.

"A Parisian Romance" opened at the Union Square Theater on the night of January 11, 1883. The theatre was radiant with an expectant audience of smart New Yorkers.

When Mansfield made his first entrance a few minutes after the rise of the curtain there was no applause for him but on the other hand Sarah Jewett, Ida Vernon, Eleanor Carey, Frederick de Belleville, John Parselle and Joseph Whiting received deserved receptions.

As the play progressed the audience gradually succumbed to Mansfield's art. He played upon their emotions with all the skill of a great artist. He gave, in the words of one of his biographers, "the most realistically detailed figure of refined moral and physical depravity, searched to its inevitable end, the stage has ever seen."

When the final curtain fell there was a hush of

awe and surprise. Then pandemonium broke loose. Men and women stood and cheered, waving handkerchiefs and applauding vociferously.

The next morning the twenty-six-year-old actor woke up to find himself famous. He played the part of the polished, but coarse, gay though ageing voluptuary many times in after years, and fate decreed that it should be as the Baron Chevalier that he make his last appearance upon any stage. He played it for the last time at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, March 23, 1907 and died the following August.

A short time before his own death Robert Mantell related to a party of friends the inside story of one of the most famous first nights of twenty years ago.

In 1904 Mantell had been on the road playing one-night stands with ill success. His fortunes and his spirits were at low ebb. New York had not yet taken him to its breast except for a brief moment when he had made a mild sensation in "Fedora" in the early 1900s, and he longed to conquer the "Death Watch," or first-nighters of the metropolis.

So, when he and his company was offered "Choice time in New York" he cancelled his road engagements and came to Broadway. He arrived in the metropolis about December 1, in such straightened circumstances that he could not afford the luxury of a hotel suite so went to The Lambs where he slept on a couch in the library surrounded by portraits of past grandmasters of his art—Booth, Forrest, Kean, Garrick, and others.

The next day he learned that the offer of the "Choice time" which had sounded so flattering when first received had dissolved into a chance to present his plays at the Princess, a little upstairs theatre on Broadway between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Streets, during the extremely dull weeks immediately preceding Christmas.

Although bitterly disappointed Mantell's indomitable spirit rose to the occasion and he announced to his friends at the The Lambs that he would open with "Richard III" on the night of December 5th.

"Don't do it, Dick!" they warned. "Think of the season! You won't get a dozen people to turn out to see Richard. If you *must* play something play Hamlet. You *might* tempt the public with that."

But Mantell turned a deaf ear to their advice. He went ahead with his plans as best he could on a rapidly diminishing bankroll.

That opening night Mantell played as he had never played before. Everything—his present and his future—it seemed to him, depended upon his ability to project himself across the footlights and into the hearts of the handful of auditors out in front. It was a critical moment, and never in such a critical moment in stage history, was an actor so aggravatingly handicapped.

It happened this way: When Mantell came to the Princess with his production the stage crew demanded a scenic rehearsal. The actor being short of funds and having his own crew which was thoroughly proficient in handling "Richard III" without outside aid, refused to listen to their demands.

The Princess stage crew decided to revenge themselves by "breaking up the show." They launched their conspiracy in the first scene. Mantell played this before a back drop which was only three or four feet back of the footlights. Owing to the limited space the actor had to play with his back almost against the curtain. It presented a grand opportunity for dirty work which the disgruntled stage hands didn't overlook. One of them, while crossing behind the drop, pretended to stumble. As he fell he lunged heavily against Mantell through the canvas almost hurling the actor into the pit. A moment later another tripped over a stage brace, and in "saving" himself used a footballer's straight-arm on Mantell through the drop.

Although boiling with rage Mantell went on with his lines as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened and those in the audience who had noticed the thrusts thought little or nothing of them. Finishing the scene Mantell went behind the curtain and quietly warned the stage crew that he would thrash the whole outfit if another cowardly attempt were made to ruin his performance. As he reentered the scene he was followed by a derisive laugh.

A few minutes later there was a crash of a stage brace falling on the floor, drowning Mantell's speech. The actor was beside himself with wrath when he saw the outline of a hand feeling along the drop trying to locate him. Half turning he drew the dagger he used as Richard, making the action fit in with his words, and when he saw the form of the stage hand print itself against the curtain preparing for a powerful blow, he drove the blade through the drop and into something soft on the other side. There was a cry of pain—then silence.

Mantell finished the scene and walked off as the curtain fell. He was greeted by the leader of the crew who bellowed, "Say, you; do you know you've killed one of my men?"

"I hope to God I have!" answered Mantell with great fervency.

On top of a carpet thrown over two trunks lay his victim with a bad wound in the thigh. He was groaning as if in great misery.

Calling his valet Mantell sent him to his dressing room with instructions to bring back the mailed glove he wore in the last act. Showing this before the eyes of the scowling stage hands he said, "Take a good look at his gauntlet.

It is studded with iron and I am a strong man. With one blow of this I could fell an ox. I'm going to wear this through the rest of the play. If there is the slightest disturbance back here while I'm on the stage I'll walk off instantly and I'll brain the man that's responsible, so help me God!"

Mantell meant what he said and the stage crew knew he meant it. The result was that thenceforward the stage was as quiet as a country churchyard. Mantell played with great fire. His anger was converted into dramatic fury. He played with more force and power than he had ever before displayed upon an American stage. Literally he electrified the small audience and the few critics who had dropped in "because they had no place to go" that night. These critics were drawn to the edges of their seats. As one they reached the conclusion that Mantell's Richard marked a new epoch in tragic acting in New York. They went back to their desks and wrote fervent reviews. Even the caustic Alan Dale was swept away by the power of Mantell's acting and he wrote the most laudatory review of all. Almost all agreed that it was "the greatest Richard since Booth." High praise, indeed.

Mantell was made! Practically every manager in New York offered him a contract. He finally signed with William A. Brady, and from that December night he was hailed as America's leading classic actor. The long struggle for recognition was over.

ONE never knows what to expect at an opening night in a European capital. In Paris, especially, sensational first nights are frequent and, very often, the audience, not the players, makes them so.

There was one famous first night which will be discussed as long as music and song endure—the night that Georges Bizet's most famous and most successful opera, *Carmen*, was first produced in Paris at the Opera Comique on March 3, 1875.

Bizet had read Prosper Mérimée's highly sensuous story of a Spanish cigaret factory girl, and decided it contained valuable operatic material. Accordingly he engaged the eminently successful dramatists, Meilhac and Halevy to adapt the story into a libretto. The librettists, after expurgating the most objectional parts of Mérimée's tale, succeeded in producing a drama which met with Bizet's approval. He then set it to music and induced the management of the Opera Comique to produce it.

Mlle. Galli-Marie, the great singer, was then at the height of her career, and was very "choosy" about her parts. She nearly drove Bizet insane with her demands. He had to rewrite the *Habañera* song thirteen times before she was satisfied with it.

Eventually, however, everything was in readiness for the opening. A brilliant and cultured audience was assembled and the young composer confidently expected that *Carmen* would prove a sensational success.

Mlle. Galli-Marie was a vivacious and utterly charming *Carmen*, but, alas, *Carmen* was too naughty for gay Paris! The audience sat through four acts like so many frozen pickles. In the end they were hostile. Bizet overlooked the fact that Paris at the time—shortly after the Franco-Prussian war—was going through one of its rare fits of Puritanism—a fit that lasted almost three years.

The next day the Parisian press was up in arms. It denounced *Carmen* and all of her works as well as her creator. Bizet was heart broken when the management, in response to popular demand, withdrew the opera after the first performance. Smarting under the assaults of the newspapers he became seriously ill, and in less than three months he died.

Naturally, *Carmen*, was a sensation in Paris when it was next performed there, eight years after Bizet's death.

It was in this *Carmen*, nineteen years later that the great Calvé made memorable an opening night at the Metropolitan Opera House by indulging in a bit of temperament at the expense of her sister artiste, Mme. Emma Eames.

For months prior to this night there had existed bitter feelings between Calvé and Eames, and an unscheduled scene between the two was momentarily expected. That scene was staged on the night of April 17, 1894, after the third act of *Carmen*, in which Calvé sung the title rôle.

The curtain had just been lowered and the

(Continued on page 60)



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Famous "First Nights"

(Continued from page 59)

brilliant audience called Mme. Eames back and gave her a wonderful ovation. As she took her bow she turned and beckoned to some one in the wings, presumably Mme. Calvé, but that lady refused to come forward and the curtain was lowered. Then Calvé stepped before the curtain alone, all smiles and generous with kisses tossed to the audience. The audience was not satisfied however and applauded again until the curtain went up, revealing a group of artistes. Signor Mario Ancona, who was standing between Calvé and Eames, attempting to make the scene a pretty one, held a hand out to each. Hoping to make it still more effective, but forgetting that he was between two tempestuous personalities, he attempted to place the palm of Calvé in that of Mme. Eames. This was the opportunity for which Calvé had long waited to publicly show her dislike of Eames. She resisted Ancona's effort, refusing either to take Mme. Eames' hand or look in her direction. The snub was perfectly palpable to everybody in the boxes and the orchestra chairs. A murmur of disapproval swept the house, and Calvé was severely criticised for her action in many circles.

Although the post-war period provided many sensational first nights to stimulate the jaded theatre-goer of America, it was a soldier in a soldier's rôle that appealed most strongly to the public, and made memorable an opening night which, with a non-soldier actor in the leading part, would have been just another first night.

When England entered the war back in 1914 Allan Pollock, a Broadway favorite, emerged from the land-of-make-believe and faced grim reality in a warring world.

Enlisting as a private he went up through the ranks of the British until, at the second battle of the Somme, he was a captain. It was in this battle, too, that he received shrapnel and machine-gun bullet wounds which were so severe that he was left on the field for dead. Part of his lower jaw had been shot away and he could make no appeal for aid when the stretcher-bearers and Red Cross workers were picking up the wounded near him.

A FEW days later when the burying squad came to perform their grim duties they were making arrangements to wrap their comrade in an army blanket before lowering him into a shallow trench-grave when one of them saw signs of life in the bullet-torn body. Pollock was taken to a field hospital and later to the base where he fought and won a battle with death. Later he was sent back to Blighty to spend many, many pain-racked months in military hospitals. In one of these skilled surgeons rebuilt with silver plates the jaw that was shot away at the Somme.

When he had "recovered" from his wounds Pollock's thoughts turned to his old love—the stage—but he and his friends doubted if he could ever do a come-back.

About that time Miss Clemence Dane wrote a play called "A Bill of Divorcement" based on some proposed divorce legislation then before the English parliament. It had to do with a shell-shocked soldier who, returning home after an absence of several years, found his wife about to re-marry under the new laws. Pollock liked the play, and believed he could play the part of the shell-shocked soldier.

So, seven years after he left to join the British Army, he came back to New York, and a few months later it was announced that he would appear in "A Bill of Divorcement" at the George M. Cohan Theatre on the night of October 10, 1921.

Immediately there was a great deal of speculation among Pollock's friends both on and off the stage as to his ability to overcome the physical and mental handicaps placed on him by the war. All Broadway was pulling for the popular player, and the audience that awaited the rise of the curtain on that first night seemed to realize that Pollock faced something akin to another journey "over the top."

When Pollock made his first entrance he received a genuine ovation—a sympathetic ovation it might be termed. For five minutes the applause continued. Before it ended the actor had to turn away to hide his emotion. As he stood there waiting to begin his lines the audi-

ence saw where a shrapnel scar showed white on his neck; that his erstwhile crisp brown locks were silvered by time and suffering.

Pollock's ability as an actor had not suffered in the seven years he had been away from Broadway. If anything, he came back a greater actor. His own harrowing experiences in the war had given him just the qualities needed for a beautiful portrayal of the character he essayed.

It was in this play too that Katherine Cornell established herself as one of America's leading actresses. Before her opening in "A Bill of Divorcement" Miss Cornell had been given little consideration by the critics, but her work in the Dane drama drew forth the highest praise. "A Bill of Divorcement" was a sensational hit and enjoyed a long run in New York and other cities.

Revivals of great plays often have provided producers with opportunities to bring together distinguished actors who by their very presence in one cast have made famous opening nights. There is little doubt that the list of such productions should be headed by "The School for Scandal," the Sheridan play which was revived by The Players at the Lyceum Theatre, New York City, June 4, 1923.

Conjure up, if you can, a greater thrill for a playgoer than to glance upon a program and find:

Sir Peter Teazle.....	John Drew
Sir Oliver Surface.....	Tom Wise
Joseph Surface.....	McKay Morris
Charles Surface.....	Charles Richman
Sir Benjamin Backbite.....	Henry E. Dixey
Crabtree.....	Etienne Girardot
Snake.....	Robert Mantell
Careless.....	John Craig
Sir Harry Bumper.....	Reinald Werrenrath
Moses.....	Albert G. Andrews
Rowley.....	Albert Bruning
Trip.....	Ernest Lawford
Servant to Sir Peter Teazle.....	Grant Mitchell
Servant to Lady Sneerwell.....	Walter Hampden
Servant to Joseph Surface.....	Francis Wilson
Lady Teazle.....	Ethel Barrymore
Lady Sneerwell.....	Violet Kemble Cooper
Mrs. Candour.....	Charlotte Walker
Maria.....	Carroll McComas

Add to this a brilliant and discriminating audience—an audience in which representatives of the seven arts predominated, and in which it was said there was not a single nonentity.

Then multiply this sum by the fact that on this night Ethel Barrymore fulfilled Ellen Terry's hope that "Little Ethel" would some day "play Lady Teazle," and the same great Terry's prediction that "she (Miss Barrymore) may take it from me that she would make a success in it."

The atmosphere in The Lyceum that June night was charged with expectancy. Back stage, where one could hardly move without bumping into a star, there was enough temperament on tap to bring an envious gleam to the eyes of a Metropolitan Opera House press agent.

The "receptions" accorded the various public favorites that night interfered somewhat with the progress of the play, but they were as nothing compared to the thunderous applause that shook the theater at the last curtain. The only regret expressed by seasoned theatre-goers that night was that Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were not present to witness the superb performance of Ethel Barrymore who at one time had been a member of the Irving-Terry Company in London.

In recent years famous first nights have been lamentably few and far between. Post-war audiences have proved pretty hard-shelled, and it has required something extraordinary to erase their "show me" calmness and uncover genuine enthusiasm. But a comparatively unknown actor and a comparatively unknown producer formed the combination that turned this difficult trick at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York, on the night of September 16, 1926, when "Broadway" was produced.

More than a year before a newcomer to the producing ranks—Jed Harris—had picked up a manuscript and started to read the "business." He came to a line which read: "Enter a waiter with a funny walk."

Impatiently, Harris threw the manuscript across the room. He had read too much. An officeboy retrieved the play from the corner where it had fallen and, with many other re-

jected pieces, went back to the agency which had sent it.

Six months passed. One day Harris was leaving his office hurriedly for a business trip to Chicago. On his desk was a pile of unread plays. Picking up half a dozen he hurried to the station. In his stateroom he picked up one of the plays and read part of it. Finally he had tossed five of the six aside as unsuitable for his needs. The sixth was the one containing that description, "Enter a waiter with a funny walk."

Disappointed, but having nothing else to read, he continued perusing it. Pretty soon he forgot the waiter, the train, the day or the week or the year of grace. He had found a real play at last.

A few months later "Broadway" opened at the Broadhurst. The first-night audience looked over the cast and saw no names which promised them anything great in the way of a thrill. The first name in the "order of their appearance" was Paul Porcasi. That meant nothing to them. The second was Lee Tracy. A few vaguely recalled that he had played in "The Show Off" or something a year or so before.

But before the first act ended Lee Tracy was a sensation. Literally he stopped the show—stopped a show that was going at terrific speed. The next morning Tracy was famous. "Broadway" was famous and so was Jed Harris.

Out of that play which he disgustingly threw across the room Jed Harris has made more than a million dollars. Lee Tracy is piling up successes in the same type of character that he played in "Broadway" and first-nighters, ever since, have been looking in vain for a famous first night.

Magic Roads to Sunshine

(Continued from page 14)

mule-car, leaving once a day and that very publicly.

So there he was, and until it all ended in a charming Latin-American way, there he stayed.

One of the places that most delighted him was Merida, the capital of Yucatan, a city of clean smells and clean streets, giving the impression of a slightly Moorish touch with its little houses built "of pink and white cubes."

The chaste atmosphere, in so great a contrast to the dark and stage-villainous faces one encounters at every turn, maintains an almost puritanical moral code. There is that story of an American husband, (indeed, the fellow hailed from Massachusetts) who was brash enough to put his arm around his wife in a public park. Immediately he was seized by a gendarme, taken into court and finally released only "because the kind judge did not want to be too hard on foreigners."

The strict customs surrounding "the care and training" of the ladies down in that part of the earth have come a long, long way from home. Up from Mohammedan, Morocco with its purda, into Spain, and so across the seas to those very shores which were the haunts of the pirates.

It's a strange old world!

AND, so long as we have even mentioned the buccaneers, this is an appropriate time to look at "Combing the Caribbees," by Harry L. Foster (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York).

At first thought these little lands that form so glittering and lovely an arc from Florida in an eastward and downward sweep to the coast of South America, seem almost too near home to hold much magic for us.

For who can believe, for instance, that only a slow five-day sail down the coast, five days from Times Square, and one can—in some little Haitian hotel "go to sleep at night to the sound of African drums—Congo drums. . ."; that up in the hills above the ruined citadel of the black Emperor Christophe, witches and devils still do their stuff—for the natives!

The Virgin Islands, of course, are different. These are cooler-headed little islands. Though under the care of Uncle Sam, the old Danish influence still prevails, and we find these charming islands unchanged, sleepy, poor, and attractive only as a prowling place for a short stop by tourists, and important only as a naval base. But remembering what Mr. Van Dyke told us about the Dutch in Java, this is not very much for us to be proud of.

(Continued on page 62)

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Many persons won from \$1800.00 to \$4245.00 each in our last offers by our unique advertising plan. A boy only fifteen years old won \$900.00. A man between sixty and seventy years old, unable to get work, with doctor and household bills to pay, won \$4245.00. A woman was surprised to win \$2500.00. Every age or sex has an equal chance to WIN. In next three or four months we will award thousands of dollars to fortunate men and women who solve our puzzles and win our prizes. Here's our latest one:

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Magic Roads to Sunshine

(Continued from page 61)

And this thought about our colonial possessions leads us to wonder what Gov. Theodore Roosevelt will make of his job in Porto Rico! Porto Rico is a luscious, beautiful, romantic spot; a true "Rich Port" of the Caribbean Sea, and Mr. Foster happily devotes many pages to it in his galloping book. He tells us that the Porto Ricans are pretty "sore," because they are a territory and not a state in the Union. Here is something to be worked out carefully, for the Island is most important, the people a fine, spirited population, equally desirous of assimilating all that America can give, yet bent, and rightly so, upon preserving its ancient culture, customs and language. Once again, some of Mr. Van Dyke's chapters might make profitable reading for our island administrators.

Further on, the French Islands fascinate Mr. Foster... the tall young negresses wearing dresses cut in the style of the First Empire and making one think of the unhappy Josephine; the old mummies smoking their pipes. Polyglot Curaçao, and completely black Bridgetown, sophisticated Havana and the last really authentic hurricane in the West Indies all claim, in turn, Mr. Foster's accomplished pen. The book is truly guide, philosopher and friend.

"THE Book of Puka-Puka," by Robert Dean Frisbie (Century Co., New York), is by far one of the very best books that any one can read to whirl him from his daily round of thoughts into the true vagabond state of mind.

The author, suffering several years ago from a tubercular illness, sailed down into the South Seas to regain his health. Puka-Puka, the Polynesian name for Danger Island, a dot in the ocean lying well off the beaten track, and at that superb distance from the civilized world which makes all narrow conventions seem utterly silly, lured Mr. Frisbie to its palm-girt shore. Here he set himself up as a trader, a person, an author, and the head of a delightful household whom we soon get to know intimately as Sea Foam, Benny, Bones, Mamma, Little Sea and many others.

Ropati, who is none other than Mr. Frisbie, has been having a great time of it down there for years, and though he recently visited his native land (coming up to the States by schooner) he beat it quickly back to his Island again; to his torchlight fishing—when his canoe seems to ride through a sea of fire; to his blue lagoons; his cocoa-nut groves; his little store where shoes and mouth-organs jostle each other on his shelves; where he once concocted a wireless station much to the Puka-Pukans' excitement, and through it cornered the Island copra market.

"RED Star in Samarkand," by Anna Louise Strong (Coward-McCann, New York) and "Express to Hindustan," by M. H. Ellers (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), are two books of vivid personal observation and adventure in the Orient which may very profitably be read *en suite*.

In Miss Strong's volume "geography," as the jacket-writer puts it, "is the hero of the plot." Things happen in Central Asia because all the roads of the East, old and new, meet there.

There, remnants of the Imperial conquest by the Russian Czars still exist; there one meets the ever-present British influence; there, still tended by people out of the Arabian Nights, the ferile cotton fields and the vineyards grow as they grew a thousand and more years ago; and there, too, high above in the blue air go the British planes while below the slow camel trains don't bother to look aloft.

Through such a land Miss Strong has followed old fables and modern newspaper reports, and has studied the social and political situation until her mind has been filled with a store of interesting facts and deductions. These, put into book form, offer most intelligent entertainment.

The other volume, "Express to Hindustan," is the account of a thrilling motor trip from London to Delhi, India. Three Australians step on the gas in Park Lane, and from there on through western Europe and the Balkans and so into Asia, it becomes the record of one exciting experience after another.

In Belgrade, an officer stopping them to in-

quire as to their business, snapped out at the traveler who answered: "Take your hands out of your pockets when you speak to me!" So, besides accumulating an astonishing bag of adventures and misadventures, they were—here and there—apparently brought up in the way they should go.

A BOOK that lures you from page to page is "Seeing Italy," by that peerless traveler. E. M. Newman (Funk & Wagnalls, New York).

The futility of trying to see all of Italy in one short visit, reflects the author, leads most travelers into a sort of frantic and muddled chase over one of the most picturesque and enravishing countries in the world. The beauty of village and lake, of cathedral and arch, the thrilling movement of "Young Italy" in the cities and throughout the whole countryside, and the glory of its art—all these, if we take them in a careless, dashing way, pile up into a kind of phantasmagoria.

Indeed, Mr. Newman despairs of seeing and knowing Italy even in a lifetime. And so he has picked out some choice morsels for our delectation. His descriptions, always touching the warm heart of his subject, are enriched by a host of splendid illustrations.

IN "The Horizon Chasers," by Loring Andrews (Sears, New York), and "Ballyhoo," by C. Blackburn Miller (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), we tumble upon a lighter, more personal form of gallivanting.

"The Horizon Chasers" recounts the Odyssey of two young, romantic and, we surmise, rather wildish vagabonds who played their way around the world with a jazz flute and an accordion. Across seven seas and three continents they took their blithe way, making the acquaintance of stokeholes of tramp steamers, strange moonlit beaches, dark and dangerous corners of Singapore, and so on.

This, as you can imagine, makes admirable stuff out of which to spin a travel-yarn. The book is gay and exciting, and it lifts the reader completely out of the round of everyday thoughts.

"BALLYHOO," although keeping us a little nearer home, is, nevertheless, a book that will still make you want to go off on a winter holiday.

It tells the story of the amusing fishing-expedition of the yacht *Enterprise*, which carries a ship's company of typical New York land-lubbers who desert Manhattan and invade the tropics in search of jungle fowl, enchanted isles, dolphins, angel fish, alligators and what they were really after—a certain fish known as a "Wahoo." A very entertaining record.

"LOAFING Through Africa," by Seth K. Humphrey (Penn. Pub. Co., Philadelphia). It takes Mr. Humphrey some time and gives him much mental agony to get to Africa, for he goes from New York via Cape Town on a de luxe cruise ship which is audacious enough to stop at any South American and Mediterranean ports, and which carries a "bunch" of typical globe-trotting tourists who seem to get under Mr. Humphrey's skin. He finds them very hard to bear.

But once in Africa—up through the Transvaal, the Rhodesias, the Belgian Congo, Uganda, Mombasa and through the country made famous by Livingstone and Stanley, the writer forgets any early annoyances and gets into a great stride, taking the entranced reader along with him into the very heart of the mysterious Dark Continent.

"INDIA, the Land that Lures," by Agnes Rush Burr (Page & Co., Boston, Mass.), by its very name challenges some comparison with Katherine Mayo's "Mother India." The latter said so much about India and its people that it takes a brave and enthusiastic writer to approach, even from a different angle, so vast a country and the great troublesome racial divide between the medieval customs of the Hindus and the modern systems brought into the land by the British.

Despite the task Miss Burr set herself, she has achieved a splendid piece of research and writing.

Her views on such subjects as agriculture, education, industrial conditions and so on, have their value. But it is in those passages of her book in which she sensitively brings to our imagination the wonder and surprise of marble gem-decked palaces and tombs, the sweet, still, flowering valleys, the ancient, dusty, hot but glorious cities, the inscrutable millions, and her personal encounters with noted Indian leaders, that we find her most compelling.

An important piece of work; the volume is enriched with many handsome photographs.

ONCE more, to our delight, pirates and their galleons sail into their old harbors along the Spanish Main, in a book of fresh, lucid, descriptive travel.

"Central America and the Spanish Main," by Agnes Rothery (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, Mass.), is a book you must get the next time you are in a library or shop. Miss Rothery, sailing from San Francisco, works her way down the West Coast, then cuts across through the Canal into the Caribbean, keeping her eyes open and her heart in a most receptive condition all the way.

A book that will give you some very enjoyable hours' reading.

IF WE beg you to get, at your first opportunity, "Murray's Handbook for India, Burma, and Ceylon" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), don't let the word "Handbook" cause you to elevate your eyebrows even for a moment. Believe us, it's a great book.

To our way of thinking there is no surer, more fascinating, more satisfying way of drenching oneself in the geography and atmosphere of a distant land than by means of just such an excellent guide-book.

In the first place it literally leaves no stone unturned. The infinite details and directions and facts presented build up an unforgettable picture. It takes the shortest cuts when giving you information, it envelops you with a sense of actually being in the country talked about, with its continual waking you early in the morning to hurry you aboard trains, onto boats and motors. It buys you soap in hotels and gathers up your laundry, and then plunges you into astounding pages of history and current events. In fact, in such a book as "Murray's" you really go a-traveling.

If our hunch is any good, you will find, as we did, that Murray's guidance of you through the fabled Vale of Cashmere is just about as thrilling an experience as you could wish.

Mind, now, we don't want you to miss this glorious book.

"WINDJAMMING to Fiji," by Viola Irene Cooper (Rae D. Hinkle, New York), is the amazing account of two girls who enlisted as apprentices on the crew's articles and sailed on the *Bourgainville*, out of San Francisco down to the cannibal islands. This is no fantastic piece of fiction aimed at the movies, but the intensely interesting account of a well-planned expedition.

"MISS MORROW Sees the Mediterranean," by Margaret Yates (Penn. Pub. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.), presents a delightfully unsophisticated picture of the wanderings of a pristinely enthusiastic old maid, though to call Miss Morrow an old maid is to risk having you think her uninteresting. And she is anything but that.

In fact how could any one be uninteresting against a background of Algiers, Nice, Mentone, Athens, and so on? We ask you.

It is, I think, because we so well know how fascinating we could all be in such surroundings that we adore, in part, to read the various volumes which, though the name doesn't tell all, we designate as travel books!

And These, Too

"The Ancient East and Its Story," by James Baikie, D.D., F.R.A.S. (Jack, Pubs., London. Can be ordered through Brentano's, New York.)

"Pleasant Days in Spain," by Nancy Cox McCormack (Sears, New York).

"The Road Through Spain," by Dorothy Giles (Penn. Philadelphia).

"A Vagabond's Provence," by Anne Merri-man Peck (Dodd, Mead, New York).

"Traveling Light," by M. H. Harrigan (Brentano's, New York).

"Flowers of Our Lost Romance," by Chas. F. Lummis (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, Mass.).

"If You Go to South America," by Harry L. Foster (Dodd, Mead, New York).

And One Outstanding Biography

"THE Raven—A Life Story of Sam Houston," by Marquis James (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, Ind.)

Elizabeth Houston, widow of a member of a fine Virginian family, migrated with her nine children to that boundless land that lay beyond the Blue Ridge. That was in 1807. She went in an immigrant wagon drawn by five horses, and she found the roads bad and the country hazardous, but in the words of her famous son, she was "nerved with a stern fortitude."

Thus the Houstons reached Tennessee; and soon young Sam, the fifth child of Elizabeth, discovered that arduous frontier farming did not conform to his dream of the heroic. Neither did tending a primitive store seem to him to be much by way of adventure for one who passionately longed for glory. So one day he disappeared, and, after weeks of searching, his brothers found him living in the Indian country, the adopted son of the Chief Oo-loo-te-ga, who called him "the raven," and there he was, sprawled out under a tree before the Chief's wigwam, reading his one treasure, a copy of the *Iliad*.

Surely, as preface to a life filled with Olympian events, with love and adventure and tragedy, with dreams of empire, and animated by a code so exalted that no sacrifice was too great which protected his honor, what better picture could be made than that of this lanky youth lying there at the far edge of a new world, strengthening his soul with the deathless stories of the Greek heroes!

America never bred a more romantic figure than that of Sam Houston, and Mr. James, in his dramatically-told and well-documented record of the man, has done a straight-from-the-heart job. The whole incredible story is here: Houston's days in Congress, his friendship with Andrew Jackson, his being made Governor of Tennessee and the fateful ending of that proud chapter—the break with his lovely young wife after only eleven weeks of honeymooning. This was the most momentous event of his flaming career. The secret of what brought about the ruin of his romance was locked behind a silence so impenetrable that those nearest him dared ask no questions. Scarcely three months of happiness, then Eliza Allen returned to her father's house and the dashing Governor of Tennessee, resigning his high office, vanished once again into the Indian country; into an obscurity that veiled his mental anguish, and blotted out forever all chances of a presidential nomination. "No other woman," says the author, "has so strangely changed the face of American history."

When he emerged into the world again, it was to be involved in Indian administrative affairs. Finally came the startling drama of the Alamo, and then Houston's rise to the Presidency of the Texas Republic—a period of incredible coups which threatened the very peace of the United States.

What a tale and what an era! The book spills over with shining names and events. The trail of Sam Houston runs through seventy stormy years. He hated as he loved, in hot blood, and at the end, when the ring that his mother had given him as a talisman was drawn from his dead finger that it might be handed on to his son, there was found engraved on its inner surface, the single word that had always been so dear to him: "Honor."

A Correction

The price of "Mrs. Eddy," by Edwin Franden Dakin, was misquoted in our December issue as \$2. The correct price is \$5.



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enviously ample scope. The members have also maintained eight children a week at their farm, for a period of ten weeks; two children at the Betty Bacharach Home for two months and two more there for an indefinite period. And in addition to all this the Lodge provided last June an outing in Grand View Park for 96 little cripples.

Grand Secretary at Washington, Pa., And Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodges

Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters was recently an honored visitor to the Homes of Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776, and Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482. At Washington Mr. Masters was among old friends, being a member of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, and a well known resident of Washington County, of which he served four years as treasurer. At the hospitable Home of No. 776, Elks from many Lodges of the Tri-State region gathered to do honor to the Grand Secretary and to take part in the festivities which marked his visit. A splendid banquet, followed by a minstrel show, produced under the direction of Secretary W. D. Hancher, were the outstanding events of the evening's program. Later there was held a buffet supper and general jollification.

Among the visitors who attended "Masters Night" at Washington Lodge were seven members of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, including Secretary Walter B. Wilson, and at the end of the entertainment, Mr. Masters drove with them to Clarksburg. The next day a luncheon was held in the Lodge Home, in honor of the Grand Secretary, which was attended by all the officers, headed by Exalted Ruler Kirk King, and all the resident Past Exalted Rulers. That afternoon, accompanied by Secretary Wilson, Past Exalted Ruler H. M. Garrett and William J. Dawson, Mr. Masters called on Grafton Lodge, No. 308, and Fairmont Lodge, No. 294, at each of whose Homes he was greeted by groups of members. That evening he was the guest at dinner of Secretary Wilson, in the latter's home. Present also were President James D. Fleming, of the West Virginia State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler King, officers of Clarksburg and Parkersburg Lodges, and B. Merindino, Chairman of the Antlers Committee of No. 482, whose young charges later held a meeting and initiation in the Lodge Home. The work of the boys on the Antlers degree team was highly commended by the distinguished guests, and the evening was rounded by an entertainment provided jointly by the Antlers ten-piece orchestra and members of Clarksburg Lodge. The Antlers of No. 482 now have ninety-five members on their rolls.

500 at Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge Mark Winter Season's Start

Five hundred members of the Order attended the recent initiation ceremonies of Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge, No. 262, and the entertainment later which marked the beginning of the Lodge's winter activities. This is the first of a series of events of especial interest to be held by Sioux Falls Elks. The second was the Charity Carnival, given for six successive evenings; and a third is a special program of entertainment arranged in honor of the visit to the Lodge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. L. Doherty. Prominent in attendance at the initial event of the season was a delegation from Yankton, S. D., Lodge, No. 994, whose officers conducted the initiatory exercises. These were followed by a banquet and a smoker, and a number of vaudeville performances by professionals.

Joplin, Mo., Elks Greet District Deputy in Newly Improved Home

The members of Joplin, Mo., Lodge, No. 501, turned out in force to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. E. Gouge, of Missouri, West, when he visited its Home a short time ago. One hundred and thirty-five Elks were present, including two of the Lodge's charter members, P. E. Burruss and James Madeira. The occasion was the more felicitous, too, for its marking the completion of the extensive improvements which the Joplin Elks have been making in their Home. The appearance of the building, both inside and out, as it now is, gained the praise of the District Deputy when he spoke to the Lodge members. He

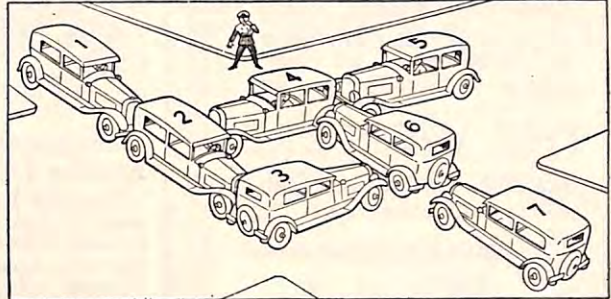
(Continued on page 66)

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 65)

pronounced the Joplin Home one of the most beautiful in the entire State.

District Deputy Praises Pittsburg, Calif., Elks for Boy Scout Activities

Commendation of the activities of Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge, No. 1474, in the interest of the Boy Scouts, was a feature of the address made by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles A. Redding, of California, Bay, upon the occasion of his recent official visit to that Lodge. Mr. Redding, a Past Exalted Ruler of San Rafael Lodge, No. 1108, further expressed admiration for the manner in which the Pittsburg Elks conducted their ceremonies.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Elks Boys Band Finishes 3,000 Mile Concert Tour

The Elks' Junior Band of forty-pieces, sponsored by Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, returned to its home city at the end of the summer after a concert tour of more than three thousand miles, which extended as far east as Buffalo, N. Y., and as far north as Toronto, Canada. Among the cities in which the band played were Nashville, Tenn., Cincinnati, O., Detroit, Mich., Buffalo, Toronto, and Louisville, Ky. It was everywhere heartily received and applauded. In many instances the boys were conducted by Elks on extensive excursions to places of especial interest within reach of cities having Lodges.

Aurora, Ill., Lodge Fills Membership When District Deputy Visits Home

The meeting recently at which Aurora, Ill., No. 705, Lodge welcomed to its Home District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William J. Savage, of Illinois, Northeast, upon the occasion of his official visit, was auspicious also for marking the completion of the Lodge's quota of a limited number of members. Prominent among the members of the Order to attend this doubly significant event were Grand Secretary J. E. Masters and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Nelson Millard. Aurora Lodge, at the suggestion of Exalted Ruler John W. Samels, decided some time ago to restrict its numbers to 1200. All members were asked to submit names of possible candidates. When these had been received, the prospective members were sent invitations, and later visited by a member of the Lodge. Seventy-five, the number necessary for the quota, were initiated at the time of the District Deputy's visit, and already Aurora Lodge has several names upon its waiting list.

Northern Indiana Elks Broadcast Over Radio After Joint Initiation

Elks of seven Lodges in Northern Indiana, following out an idea conceived by Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, recently combined to broadcast an hour of entertainment over the radio. This took place after the holding of a group initiation earlier in the evening. The units of the Order which contributed performers and which participated in the ceremonies of inducting new members were Whiting Lodge, No. 1273, East Chicago, Lodge, No. 981; Hammond, Lodge, No. 485; La Porte, Lodge, No. 306; Michigan City, Lodge, No. 432; Valparaiso, Lodge, No. 500; and the host Lodge at Gary. The broadcast was made over Station WJKS which is located in the Gary Elks' Home. The idea of gathering the North Indiana Lodges together for a joint initiation and broadcast of entertainment originated with the members of Gary Lodge. In order to obtain the cooperation and active enthusiasm of the other Lodges in its district, a delegation of Gary Elks, accompanied by their band, had made a month earlier a flying motor tour of several of the neighboring Lodges. The fact that about 500 Elks from these Lodges attended the meeting at Gary and that twenty performers from among them volunteered to take part in the broadcast is testimony to the success of their campaign. This was one of several Elk broadcasts to be promoted within a short time by Gary Lodge. Others were the

meeting in Indianapolis of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries, and the meeting at Elkhart of the Indiana, North, Association

Grand Exalted Ruler at District Deputy's Visit to Atlanta, Ga., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Smith recently paid his official visit to Atlanta Lodge, No. 78. Accompanying the District Deputy were B. J. Fowler, Exalted Ruler of Macon Lodge, No. 230, and Past Exalted Rulers of Macon Lodge Bruce C. Jones and Augustin Daly, the latter also a District Deputy of Georgia North. Present at the meeting were Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, and S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler. F. J. Schrader, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and many other prominent Elks. At this meeting a large class of candidates was initiated into the Order, and Mr. Andrews was welcomed to his home Lodge after an absence of six weeks spent in visiting Lodges in the middle, north and southwest. The District Deputy delivered an address discussing the achievements of the Order and commending Atlanta Lodge for its activities and progress.

Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge Cares for 104 Crippled Children in Six Months

In its semi-annual report upon work in behalf of crippled children within its jurisdiction, Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge, No. 784, announces that, during the past six months, 104 youngsters have been upon its list for treatment, care and equipment. Besides this curative work, the Lodge also gave within that period its annual picnic at which 56 disabled boys and girls were entertained; and it provided in addition to this a week at Camp Neward, at Avon-by-the-Sea, for 10 children. Recapitulation of the items of the six months shows that 35 youngsters have been receiving treatment and an average of 9 a day have had the benefit of hospital care. There have been 12 new cases, 86 examinations by the clinical director, 11 operations, 25 plaster casts applied, 50 massage treatments administered and 31 X-ray pictures taken. Appropriations for equipment, such as braces, crutches, special shoes and artificial limbs, likewise have been made. Of the hospital cases, 21 have been discharged as cured, 21 functional cures have been attained and 19 cases have shown improvement. Welfare workers have visited 313 homes in the course of time covered by the report. In the instance of one little infantile paralysis patient, the Lodge has arranged not only for his treatment but also for his vocational schooling, even providing a taxicab to take him to and from the hospital and school.

Five Lodges Attend Initiation Of Bronx, N. Y., Elks

Visiting delegations from five Lodges in New York State were guests recently of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, upon the occasion of a meeting and initiation in its Home. Exalted Ruler Abraham I. Menin, of New York Lodge, No. 1, assisted by other officers of the Mother Lodge, conducted the ceremony of initiation. There were in attendance, besides the members who accompanied New York Lodge's Exalted Ruler, representatives from Albany Lodge, No. 49, Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22, Glen Cove Lodge, No. 1458, and Port Chester Lodge, No. 863. Eight Past Exalted Rulers of Bronx Lodge acted as escort to the visiting Elks, assisted by the Lodge's Drill Team, which later gave an exhibition of its skill in maneuvering. There was a splendid dinner before the initiation and after it an equally enjoyable buffet supper, during which Exalted Ruler Albert G. Schildwachter spoke to the visitors of the pleasure Bronx Lodge took in welcoming them. Other and brief addresses were made by Mr. Menin and Secretary William T. Phillips of No. 1, upon the cordiality existing between their own and Bronx Lodge, and by a member of the class initiated that evening, William J. Flynn, Commissioner of Public Works for New York City.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Chicago, Ill., Lodge, in addition to conducting its own vast Armistice Day ceremonies, assisted on the same date at the laying of the cornerstone of the new administration building of the Edward Hines, Jr., Hospital, at Hines, Ill.

The Bowling Association of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge recently arranged for a match, on its alleys, of unusual interest to all bowling fans. The contestants were Jimmy Smith, champion 300-bowler of the world; Leo Lucke, former Eastern champion, and Phil Spinella, one of the greatest match bowlers in the country.

Trenton, N. J., Lodge, at a recent meeting, voted to subscribe \$1,000 for a Founder's Membership in the Elks National Foundation.

For three successive nights the High School Auditorium was filled to capacity when the members of Alameda, Calif., Lodge gave performances of a play to raise holiday charity funds.

The customary interest of young boys in Hallowe'en pranks was diverted this year by Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge into less harmful channels by tendering a thousand of the youngsters a barbecue, at the Old Neighborhood House.

The five-hundredth meeting of Malden, Mass., Lodge was celebrated with an enthusiastic and largely attended session, marked by a special program of entertainment.

Elks from every part of the country attended San Mateo Night, held not long ago by San Mateo, Calif., Lodge. A vaudeville show and banquet featured the occasion.

Corpus Christi, Texas, Lodge has organized a series of semi-monthly amateur boxing bouts to be held in the Lodge gymnasium. It is hoped to have contestants in every class from the featherweight to the heavyweight.

So successful was the bridge whist tournament of Nashua, N. H., Lodge last year that this season another is being held. The contestants meet every Tuesday evening.

Before a gathering which included representatives of the American Legion, the Knights of Columbus, the Antlers, and a number of women's clubs, Exalted Ruler William R. Sperling, on behalf of Cliffside Park, N. J., Lodge, presented recently to the city a new flag and pole at Memorial Park.

The Honor Guard of Seattle, Wash., Lodge won first place in a competition of Seattle drill teams held lately at the Harvest Festival.

Praise for the manner of conducting the ritual, and upon its general excellent condition, was bestowed upon Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard A. Cantwell, of Massachusetts, West, upon the occasion of his recent official visit.

Lake City, Fla., Lodge heightened the pleasure of the Confederate veterans at their reunion there a short time ago by providing for their entertainment a grand ball, at which refreshments were served, and a vaudeville show given.

Plans for the new Home for Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, were exhibited a short time ago at a regular meeting, for the inspection and approval of all attendant. In order that every member of the Lodge may have opportunity to examine them, copies have been made and are being sent to everyone on the Lodge roster.

Neighboring Lodges in Massachusetts have organized inter-Lodge card and bowling contests for this winter. Those who already have signified their intention to participate are Wakefield, Melrose, Medford, Everett and Chelsea.

The Degree Team of Paterson, N. J., Lodge took charge of a recent initiation at Newark Lodge. The performance of the visiting Elks brought cheers from the more than 1,000 members of the Lodge whose guests they were.

In the final treasurer's report to Camden, N. J., Lodge, it was disclosed that over \$3,700 profit had been made from the Lodge's recent boxing show at Convention Hall in that city.

Waltham, Mass., Lodge recently held its five hundredth meeting. It was preceded by a supper, generously attended, at Odd Fellows' Hall, during which special music and entertainment were provided.

Batavia, N. Y., Lodge formed, a short time ago, a Past Exalted Rulers' Association. At its first meeting the following officers were elected: President, Joseph M. Quirk; Vice-President, James A. LeSeur; Secretary, William H. Coon.

Charles S. Brown, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Pennsylvania, Southwest, recently visited officially Monongahela, Pa., Lodge. In his address, the principal one of the evening, the District Deputy conveyed to the many members attending the plans for the Order mapped out by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews.

Medina, N. Y., Lodge was host recently to Adolph C. Kudel, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association and a delegation from his own Lodge, Lockport.

The Home of Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge has been completely remodeled within, and redecored, in readiness for the coming year.

An elaborate program of entertainment was provided by Centralia, Wash., Lodge upon the occasion of the visit to it, not long ago, of a delegation of Elks from Kelso Lodge.

Twenty-one Past Exalted Rulers of Allentown, Pa., Lodge were present at their recent annual dinner. Past Exalted Ruler Robert Lange presided at the meeting. The single guest was Exalted Ruler Gurney Afflerbach.

BY THE time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE reaches the members, the countless charitable and cheer-bringing Christmas activities of the Lodges throughout the Order will have become matters of history. We wish that it were possible to report, immediately and adequately, these beautiful observances of the day. But to do this would require a magazine larger than any we have ever published.

Answers to "How Well Do You Know Your Country's Monuments?"

(Continued from page 33)

(1) El Morro, or "Inscription Rock," in New Mexico.

(2) Robert Louis Stevenson memorial, San Francisco.

(3) Peace Arch at Blaine, Washington.

(4) The Memorial Building, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

(5) "Old Man of the Mountain," Franconia Notch, N. H. Also called, because of the title of the Hawthorne story, "The Great Stone Face."

(6) The *Mayflower* anchored in the harbor of Provincetown, Mass., November 11, 1620.

(The Pilgrims did not land at Plymouth until December 21.)

(7) The battleship was the *Maine*. This memorial is in the National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.

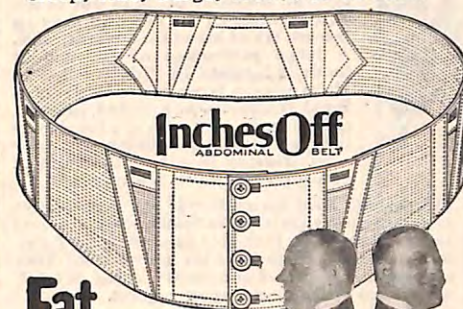
(8) The "Bucking Broncho" statue, Denver.

(9) The Astoria Column, Astoria, Oregon.

(10) The battle of New Orleans is remembered by this obelisk at Chalmette, La. Here Gen. Andrew Jackson's troops defeated British invaders in 1815. Neither side knew that peace had been proclaimed.

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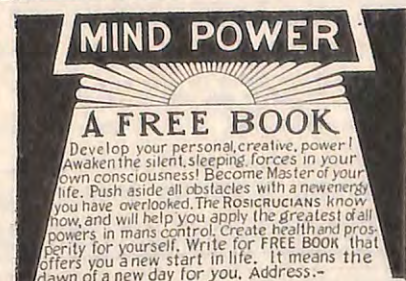
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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Looking Ahead A Financial Article

By Paul Tomlinson

"I'M AFRAID I've lost my nerve about investments," said the caller.

The banker raised his eyebrows. "Why?" he asked.

"Well, after what happened last fall I feel as if putting money into stocks was the worst kind of a gamble."

"Why?" the banker repeated.

"Look how prices went down."

"Only on an average of forty per cent or so," smiled the banker.

"Yes, 'only forty per cent or so.' How far did you want them to go?"

"It was pretty bad all right," the banker said seriously. "It was too bad, too, that so many people had to lose money. At the same time such happenings, drastic as they are, and as unsettling as they are at the time, are not without good results."

"You think it's a good thing for people to lose money?"

"Decidedly, no! I do think, though, that it's a good thing for people to realize that money isn't made by everyone who buys stocks on margin with his eyes shut. Lots of people who did think that now find that after all there is no good substitute for hard work and thrift."

"But you believe in investments."

"Of course I do, and the investor, the people who owned their securities outright, and didn't become panic stricken and sell out, lost nothing by the break in prices."

"Their investments aren't worth as much as they were."

"That may be true, but if they didn't sell they didn't lose; a loss isn't a loss unless it's taken. What is more, the income from their investments is as large as ever; in some cases it is larger, for quite a few corporations have declared extras or raised their regular rates since October."

"Don't you think the break in prices has affected business?"

"Some business, certainly. Some businesses may have been helped."

"How do you figure that?"

"Well, the break in the stock market reduced money rates considerably, and when money is available at low rates of interest that fact is always a stimulus to business; new ventures are started; new construction is undertaken; expansion takes place; work is provided for more people, and more people are earning more money with which to purchase the increased production of our industries."

"Does business always have to borrow the money it uses?"

"To a large extent, yes. And naturally a corporation is more disposed to borrow when money is cheap than when it is high."

"But why should money be cheaper after stock prices have gone down?"

"When people are buying stocks on margin at high prices," said the banker, "it takes more money to pay for them than when they are low. In a high priced stock market, therefore, a larger amount of money is tied up than in a market where prices are low. Since the drop in prices high priced stocks have been liquidated and there is a better distribution of funds for business generally. Further, since the big break, the most severe in the history of the Stock Exchange incidentally, there is less zest for speculation and more devotion to work. After all it is work that creates wealth, you know, and the financial rewards of work can be used to greater advantage in investment than in speculation."

"One thing that puzzles me," said the caller, "is who got all the money that was lost. It didn't just evaporate, did it?"

"The banker laughed. "Oh, no."

"Who got it?"

"Well," said the banker, "suppose you paid ten thousand dollars for a hundred shares of stock, and later on you sold them for six thousand."

"I lose four thousand dollars."

"Exactly."

"Who got it?"

"How about the man whose stock you purchased originally? He got four thousand dollars more than you did when you sold, and presumably he made a profit. The six thousand you received for your shares and the four thousand you lost equal exactly what you paid him. He got the money."

"In other words, the people who sold out before the break are the ones who made the money."

"They are the ones. Wouldn't it be nice if we all knew just what to do, and when to do it?"

"But everyone says the losses must surely affect business."

"Well," said the banker, "it is true that a great many people have a good deal less purchasing power than they had before. But so far as our industries are concerned they are intact. These losses were occasioned by the collapse of stock speculation, not by business depression; and the losses that were suffered were suffered by individuals, not by our industries. Certificates of stock, you know are evidences of ownership in corporations, and when these certificates change hands that means merely that a change in ownership is taking place, but not that the corporation itself has changed. Under circumstances such as obtained in the fall it may very well be that the corporation and its business are unaffected. When a speculator makes money in stocks that means that he is making it at the expense of some individual; when he loses money, he, as an individual, is the one who suffers the loss. The corporations whose shares he has been trading in are affected only incidentally."

"I suppose that's true."

"OF COURSE it's true. Commodity prices didn't crumble along with stock prices. Business continued on just about as usual. Most of our industries were well fixed for cash, their inventories were in sound condition, commodity prices weren't inflated even if stock prices were, our banking system was all right, and with the important industries of the country soundly financed we're going to keep on going ahead as usual."

"Don't bet against the United States is your motto, is it?"

"Well," smiled the banker, "no one yet has ever bet against them and won. We have flurries, but we seem to make substantial progress over a period of years in spite of them. Let me read you something from the monthly bulletin of one of our big banks; it is very apt to our talk:

"It must be remembered that much of the business of the country is devoted to constant rebuilding and improvement of the industries, and thus not immediately subject to temporary changes in individual pocketbooks. Our factories, our railroads, our utilities, our farms, and our cities are undergoing a continuous process of development and modernization, involving billions of dollars of annual expenditures. Mention need only be made of such projects as the electrification programs now being carried out by the Pennsylvania, the Reading, and the Lackawanna railroads; the general program of railway equipment buying now shaping up in the largest volume in five years; the announced plan of the United States Steel Corporation for a \$100,000,000 addition to its facilities in the Chicago district, and a similar large program of expenditure by the Bethlehem Company; the expansion program of our telephone system calling for upwards of \$1,000,000,000 of expenditures over the next five years; and the vast programs of public improvements under way in New York and other leading cities.

"This sort of work, dictated by economy and the needs of a steadily growing population, will go forward for the most part regardless of stock market fluctuations. Calling as it does for large amounts of capital, it should receive additional impetus from the lowering of money rates, which promise a revival of the bond

market, an improved mortgage market for building operations, and a new incentive to enterprise generally.

"You see," said the banker, "this bank feels about the way I do, and is stating more or less the same thesis that I have been stating to you."

"Business as usual?"

"Better business than usual. You have read in the newspapers about the conferences President Hoover has been holding with the representatives of our various industrial groups, haven't you? If you have, you must have been impressed by the immensity of the projects they are planning, and by the enormous sums of money involved. Don't forget that all that money means business and profits for people all over the country."

"And that will help investments?"

"It can't be otherwise. Profits for a corporation mean money to put back into the plant for extensions and improvements; they mean a greater margin of safety for the corporations' bondholders, and a more valuable property securing the bonds; they mean larger earnings for the stockholders and a larger equity for the stock. It's an endless process of benefit all along the line. Money makes money; profits create new wealth, and this wealth is reflected in the value of investments."

"In other words, you are optimistic."

"CERTAINLY. I don't mean to say that stock prices are going to climb right back to where they were before the panic, but I do think business in this country is on a solid foundation, and that we can face the future with confidence."

"Suppose we were to have another panic."

"My dear man," exclaimed the banker, "having recently passed through a panic, it seems to me that chances of another are, for the present, extremely remote, just as there was never less chance of a world war than following the signing of the armistice in 1918. We may have another world war, and doubtless we'll have more panics, but these things don't follow each other in rapid succession. So far as panics go, you must remember that money is plentiful, and many stocks are cheap, conditions not at all conducive to panics."

"Do you think that common stocks are going to be favored as investments to the extent they were before the panic?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the banker. "Confidence was badly shattered by the break in prices, and undoubtedly many investors who had stocks have already shifted to bonds; the rise in bond prices shows that. Confidence, moreover, is something that is acquired slowly, and once shaken takes a considerable time to reestablish itself. It is likely to be some time before investors have the same confidence in common stocks they had for a year or two before the panic."

"What do you think about it?"

"About common stocks? I think this, that if the principles on which investors were urged to buy common stocks were sound two years ago, they are still sound today. The purchase of common stocks is based upon optimism, and confidence; during the past half dozen years the strides we have made in commerce and industry have been the greatest in our history. For this reason people have had optimism, and have been confident about the future. Is there any argument against our being able to continue our industrial development and progress? Our achievements in science, our discoveries in science, all have been remarkable, but we are

(Continued on page 70)

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Looking Ahead

(Continued from page 69)

not through. Isn't it possible for them to continue, and isn't it reasonable to suppose also that in the years to come we are going to capitalize on the work we have done in the years that have passed?"

"I suppose so."

"You know," said the banker, "the thing that worried me most about the break in stock values last fall was the fear that the men in charge of our industries might become panicky along with the investors. If they had, and if they had curtailed production, people would have been thrown out of work, the buying power of the country would have been seriously impaired, and then we should have had a real depression. I must say that so far they have shown no signs of nervousness, and so long as our industries keep operating, and at a profit, there is value behind their securities and investors need not worry."

"Please remember this, though," the banker continued. "When I say that I think stocks are a good buy, I don't mean any old stock; a choice has to be made and the more careful the choice the happier the results are liable to be. Before the break, you know, people were buying with scarcely any investigation of what they were buying; obviously that's a poor way to invest. Recently I've noticed that investors are asking a good many more questions than

they used to; they want to know about earnings, of course; they inform themselves about a corporation's funded debt, and the total of its interest charges; they inquire about the relation of current assets to current liabilities; they are particular about equities and book values; investors are becoming shrewder."

"That's a good thing, isn't it?"

"An excellent thing. The panic did this for investors, I believe. The burnt child learns not to play with fire, you know, and the investor once parted from his savings is bound to be much more careful next time. The break last fall taught many investors a lot of things they never knew before."

"Pretty expensive education for many of them."

"Yes," said the banker, "but in the long run probably worth while."

"What about lower taxes? Would they help investments?"

"Decidedly. Anything that helps business, or the individual, cannot fail to help investments. A good tariff bill would help, too. I think we'll get one."

"You are certainly full of confidence," laughed the caller.

"Indeed I am," exclaimed the banker. "As I told you, I believe in this country and its future. Whenever I think about its potentialities I can't help but feel confident."

Elks National Foundation Bulletin

(Continued from page 37)

Fraackville, No. 1533	1,000.00	100.00	Ashland, No. 137	1,000.00	100.00
Rhode Island			Wm. F. Schad (Milwaukee, No. 46)	10.00	10.00
Providence, No. 14	1,000.00	200.00			
Texas					
San Antonio, No. 216	1,000.00	100.00			
Geo. W. Loudermilk (Dallas, No. 71), Dallas, Texas	1,000.00	100.00			
A. Feldman (Houston, No. 151), Houston, Texas	1,000.00	250.00			
Vermont					
Vermont State Elks Assn.	1,000.00	100.00			
Washington					
Seattle, No. 92	1,000.00	200.00			
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The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 30)

"Quite. The swing in which I was seated faces the stair companion-way that leads to the roof. He couldn't have passed through it without my seeing him."

Paul had been listening closely.

"By the way, Mr. Thyme," he said, "you were a sailor in your younger days, weren't you?"

The actor looked up in surprise.

"Why, yes, sir, I was. How d'you know?"

Paul smiled.

"You used the word 'companion-way,' a nautical term, in referring to the stairway entrance of the roof," he replied.

"Of course!" Thyme exclaimed, "odd how those old terms linger in the subconscious, isn't it? Yes, I was six years 'before the mast' in the old windjammer days, starting as cabin boy at the age of fourteen."

McLaughlin brushed the digression aside impatiently.

"Outside of four or five people whom you didn't know, and who therefore might not be able to identify you, is there any other circumstance with which you can back up your assertion that you were on the roof during the hours you stated night before last?"

"I'm afraid there isn't, sir." His tone conveyed no hint of fear, merely regret at being unable to accommodate the District Attorney.

McLaughlin seemed to share this regret.

"Mr. Thyme," he said gravely, "we've ascertained without a question of doubt that Miss Gloyne met her death during that hour."

Roland Thyme drew a deep breath, but his eyes never wavered from the District Attorney's.

"That is extremely unfortunate for me," he said calmly, but I saw the little color his pale

face held ebb, leaving his brow suddenly white.

"I trust that you'll be considerate enough not to arrest me until you've satisfied yourself beyond the shadow of a doubt that I'm a murderer."

His manly and disarming frankness seemed to stump McLaughlin.

"I've no intention of arresting you, Mr. Thyme," he said with a slight rasp in his voice, "at least not yet," he added with his customary caution, "but you can see my position, I trust. If you could furnish me with a single circumstance to attest that you were on the roof at all night before last between the hours you state—"

Paul spoke up.

"I think I can do that, Mr. McLaughlin," he said. From his pocket he took an envelope from which he shook out five small cigarette butts. "You're to be congratulated upon having your cigarettes monogrammed, Mr. Thyme," he said. "Three of these butts have the monogram still intact; the other two were smoked a bit close. I found them this morning in the sand urn near the swing." He laid the five fragments in a row on the envelope for the District Attorney's inspection. "There was a brisk shower between eight-thirty and nine, night before last. As the butts are perfectly dry and uninjured, it is obvious that Mr. Thyme deposited them in the urn after that shower, and also fairly plausible that he remained on the roof long enough to smoke five cigarettes."

The relief upon Thyme's handsome face was indescribable, but he said, though somewhat huskily:

"Again I thank you, Lieutenant Ames."

McLaughlin sat blinking at the five exhibits

like an owl surprised by a miscalculated dawn. His gray eyes were fixed stonily upon the bland and childlike countenance of my husband.

"When and where did you meet Miss Gloyne, Mr. Thyme?" he asked with a deep inhalation that sounded suspiciously like a sigh.

"At the house of the Harners in Riverside Drive some four or five weeks ago. The Harners were very intimate friends of hers, I believe."

The District Attorney cleared his throat. "So we've gathered," he replied drily. "How many times have you seen Miss Gloyne in the past four or five weeks?"

"Four times, if I remember right. She gave a dinner—it was the one at which Mr. Harner snubbed me, by the way—and I returned the compliment with a small dinner at my hotel and a box party to Show Boat two weeks ago to-day. Between those dates I saw her twice—once last week and once the week before."

"Who else were present at the dinner at the Sherry Netherlands?" McLaughlin asked.

"Mr. Harner, and a Miss Wylie. Also a Miss Eleanor Sutherland and her escort whose name I can't recall at the moment, and a Mr. Sadler, a Southerner. His partner was a Mrs. Winton, I believe."

IN THE silence that ensued McLaughlin glanced at Paul from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. My husband was examining the toe of his left Oxford intently. His mind seemed to be miles removed from the fleshpots of the Sherry Netherland.

"This Mr. Sadler, the Southerner—can you describe him?" McLaughlin asked with one eye still on Paul.

"Why, yes, I think I can, although he impressed me as rather ordinary. A dark, medium-sized man with a pronounced Southern accent. I noticed that he and his partner found it somewhat hard sledding to entertain each other. Mr. Sadler seemed abstracted and preoccupied, and the woman appeared a bit ill at ease, I thought."

"You said that Mr. Sadler was dark?" the District Attorney repeated perplexedly. "D'you mean that his hair was dark?"

"Both his hair and his coloring. Southerners usually are, you know."

"How old a man did he appear to be?"

"In his forties, I should say."

"Are you positive that his hair wasn't white?" he demanded.

"Quite positive." The actor smiled. "Of course, there's no telling what it might have been once, but it certainly was a very decided dark brown that evening. Further, from my experience in make-up, I should say that it was undoubtedly native in color."

"Was he—fragile-looking?" the District Attorney asked hopefully.

"On the contrary. He was sturdy to the point of stockiness—bucolic, I might almost say without libelling him."

Paul had transferred his attention from the toe of his Oxford to the pattern in the rug under it.

"What did Miss Eleanor Sutherland look like?" he asked.

"A most charming and beautiful young woman," Thyme said, his eyes lighting. "Of southern extraction, too, unless I'm mistaken. Dark flashing eyes and short bobbed almost black hair."

"Did you happen to notice if she was wearing silver slippers and a rose velvet wrap trimmed with ermine?" Paul went on casually.

"I don't recall if her slippers were silver or gold," Thyme said, "but she wore the kind of wrap you describe. She looked most stunning in it."

"Mrs. Harner wasn't there?" Paul asked.

"No." The actor seemed about to add something but evidently changed his mind and remained silent.

"What sort of a man was the escort of this Miss Sutherland—the fellow whose name you don't remember?" McLaughlin pursued.

"He was a blonde, quiet chap with a small mustache. The type of person one meets everywhere as the escort of beautiful women—and wonders why," the actor added with graphic vividness.

"How many of these persons have you met before?"

"All of them but Mrs. Winton and Miss Sutherland's escort. I met them all at the

Harners five weeks ago where Miss Gloyne was giving one of her readings."

"Was Dr. Slade there that evening?"

"Slade?" Thyme paused. "That's where I heard the name," he ejaculated. "When I read about Miss Gloyne's death in last night's paper, and of his connection with it as the examining physician, I wondered where I'd heard the name Slade. Yes, the doctor was present at that reading. A morose, massive chap, as I recall, with a Hindenburg pompadour."

McLaughlin nodded.

"How did you happen to be asked to the Harners? Had you known them previously?"

"No, sir, I hadn't. As a matter of fact, I'm still wondering how I allowed myself to become involved in this affair. I can only ascribe it to one of those tricks which fate plays upon us. I go out very rarely and my circle of friends is extremely limited." Again he paused. "I hope you won't think me a cad at what I tell you about a person who's dead, but it appears to me that in view of what has happened, you're entitled to a full and frank explanation of my connection with the matter."

"I shall be grateful if you'll do so," the District Attorney said.

"The beginning of my connection with Miss Gloyne dates itself back some three or four months," said Thyme. "I received a note from her during the last week of the run of 'Sundown' early in April—one of those notes which men of my profession find in almost every morning mail. As a usual thing, I have my secretary answer them to discourage autograph addicts, but this one attracted my attention because it was signed 'a fellow artist.' I did not remember having heard of Miss Doris Gloyne in the profession, but my own arrival on Broadway being somewhat recent, and my memory notoriously bad, and furthermore the letter being extremely congratulatory, I decided to waive my rule for once and reply personally with a short note, not dreaming that by so doing I was letting myself in for a somewhat embarrassing entanglement."

He smiled ruefully.

"A sort of mutual admiration correspondence sprung up between us. In a way it was rather funny, for I didn't know a thing about the lady and could find no one who had ever heard of her, but as I said my circle of contact is very small, and piqued by a certain natural male curiosity, I took the lady at her own valuation, even going so far as to intimate that her name was very familiar to me and expressing the hope that I might some day have the pleasure of seeing her work."

"This slight mendacity in the name of courtesy was my undoing, for it was followed almost immediately by an invitation to the Harner soirée. I must confess that I went there with some misgivings, but I had let myself in for it. The evening proved to be more than typical of such affairs. A coterie of stodgy people imagining themselves being entertained by a woman of—mediocre talent. Miss Gloyne's subject for the evening was Walt Whitman, and a swarm of locusts could have done no worse to his precious Leaves of Grass. She wore a most exotic costume of vivid green, and—well, the whole proceeding was ludicrous in the extreme. The least part was not, as you may imagine, when I was asked for an opinion by Miss Gloyne as to her—shall we call it rendition. Tact is not my strong point and I was hard put to express my self adequately and yet not too adequately."

McLaughlin nodded. I could see that he was being favorably impressed by Thyme's straightforward manner.

"The dinner at the Sherry-Netherland was the natural result of that evening," the actor resumed. "I was a cad for having accepted the invitation feeling as I did about Miss Gloyne, but I'm also a tender-hearted sort of a fool, and the very ludicrousness of her performance had made me so sorry for her that I did not have the heart to refuse. We who have attained a certain position in our chosen field are able to give a great deal to less fortunate ones merely by our presence, if you know what I mean, sir. If I could add a little prestige to this pathetically self-deluded woman by breaking bread with her guests, I felt that it would in a measure atone for the ridicule I had harbored in my mind."

"Returning the compliment with a small dinner at my hotel and a box party to Show

(Continued on page 72)



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The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 71)

Boat would be, I had hoped, the end of the affair. I asked two other couples, people I knew Miss Gloyne would be—well, thrilled, to meet. I was in the altruistic mood still. You'll pardon me if I withhold their names. I even got one of these guests, a well-known theatrical producer, to give Miss Gloyne an appointment for a tryout. He's a frank sort of person, and I knew he'd tell her the truth much more painlessly than I could. This is, I believe, what is known as passing the buck, and my only excuse is that I hate to hurt people's feelings." He stopped for a moment, then added: "That's all, I think. My call here night before last was to autograph the picture I mentioned, and also to say goodbye. I had intended leaving for Europe on the Majestic next Monday. My secretary arranged for passport and reservations last week. I'm wondering now if you're going to permit me to leave?" he asked with that grave smile which I had grown to like very much.

McLaughlin leaned back in his chair and rubbed his chin.

"That's six days from now," he said. "We'll probably have this affair settled by then."

"And if it isn't settled?" the actor asked.

"Well, if nothing—er, inimical to you shows up by that time, there'll be no reason for detaining you," McLaughlin said.

"That's fair enough," Thyme replied. He glanced at the clock on the mantel. "If you're done with me I'd like permission to go now. My secretary reminded me before I left that he had made an appointment for me at my hotel in less than half an hour."

"One question more, Mr. Thyme, and you may go," McLaughlin said. "I understand that you called here with Miss Gloyne once or twice a week or two back. Is that correct?"

"Quite correct."

"Just social calls, were they?"

"Well—yes. So far as I was concerned they were of that nature."

"You mean that Miss Gloyne regarded them—or seemed to regard them in a more—ahem, intimate light?"

"Hardly intimate," the actor replied with a faint frown. In fact, in view of what took place at one of these visits it would be safe to say that she regarded that one at least as strictly business."

"What took place?" McLaughlin wanted to know.

THYME sighed deeply.

"You're forcing me to retail a most—er, distasteful performance, sir. I've already shown myself in the unenviable light of a gossip. It was a repetition of that other evening at the Harners—only a good deal worse. Is it necessary that I go into the details?"

"If you don't mind, please," the District Attorney insisted.

"Well, then," the actor replied with every show of reluctance, "Miss Gloyne wanted my opinion on a certain rendition. It was one she had written, herself, she said. She called it 'The Madman.' She went into her bedroom and came out presently dressed in a—er, a strait-jacket." He paused. "The effect it had on me was one of disgust and weariness. I was thankful when I escaped, I assure you. I've been told that she considered this act her piece de resistance. She had the idea that it was symbolic, I imagine. It was a most distressing performance. She threw

herself upon the rug in that horrible gray thing and went through a series of contortions and grimaces—well, as I've said, I was glad when it was over and I escaped," he finished with an expressive wave of his hand.

Paul had been listening to the recital in that closely attentive manner of his that told me that he was getting what is known colloquially as "an earful," but he said nothing as McLaughlin leaned back in his chair and put one final question to the actor.

"Mr. Thyme, when you rang Miss Gloyne's bell the last time before leaving, did you see any one—a lady, to be specific, Miss Eleanor Sutherland, anywhere about the hall?"

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The actor looked up with a movement of surprise.

"No, sir, I didn't."

"And that's that!" said McLaughlin when the door had closed upon the actor. "Strait-jacket, h'm. Fairy tale, I'd say, if any one should ask me." He fastened Paul with a choleric eye. "Your actor friend is almost too good to be true." When my husband remained silent he added: "Better get a line on the second Sadler and the Sutherland girl, Lieutenant."

"The second Sadler, as you call him, is our William Sadler's brother unless I'm mistaken," Paul replied. "Miss Gloyne had been engaged to him once."

"Eh—what? When did you learn that?" The District Attorney demanded.

Paul explained.

"I also discovered that Dr. Slade performed the face-lifting operation on Miss Gloyne some four or five years ago and that Mr. Rufus Harner tried to eject William Sadler from the room one evening when he came to the woman's apartment for his drug allowance as usual."

"Drug allowance!" McLaughlin ejaculated, "what—?"

Paul retailed the whole of the paper conversation between himself and the drug addict the night before, drawing the slips from his pocket and handing them to the District Attorney. McLaughlin read them, one by one,

then slipped them thoughtfully into his portfolio.

"Always providing your hop-head isn't lying," he remarked. "Let's have that Sutherland girl brought in first, Lieutenant. I'd like to know why she hung up on us—and several other things. She ought not to be hard to find. Sutherland's an uncommon name. We don't want to run the risk of scaring the others by asking them about her."

"I'm sure we'll have no trouble in locating Miss Eleanor Sutherland," Paul murmured as I went to answer the telephone.

"It's Captain Rice," I said to McLaughlin. "Shall I tell him to come up?"

"Yes. Sure."

"Well, sir," said the Captain to the District Attorney as he entered and closed the door behind him, "your hunch was right. Mrs. Harner was not at the Montauk house night before last. I quizzed the chauffeur. He was not the talkative sort until I showed him my badge. Then he loosened up and told me that he had brought Mrs. Harner to New York and in the evening. He dropped her at the Normandie Hotel on Broadway in the Eighties, and she told him to drive back to Montauk and to tell Mr. Harner if he called up that she'd gone to visit some friends in Port Jefferson, and that she would not return to Montauk until sometime during the next morning. I checked up on his yarn at the Normandie and found that Mrs. Harner came there around five in the evening, but left immediately after telephoning. I was in luck, however. I found out from the telephone operator who Mrs. Harner called. It was Cathedral 93567, which happens to be this house." He paused impressively. "I went after the day telephone operator immediately. She's new, you know, the same as the day elevator man, so I got nothing definite from her as a great many calls come in around six in the evening and the night of the murder was no exception, but she did remember seeing a middle-aged woman carrying a suitcase come in around five-thirty. The elevator man remembered the woman, too. He said that she got off at the seventh floor, but he didn't see to which apartment she went. I'll make a guess that it was Mrs. Rufus Harner and that she has a friend somewhere on that floor with whom she stayed the night of the murder."

PAUL had been standing listening to Rice's recital with a puzzled expression in his face.

"At any rate, there's nothing like being optimistic, Captain," he mused.

McLaughlin nodded sardonically.

"Ye—ah," he snorted, "but you have to admit that I was right for once, Lieutenant. I KNEW that Mrs. Harner was not in Montauk the night of the murder!" He turned to Captain Rice. "Post a good man to watch the Harner residence in Riverside Drive. If either one of them tries to leave town, arrest them and bring them in. All his millions won't buy Mr. Rufus Harner nor his wife immunity so long as I am District Attorney of New York! I'll make the necessary arrangements with the telephone company to have his wires tapped. Let's have the Sutherland girl in, too, as soon as you can locate her."

"I'll take care of her, Major," Paul said. "I think I know where I can put my hands on her."

"Very well, Lieutenant."

(To be continued)

Memorial Sunday at the Elks National Home

(Continued from page 36)

of the living toward the dead; and, on the other hand, we see countless graves, marked by poor little stones, so small and cheap, that they bespeak both extreme poverty and extraordinary devotion.

Yet, my brothers, all of them, great and small, of every grade and degree, were inspired and accomplished through that same universal sentiment of the human heart, which yearns for remembrance after death and for life immortal.

As Grand Exalted Ruler, I bring to all the brothers of the Elks National Home the love

and greetings of our Grand Lodge, and likewise of our great Order; for all of us wish you to know that our hearts are with you, and that our deepest interest and concern are centered in this Home, in which you are the welcome guests of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

It gives me great pleasure to meet and greet the brothers of Lynchburg Lodge, Number 321, and of Roanoke Lodge, Number 107, upon this occasion, in joint session with the Home Lodge. All Elksdom greatly appreciates the interest these

two neighboring Lodges constantly manifest in the Home Lodge, and I, as Grand Exalted Ruler, thank them for their numerous acts of fraternal kindness and generosity to the Home Lodge.

"And now, as this Order, throughout the broad land

Pays Memorial tribute at Love's sweet command,

Our tribute of beautiful Memory we pay
To the loved and the absent—Our Brothers
Away."

We Want A Name for this new SHAMPOO wonderful

This Offer Open to Every Reader of This Announcement

Have you sent a name? If not, do so at once. It makes no difference who you are or where you live, we want you to send us a name for this new and unusual shampoo. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win \$1000—nothing else to do.



WIN \$1000 CASH

**Any Name!
May Win!**

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win.

Win this \$1,000.00 cash prize by a few moments' thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the \$1,000.00 and the extra \$100.00, if prompt. In choosing a name bear in mind this shampoo is marvelous for cleansing the hair and scalp. It is designed to bring out the beauty, lustre and natural gloss of the hair. Remember, too, how handy the new sanitary tube is for traveling, no bottle to leak or spill, no cake of soap to lie around and collect germs. The only thing necessary to win is to send the name we choose as the best and most suitable for this shampoo. Only one name will be accepted from each contestant. This unusual offer is only one of a number of offers embraced in our novel distribution plan of ultra toilet goods, whereby those taking part may win any one of one hundred prizes, the highest of which is \$8,000.00 cash. By participating in our distribution plan the winner of the cash. By participating in our distribution plan the winner of the \$1,100.00 cash prize may win an additional \$8,000.00, making a total of \$9,100.00. Everyone sending a name, regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given the same opportunity to win the \$8,000.00 or one of the other cash prizes. Get busy with your suggestion at once—do not delay!



You May Win Thousands Like These Folks Did

Think of the joy and happiness it would mean to you to receive our check for \$1,000.00, or if you are prompt, \$1,100.00 in all. Better still, you may win the \$1,100 and by participating in our other prize offers you may win an additional \$8,000.00, making a total of \$9,100 in all. The two persons whose pictures we have reproduced, Mrs. Iola E. Isley, and Mr. A. B. Morren, tied for first prize in our last contest, and received cashier's checks dated August 13, 1929.

Morren, tied for first prize in our last contest, and received cashier's checks dated August 13, 1929.

\$3425.00 Paid to Each

Mrs. Isley is a young married woman, residing with her husband in Virginia. She has a young son and her household duties to look after, but devoted some of her spare time to our contest, and won this handsome prize, which will enable her to purchase many things to add to her comfort and happiness.

Mr. Morren is a native of Holland, and has only been in this country a few years. He is employed by an oil company in Pennsylvania, and has a wife and young daughter to share the pleasure and happiness this prize money will bring.

Are you ambitious? Are you willing to devote some of your spare time to winning a handsome prize? If so, you may be even more successful than these two people have been. Do not delay! It may cost you thousands of dollars. Send us your suggestion for a name for this shampoo today! And be in time for the promptness prize. You will want to win it, also. It means an extra \$100.00.



Nothing to Buy--- Nothing to Sell

You can use a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Sungleam," "Youthglow," etc., or any other name you think would fit the high quality of this shampoo. Or your name might suggest the handy new container, our latest sanitary tube from which the shampoo is simply squeezed out, thus eliminating the waste and trouble caused by the old-fashioned liquid soap in bottles. There is nothing to buy or sell—simply the person sending the best and most suitable suggestion for a name will receive the \$1,000 cash prize, or if prompt, \$1,100 in all.

\$100 Extra For Promptness

To get quick action we are going to pay the winner an extra \$100.00 for promptness, or \$1,100.00 in all—so send your suggestions AT ONCE!

Contest Rules

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes April 30, 1930. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of \$100.00 extra, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

PARIS AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO.
1227 McCune Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa

\$1000.00 NAME COUPON

PARIS AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO.,
1227 McCune Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa
Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.
Date this announcement was read _____
Name _____
Address _____
Note: Being prompt qualifies you for the extra \$100.00 as outlined in this announcement.

AVOID *that future* **SHADOW**



When Tempted

*Reach
for a
LUCKY*

"COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
[Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844]



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

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