

The Elks

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Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1930

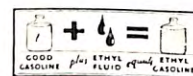
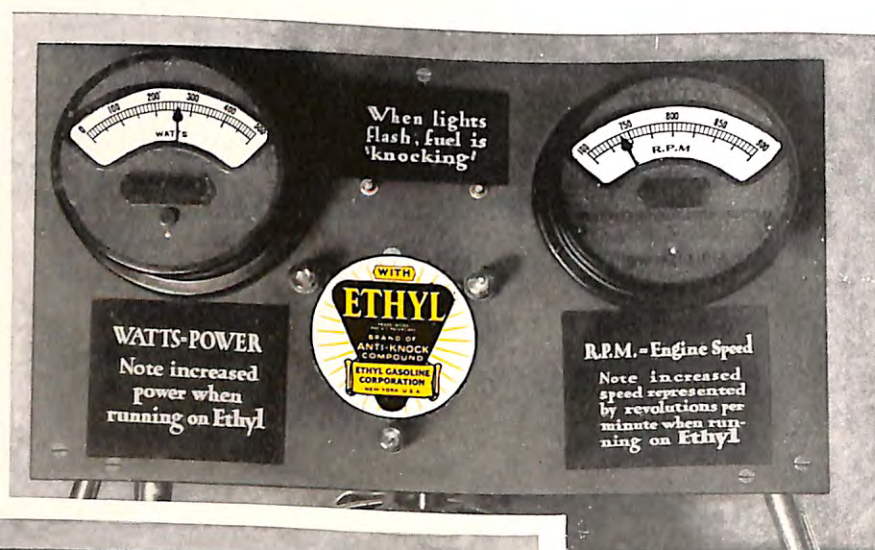


In This Issue: Stories and Articles by W. O. McGeehan, Henry Irving Dodge, Kennett Harris, Edmund M. Littell, and Wynant Davis Hubbard

The *proof* that Ethyl develops more power

Right: This is the instrument board of a knock-demonstration machine. The wattmeter (at the left) registers power. The tachometer (at the right) records engine revolutions per minute. When this picture was made, the engine was running on ordinary fuel.

Below: When the lower picture was taken, Ethyl had been fed into the carburetor. The wattmeter shows that the power has risen to the maximum; the tachometer shows a corresponding increase in revolutions per minute.



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1 1 1 1

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Eight
 Number Nine

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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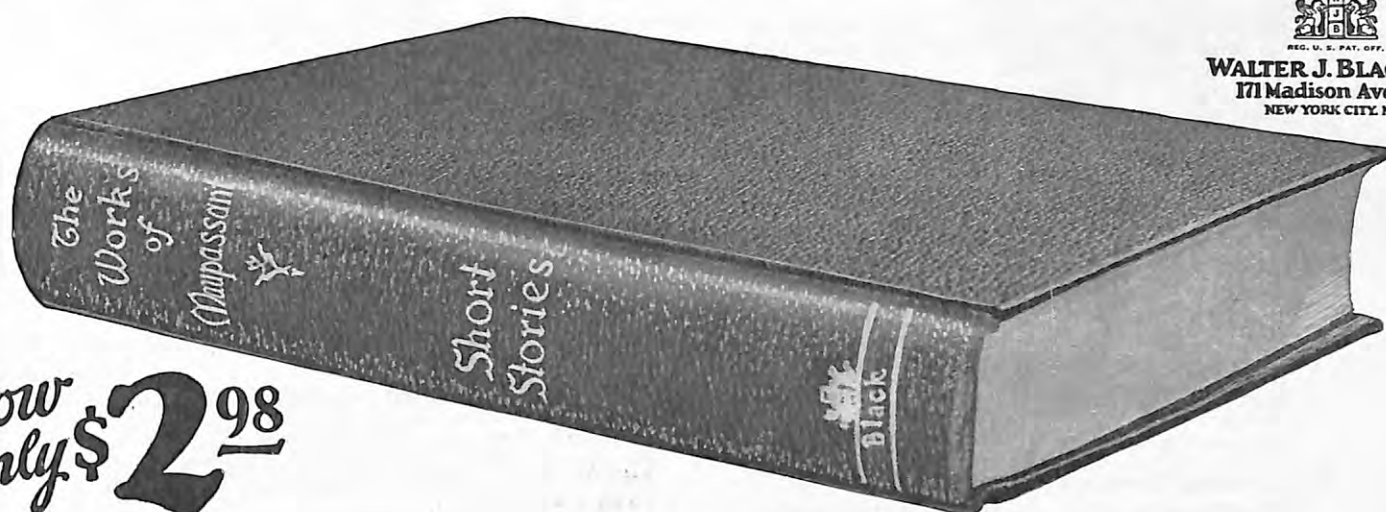
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A few prominent Elks Clubs that accommodate traveling Elks.
Other clubs will be shown in subsequent issues.



"Well... Er.. I Didn't Expect to Be Asked to Speak..."

I couldn't resist the temptation to have some fun with that crowd. Here they were, expecting me to be "scared stiff," trembling with the embarrassment and stage fright which had been my failing. I could see jeering looks and undisguised amusement on the faces of some of my cronies—they were expecting me to make a chump of myself!

But When I Started to Speak Their Jeers Turned To Breathless Interest and Applause!

I NEVER saw more complete astonishment in human faces as I saw then. Here was I, the notorious "human clam," the shrinking violet of the office. I had only been asked to speak because the General Manager intended to be kindly toward me—no one had expected that I would have anything to say, let alone the ability to say it. My friends expected me to be embarrassed—to stammer, gulp, and finally wilt pitifully down into my place. Yet here I was, on my feet, inspiring them with a new and unexpected message.

It was as though I felt a surge of new power in my veins—the thrill and exhilaration of domination—mastery over this group of banqueters who sat listening eagerly, hanging on my every word. To me it was a thrill—to them, it was a shock. And when I finally let myself go, bringing my message to a close with a smashing, soaring climax, I sat down amid wave on wave of enthusiastic applause.

Almost before it had died away George Bevins was over beside my seat. "That was a wonderful speech, Mike!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Boy, I didn't know you had it in you! How did you do it?"

"Thanks, George," I said. "But it wasn't

really anything. Any man who knows how to use his powers of speech could have done just as well or better."

"Maybe so. But I certainly didn't expect you to do it. I tell you it was great! But say! What did

you mean by 'any man who knows how to use his powers of speech?' It isn't everybody who has real powers of talking interestingly."

"That's just where you're wrong, George," I told him. "Seven out of every nine men have the ability to talk powerfully, forcefully and convincingly. You said just now you didn't think I could do it! Well, six months ago I couldn't—not to save my life. Yet in those six short months I trained myself by a wonderfully easy method right at home, to talk as you just

heard me. It didn't take me but about twenty minutes a day; no one even knew I was doing it. There is no magic—no trick—no mystery about becoming a clear, forceful speaker. It's just the application of simple principles, which a noted speech educator has already put into lesson form for any man to use, regardless of education or previous training."

"Well, say, I'd like to take that Course myself. I'm woefully weak at speechmaking;

I'd certainly like to be able to speak as well as you can."

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find it becoming easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

SEND FOR THIS AMAZING BOOKLET

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is 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, bashfulness and fear. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "Hidden knack"—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely FREE by sending the coupon NOW.

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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Five

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

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

MY BROTHERS:

We are now entering upon the second month of the New Year.

I sounded an urgent call to duty and zealous activity in all of our Elk affairs in my New Year Circular. I trust that it has made an impression upon the minds and hearts of all our Brothers and that much good will result therefrom.

I am again reminding all our Subordinate Lodges and officials that the end of this fiscal and statistical year is drawing to a close, as March, the thirty-first, will mark this date.

I have given all my time to the affairs of Elksdom since my installation into the responsible office of Grand Exalted Ruler. My Atlanta offices are thoroughly organized and equipped for the highest class and most efficient services to the Order, and I am doing my very best to serve Elksdom, to promulgate its principles, and to aid in every way in all the affairs of our Subordinate Lodges.

Sixty days still remain within which we may improve our record, and increase the number of our Lodges and their membership. This period seems short. It is short, but it is long enough for us to accomplish marvelous things for the welfare of the Order, if we will all go unitedly to work and render the most loyal and zealous service to the Order, of which we are capable.

There is no fraternal body, or organization on earth that is founded upon finer and better principles than the Order of Elks.

In my New Year Circular, I called upon all of the Lodges to work up and organize "New Year Loyalty Classes," and now I renew every emphasis at my command to that request, and urge every Subordinate Lodge to do its duty in this respect, within the brief time that still remains.

Hundreds of our Brothers have told me and written me that they wished to help me in my administration; and my answer to all of them is—You can most acceptably do so by helping your own Lodge.

I now reiterate that answer to every Subordinate Lodge in the Grand Jurisdiction and to every Brother Elk.

Elks National Foundation

I am happy to inform the Brothers that the Elks National Foundation is making substantial and satisfactory progress.

It is the *supreme, continuing and permanent plan and project* of the Order of Elks to accumulate a huge sum of money, the principal of which must be held as an endowment fund, in the hands of Trustees, under the general supervision of the Grand Lodge, and the interest of which will be devoted to charity throughout Elksdom.

This charity will be 100 per cent., with no overhead expenses to be deducted therefrom for any purposes whatever.

Brother John F. Malley, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, 15 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, is now calling upon all the Brothers everywhere to render such assistance and to give such donations to this endowment fund as they may feel able to do.

In my opinion, we have every reason to entertain exceedingly optimistic hopes as regards this great undertaking in behalf of charity.

Elections

I am thoroughly convinced, from my experience and observation as Grand Exalted Ruler, that inefficient and uninterested officers are the cause of our Subordinate Lodges slipping and losing ground.

In every case, where we have able, interested, active and zealous officers, we find our Lodges progressing and making splendid headway.

I call upon and urge the Subordinate Lodges to refuse to elect for office for the ensuing year any Brothers, who do not measure up to the high standard of Elk requirements, and who are not in position to give necessary time and attention to the duties of their respective offices.

Elks Magazine—Mailing List

The Secretaries of many Subordinate Lodges are not complying with the requirements of Section 125, G. L. S., in the matter of furnishing to the Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, an accurate roll of the members of their Lodges. This is the reason why some members of your Lodge are not receiving THE ELKS MAGAZINE regularly. In the interest of the members of your Lodge, I urge your cooperation in this important requirement.

Jurisdiction—Applications for Membership

Again I desire to call to the attention of the Subordinate Lodges the necessity of strictly complying with the provisions of Section 145, G. L. S. Do not act upon an application for membership received from an applicant residing in the jurisdiction of another Lodge, unless and until a special Dispensation has been granted, in compliance with Section 149, G. L. S.

Anniversaries

We must not forget that three vitally important anniversaries occur during the month of February.

On February, the twelfth, and February, the twenty-second, the anniversaries of the births, respectively, of Lincoln and Washington will be celebrated by the country, as National holidays. I know that Elks everywhere will join in these patriotic and grateful demonstrations.

February, the sixteenth, will mark the sixty-second birthday of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, and I earnestly urge every Brother Elk to pause and give loyal consideration to this day, and to pledge himself anew to the service of this great American brotherhood.

Attempts to Commercialize the Elks National Foundation

The Foundation Trustees vehemently repudiate any and all attempts to commercialize the Elks National Foundation. This statement is made because recently the Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges have received circulars and booklets, purporting to issue from a New York publishing house, which seek to advance the sale of a book of an anonymous Elk author by the claim that the profits and copyright of the book have been bequeathed to the Elks National Foundation. Neither your Grand Exalted Ruler, nor any agency of the Order, has authorized or sponsored the issuance of these circulars and booklets. If Elks are responsible for them, they have violated the laws of the Order. I have directed that immediate action be taken to prevent further violation of this kind and to punish any member of the Order who was responsible.

Christmas and New Year Cards

The brothers and Lodges favored me with such large numbers of Christmas and New Year Cards, that I cannot possibly answer them individually, but I deeply appreciated them all, and I take this opportunity to thank sincerely every brother and Lodge who thought of me upon those joyful occasions, and favored me with cards. I heartily reciprocate all those fine wishes and sentiments, and may our Father keep and prosper you all throughout this year.

Conclusion

In conclusion, I herewith request and urge the Exalted Ruler of each Subordinate Lodge to keep this Circular before him, at his station in the Lodge room, and to comment upon its provisions, from time to time, until the close of his term of office.

This will, probably, be my last opportunity to address the present officers of the Subordinate Lodges, through the medium of Official Circulars, hence you must realize how deeply concerned I am in this message.

But it must not be understood that our work ceases on March, the thirty-first. It will really intensify to the very last day of my term of office.

I am very appreciative of the splendid Elk spirit that pervades our Subordinate Lodges, as well as the Order, and I heartily thank all our officials and committeemen for the efficient manner in which they have labored during this year.

Fraternally,

Walter R. Andrews.
Grand Exalted Ruler.



The Wise Woman's Charm

By Kennett Harris

Illustrated by Bob Dean

MR. MULREADY, the Nestor of the McGonigal Fireproof Apartments, took his pipe from his mouth and stared at the young man in the green sweater, his wrinkled face screwed into a comical expression of amusement.

"Will ye tell me now!" he exclaimed. "Sure, I thought that was all off. Has she relented then?"

The young man, who had perched precariously on the iron railing at the entrance to the flats, shifted to a seat on the cement steps, facing the sage, and explained.

"This is another one," he said. "She's some little queen, too, believe me. I ain't going with her steady, get me—not yet—but she can have Jimmie any old time she hollers his number. That's the way it is—see? If she wants to poke her thumbnail under the flap of my pay-envelope once a week, she's got an elegant chance—understand? But I don't want to get in Dutch. That's why I'm asking you—see?"

The experienced senior abstractedly reached to his rear pocket for his bandana handkerchief and wiped his bald head as one who sweeps away obfuscating cobwebs. Then he fixed the young man with a humorous blue eye and demanded the name of the regal beauty mentioned.

"Lynette Sanders," the young man informed him.

"Then I cannot help ye to speak of, Jamesey," said Mr. Mulready. "'Tis a name I'm unfamiliar with and I never laid eyes on her that I call to mind. In them cases, I'll not assume the responsibility of anything more than a general rule. Me advice, in a general way, is don't hurry. Do ye know what tenterhooks is? They're what one of the two parties to the Everlasting Foolishness always hangs on, squirming like an angle-worm in the same uncomfortable position, whilst the other party watches his struggles with a smile of satisfaction. I say *his* struggles, ye'll mind, because it's oftenest a him that's on the hooks, and that's so because a him has not the patience that a her has. He's in a hurry. 'Some other guy may cop her out,' ye say? That may be, too, but don't hurry for all of that, avick."

"If ye've the time to spare and the mind to listen, I'll tell ye a story to illustrate me point," the old man offered, after he had revived the smoldering dottle of his pipe. "That's the case of Teig McDonough and Nora Kelly, which was tried back in the good green land that all but the heart of me left fifty-odd years ago. I'll not say, for that matter, that similar cases wasn't tried in the land of Canaan and the land of Goshen, even if the coorting reports has not mentioned them. It's my belief that de-

cisions have been rendered here in Cook County covering the same ground. However, McDonough *versus* Kelly will do.

"Wanst upon a time then, which was not a thousand years before my time, there lived a lad named Teig McDonough. A fine, upstanding broth of a boy he was entirely, by what I've heard tell of him, poor but honest, like the most of us Irish is till we learn better; light-hearted and happy he was, by reason of his ignorance of the many things that he lacked, and as little given to industry as the most of us is when we don't know what we want and there's nothing sharp at the rump of us. What had to be done, he'd do—not later than the next week or the week after at least—and he'd a helping hand for a neighbor anny day; but for the rest, he loved the sunny side of a stone dyke or the stool by the fire, according to the season, and he was never the hindmost at fight or frolic.

"Then, of a sudden, the pleasant days and the peaceful nights was over and past for Teig, and his chin, which had been high-lifted as he walked his ways, sunk to his breast-bone; the fun died out of his eyes and the fine whistle that he had puckered his lips no more; he even lost the sperrit for a fight. All of a sudden it was: a look from two bright eyes and the toss of an empty head, and in a pig's whisper the lad was spoiled entirely.

"Nora Kelly it was, the plague of half the boys in the barony besides Teig, sorrow to her! for ye'll mind, the empty head of her had hair that would come near to tickling a pair of rosy heels when 'twas let down, and her eyes had a shine to them like a dewdrop in the sun and, to the back of that, her father was as well-to-do as he was ill-spoke-of, so that the girl made no underestimate of her own value—which girls is as like to do as young men is.

"Teig, the big gomeril, from the time he got his hurt followed her like the dog that's stoned back but still tracks after—out of sight himself, but never losing sight of her. Manny was the chill night that he lay out on the hillside where he could watch the twinkle of the light within the four walls that held her. If she spoke to him, which was but now and again, he'd tremble like a dry leaf caught in a thread of gossamer and stirred by the breeze, and his knees would weaken under him as if a creel of turf was on his back, and when he spoke to her his tongue thickened against the words and his mind wandered past his holding, so that only his hungry eyes and the shift of blood

in his face told her what ailed him. On the tenter hooks, the lad was, with the points well in under his shoulder-blades and every wriggle that he might make pushing them deeper.

"He'd an old mother, had Teig, and the hollow cheeks and the quare-acting ways of her son was a knife in her heart. Wakeful nights she had and weary days, by reason of the change in him, but he'd never let on where the ache was, coax as she might, and all the pains that she took with the stir-about and the pitaties was clean wasted. She brewed him yarb tea and put flannel on his chest, but sorra a good did it do.

"'Sure I'm at the end of me wits,' says she one day after Teig had come draggin' himself in with a burying face on him. 'Tis not the rheumatiz and 'tis not the typhus and ye've not the symptoms of smallpox or bone-agy. If ye'd a cough now, or was broke into a rash, me mind would be easy, but dickens a thing is there for the mortal doctorin'. 'Tis my belief there's a *pishogue* on ye, agra; and yet there's a hazel over the door and I've thrown the feet-water out over the threshold for a month of Sundays. Wirra!' says she, 'What will I do for ye, at all, at all!'

"'Naboclish! Mother, dear,' says Teig. 'Forget it,' says he, and he fetched a sigh that blew sparks from the fire on the hearth. 'I'm not bewitched,' says he.

"**Y**E'D never know it if ye was,' says his mother. 'It would take the Wise Woman of Carrigahorig to tell, so it would. Arrah! Why did I not think of that before? I'll see herself before the set of another sun.'

"'Ye will not,' says Teig, mighty cross. 'I'll not have me private affairs—Botheration! What am I talking about! It may be that you are right, Mother, and it's under a spell I am. But I'll not trouble you to go. I'll go meself, and see if there's a charm against—against what ails me, whatever it is.'

"'If ye'll only go,' says his mother.

"'Why not?' says Teig. 'Yes, I'll go,' says he.

"And, troth! when he'd thought it over it seemed reasonable enough. For why should the taste of life be bitter in his mouth because a colleen had bright eyes and scornful overlip. He had looked into bright eyes before, so he had, and found his appetite none the worse, and pouting lips had never troubled him. If he could not kiss the pout away, his sleep was never the less sweet and easy. What could be drawing him, against his will after a slip of a gyurl, like a bull wid a cord in his nose-ring, if it was not a *pishogue*—a bewitchment laid on him? Anyway, the wise woman would know. Why not go to her?



"Now ye'll mind, the Wise Woman of Carrigahorig was the cutest fairy-doctor in them parts. If anny good man's cow gave bloody milk, or the blight fell on the oats, or there was a sickness in his family against the course of nature, he'd go, hot-foot and web-foot, over the hills and across the lough to the wise woman to get the matter straightened out. Hand and glove she was wid the Good People, by all accounts, and the Old Boy, himself, had not a trick that she didn't hold a trump for in the last round.

"By this and that! I'll go this very night," says Teig.

"So when dusk came, down the boreen to the lough he went and there he borrowed a friend's boat and pulled along the yellow way of the rising moon to the Point of the Rath, where the Wise Woman had her holding. A desolate spot it was, entirely. The little hut lay black in the dark shadow of a high hill, with a thin wreath of smoke steeling from the chimney and shaped like a ghost in the clear moonlight above, and outside of the shadow, bare and stark, lay the white stones of the fairy rath, the same where Barney Mahon saw the ganconers at their hurley, to his sorrow. Divil a differ bechune light and dark was there, for com-

The old woman cackled like a hen. "A charm's a charm, even if ye wanted the seven-year itch for peace and quiet. Here it is, and much good may it do ye"

fort, and every rib of Teig's hair rose and bristled as he put his knuckles to the door.

"Lay hold of the latch-string and come in, Teig McDonough," says a voice, and then, ferninst it, a blob of black that spoke again.

"I've been expecting ye," it said. "Tell me of the trouble that brings ye here with silver in your hand!"

"Teig laid the crown piece that was in his fist down on the table.

"Ye've a sharp eye in the dark, Mother," he says.

"But have ye e'er a charm against the torment that eats the sowl and body of me?"

"The black shape shifted, and, behold ye! the bit red glow of the fire leaped into a flame that showed every nook and corner like the blessed light of day. And Teig saw a yalla ould face wrinkled like a walnut about a beak of a nose that

met the upturn of a big chin with the fuzz of a beard on it. A dead face it was, with two live eyes that fixed and held his own without a blink.

"Ye've been over-looked, sure enough," says the old woman, "and by the evil eye that woman ever casts on man—but not out of the way of nature. There's charms against everything," she says. "Do ye want her so bad? Will ye have her and a new torment for every day in the year, or will ye have plain ease of mind?"

"I'll have ease if I have her," says Teig.

"The old woman cackled like a hen.

"I've a right to give ye half of your crown-piece back," says she. "But a charm's a charm, even if ye wanted the seven-year itch for rest and quiet." She tossed him a bit of a bag. "Here it is, and much good may it do ye. Wear it and heed the word I give ye and ye'll get your heart's desire.

After that, ye'll have another heart's desire that only a clean pair of heels and a dirty conscience will give ye—and maybe not then,



if ye leave annything like a trail to follow, for it's the young dog has the best nose for a dim scent. Put it around your neck and listen,' she says.

"What's in it, at all, at all?" Teig asks her.

"CHARMS,' the old woman makes reply, mighty cross. 'One thing and another of power—a boneen's back bristle and a clip from the ear of an ass, it may be—but on your life, never open the bag to see. Hang it around your neck, as I told ye, saints' days and Sundays, and while it's on, give the girl the go-by, whether at mass or market, on high road or by-path. If she's on the right hand of ye, then do ye laugh and look to the left; bear light on the soles of your brogues and cock your caubeen on the one ear. Do them things for a month and a day and, by the power of the charm, she'll come to your whistle and hang to the skirt of your coat.'

"I've me doubts of it,' says Teig, 'but 'tis worth trying, so it is.' And, with that, he hangs the bag around his neck and puts his hand to the latch.

"And when Pin, son of Findlegs, hears the cuckoo sing at Michaelmas, he'll come out of his cave and make all well that goes ill,' the Wise Woman calls after him. And with that she cackled again and the blaze on the hearth went out.

"Troth! that's a quare saying,' Teig says to himself, as he got into the boat. 'May the devil have me by the hair if I make head or tail of it. But I have the charm,' says he, bending to the oars. 'It will be worth a crown of anny man's money to see how it works.'

"The next day Teig got up from his bed with a strong notion that he would make test of the charm, so he set out bright and early for the Kelly houlding, with the charm on his breast, and as he went, he bore light on the soles of his brogues, according to directions, and he wore his hat on his ear. Snug behind a *bouchlawn* in sight of the house he lay and watched for the matter of an hour or two, and presently he saw Nora come out and take the road for Drumgoole.

"Now to give her the go-by,' says Teig to himself, and so he starts after her on the tips of his toes and passes her by as much as the half of a stride. Further he could not go.

"The top of the morning to you, *colleen dhas*,' he says, for he'd not act impolite.

"The tip-top to you, Teig McDonough,' says the gyurl, wid a side glance and a twist of her mouth. 'Who would think of seeing you!' says she.

"And why not?' Teig axes her.

"Whyever?' she makes answer. 'Who would think of ye at all?' and she laughed.

"Not the likes of you, I know,' says Teig with a sigh. And he tried to think of something else to say, but he could not. Then he tried to step light, but the weakness was in his knees and his feet dragged in spite of him. It came to him that she was on the right of him, so he looked to the left, though he could not laugh.

"Do ye find them in the hedge?' she axed him.

"Find what?' the lad answers.

"Your wits,' says she. 'Sure they're gone bird-nesting.'

"True for you,' mumbled the lad. 'Where will ye be going?'

"Beyant and back, if I get so far and nothing holds me,' she says. 'Tis a weary way, but with good company I'll not mind it.'

"'Tis the first kind word I've had from your mouth, that,' Teig told her.

"God send me good company,' says she, mocking him.

"Would that be Dermot O'Shane?' Teig axed with a touch of sperrit. 'I've heard he's the height of it.'

"Your hearing is as bad as your eye-sight,' Nora said. 'And yet, Dermot pleases me better than you at this moment—for a reason. He's not here. 'Tis absence makes the heart grow fonder. Ye've a fine, straight back of your own, they tell me. If ye'd only give a poor girl a chance to see it!'

"I was walking your way and I just took the liberty—' poor Teig was beginning.

"It comes easier to ye than taking a hint,' she interrupts him. 'Do ye know my way? It's the opposite to yours.' She nodded at him. 'Fare-ye-well, Teig McDonough. When the roads meet, 'tis time for us to part.'

"THEY were come to the forks of the road and Teig knew no better than to take her at her word and let her go to Drumgoole alone, whilst he went the other way.

"The charm is not worth a thraneen,' he says to himself, as he went. 'I'll go back to the Wise Woman and tell her so. Sure I gave the girl the go-by, I cocked me caubeen, I walked light, and I looked to the left when she was on me right. But for what good? Is she at me coat-skirts?'

"He put his hand behind him to make sure, and she was not.



And without more ado they went at it. The sticks clattered like flails on a barn floor, and then there was a crack



"So, at the setting of the sun, he goes back to the Wise Woman of Carrigahorig, and found her crouched over the fire as before.

"It's working grand, but the wrong way entirely," Teig makes answer. "Twould be a fine thing, so it would, if I wanted to be shut of the colleen, but 'tis no more attraction to her than a leg of mutton would be to our little mwheel-cow, God bless the crayture! I'll tell you what happened."

"Ye big gomeril!" says the Wise Woman, when he had finished. "I told ye to follow instructions, not to follow the girl."

"How could I help it?" says Teig. "Give me a charm that will take the sheen of gold from her hair and the light from her eyes and the music from her voice, and sorra the step I'll stir after her. Make me blind and deaf and I'll follow instructions to the edge of the world and over, but while me eyesight is fair and me hearing no worse, the ground that her purty foot has touched is too good for me knee."

"THE Wise Woman stroked the beard on her chin. 'Beithershin,' says she. 'Tis worse than I thought. But there's a cure for all ills, if ye get the right one.'

"She gave a green ribbon into his hand. 'Take this and tie your left shoe with it in a true lover's knot, and then keep away from the girl altogether. I'll go bail ye'll never come back, but to thank me.'

"Will it put the love ache into her heart?" Teig axes.

"Try it," says she.

Teig gave her good-day, and her gray eyes widened as she took note of him; the rose-leaf pink was on her cheeks

"Will it keep me feet from following her?" he axes again.

"If it keeps the left foot, the right will stay for company," the Wise Woman told him. "Try it, avick. But keep away from her, or I'll promise nothing."

"So Teig took his green ribbon home with him and on the morrow morning, he threaded it into his left brogue and tied it into a true lover's knot. The feeling was strong on him that he'd go to Kelly's holding again to make a trial of it, but he fought against it and with his stick under his arm, he set out for Drumgoole instead. 'If she comes that road again, I'll not be to blame,' says he to himself.

"To better the charm, he tilted his hat to his ear and walked light till he came to the cross roads where he'd left Nora the day before, and there, kicking his heels on a dyke sat Dermot O'Shane, the lad he'd had misliking for the manny was the day, and Dermot's left brogue was tied with a green ribbon in a true lover's knot.

"Teig looked at Dermot and liked him worse than ever. Dermot looked at Teig and hate was in the eye of him, but he whistled the Jig Polthogue, and kicked his heels to the tune of it.

"Ye've a quare taste in shoe-strings, Dermot O'Shane," said Teig. "Not that I'd quar'l with ye on that score, for it's me own fancy. Imitation is flattery, so they say."

"So is other things," Dermot made answer. "If I told ye that ye was a carrot-topped sheep-thief, 'twould be flattery. The real truth is the whole truth—no less."

"It's what no O'Shane was ever on speaking terms with," says Teig.

"May the divil admire me if I don't ram that down the black throat of ye," says Dermot, sliding down from the dyke and giving his shillaleh a flourish.

"HE'D have divil of a quare taste, too!" Teig says, making his own black-thorn buzz. "Come on and I'll play Lanty Loo on the thick skull of ye!"

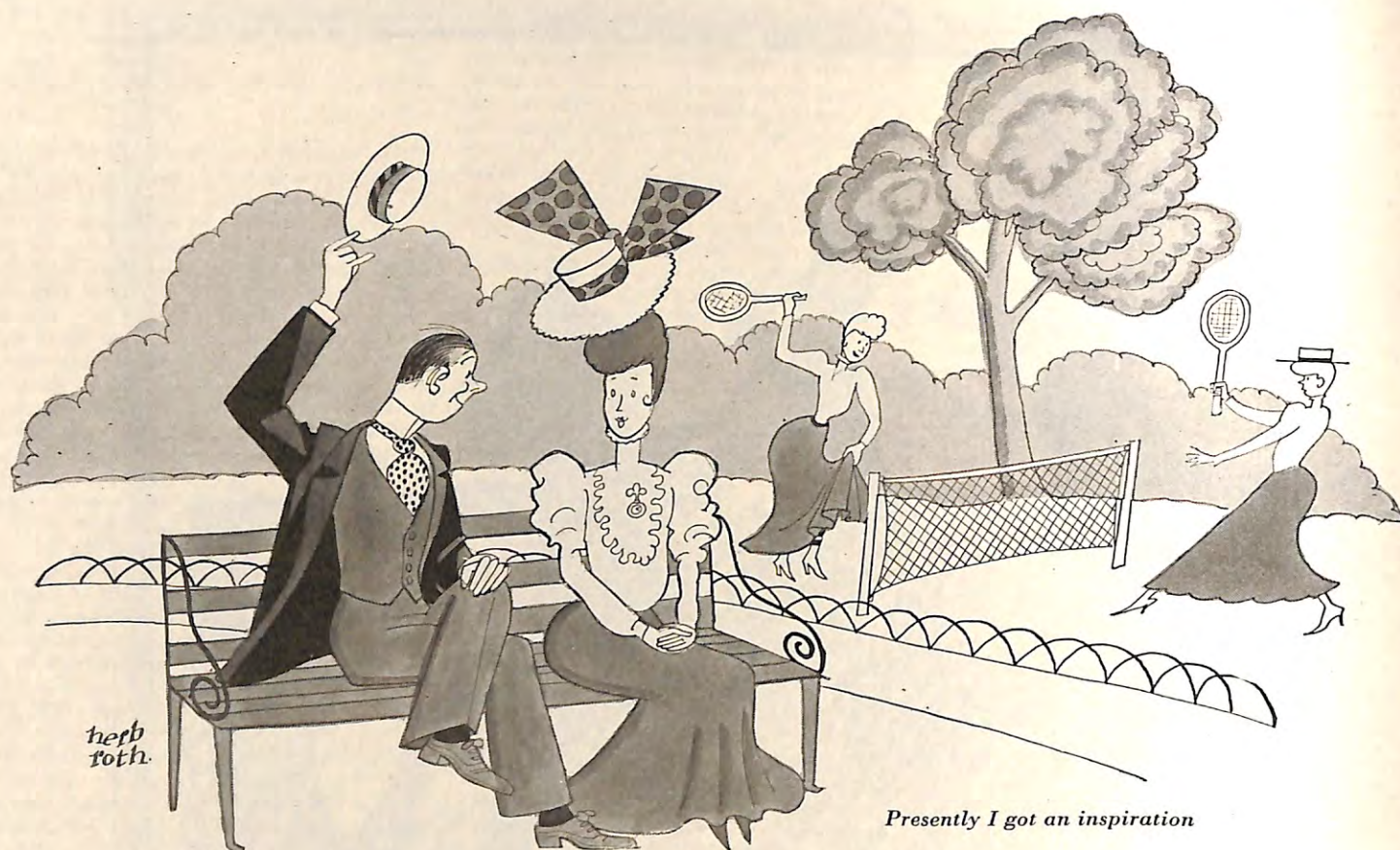
"And without more words they went at it. For a minute or two the sticks clattered like flails on a barn floor, give and take, and then there was a crack and Dermot went down. Just for a second his legs kicked as if the Jig Polthogue still had them, and then he lay quiet.

"Get up and take the rest of it," says Teig, breathing hard.

"But the blood that trickled from Dermot's forehead was the only thing about him that stirred. Teig stooped over him and shook him, but Dermot might have been a sack of chaff for all the motion there was in him.

"Be good to us! but he's kilt entirely," says Teig. "The dirty scoundrel has put me neck in a noose and me soul in peril of hell just for a hasty word that was more than the half of a joke. None but an O'Shane would play such a mean trick."

(Continued on page 48)



Presently I got an inspiration

Beating the Game

By Henry Irving Dodge

Drawings by Herb Roth

I BEGAN preparing to be a reporter when I was fourteen years old. I didn't know it at the time, for I was dreaming just then of being captain of a clipper ship and, later on, owner of a line of fleetwings. I got the idea from hanging around the docks on South Street, where magnificent clippers, bound for China, India, California, lay.

I went to the village school at Rossville, down in Staten Island. The master was one John B. Cooke, an Irishman. Cooke believed in and practiced the unrestrained use of the rod. At that time it was permitted. Very good. The master introduced a book called *Test Words*. I've never seen one like it since. It was perhaps half an inch thick, and on each page were some thirty words with their definitions. And, believe me, they were real words, nothing short of three syllables to any one of them. Ratiocination, hypotheruse, rodomontade, metempsychosis were typical—you may not believe it, but they were.

We had to commit a full page of these test words to memory every day. And what a curious thing is memory. For even to-day, in dictating an article, I'm apt to use one of those test words, a word I haven't thought of for many years, and then say to my secretary: "Is that the right word?" And when we look it up in the dictionary we find it is accurately used.

The pages in that little book are like a map to me. I can shut my eyes and see them, the words themselves in great, black letters, the definitions in smaller letters: metempsychosis—transmigration of souls from one body to another; rodomontade—empty bluster, and so on, all down the line. It is the same with geography. The word Egypt always conjures to me a pink, irregularly outlined area on the map—nothing else.

Our master encouraged the use of the big words. We used to form sentences involving some of the most extraordinary of them. We boys became the most outrageous little prigs you ever heard of. We would go about using these big words in the presence of middle-aged and elderly persons who didn't know what they meant, and were frequently called down for the absurd airs of superiority we affected, and not infrequently had our ears cuffed or were given the boot.

Even if the master did whale the daylights out of us, he whaled the fear of God and an appreciation of proper speech into us. If a pupil said "ain't" or "you was," he was certain to get the gad across what lay underneath the seat of his trousers. It's a pity there aren't a million Mr. Cookes to-day distributed among the English-speaking peoples of the world. I don't believe I've used the word "ain't" since I was a little boy. And if you ever hear me say "you was," just hit me in the head with a potato.

Cooke taught us how to parse sentences, make diagrams of them. They should have been called diaphragms, because they looked for all the world like the cross-section of a fish's insides, with its bladder and sub-bladders connected by little entrails, if you get what I mean. Particularly—and this is significant in a reportorial way—was it impressed upon each and every one of us to be sure he understood what was told him or what he'd observed, and then accurately to repeat it or lucidly to describe it. The practice has proved invaluable to me.

That particular part of Staten Island was

inhabited by oystermen, deep-sea sailors and market men. These truck farmers raised their produce mostly by hand on wonderfully tilled miniature farms, and then took it to Washington Market and sold it. Also, there were many old dead-game sports, who drove fast horses and affected linen dusters and high, white hats, and had bibulously red faces, which they didn't affect. Most of these were cronies of Commodore Vanderbilt, by whom they were given sinecure jobs—buying horses, fodder, and all that sort of thing, for the New York Central. Thoroughbred horsemen, they never tied their horses to hitching-posts when they went into the Rossville bar, but always engaged boys to hold them. Many a half-dollar I got that way.

IN ROSSVILLE I got my first lesson in applied diplomacy—approach, you might say. Most people have the idea that diplomacy is a matter of palaver only. That's only a small part of it. Diplomatic actions are always more effective than words.

Most of the village young men of seventeen or eighteen aspired to be salesmen in the great Stewart store in New York, now Wanamaker's. And this is the way they went about getting the job: there was a Mrs. Banker, a very elegant old lady who lived down on the Richmond Road and was a sister-in-law to Judge Hilton, Stewart's lawyer, and later owner of the great merchant's properties. Now, it so happened that Mrs. Banker attended the Episcopal church in Rossville. She looked like a grand duchess, and she always drove to church in a carriage with meticulously liveried coachman and footman. That she was keenly interested in the welfare of ambitious young men was a fact not wholly unfamiliar to the youths of Rossville.

The pastor of the Episcopal church, Doctor Boehm, was a very old and quite absent-minded gentleman. Very good. The aspirant, regardless of his previous condition of sectarianism, would abandon his own Sunday school and join the Episcopalian. Having attended regularly, and studied assiduously for, say, three months, he would then suggest to Doctor Boehm that he'd like to get a job in the big city. Doctor Boehm, unmindful of the fact that he had to a degree been instrumental in populating the Stewart emporium on Broadway, would introduce Smith or Jones to Mrs. Banker, and that lady would give him a card of introduction to the management, and the thing was effected. It is not on record in the annals of that quiet neighborhood that any boy who religiously practiced aforesaid formula ever failed to get a job in Stewart's store. I am one of the Rossville minority that never worked there.

I was a normal boy, come from sturdy American stock—my mother a woman of culture, my father a lawyer. Some of the boys were even more facile at learning than I, but none had a quicker intelligence. And so effective was the Cooke system—particularly the gad part of it—that at fourteen I had mastered arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, physiology, and one or two other things—mastered them only, of course, as they were taught in our school. When I quit Staten Island and went to Syracuse to the Madison school there, I was put in with pupils of seventeen and eighteen. And I had to do no studying at all to keep up with them, or even beat the boots off them. I was regarded a paragon, for I was clever enough not to tell of Cooke's old Doctor Birch practice.

As a mere youth in Syracuse I began reading law. I don't pretend that I comprehended Blackstone or Kent or Greenleaf, but those great masters gave me an appreciation, a sense of the art and value of construction and style that have been invaluable to me. I urge every young man, middle-aged or old man to read those great works, even if he doesn't contemplate practicing law. No higher mental discipline is possible.

Experiences followed one another in quick succession. Through the influence of a relative, one of the owners of the line, I got a job as "literature" butcher on the Hudson River day-boats. Threading my way jauntily, with cap askew, I would hawk in a loud, artificially raucous voice: "Here you go. Books of the river, seventy-five cents. Books of the river." I guess I was fresh and smart-Alecky, but I sold a lot of stuff at that. I got to know the old river by heart, from New York to Newburgh, where we used to change boats, yes, every foot of it, bless its dear old heart. And I love it as I never loved any other place. I could never think of the Hudson as a great commercial or working highway, only as a sunny, breezy, rippling waterway for pleasure boats with bands playing and streamers flying.

I BUTCHERED literature for a season and then got a job as office boy in Wall Street. There were no elevators or telephones at the time. I had to dash up and down stairs, three flights of them, with orders to buy or sell from old man Dodge, my boss, to Ike Newcombs on the Exchange. At times, I had to take messages to my employer during the lunch hour in Delmonico's, which ran from New Street to Broad. There I had pointed out to me many of the most conspicuous men of the day—Addison Cammack, the great "bear," Jim Keene, famous operator and horse breeder, Sam Ward, the epicure, who, as I remember, used to affect

evening dress in mid-day, and many others of the same class. Observing these men, at times eavesdropping their conversation, I concluded that they were nothing more nor less than just plain, common, every-day persons, and I quite lost the inferiority feeling with which their names had formerly afflicted me.

Very frequently I was given verbal messages of considerable length to take from broker to customer or *vice versa*, messages of importance. These I remembered most accurately, even figures, fractions. And I found the practice most valuable to me later on. I got a photographic memory, as they say. My experience as office boy in Wall Street was of considerable value to me years later as a reporter down there.

AS AN office boy, I learned to play the stock market through the bucket-shops. In the better ones you could operate with ten dollars, in others for five, and there was one, I remember, where you could play with a two-dollar bill. This gave me something of a taste for gambling. I induced a sophisticated friend to take me to some of the big gambling houses up-town, where I learned to know faro and roulette. But I soon realized, or was made to realize, that I was not in that class. So I took up with a picayune game known as red and black, which obtained mostly in rooms back of cigar stores along Sixth Avenue. Here was an atmosphere that I used later in exposing that sort of thing. You may not believe it, but this knowledge acted as an open sesame in an interview with Richard Canfield in

London, years later. But that's another story.

I next got a job as cash-taker—called cashier—in a great retail store in the mid-town section. Here's a specimen of incredible youthful audacity: my desk was a rickety old thing that one might have opened with a putty-knife. It was surrounded by a low railing and most accessible to any crook. Its security lay in its very public position. Mine was the silk and fur department. At times—it was the holiday period—as much as \$2,500 was taken in in the forenoon. Fearing to leave this in the desk, I used, when I went out to lunch, to make a wad of it, put rubber bands around it, and stick it into my inside waistcoat pocket, and take it along. Of course, the management never suspected the practice. They'd have booted me out of the place if they'd known it.

I became very skilful at checking up the salesmen's calculations on the slips, making change with great rapidity and accuracy, detecting counterfeit money when it was offered, occasionally, and all that sort of thing. In brief, mine was a very responsible job.

I used to get up at half-past six and take the seven o'clock boat from Clifton, Staten Island, where I lived, in order to be at the store at eight-thirty. At night, on quitting, I'd walk down the Bowery to the old Atlantic Garden, get a ham sandwich and a glass of ginger ale, listen to the lady orchestra for a little while, then on down through Chatham Street, now Park Row, and Broadway to the Battery. Customarily, I reached



There stood a bobby. "Broke?" "Absolutely." "Here's something'll do you good"

home at half-past ten, often later. I can't imagine how I ever stood it. It was because I was a youngster, I suppose. Youngsters can stand most anything.

My salary was seven dollars a week. If I were short a dollar, it was discovered in the counting department and deducted from my pay. Occasionally I left the store on Saturday with no more than four dollars in my pocket. If I had defalcated, I'd have been prosecuted to the limit. For a concern that is mean enough to pay that kind of a salary for that kind of work would naturally be unrelenting.

I WAS little more than a youth when I landed in Fort Worth, Texas.

General Granville M. Dodge, who was building many roads down there, gave me a letter to his chief engineer, D. W. Washburn, one of the greatest engineers of his time. Washburn was only about thirty-eight when he was killed in a railroad accident.

Notwithstanding my aristocratic connections, I was set to work as an axe-man on location, forty-five dollars a month and found, of course. The first advice I got was volunteered by an old-timer: "Don't carry a gun and don't talk New York." I found it useful. During the whole time I was in Texas, some two years, I only once carried a six-shooter, and that was down at Laredo, on the border. I never had occasion to use one, and don't know what I should have done if I'd had occasion.

At the very start I learned one thing that's valuable to every reporter, and that is, in the great university of life make every man your school-master. My first lesson was from the axe-man, who taught me how to make and to drive stakes.

I remember how the old axe-men on location used to listen in with keen eagerness to the discussion of problems that were confronting us—a river to be crossed, a mountain to be "circumvented," and then suggest a possible solution. We more or less academic ones used to resent the audacity of the ignorant old asses, butting in with suggestions, unsolicited, but it wasn't long before we came to realize that they were not ignorant old asses, but that we were ignorant young asses. This was driven home by Mr. Behan's attitude—Mr. Willard Behan, our chief, a former professor of mathematics at Cornell and now a prominent railroad man.

Mr. Behan, when confronted with a topographical perplexity, would take counsel with his subordinates. While he always lent an indulgent ear to the comments of the academic ones, he paid the closest attention to the suggestions made by our axe-men. Presently he'd say to the veteran Britt, who had driven stakes for many a party: "Let's walk out a ways and look the ground over." It was Britt's advice that he always took, and Britt was always right.

One day, in Fort Worth, Major Washburn asked me if I were related to General Dodge. I said: "I hope so. He's a great man, in my opinion."

"You don't seem to make much capital of it."

"He's under no obligation to me, sir."

"Well," said the Major, "because of your attitude even more than your skill, I'm going to promote you."

And so I was made chain-man, and then rod-man at sixty-five dollars a month as a reward of modesty, a thing I'd never been charged with possessing, up to that time.

Out on location I showed such an interest in transit work that Mr. Behan taught me a lot about trigonometry. I've observed that in most every walk of life, if a young man is ambitious, tactful, and wants to make the world his university, he will find more than willing instructors among the great experts. For men love to teach.

Presently railroad construction was suspended and many of us found ourselves out of jobs. With another young man, I drifted down to Laredo—I don't know why, probably just prompted by the spirit of adventure, for things were more at a standstill there than they were at Fort Worth. For a time Hegeman and I lived on a few cents a day—beans mostly. At night we slept on the railway station platform with many others, for it was warm.

There was a theatre in town which we patronized every night. It was free. One entered through an enormous barroom. Beyond that was a vast gambling place where all such games as mustang, faro and the like were played. And at tables, groups were playing casino, the dominant gambling game of the section at the time. The next room was the theatre, the theatre, they called it. Between vaudeville turns the girls would come down into the audience and rustle for drinks. There was much carousing and some shooting among the bad men there, but no one paid any attention to us, for we were mere boys. After the show, Hegeman and I would go back to our vast, open-air bed-chamber and sleep the sleep of the just.

For a time I stoked a construction locomotive just outside of Laredo. One didn't have to be a school of mines man or a graduate of Stevens to fill that job. For down on the border, then, it seemed that most anybody could say he was most anything, and get a job at it.

After a bit, I landed a job as night clerk in Dave Wilson's hotel, at nothing a month and my board. Wilson was one of nature's noblemen, if ever there was such a thing. For I was of little use to him. At twelve o'clock, when I went on duty, the front doors were locked and I dozed in my chair until daybreak. I don't think I was once called to open the door to admit a late-comer, not once.



I shall never forget that experience in the jungle

From Laredo I drifted to Galveston. I hadn't any money, but I was decently dressed and strong and lithe as a young animal, and happy as a lark. I earned a little money now and then, and lived mostly on bananas. I used to sleep at the beach with a lot of others. They weren't hoboes, simply first-class fellows out of jobs. Some of them were even young engineers. Before we retired to our benches at night, we listened to the band concert. About two in the morning, many of us would strip and go into the sea for a bath. I made a little money on the docks as longshoreman, handling cotton. This was some job, for it was August. Enough said. But, as I have said, I was a young animal in health and strength, fearless and tough as nails. When this job was over I went back to beach-combing, as they called the life of the bench lodgers along the shore.

By good luck, one day I ran across an old friend from Fort Worth, who was a contractor making artificial pavements. He gave me a job as hod-carrier and fixed it so that I had a cot in a dormitory and three squares a day. I used to handle barrels of cement and other materials as easily as men of twice my age and size. I worked at this job for three weeks and carefully saved every penny. Then I decided to go north.

ONE evening I went down to the docks and saw the captain of a Morgan liner, an old freighter, that was lying there. I asked him to let me work my way to New York. He spoke to the chief engineer, but that gentleman said he had all the men he needed in the stoke-hole. Then the captain told me that one of his men was ashore drunk, and if he didn't get back by the next night, he'd take me. Very good. The sailor continuing in his cups, I was duly shipped, not in the capacity, so to speak, of working my way home—that was against the law—but before the mast, ordinary seaman. My only salt-water experience had been sailing a catboat on Staten Island Sound.

As a matter of fact, my work was that of a deck-hand rather than that of a sailor. But it wasn't arduous. The weather was fine. The grub was good. It consisted of boiled beef, boiled potatoes, hardtack and coffee. To vary it, we had coffee, hardtack, boiled beef and boiled potatoes.

After filling a number of small jobs when I reached New York in as many weeks, some of which I left and some of which I got fired from, I joined a party of engineers who were going to Nicaragua to make a preliminary survey for the Ship Canal. Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, subsequently Rear Admiral Peary of North Pole fame, commanded the expedition. With him was his faithful, and now quite famous, valet, Matt Henson.

I shall never forget that experience in the jungle with its swamps, water vines, masses of tangled underbrush, crawling things, reptiles, iguanas and jaguars, tapirs, crocodiles, and insects that carried can-openers. I wrote a description of the awful conditions that we laborers in the jungle suffered, and sold it to the press. I got a goodly sum for it and a very severe calling down by one of the high officials of the company.

Lieutenant Peary made his headquarters on San Francisco Island. We jungle workers used to collect there on Sundays, when possible, and feast at the Chief's ample board; feast on hardtack.

(Continued on page 54)



Jack Donahue and Lily Damita

"SONS o' Guns" is a singing and dancing war story with all the unpleasant aspects of the carnage omitted. Egged into joining up, Mr. Donahue, once an ornament of the idle rich, finds himself a doughboy in France taking orders from a ferocious corporal who was once his meek valet. There he meets and falls in love with the

beautiful Miss Damita, so popular in the films, who now discloses the possession of a very nice voice. There are a lot of attractive peasant costumes worn by agile ladies of the ensemble, a fine male chorus, comic plot complications to impede the course of true love—and, above all, the incomparable Mr. Donahue—E. R. B.

VANDAM



VANDAMM

Captions by
Esther R. Bien

"Death Takes a Holiday," adapted by Walter Ferris from the Italian of Alberto Casella, presents a theme unusual in the theatre; one that grips the imagination and stirs it profoundly. Death, yearning to experience mortal emotions, takes human form for a three-day holiday. The suspense preceding his advent as a Siberian prince in a noble Italian household is splendidly built up by strange portents and forebodings. Desiring above all things to experience mortal love, he is caught in his own trap, for when his time is up, he must experience all a mortal's agony of parting. Philip Merivale (left) is magnificent in the difficult role of the great reaper, and Rose Hobart (also left) exquisite and ethereal as his love. An intensely interesting play despite poor casting in some of the minor rôles



WHITE



VANDAMM

Written in the best romantic tradition of light opera by the enormously versatile Noel Coward, "Bitter Sweet" is a delightful entertainment. The story, which opens in the present and returns to it for a clever surprise ending, cuts back to the 1870's for the main action of the play—a story of graceful romance and delicate sentiment laced with quiet humor, that would pass as good entertainment even without its musical score. An adequate cast is completely overshadowed by Evelyn Laye, the English actress (above). Miss Laye has everything—beauty, grace, dramatic talent and a lovely voice, and Mr. Coward has crowned her talents with a perfect rôle

Motor-boat racing and the Thousand Islands are the back drops for a not-too-startling musical comedy plot by Messrs. Bolton, Kalmar and Ruby, who likewise provide the music and lyrics for "Top Speed." They have done the handsome thing in the way of setting and costuming and the casting is highly satisfactory with Lester Allen and Irene Delroy (left) broadcasting melody and humor, Paul Frawley as the engaging juvenile and Harlan Dixon and Ginger Rogers coming out strongly in their dancing numbers

When you want to spend a pleasantly sentimental evening in the theatre you could not make a better choice than "Michael and Mary." Mr. A. A. Milne possesses the art of writing comedies that touch the heart without slopping over, and this one has an element of melodrama that provides a thrilling climax for the second act and crops up again at the finish. In the group to the right are Henry Hull, who gives a stunning performance as the hero; Edith Barrett as his wife, and Harry Beresford, delightful as a dull policeman with literary ambitions

Jack Buchanan, the English actor who won great popularity with American audiences in "Charlotte's Revue," heads the imposing cast of "Wake Up and Dream," an English revue with an English cast which comes fresh from its triumphs in London. For real artistic beauty of costuming and amazing variety and excellence in dancing it is unrivaled by anything produced here in years. Jessie Mathews (below) is the alluring comedienne, and to mention two of the outstanding dancers, there are Tilly Losch and Tina Meller



VANDAMM

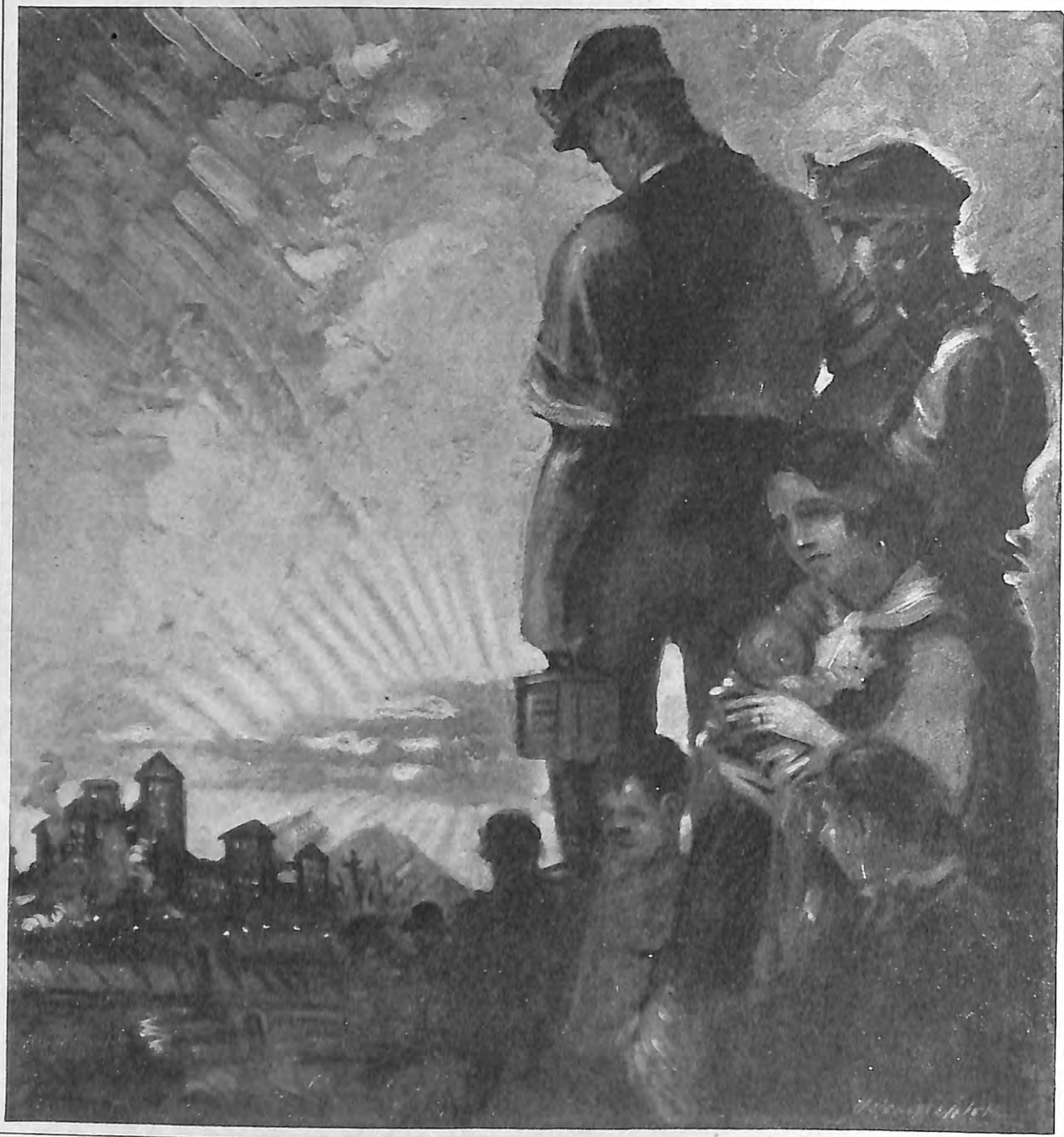


AUBRE

In "Meteor," S. N. Behrman has written a fascinating study of an absolute egotist, and Alfred Lunt (right) gives one of his most brilliant performances in the title rôle. The story opens in a university town in Massachusetts with the hero, just coming into the full fanatical belief in his own star, about to chuck college and wrest success and power from the great city. He has fallen in love with the ward of one of his professors (Lynn Fontanne, right) and carries her off to share his destiny. What that destiny is, and how his star serves him you must see for yourself



VANDAMM



Drawing by H. Devitt Welsh

The Land of Coal

By Stanley Kimmel

WHEN the sun goes down beyond the horizon of a mining town the coal trains creep by. Far away one may hear the grunt of the engines pulling the loaded cars over the prairie. All night long they pass. The land is never silent.

If my people would survive they must toil. They must go down into the pits of the earth where the unknown god has left his store-house of fire. They must go down into the pits of the earth that factories may be fed, that cities may grow to be proud giants.

My people are poor people. Some of them live in tiny huts no larger than a coal barge.

Some of them live in boxcars at the side of the railroad tracks.

There are times when you may see short tin pipes throwing out gusts of smoke, and smell food cooking.

There are times when you may hear the shrill sound of a harmonica and voices shouting a high damn at life.

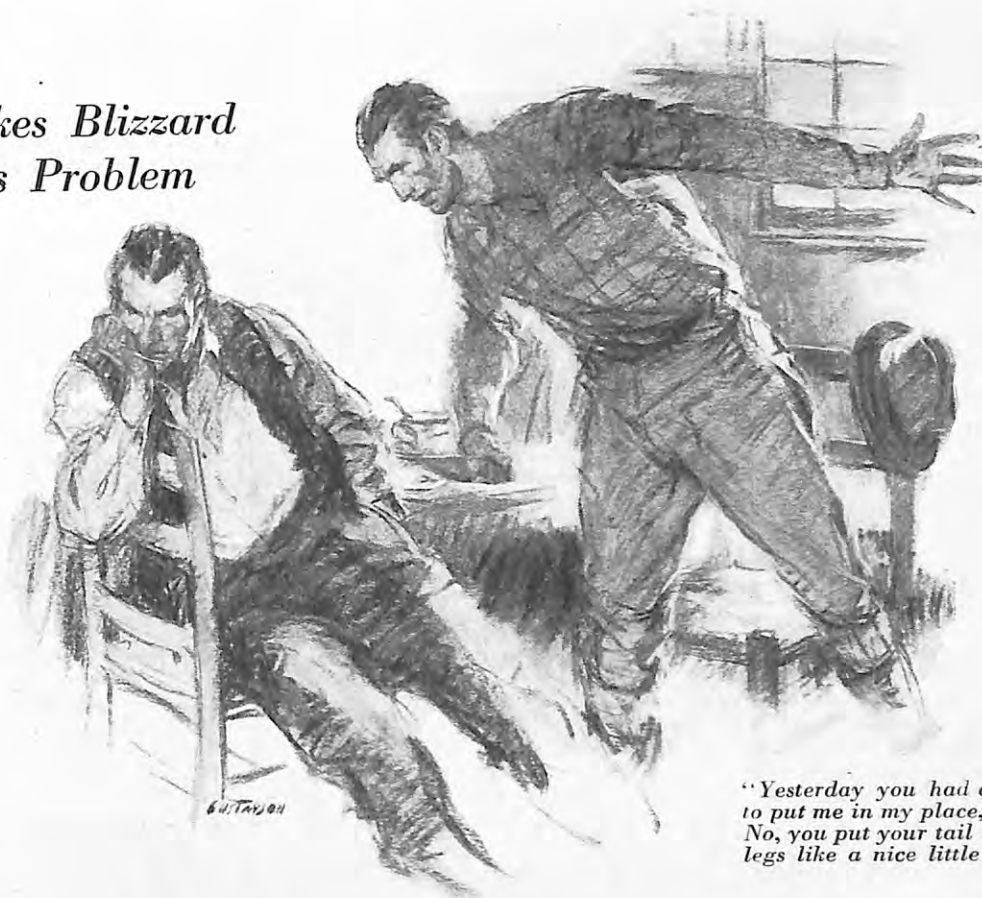
This is the land of coal.

Here the rich veins run from field to field in dark delight,

While the Keeper of the Underground, the silent one, stands watching, waiting.

For every five hundred thousand tons the earth gets a man.

A Great Lakes Blizzard Solved His Problem



"Yesterday you had a fine chance to put me in my place, but did you? No, you put your tail between your legs like a nice little puppy dog."

SNOW filled the air like a white mist that morning early in March. Part of it came down from a lowering gray sky, part of it rose up from the heavy drifts which had accumulated during the night; all of it was swirling ahead of a gusty, whistling wind. So thick was the weather that Joe Burse, standing in the window of his cottage, could see nothing of the village beyond. The only visible object was his small closed car, which stood some fifty feet away in front of the house.

But Joe Burse was neither seeing the car nor thinking of the menace of the weather. His thoughts were of his brother, who sat at the breakfast table behind him, sulking.

Yesterday Joe had descended upon him in a campaign of direct action which had grown out of months of thought and days of planning. Thus far he had carried it through successfully; so easily, in fact, that Joe felt a sense of disgust. He had expected—nay, he had hoped for—some resistance. Instead, he had met with a sullen compliance that made him the more determined to finish what he had started. The storm? Perhaps it would add difficulty to the ten-mile hike across Lake Michigan, but after all, it was nothing. His brother—Joe swung around and looked at him.

There he sat, just as he had been sitting for minutes. Unshaven, his black hair tousled, his coatless forearms against the edge of the table, his heavy shoulders were hunched over a cup of coffee which he nursed in grimy hands. His black eyes were staring at nothing.

Joe had spoken to him only once since shaking him roughly and ordering him to get up. "There's your breakfast; eat it," he had commanded. Now he frowned.

"Come on," he said, "finish that coffee. You can't stall any longer. We're starting."

Sam's thick shoulders straightened. He set down his cup. He turned upon Joe a

Kid Brother

By Edmund M. Littell

Illustrated by L. R. Gustavson

face which once had been rugged and strong but which now was soft and pudgy in outline. His mouth dropped open. His dark eyes widened until the pupils were rimmed with white.

"In this storm?" There was almost a whine in his voice.

"Yes, in this storm." Joe's lean, freshly shaven face, a sharp contrast to his brother's, was uncompromisingly set. "I dragged you out of bed yesterday and brought you two hundred miles. Do you think a little puff of snow is going to keep me from taking you the rest of the way?"

"A little puff of snow? Why, this is a blizzard!"

"All right, it's a blizzard. But some time to-day I'm going to show you through her front door, just the same."

For the first time in twenty-four hours Sam Burse showed a little of the spirit that once had been his. He half rose from his chair.

"Say, who do you think you are?" he growled.

Joe showed his teeth in a grimace that deepened the sharp creases on either side of his mouth. He bent closer to Sam, his eyes like black crystals.

"Why," he drawled, "I'm your kid brother. That is, I used to be. But I'm not any more. Yesterday you had a fine chance to put me in my place, but did you? No. You tucked your tail between your

legs and came along like a nice little puppy dog. But I'll give you another chance to fight for what you want. Will you take it?"

He waited, hopefully. If Sam wanted to prove his claim to a man's estate, well and good. It would show that his spirit hadn't been completely broken by the city. If he didn't—

He didn't. Before Joe's steady gaze, his truculence faded. He looked away and lowered himself into his chair again.

"Now ask me who I am," Joe said softly, and turned on his heel and strode away lest his brother see the pain in his eyes. When he came back again the expression was gone. He bent a coldly critical look upon Sam's face.

"When did you shave last?" he demanded.

"What's it to you?" More truculence—and a heart-breaking flaccidity in the turning away of his eyes. "Day before yesterday," he muttered.

Joe grunted. "Week before last, you mean. Go shave yourself. My razor's in the cabinet in the bathroom."

Sam looked toward the open door. "Ho! A bathroom!" he boomed, trying to cover up. "Gettin' real citified, ain't you?"

"Yes, a bathroom." Joe's voice was harsh. "And a bedroom, and a kitchen, and this room. I built 'em myself, and they're all paid for. What have you got to show for your seven years in the city besides that dirty furnished room I found you in?"

Sam's lips curled. "A-a-h!" he said—and stepped around Joe's rigidity toward the bathroom.

"And you might try washing your hands, too," Joe flung after him. "I said wash 'em, I didn't say rub the dirt off on a towel."

Another "A-a-h!" from Sam, and the door slammed behind him. When it opened

again Joe had washed and dried the breakfast dishes and was making the bed from which Sam had risen without any attempt to right it. He came over and inspected his brother.

"Brushed your hair, too," he observed. "Makes you look almost like the man you were when you left for the city. Let me see your hands."

"Sa-a-y!" Once more the ominous frown appeared. "Who do you think you are—my mother?"

"No!" Joe barked it, his eyes crystal-hard. "I'm your kid brother, I told you. Your mother died a long time ago. Your father is dead too—or do you remember getting the telegram I sent you?"

No answer, unless it was the look in Sam's eyes. It reminded Joe of a buck deer he had wounded, made his own eyes waver and fall. It was hard, this lashing of a brother he was determined to save. But coaxing had failed to bring him away from the city where he didn't belong; there was only one other method to use.

"SHOW me your hands," he repeated, as quickly as he could.

Up they came, palms showing. Joe took them and turned them over. Just so had their mother done to them many years ago. Then he dropped them, reached out and roughly jerked open the front of his brother's shirt.

"Summer underwear!" he snorted. "Take your clothes off, I said. Strip."

"Try and make me!"

Here was real tension. Sam glared defiantly. Joe met it with a stony-eyed look. Then he smiled sadly and took a step toward his brother.

"Now, listen," he said: "Maybe you're almost thirty. Maybe you're five years older than I am and fifty pounds heavier. But you're not the big brother I used to tag around and brag about—not any more. Maybe I'm crazy for taking all this trouble with you, maybe I'm not. But one thing is sure: I'm going to find out if there's any Burse pride left in you. If you don't want to take my orders, you've got to fight. Now—strip!"

And Sam, after a bristling moment—opened his mouth and said: "What for?"

Joe threw up his hands in a gesture of despair and whirled about on a disgusted heel. Then he stopped and faced back again, spoke with an air of great patience.

"Because," he said, "we're going to North Island to-day. We're going to call on your girl. To-day is her birthday, in case you've forgotten it, and you're going to be her little birthday present."

A leer appeared on Sam's face. "Say, you know an awful lot about my girl, don't you?"

Instantly, Joe charged at him. His hands, talon-fingered, were raised to Sam's throat. His eyes blazed. This was real rage, and Sam was thoroughly frightened. He recoiled a step—and Joe came to his senses. He stopped himself and dropped his hands. He took a deep, slow breath.

"You'll be sorry you said that, Sam." He almost whispered it. "After to-day, if the city hasn't ruined you altogether, you'll ask me why I didn't thrash you within an inch of your life."



"Yes, I know an awful lot about Bertha Miller. I see her every once in a while. She's got a younger sister who's grown up since you went away to the city to make your—fortune," with a curl of his lips. "I'm going to marry her; so I see Bertha every once in a while. Bertha asks about you every time I see her. Three weeks ago I saw her. She asked if I had heard from you and I said no. Why, God knows. I've written you often enough, but I had to go and yank you out of bed before I was sure you were alive. Then she said: 'Well, I suppose he's awfully busy. He told me he was going to be rich when he came back, and that takes a lot of work. But I'd like to know if

he's well,' she said. 'I don't care about the money.' That was when I decided she was going to have a birthday present."

Silence. Sam was looking at the floor, so he didn't see the yearning, anxious light in Joe's eyes. When he did look up, startled into it by another command to strip, Joe had turned away and was going into the bedroom.

"And put these on," came from there, followed by a shower of heavy clothing. Woolen underwear, heavy red socks, a woolen shirt, red-and-black checked like the one Joe was wearing over a blue denim shirt, breeches of salt and pepper checked wool that laced below the knees, a pair of leather boots.

Sam changed quickly and in silence, while Joe made sure the fires were properly banked. Then he donned a sheep-skin coat and a leather helmet lined with wool—and watched Joe, clad in Mackinaw and scotch cap, turn back from the front door and go into the bedroom. He came out tucking into his watch-pocket a something that glittered.

"What's that—a watch?"

"No. It's a compass."

"Huh! Well, you'll use it all by yourself. I'm not walking to North Island."

Joe made no answer. He only smiled to himself as he climbed into the car and started the engine, for Sam had climbed in ahead of him. Whether he walked to North Island or not remained to be seen. The important thing was that he had climbed into the car.

Direct action had worked. So had the lash of speech. From now on another method was going to be applied.

The engine drumming steadily, the car left the comparative shelter of the village and turned west into the teeth of the wind. This was the road, winding sinuously between the hills and connecting the railroad village behind them with the fishing village of Norland, over which Sam had made daily trips with the mail stage before he gave up his contract to seek his fortune in the city. Four times a day in the summer, twice a day in the winter, he had driven over this road. Some of his winter trips had taken five or six hours of forcing a team through uncleared drifts. Some of them he hadn't been able to complete at all. Now Sam was seeing the difference.

Yesterday, coming north, the road had been a smooth white boulevard leveled off by snow-plows. This morning it wasn't. The plows hadn't reached this road yet and it was badly drifted. More than once the engine labored mightily, more than once great clouds of snow were flung high as the radiator struck the drifts. But they kept moving.

Sam was thinking of many things, Joe knew. He was being impressed by this evidence of change. Twenty-five miles an hour was possible most of the time, and this in a closed car equipped with a heater. No city could boast of any greater improvement. Sam was also comparing this ease of travel with the hardships he had encountered—and mastered. Mastered; how much of that had he done in the city? Very little, Joe guessed. Otherwise he wouldn't have hidden himself away there and refused to answer letters.

This was Sam's country. He belonged here. Joe knew it, and was working to make him see it. And Sam was seeing it, not only with his eyes, which Joe could see by looking into the rear-vision mirror, but with his mind.

The winding road, every inch of it familiar to Sam, was covered at last. The little car turned a corner. They were on the main street of their home town—Norland, and on every side were houses well known to them both. Sam's eyes were interested, not dull.

They crossed the iron bridge and Joe swung the car to the left and stopped.

Here was the postoffice, the same small building—a lean-to on the north side of the two-story general store—into which Sam had dragged many a sack of mail. Lights were lit inside. Though it was almost nine o'clock, the low gray clouds and the mist of snow made it gloomy inside. Men were standing in the two windows.

"I ain't goin' in there," Sam growled. It was the first word he had spoken since they left the house forty-five minutes before.

BUT he couldn't avoid his old friends. They came out to the car. While Joe slid out of the door beside him they gathered about and reached out welcoming hands and voices.

"Hello there, Sam! Not enough excitement in Grand Rapids, eh? Well, you're startin' some to-day!"

"He sure is. But he's got to see Bertha once in a while, don't he?"

"Hey, Sam! This trip ain't going to be as easy as your last one."

"Goin' alone, Sam?"

"Now! Don't you see Joe? Bertha's got a sister ain't she?"

"That's right. Haw-haw!"

Fine, fine fellows, these. They didn't care what Sam's condition in life was. How much money he had made in the city was nothing to them. They were only glad to see him. And they were contributing a help that Joe hadn't counted on. But this

was no time to ruminate, for the matters Joe had arranged by telephone were coming to pass.

Helmar Dallin, the postmaster, came out. In Sam's time he had been only an aspirant for the office; now an air of responsibility sat upon his dapper shoulders, as he shook Sam's hand and plunged at once into business.

"I wouldn't believe it at first, Sam," he





said. "But Lacy Gordon insisted. He said you two were coming over, weather or not, and ordered me to release the mail to you. That's up to him, of course. He's got the contract for the island mail and any order he telephones goes with me. So it's all ready for you."

Sam looked at Joe with a frown. He was about to say something that promised to be unpleasant when Helmar went on.

"I did one thing, Sam," he said. "Lacy hasn't been over for three weeks, so there's quite a bit of mail. It's too much for one hand-sled. So I picked out the first-class mail. The other we'll keep here till he can come across with a horse."

"Who said I was——" Sam began, when there came another interruption.

More than once a foot set down—went down and down. and down; more than once the other knee and both hands were flung out wildly in a scramble for support

"I'll bet ye don't make it 'fore dark, Sam Burse," a cracked old voice called from the outside edge of the crowd. It was Sam Link, and the boys stood aside, grinning. He shuffled through to the car and extended a gnarled and vein-ridged hand. "Shake hands with an old man, Sam. Ye're jest like yer father was before ye, and I like the feel of a damn' fool's grip."

Sam took it automatically. "Why——" he began, then Joe spoke.

"Here's the load, Sam," he said. His eyes were as guileless as a baby's. "I thought I'd bring it out so you could look

over the lashings." He thrust the tow line into Sam's hand.

"—— get cold feet the minute he sees the lake," a slow voice spoke up. "Only one man ever started across in this kind of weather, and the coast guard picked him up two days later."

That was a familiar story. It had been told a thousand times in the last ten years. But now was a poor time to voice it; the quick turning of resentful heads said so.

"Yep, they found him," old man Link piped up. "That's my boy Bill talkin', Sam. He believes in safety first. He wears a life preserver every time he crosses a bridge. But he's a good storekeeper; ain't ye, Bill? . . . Yes, sir, he was as stiff as a

(Continued on page 50)



From Shinny to Hockey

By W. O. McGeehan

Illustrated by Herman Palmer

ORGANIZED ice hockey is a comparatively new game, consequently it still is in the experimental stage as far as the final and definite rules are concerned. The game as it was first played is no more like the modern game, the game invented out of the disorganized "shinny on the ice," than the pastime invented by Major Abner Doubleday and his friends at Cooperstown, New York, is like the game that is played by the big leagues of our time.

Last year some of the magnates proposed that a baseball team be made up of ten men instead of the original nine, the tenth man to act as a pinch hitter for the pitcher, to prevent that burden-laden athlete from becoming overworked. The suggestion was laughed out of the meeting for the time being, but it was an indication of restlessness on the part of the rule-makers of baseball.

The modern game of intercollegiate football is radically different from the game of which the late Walter Camp was hailed as the father. There is no doubt that it is a much better game. Where the original game was a battle of brawn almost entirely, the game of to-day puts a premium on quickness of thought and of action.

It is a great game as it stands, or rather it was a great game until last winter, when the football rules committee made some changes calculated to produce static in a game that was all sustained action. What they may do at the next meeting is hard to predict. One never can fathom those weird, inscrutable minds. But it is quite evident that the disposition is for more tinkering. One would think that a game after sixty years of experimenting should have reached a stage of near-permanence, but the members of the football rules committee evidently do not think so.

Fortunately for the chess players nobody has tried to change the rules of that pastime for centuries. Still, if chess attains the popularity where it will draw crowds and develop gate receipts, there may be some clamor for a change in rules that will increase the excitement.

For instance, some time back the guardians of baseball decided that the patrons of baseball wanted more action in the matter of hitting. Consequently they placed restrictions upon the pitchers to prevent pitchers' duels; and there is a shrewd suspicion that they made the league baseballs considerably livelier. The manufacturers deny this, but the players insist that it is so.

Now supposing that the promoters

of chess tournaments should decide that their patrons wanted more action in the game—and it is a game that could stand a little more speed—the obvious thing to do would be to give the knights, the bishops and the rooks the same latitude that is given the queen in movement. Or they might compromise by having two queens to the side instead of one, and allow the king to resort to the forward pass when in danger.

Ice hockey is a younger game than either baseball or intercollegiate football. I refer to the organized sport. In theory it is one of the most primitive of games. It is akin to dismounted polo, the Irish game of hurling, to the comparatively venerable game of field hockey. Of course, it is faster than any of these. The ice furnishes the ground-work for the speed; and it is the fastest game played by humans without mechanical aids. Also there is beauty and grace in it.

Ice hockey as an organized game is about half the age of baseball. In the very primitive stage there could be any number on a side. It was played on an open ice pond and naturally the hockey players had to wait on favoring weather before they could indulge in their favorite sport.

The hockey sticks were crude implements cut from the nearby forests. The puck was a rubber ball or, in some of the impromptu games, a tin can or a block of wood was used. There were no rules. The only stipulation

seemed to be that you must "shinny on your own side." Now that lone rule which seemed to be the first commandment of ice hockey is the one that has been entirely changed in the reorganization to make ice hockey swifter and more exciting to the customers, as we presently shall see.

First they conceived the notion of narrowing the scoring line down to definite goals, as in all forms of football. There was made a definite target between two posts. This necessitated organization to reach the clearly defined objectives. It developed into a team game with the realization that nothing could be accomplished by disorganized effort, no matter how strenuous.

They began to develop the hockey players into a team and to clear the ice of the others. Originally the hockey team was composed of seven men. One of the posts has been abandoned since the sport first was organized. This was the position of rover. The rover led a restless life. He was leader of the offensive and was expected to back up the defense. He was here, there and everywhere on the ice, seeming rather like an independent guerilla than a member of the team.

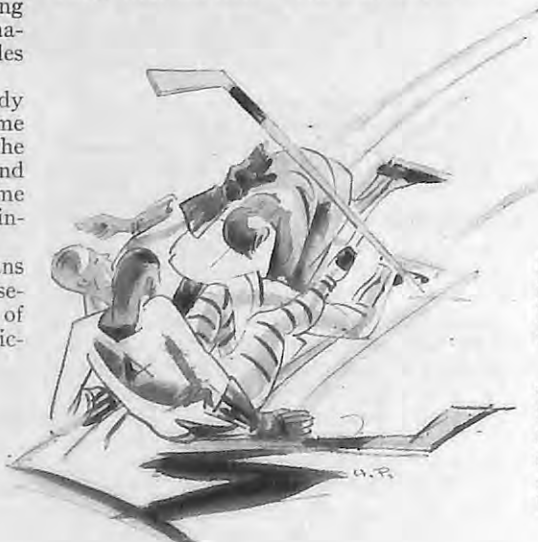
LIKE all games, hockey was a sport for amateurs, at its inception. But when it came to the point of professionalizing it, economic reasons demanded that the number of players on a team be decreased. Professional hockey demanded regular schedules and, to be sure of ice, it had to be transferred to rinks. Artificial ice is expensive and it was necessary to reduce the field of play.

Also it was desirable to take the game indoors. The less hardy of the hockey fans wanted to watch the game in comfort.

That is why sometimes the game at Madison Square Garden seems highly artificial at times. The spectators in the steam-heated galleries could almost dress themselves in the same garments that they wear at Pinehurst or Florida. Only the followers of intercollegiate football would be interested enough to follow the game of ice hockey if it were played professionally in the setting where it originated.

So the official hockey team was reduced to six players. The spheroid was impractical for the limited areas of the rinks and the rubber disc, which is called the puck, was substituted. There were regulation hockey sticks invented, just as there are regulation baseball bats or golf clubs.

The goalkeeper was arrayed in parapher-



Shinny is one of the most primitive of games. It was played on an open ice pond and the players had to wait on the wea-



ther. Organized hockey is standardized in equipment, played indoors and the fastest game played by men without mechanical aids

nia resembling that worn by a baseball catcher. He was allowed to use a special hockey stick with an abnormally broad blade. He wears broad shin guards and armor of all sorts in order that he may transform himself into the broadest possible obstacle against attack.

All of the players are padded and bandaged to a greater extent than the man who plays intercollegiate football. The professional game has become rougher and rougher and the armor certainly is needed.

The first professional Ice Hockey League was the International, composed of Pittsburgh, Calumet (Mich.), Houghton (Mich.), Sault Ste. Marie (Mich.), and Sault Ste. Marie (Ont.). Pittsburgh was the only team then that played on artificial ice. The first league did not last long, but the ballyhoo for the game had been started.

Lord Stanley, former Governor-General of Canada, presented a trophy to be known as the Stanley Cup, to be emblematic of world-supremacy at ice hockey. Any team of sufficient prestige had the right to challenge the holders to defend their possession of the trophy. With the breaking up of the International League, players drifted into mid-western and far-western Canadian territory, promoting interest in ice hockey. It became the fashion of cities seeking advertising, to organize professional hockey teams. And so many Stanley Cup series were played, one of the most notable of which brought the Kenora Thistles to Montreal.

The original game belongs to Canada, but interest in it spread to the border cities of the United States. It was taken up as an amateur sport by American colleges long before the professional promoters in the United States could see its possibilities. The favorite hero of Princeton University was Hobe Baker, one of the greatest of the amateur hockey players.

One of those influential in rousing the interest of American sporting capital in the

game of ice hockey is Joseph Page, the baseball scout. Mr. Page, once a big-league baseball player, emigrated to Canada, taking a baseball and a bat with him. He has since been known as the father of baseball in Canada. Now he can claim a double parentage as the father of professional ice hockey in the United States.

Skeptical at first, Tex Rickard and the directors of Madison Square Garden decided to go in for ice hockey. It turned out to be the salvation of the investment in Madison Square Garden and of other similar institutions which maintain hockey teams. There was some discomfiture in Canada over this because it resulted in the bodily transfer of hockey teams from cities in Canada to cities on this side of the line.

YOU can picture to yourself how baseball fans in the United States would feel if the same sort of interest in baseball should develop in Canada as has developed for ice hockey in the United States. Picture to yourselves the feeling of baseball fans in New York if the Giants were kidnapped entirely by Montreal, the Yankees shifted to Toronto and the Dodgers to Fredericton, New Brunswick.

In the formation of the new National League of Ice Hockey, the Hamilton Tigers became the New York Americans, with their home rink at Madison Square Garden. Lester Patrick, who took ice hockey to western Canada and who organized it on the Canadian Pacific Coast, became the manager of the Rangers, whose home rink also was Madison Square Garden.

The new league had a gala opening at Madison Square Garden while the pipers' band of the Canadian Black Watch plied their pibrochs. It might have been a series of dirges over the lifting of the game from

Canada for it meant that, as in professional baseball, the best professional players would go where they were offered the most money. Naturally that meant that the Canadian-bred hockey players would drift to the teams representing the American cities.

The National League adopted the neutral zone style of play which originated on the Pacific Coast. In the neutral zone forward passing or kicking the puck was legal. Outside of the neutral zone this fashion of play was illegal.

It became apparent that American consumption demanded still more action than the game, as imported, provided. Or, at any rate the promoters decided that their patrons wanted more action and more scoring, just as the baseball magnates decided that the fans wanted more hitting and more runs.

There was too much defensive play in the game of hockey as it first came to the United States. A side that happened to score a point in a game, immediately would take the defensive, packing before the goal-keeper and taking no more chances. The forward pass prohibition made a sustained attack difficult when it was not permitted to pass in a forward direction outside the neutral zone.

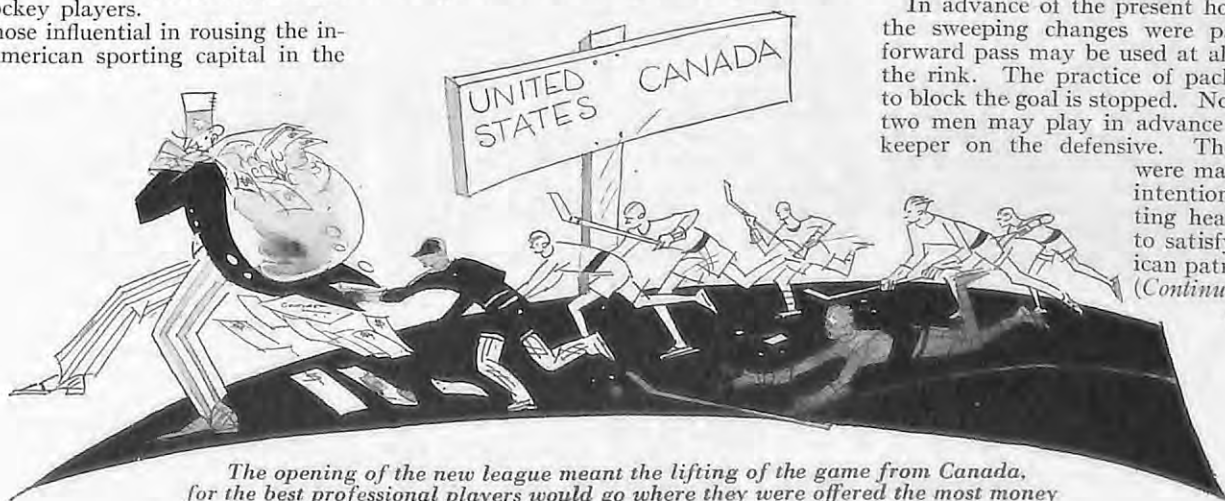
The penalty for violation of this rule was severe. It meant the loss of the offending player for a period of two minutes; and some of the decisions on illegal forward passing were rather close, resulting sometimes in rioting on the part of the aggravated fans.

NATURALLY the Canadians were more conservative and opposed any radical change in the rules. Lester Patrick was the exception. He favored the more open game with the variety of chances that are given in the American game of intercollegiate football through the innovation of the forward pass.

In advance of the present hockey season the sweeping changes were passed. The forward pass may be used at all sections of the rink. The practice of packing players to block the goal is stopped. Not more than two men may play in advance of the goal keeper on the defensive. These changes

were made with the intention of permitting heavier scoring to satisfy the American patrons.

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The opening of the new league meant the lifting of the game from Canada, for the best professional players would go where they were offered the most money



Stampeding The African Buffalo

By Wynant Davis Hubbard, F. Z. S.

Illustrated by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge

"LET'S go in after them."
"All right, Frank," I answered.
"Perhaps we can work them out if we go slowly."

We were endeavoring to make a moving picture of the stampede of a herd of African buffalo. There were three of us working at the proposition. Noble, my cameraman, Frank, assistant cameraman and helper and adviser in every other matter that came up, and myself.

The afternoon in question we had spoorred a herd of about a hundred buffalo into a very large *saka*. This *saka*, like all others into which buffalo retreat shortly after sun-up, was so thick and dense that it was impossible to photograph inside it. Therefore the buffalo must come out. But just how to go to work to bring about such a desirable happening was quite a question.

The African buffalo has an almost hideous reputation for vindictiveness and savagery. To even contemplate entering a thick *saka* and rousing a herd from their mid-day snooze and then attempting to drive such a herd in a particular direction seemed madness. Yet we decided to try it. Both Frank and I were sufficiently confident of our shooting ability to feel that even if the herd or any member of it charged we could save ourselves. Our tree climbing we knew to be of the first order, also.

We were in, to us, new country. Just how extensive the *saka* in front of us was we did not know. From what our natives said and from a general view we had obtained a month before from a high hill miles to the north and west, we judged that the tangled mass ran for miles. It was reported waterless. So we posted Noble with his cameras and the motor truck in an open space which ran deep into the side of

saka. Our intention was to drive the herd the length of the thick stuff and then make them run across this open space where Noble could photograph them.

With a last look around to fix in our memory any land marks which might serve as guides we went in. At first the spoor of the herd wandered amongst high ant hills and over ground which had been burnt some time before. Then the fire had died out for some reason and high yellow grass massed with the brush and undergrowth. There were a few high trees, but the dense stuff was made up of smallish growth and vines.

The herd had split up. Trails led seemingly in every direction and crossed and recrossed. But the general trend was deeper and deeper into the *saka*. Very slowly and cautiously we moved along. On either side of us our trackers followed trails that branched off from the large one Frank and I were on. At every ant-hill we stopped and climbing up, tried to see ahead. But it was impossible. So we stood listening intently for minutes at a time. There is always noise coming from a herd of buffalo. A calf may bawl or an adult animal may snort or bellow. The shaking of a tree or the snap of a stick may give their position away to anyone listening keenly. The *saka* seemed dead and lifeless. The noon sun poured down a sweltering blanket of heat. Sweat poured off as we crawled under branches and wormed our way along the twisting trails.

The *saka* thinned somewhat. Large trees became more plentiful and the undergrowth thinner. The grass was mashed

down in all directions and droppings were scattered all over. We stopped. Obviously we had come onto a spot which was a favorite with the buffalo. The signs, old and new alike, were everywhere. We walked cautiously around. But the spoor was in such a tangle it was almost impossible to decipher it. Climbing onto an ant-hill we stood and listened for a while. Nothing. We thought of Noble waiting patiently or impatiently in the broiling sun.

"I don't believe they have gone farther, Frank," I said. "Let's work towards the edge and then go back in a line half way between here and the open and see what we pick up."

"WELL, we've come this far. I say we go on a bit and then cast back," he answered. Which we did. But the tracks while numerous were old. The grass was very thick and it was difficult to tell the difference between tracks of a few days' age. It soon became clear that the herd certainly had not passed where we were. They might have gone either to the left or right but I thought to the left. In that direction the *saka* ended on the top of a gentle slope which led down to a stream. The stream was dry except for a few water holes. It was at one of these that we had picked up the spoor of the herd that morning. As the buffalo were unaware that we were following them it seemed likely that they had not gone deeper into the *saka*; that they were even then lying down somewhere between us and the edge.

As we were discussing this question Frank



A Hazardous, Hair-raising Feat, Never Before Accomplished

suddenly ceased speaking and listened. "Sounded like a bawl," he said. "Came from over there," and he pointed towards the edge.

That direction seemed best in any case, so we moved on again. It was ticklish work. Somewhere near was a herd of buffalo. The stuff we were pushing through was so thick we might easily run on top of the herd before either we or they were aware of each other's presence. If that were possible, it grew even hotter. Possibly the tension of creeping along not knowing at what moment a buffalo might rise up in front of us had something to do with it, but sweat poured off us in streams. The natives gleamed with water. It was stifling. And then almost directly ahead of us sounded the low grunt of a buffalo. We stopped instantly and subjected the surrounding thickets to an intense scrutiny. But ten pairs of eyes could discover nothing suspicious. We moved again, putting our feet down with infinite care and sliding around bushes and under branches so slowly that not a sound betrayed our advance.

"Lost: one herd of buffalo. Finder please return to owner," Frank muttered. I wanted to laugh. The tension was high. Where were those buffs? They must be close by. That grunt had seemed almost alongside us, it sounded so close. My hands

grew wet and I heard Frank breathing heavily and fast. It was nervous work.

Then as I stared ahead something black moved amongst the trees and bush. I touched Frank. The natives stopped. It moved again.

"There they are," I whispered, nodding my head and pointing with my chin. "I can only see part of one. No, it's two. Good Lord, the place is alive with them," Indistinct shapes could be seen moving about ahead of us. Never did a whole buffalo show itself, but those black shapes which appeared and disappeared could be nothing else. We looked around. There was an ant-hill just a little to the right and ahead. We stealthily moved to it and climbed up.

But what to do? Deciding that our best chance of driving them was to form a semi-circle behind them, I sent off five natives with my most capable hunter as leader to form one end of the circle. Frank and I were in the middle, with two boys to our right.

There was not the faintest trouble. The buffalo heard or saw the natives going to the left. Branches snapped, there was a sound of heavy hoofs on the ground, a few snorts and grunts and the herd moved off. They were not very frightened because we came up with them again in a few minutes. I waved at an old bull that had half turned for a look behind. He lowered his head and went on.

Slowly we walked behind. It was not over yet. We had to force them out into the open. And we could never know at what moment we might bump into a laggard or an old bull or cow which had decided

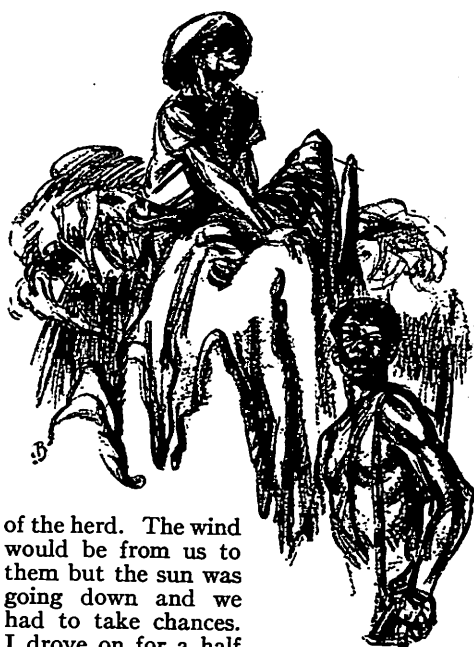
to turn back and investigate. Whenever we caught sight of a buffalo, we coughed, or cleared our throats loudly or scratched a match and lit a cigarette. Once we got very close and could see a line of buffalo walking deliberately around the base of an ant-hill. One in particular looked huge. It was hairless and the greyish dirtiness of its back showed sharp against the dark ant-hill.

THEN suddenly the buffalo disappeared. There was no sound. We hurried forward anxiously, but carefully, and to our surprise found that we were on the edge of the 'saka on bare ground. Which way had the buffalo gone? We were nearly opposite Noble. Had they passed by him as we wanted them to? Quickly we cast around and almost at once picked up the spoor. The herd had closed ranks and gone off along the edge of the 'saka away from Noble.

Telling some boys to follow the herd but not to let themselves be seen, Frank and I ran for the truck. Poor Noble was nearly dead from the heat but we piled into the truck and started after the buffs.

Within a quarter of a mile we picked up one of the natives I had sent after the herd. The buffalo were just ahead and feeding quietly along as if heading for the grass near the little river. We drove on slowly. Yes, there they were. But between us and the sun. We could not photograph.

I stopped the truck and we watched as the great beasts moved ahead of us amongst the trees. Even now they did not seem frightened. Slowly they crossed ahead of us. As the last went out of sight I drove forward planning to get onto the other side



of the herd. The wind would be from us to them but the sun was going down and we had to take chances. I drove on for a half mile and then swinging to the left attempted to head the herd off. But I misjudged. As if from nowhere buffalo appeared everywhere among the low proteas trees. Some were not a hundred yards from us. I stopped. But the leaves on the trees were thick and although we could see plenty of buffalo the scene was not what we wanted.

Getting off the truck we again attempted to surround the herd and stampede them onto Noble. But the country was too open. The buffalo saw us clearly. The scattered animals closed in and suddenly the whole herd stampeded. There was a rush and rumble of feet, clouds of dust rose amongst the trees, limbs and branches snapped. The herd was gone. We had missed our chance.

But at least we had gained confidence. Buffalo could be driven; even out of a 'saka if necessary. That discovery alone was encouraging. So we packed up the cameras and drove back to camp.

During the next three days we covered a great deal of ground. Our first experience had shown us the necessity of finding a place for our stampede which was open and about which, if necessary, we could move the truck. There were literally thousands of buffalo in the area we were in. But they kept to the thick 'saka during the day and only at night came out on the open flats bordering the river. Several times we came on buffalo in the 'saka. Once Frank and I almost stumbled over four bulls. They tore off through the thick bush smashing small trees and pounding the hard baked ground with their hoofs until it rumbled. Our hearts leaped, but nothing untoward occurred. Another day our gun boys drove seven enormous bulls into the open about two o'clock in the afternoon. We cut them off from the 'saka with the truck and took pictures of them. But we wanted a big herd; at least two hundred animals.

NEWs from our main camp decided us to return there. We had been catching buffalo with considerable regularity in our two long lines of pitfalls, yet up until now there had been no very large herds there. But a boy bringing provisions reported that a very large herd had been seen twice recently close to camp.

For the next week we got up every morning at a little before four. After a hurried breakfast we started the truck and bumped out on the veld while it was still dark. The mornings were bitterly

cold. We had to force ourselves mightily to make the effort. As dawn after dawn broke without our finding the big herd it became harder and harder to make the effort. But a stampede we were determined to have. So we kept at it. Not a day passed but what we saw buffalo. Every morning we ran into some, either single bulls or parties of seven or ten. As the truck approached they would stand for a moment and then stampede, the dust from their feet rising behind them in a trail like smoke from an exhaust. The sight of buffalo became so familiar we hardly noticed the single ones. The big herd became an obsession. Find it we would and if we found it we swore we would photograph it.

WE HAD no roads. Each morning we left camp and followed our old tracks close along the edge of the 'saka. One morning it was our hope to find the big herd grazing back toward cover. When we did find it we intended to drive the truck in between the herd and the 'saka. Then by getting behind the herd and shouting we hoped to stampede them on top of the cameras and so get our picture.

The sun was not up. There was just a faint greyish light over the veld. I was very intent, negotiating a rough spot where the 'saka jutted out in a peninsular of extra thick stuff. Suddenly Jam who stood on the running board beside me whispered excitedly, "Stop! I'nkos, the herd." I stopped with a jerk. We were just on the edge of a long park-like stretch. There were a few scattered tall trees and a few ant-hills. Otherwise it was clear country. We peered eagerly ahead. Great Leaping Lilies! The veld was literally covered with buffalo. Everywhere the huge black shapes moved slowly as the animals grazed at their leisure on the short grass.

"Good Lord," gasped Frank, "how many are they?"

"Must be at least five hundred," I muttered. The veld was black with buffalo.

We watched for a few minutes. The sun was almost up. The reddish light of morning spread slowly over the veld. As the light increased we could see the whole herd stretching down the slope until lost among the trees. Buffalo! I never realized what an awesome sight such a huge herd could be.

They were slowly heading for the 'saka about three hundred yards ahead of them. A large hairless cow with a small calf was leading.

From where we were the herd was to our right and about a hundred and fifty yards ahead. On our left ran a long line of pitfalls. They terminated, I knew, in a slight curve almost directly ahead. From the direction in which the leader was heading I guessed that the buffalo knew this also.

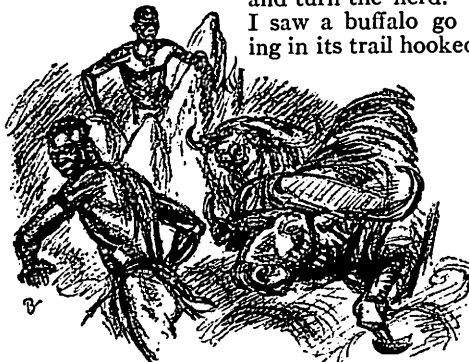
It was still too dark to photograph. Haze obscured the sun. Grass fires were numerous and their smoke hung high for days making the light uncertain. But light or no light, we had to get between that herd and the 'saka. If it were possible we must hold them back until the sun was well up.

Very quietly I threw in the gears and we moved out into the open. A few of the nearest buffalo gazed at us for a moment but the truck, camouflaged with grass and

branches, could not have looked very suspicious, for they returned to their grazing. The natives in the back were whispering excitedly. I kept darting glances at the herd as we gradually drew parallel to them. Then I struck some soft ground and had to shift into low gear. At the growl that ensued the buffalo looked up. The leader gazed at us suspiciously. We kept on. I fixed my eyes resolutely on the ground ahead.

"Go on, go on," muttered Frank. "Faster, faster," he whispered excitedly.

I pushed the throttle down and ventured a look at the herd. The leader was loping her calf at her heels. She was heading for the end of the pitfalls about two hundred yards ahead. So did I. We bumped along faster and faster. Suddenly panic swept the herd. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the buffalo gathering behind their leader. I pushed the throttle down as far as it would go. We were even with the big cow. We drew ahead a little. Now the herd was in full flight. Strung out in a long line they galloped along in a rough line three or four abreast. Dust rose in clouds and drifted towards us. We careered around the end of the pitfalls. I prayed even in my excitement that my memory was good and that we were around. Simultaneously the leading buffalo and ourselves arrived at a low ant-hill. The boys were yelling now. Dust enveloped us. I rushed the truck up the ant-hill and stopped. Just below us the head of the stampede was thundering by not ten yards ahead. The hoofs drummed on the hard earth. Dust rose so thick we could barely see the galloping forms. I got out and grabbing my rifle yelled wildly to Frank to shoot. We might break the line and turn the herd. We fired. In the dust I saw a buffalo go down. Another following in its trail hooked it savagely. Then the



dust rose so thick we could see nothing and there was nothing to do but wait until the air should clear a little. Only from the seething, swirling cloud came a thundering noise like that heard when a train rushes through a tunnel beneath one. Grunts and bellows

swept past us sounding muffled and broken. It was the stampede, but no chance to photograph it. We could not see, let alone work a camera.

The rumble died away. There was the crash of branches. The herd was in the 'saka. As the dust settled a buffalo's head appeared dim and menacing. It was facing us, its head stuck straight out, its ears hanging stiff below the sweep of its horns. Frank and I saw it at the same moment. Crash! We had fired together. The head disappeared.

The dust cleared away. Two dead buffalo lay in front of us. The natives piled out of the back. Their eyes were nearly starting from their heads. They jabbered excitedly. We whites gazed at each other for a moment.

"The stampede," said Frank.

"Oh, Hades," answered Noble.

It was terribly disheartening. I doubt if such a sight has ever been seen before. And we had not been able to photograph it.

"No sun, no sun," Noble was furious with disappointment. So were all of us. Even now at seven o'clock the haze was so

red and thick that we could not make a picture.

"Never saw so much dust in my life," I said. "We could not have made a picture even if we had had sun. Look at the cameras." They were gray with dust and the lenses were all clouded and dirty.

"Live and learn," said Frank. He was always cheerful. "We'll know enough next time to get on the up wind side. I thought you were going to drive right into them for a moment," he went on, turning to me.

"I was," I answered, "but I thought better of it. They would have rolled us over."

"Hades," muttered Noble again. "Another chance shot away. Do you think we'll ever get this damned thing right?"

"Have to," was all the answer he got. What a sight. What a thrill. But what a failure!

BACK at camp we held a long conference. There seemed no question but that the big herd had come to stay. Water was scarce back in the bush. Everywhere the buffalo were coming down closer to the river. The big herd that we had stampeded that morning fed and drank nightly in a big shallow lagoon about three miles away. From there they fed back slowly, arriving close to the 'saka just at dawn. But whether they stayed in the 'saka every day was questionable. It was hardly a big enough one to shelter so many buffalo. It was possible that the herd pushed through the small one, crossed an open plateau behind it and went into the ka'saka, or very big 'saka, beyond.

While we busied ourselves with other work I sent all my hunters out to trail the herd and find out where they went. In the evening they returned with an unanimous report that the herd crossed every day from the small to the large 'saka and that they fled back during the night. It seemed a very long distance for such a large herd to travel every day. But if they did do so it was a point in our favor. Somewhere along those six miles we should be able to intercept the herd and get our picture.

I sent for a trader friend, Pete Cavadia. Pete knew the country and was a great and capable hunter. We explained our difficulties and our experiences and had some hearty laughs at some of the crazy situations in which we had found ourselves. Cavadia had never heard of such a thing as driving a herd of buffalo. Our experiences showed, however, that it was a perfectly possible undertaking, although at times a trifle risky. But Pete was game to help and so we agreed that next Sunday—it was then Wednesday—we would make another attempt on the big herd provided that we could find it.

Three o'clock Sunday Pete arrived. He came down the river from his trading station by dugout. We had a hurried cup of tea and discussed our final plans. First we would go with the truck to the pitfalls. If the herd was there or had gone past, Pete and I were to get off with some natives and follow them. Frank and Noble would take the cameras and drive around the small 'saka

and station themselves near a certain clump of trees on the plateau. We hoped most fervently that we were each speaking of the same clump.

Off we went. At the pits it was only too obvious that the herd had gone past, for a young calf had fallen into one pit. We hurriedly dragged it out, tied it up and loaded it into the truck. It bellowed loudly but that was all to our advantage. The bellowing would not scare the herd. Rather the chances were that they might return intending to effect a rescue.

Frank and Noble drove back to camp to leave the calf and then continued around the 'saka to the plateau. Pete and I sat down to smoke a cigarette. We had plenty of time.

Ten minutes later we started through the small 'saka on the trail of the herd. To our surprise we found ourselves on a regular highway. The brush had been trampled flat by the passage of hundreds of buffalo. Only a few of the stoutest brushes still stood. We walked smartly along until the thinning of the thickets on each side warned us that we were nearly through the 'saka. Tall trees appeared ahead. Very slowly we left the cover and heading for the nearest ant-hill, climbed up it.

A hasty look showed no buffalo in sight. We looked more carefully. Away to the left we saw something moving. We focused our glasses. Buffalo. But not many. They looked like a party of old bulls and as such only interesting in that they might be loitering on the fringe of the main herd.

Climbing down, we moved slowly towards another ant-hill. About halfway Pete suddenly touched my arm.

"Look there," he whispered, pointing to our right.

I looked and saw some more buffalo. This time not far away. They were feeding very slowly across our front from right to left.

"Let's get on that ant-hill ahead there," I whispered back. "We can see all around from there."

Bending double so as not to show ourselves more than necessary we scuttled for the ant-hill. Once on it we crouched low and raised our heads. I gasped and looked at Pete.

"I never saw so many buffalo," he said. "You told me it was a big herd, but I never saw so many at once."

Before us, scattered, grazing quietly over the veld was the big herd. Everywhere we looked there were buffalo.

"But how did they get so far around to our right?" I asked.

"Don't know," replied Pete. "Gosh, look at that bull," as a huge buffalo walked out from behind an



ant-hill. "No one will believe me when I tell them about this."

"We should worry whether they believe us or not," I retorted. "The buffs are here all right enough."

"What will we do now?" queried Pete.

I looked at the sun and considered. It was about half-past seven.

"We'd better wait another half hour before we move. It will take Frank some time to get around ahead of us and the light is not strong enough yet, anyhow," I answered.

"Let's sit tight right here."

For more nearly an hour we sat watching. It was a sight never to be forgotten. I cursed myself for not having brought one camera with me. But who could have foreseen anything like this? Buffalo nearly all around us. The nearest not seventy-five yards away. Big ones, little ones, yearlings, hairless old bulls, calves nursing at their mothers, all grazing peacefully before us. As the herd slowly drifted past it seemed endless. When we lost sight of some behind trees or ant-hills others walked into view. We tried to count them but it was impossible. They were so numerous and moved about continually. At one time it seemed as if an old bull was coming right onto our ant-hill to feed. But he changed his mind and turned off.

We had forgotten our rifles. It was almost impossible to realize that we sat so close to such a big herd of the animals that are commonly thought of as the most dangerous of the five really dangerous big game animals of Africa. Watching the great beasts grazing so contentedly it seemed absurd that they could be harmful. Yet more than once both Pete and I had had experiences with buffalo that were thrilling and terrifying in their viciousness.

A BUFFALO ahead of us suddenly raised its head and listened. Others followed suit.

"What is it?" I asked Pete. "They aren't far enough around to get our wind yet."

Pete listened intently before answering. A low distant growl came to us. Then Jam touched me.

"It's the motor, I'nkos," he whispered. "Bwana Frank is leaving camp."

"That's it," agreed Pete. "The truck."

But the noise seemed to be a familiar one to the buffalo. After listening a few minutes as if trying to determine in which direction the truck was going they quietly resumed feeding. The majority had not even bothered to raise their heads.

"Give Frank another half hour," I said, "and we can start the battle."

"If the buffalo do not get our wind first," answered Pete. "They are working around to the right fairly fast now."

"Keep quiet," I muttered. "Where the devil do you think you are?" So quickly had we become accustomed to our buffalo companions that Pete was almost talking in his normal voice. And the nearest animals hardly a stone's throw distant.

"Sorry," he answered, grinning broadly. "Forgot."

We sat on drinking in the scene. Then a
(Continued on page 46)



The Gloyne Murder

By Carl Clausen

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

Part III

PAUL and I had just finished an early dinner that evening and I was in the kitchen washing the last of the dishes when I heard the buzzer ring. It was William Sadler, our drug-addict friend. He stayed with Paul for some half-hour, during which time I busied myself with inconsequential matters in other parts of the flat, consumed with curiosity over the possible reason for this second visit. When he had gone, I ventured into the living room and found my husband stretched at ease in the Cogswell, thumbing through a sheaf of notes by the light of the bridge lamp.

"You and Mr. Sadler are getting quite chummy, aren't you?" I remarked when he kept on studying the notes without as much as raising his eyes at my entrance.

"Yes. Oh, yes—quite. We're rather necessary to each other at the moment, you know," he replied. "I'm continuing Miss Gloyne's treatment, as it were."

"You mean that he's coming here every evening, indefinitely, for his—er, allowance?" I asked, "and perhaps murder us in our beds!" I added.

Paul looked up with that innocent, quizzical expression of his.

"I've never known this family to go to bed at six-thirty," he said. "Listen to this, Pete! It's my own interpretation of our deaf-mute's somewhat reluctant chirographic replies:

"The Sadlers and the Gleiches were neighbors in Duray, Virginia. Neal, our William Sadler's brother, fell in love with Dora while they were still in high school. But it seems that he had a serious rival. Dora's histrionic ambitions apparently manifested themselves early. From these notes of William I gather that she was the prime mover in all school entertainments and that she saw to it that she, herself, was cast for the principal rôles—always. A pair of doting parents, no doubt, suffering from repressed exhibitionist temperament, lost no opportunity in fostering in their only child the desire to show off. Little Dora was a beauty in her rustic, flaxen-haired way, it seems; also a vain, egotistical little beast, who treated poor Neal, her self-appointed swain, rather worse than the dirt under her shapely feet. But Neal, the faithful, was always on hand anticipating her slightest whim—used, but none the worse for wear, outrageously snubbed, yet ever humbly worshipful. Even when she ran away and married an itinerant player, he remained faithful to her memory, and when after two

years of hectic life in hall bed-rooms of tank towns she finally divorced her actor, Neal was the first to be on hand with an offer of salvage.

"But it seems that far from letting this experience be a lesson, it merely whetted her appetite for more. Her parents had died about this time and left her a few thousand dollars in cash and property, so she set sail for New York with what she thought was a final scornful gesture to her would-be lover. She was going to be a great actress. She must work free and untrammelled and all that sort of thing. No one but her husband had ever told her how really bad she was, and his opinion to the effect that she was the only poor ham that had ever come out of Virginia, as our friend William so graphically put it, she attributed to prejudice, which perhaps was natural enough.

"Well, it appears that she found the White Way paved with cobbles instead of roses, but also that there was a market of a sort—



"I came at a little before nine o'clock to—ahem, discuss the plans of the cottage with Miss Gloyne, when she told me that she had a business engagement



there was nothing doing. He even followed her to Europe once with importunities and entreaties, but she was adamant." Paul paused. "I don't believe that I'm wrong in saying here that she was about the hardest adamant that ever came out of the hills—wherever they mine adamant. Vain, conceited, self-deluded, and egotistical. My word, how any sane man could remain in love with a thing like that!"

"From what Thyme has told us we got a glimpse of the beginning of the end. A woman who refused to grow old gracefully, who tried to bargain with time for one last hour of beauty, inflicting herself and her pitifully mediocre talent upon a circle of acquaintances, self-deluded to the last, grovelling for one little crumb of adulation from people who ridiculed her to her back, as we have heard Dr. Slade do."

He laid the sheaf of notes on the table. For some moments he sat smoking in silence, then he said suddenly:

"That remark of yours last night about

Mr. Rupert Free has been worrying me all morning, Pete. I wonder if he's in?" He reached for the telephone at his elbow. "I'm going to ask Miss Baum to connect me with his apartment."

While he waited for the connection he said:

"I'll ask him up here if he's in, Pete, so you better run and powder your nose. Hello! Mr. Rupert Free? . . . This is Lieutenant Ames speaking, apartment eight twenty-eight. Mr. Free, I wonder if I might ask you to step up here for a few minutes this evening? . . . Yes, about Miss Gloyne. . . . Nevertheless, I'd like to see you if it's convenient. . . . Oh, any time, at your pleasure, preferably now, if you have eaten dinner. . . . Thanks very much, Mr. Free, I shall expect you in ten minutes then."

"Not very enthusiastic about an interview, was he?" I asked.

"Hardly anyone would be under the circumstances," Paul replied as he replaced the receiver on the hook.

Mr. Rupert Free was anything but the

typical village artist of fiction. He wore neither the flowing tie, nor the ethereal expression of one who misses half his meals for his muse. Except for his long, delicate fingers and the slightly detached look in his pleasant blue eyes, he might have been any young man hard on the make in the city of New York. His linen was spotless and he impressed one as being extremely well-dressed and careful of his appearance. He was a blond of the aquiline type, and more than handsome, I decided, as he took a seat in the Cogswell under the soft glow of the rose-colored lamp-shade.

"Mr. Free," said Paul, "were you at home in the evening, night before last?"

"Yes."

"All evening?"

"Yes. I came in at about seven-thirty after taking dinner around the corner on Broadway. I didn't go out again."

There was no hint of hesitancy in his manner.

"The reason I asked you to come up here," Paul went on, "is that as your door faces Miss Gloyne's, I thought you might have heard sounds of some kind—of a struggle, perhaps."

The artist shook his head.

"I didn't. I was under the impression that no struggle took place. I thought the papers made quite a point of that."

Paul gave him his most disarming smile.

"They were right—to a certain extent. I assume that you knew who Miss Gloyne was?"

The artist's blue eyes seemed to avoid my husband's.

"Yes," he replied.

"Had you met her before you moved to this house, Mr. Free? I'm asking you this in an effort to discover if possible if she had any known enemies."

Free moved forward in his chair just a little.

"Yes," he replied slowly, "I had met her before."

I noted the flicker of interest in Paul's eyes.

"Do you mind telling me where and how you met her?" he asked.

"WHY, no. I met her at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Harner in Riverside Drive, something like a year ago."

"Are you a close friend of the Harners?"

"No, not at all. I went there with another friend to one of Miss Gloyne's readings. Since then I've had certain business relations with Mr. Harner."

"Your friend who took you there the first time was a lady?" Paul queried.

Free looked long and hard at my husband.

"Yes," he said. "If you don't mind I'd prefer not to mention her name. My reasons are entirely personal."

"That's quite sufficient, Mr. Free. Was it a coincidence that you moved into this house?"

Mr. Free seemed to consider before replying.

"To be frank, it was not a coincidence," he replied finally. "This friend of mine knew that I intended to move—that I was dissatisfied with my former quarters. Miss Gloyne told her about this vacancy. I came over and looked at it and liked it, so I took it."

"Had you met Dr. Slade before?"

"No, I hadn't."

"Miss Gloyne introduced you to him, then?"

Again Mr. Rupert Free paused before replying.

"No, she didn't. I have my publishers as references."

"You mean that Dr. Slade didn't know of your acquaintance with the dead woman?"

"That is what I mean!" the artist replied with an air of defiance.

"I see," said Paul. "You have of course called on her since you moved in?"

"Once only."

"And when was that?"

"The week I moved in."

"Had she called on you?"

"Yes—several times."

"When did she call on you last, Mr. Free?"

"Monday evening. The night before she—was murdered."

"Did she seem in her usual spirits?"

"Yes. So far as I noticed."

"Did you see her at all the next day, Tuesday?"

"No, sir."

"Did you know that she was at home on the evening of the murder?"

"Yes."

"Heard her moving about, did you?"

"No. I knew that she was going to be at home at eleven o'clock because she had asked me to step over and see her at that time. She said that there was something about which she wanted my opinion."

"She didn't tell you what it was?"

"No. But it was a work of art of some sort, I gathered."

"A work of art!" Paul repeated slowly.

"Did you try her door at eleven?"

"Yes. I rang her bell three times, altogether, without getting a reply, so I concluded that she had forgotten our appointment and had gone out."

"You say that you rang three times. The first time at exactly eleven o'clock, was it?"

"Yes, or a very few minutes after."

"And the two subsequent times shortly thereafter?"

"Yes. The last time I rang it was nearly half-past."

"Did you notice anyone waiting in the hall on either of these occasions? A lady in a rose-colored velvet wrap trimmed with ermine?"

Mr. Free seemed to freeze into immobility. But the movement as well as the pause that followed it was barely discernible.

"No—I didn't!" he replied. The faint click of his teeth was distinctly audible. Paul appeared not to notice it, nor the ill-disguised emphasis in his voice.

"THE reason I asked you, Mr. Free," he said, "is that we have reasons to believe that a Miss Eleanor Sutherland called upon Miss Gloyne at eleven o'clock. Having ascertained—practically without a doubt—that Miss Gloyne was dead by that hour, we're naturally curious as to the nature of Miss Sutherland's visit, and to know how she gained admittance to the dead woman's apartment."

The artist sat rigid in his chair, with his blue eyes fixed upon my husband.

"What makes you think that Miss Sutherland was in Miss Gloyne's apartment?" he demanded in a hard, metallic voice.

"Where else could she have been?" Paul asked in well-simulated surprise. "We have the telephone operator's statement to the effect that she didn't leave the house until after twelve o'clock."

"Might she not have been in some other apartment—Dr. Slade's, for instance?"

Paul shook his head.

"She couldn't have been with him because he was visiting here in this apartment with Mrs. Ames and myself between the hours of ten and midnight." He smiled disarmingly. "Miss Sutherland is acquainted with the doctor, is she?"

Free opened his mouth to reply, then closed it again, as if thinking better of it. Finally he said just one word:

"Yes."

"Is she a friend of yours, Mr. Free?"

Again that monosyllabic "Yes."

"You'd have recognized her even in the ill-lighted hall if she had been standing there waiting for Miss Gloyne?" my husband asked.

"Certainly. Miss Sutherland was not in the hall on any of the three occasions when I rang Miss Gloyne's bell," the artist replied slowly and distinctly, as if for fear of being misunderstood.

"Were she and Miss Gloyne close friends?"

"No, sir—I mean, I don't think so."

"Not close enough for Miss Sutherland to have carried a duplicate key to Miss Gloyne's apartment?"



From the notes of the deaf-mute he gathered that Neal had fallen in love with Dora while they were in school

Mr. Free's face took on a deep red hue, and thick, livid veins stood out upon his forehead. I fully expected him to leap out of his chair at my husband.

"Hardly! I can inform you quite definitely that Miss Sutherland never carried such a key. You may dismiss the idea entirely from your mind."

"I see," said Paul blandly. "I thank you for clearing up that point for me, Mr. Free. I'm going to ask Miss Sutherland to step

up here sometime to-morrow to tell us what she knows about Miss Gloyne and her affairs. I'd appreciate it if you'd bring her. It'd save me looking her up and also spare her possible embarrassment."

Mr. Rupert Free remained silent for some time. He sat regarding my husband like an animal suspecting a trap, but his color had returned to normal. Presently he said:

"Very well, Lieutenant, I'll try to persuade Miss Sutherland to come here. But I may state positively that she knows less than nothing about this affair."

Paul arose and held out his hand to the artist, who took it somewhat uncertainly.

"I'LL detain you no longer, Mr. Free."

Thank you for coming up. May I expect you and Miss Sutherland at, say, two o'clock to-morrow afternoon?"

"I'll do my best to have her here at that hour," the artist replied shortly and left.

"What d'you think of that, Pete?" Paul said when we were alone once more.

"I think you're a horrid, snooping thing," I retorted. "That boy's in love with her! It's as plain as daylight!"

Paul leaned over and pressed his thumb against the tip of my somewhat Scandinavian nose, a procedure which he's learned always makes me furious.

"You're positively brilliant, Pete," he grinned.

I had been sewing for perhaps an hour by the light of the bridge lamp when the telephone rang. District Attorney McLaughlin was on the wire. I went into Paul's room to call him and found my husband rearranging a drawer of obsidian arrowpoints, lovely semi-translucent objects of exquisite workmanship. He was examining one of them under a magnifying glass.

"You know, Pete, the obsidian deposits of Mexico must have been priceless to my gentle ancestors. I found this arrowpoint in a shell deposit near Newburyport, Mass., 1,500 miles from the nearest possible source of supply. Obsidian must have been virtually the coin of the realm at one time, the basis of barter and trade—"

"Major McLaughlin is on the telephone," I interrupted him gently.

"Oh!" He returned the small gem-like piece of vitreous lava rock to its catalogued compartment and followed me out of the room. When my husband gets on the subject of his Indian heritage he's irresistible. The one-eighth of Iroquois blood that coursed in his veins was my undoing, as I suspect my own Viking ancestry was his.

"Yes, Major," he said. . . . "Very well. . . . I've made an appointment myself . . . no, with the Sutherland girl and Rupert Free, the artist . . . they'll be here at two in the afternoon . . . yes, bring him here. It'll save time. My wife won't mind. All right, Major, see you at ten then."

"McLaughlin's getting nervous about Harner. He rang him up and told him to come here at ten o'clock," he said, turning away from the telephone. "We'll have a busy day to-morrow, it seems."

I slept fitfully that night. I realized how absolutely I was becoming identified with my husband's work. I heard him moving about in his room sometime after midnight, just before I dozed off. It was nearly two o'clock when I was awakened by the outer door being closed softly. I was on the point of springing out of bed when I recog-

nized Paul's footsteps, although he was walking on tiptoe so as not to disturb me. He went into his room, and presently I heard the familiar sounds of his retiring. As was his habit when unable to sleep he had gone for a walk in the open air, I concluded, and relaxed once more on my pillow.

McLaughlin arrived ten minutes early the next morning. He bowed to me.

"I told Harner to be here at ten sharp," he said by way of apology as he dropped into the Cogswell and sat tapping the arm of it with a long, bony index finger, while Paul related the interview with Rupert Free. "H'm, well! You have the most uncanny way of stumbling on to information, Lieutenant."

I felt tempted to put the District Attorney aright with an ironic observation, but I remembered that this was McLaughlin's cautious way of paying tribute to Paul's intelligence.

"I'm going to find out from Harner what his wife was doing here the night of the murder, and with whom she stayed during the night. Captain Rice said that neither the Baum girl nor Clump saw her leave, so it's a cinch she stayed until the day shift went on. They're both new—been here less than a week—so they don't know more than half the tenants. She passed out during the morning rush, of course."

"But we're not sure that this strange, middle-aged woman was Mrs. Harner," Paul reminded him.

"**P**RACTICALLY sure," McLaughlin retorted, "we do know that she called the house at six. And I'm going to put brother Rufus through the paces on that premise."

"I'd go easy on that, Major," Paul advised. "There's always the possibility—taking it for granted that we're right—that Harner doesn't know she was here."

"Not a chance, my boy! I'm going to make it my business to extract it—painlessly if possible—but to *extract it!* There he is now," he added as he reached for the ringing telephone. "Yes, send him up."

It was a different Mr. Rufus Harner from the person who, the day before, had condescended to be interviewed. His jowls sagged and his complexion had the greenish mottled look of the under side of a toad. In fact, his general aspect—the small bullet head protruding from the folds of fat that passed as a neck—reminded one poignantly of that gentle and much maligned batrachian.

McLaughlin came to the point at once.

"Mr. Harner," he said, "what were your relations with Miss Gloyne?"

The contractor's heavy-lidded eyes flashed righteous indignation which his manner refuted completely.

"Am I being submitted to a third degree?" he demanded blusteringly but with a note of fear beneath the bluster. "If so, I'd prefer the presence of my attorney."

McLaughlin pointed to the telephone.

"You're at liberty to call him. But remember this—if he refuses to permit you to answer my questions, I'll lock you up as a material witness." He tapped his coat pocket. "I have a warrant here. Don't force me to use it."

The contractor swallowed hard—but swallowed it.

"What is it you want to know?" he demanded hoarsely.

"I want to know just what your relations were with the dead woman," McLaughlin repeated.

Harner regarded him stonily.

"Again I must remind you of your duty to society, Miss Sutherland," McLaughlin rejoined. "Your personal feelings are of secondary importance"



District Attorney replied. "Were you in love with Miss Gloyne, or had you been at any time?"

The contractor's small porcine eyes narrowed angrily.

"Your insolence makes an answer unnecessary," he ejected stertorously.

McLaughlin's face remained impassive.

"My insolence, as you call it, is an effort to spare you the inconvenience and publicity of arrest and to induce you to retract your story of yesterday. I am in the possession of proof that you were *not* in the roof garden between the hours of ten and twelve on the night of Miss Gloyne's murder." When, at this, Harner's face turned a sickly green, he added: "I thought you might find it to your interest to tell us where you were during those two hours. Without an alibi you're practically forcing me to arrest you for murder."

THE contractor's small rotund figure sagged. He seemed in imminent danger of melting into a shapeless mass of fat in the chair.

"What d'you want to know?" he stammered, sparring for time.

"The truth—the simple truth!" McLaughlin replied. "Don't let the fact that we know you lied worry you. We're broad minded and forgiving. In your predicament we'd probably have lied, too."

Harner permitted himself a sickly smile.

"Very well. I came here at a little before nine o'clock to—ahem, discuss the plans of the cottage with Miss Gloyne. When she told me that she had a business engagement I—well, I thought she was lying." He paused with a droop of his heavy-lidded eyes. McLaughlin nodded sympathetically. "I had reasons to believe that it was not a business engagement and that a certain person of whom I did not approve was her

(Continued on page 68)

"Miss Gloyne and I were—quite friendly," he admitted.

The District Attorney made a movement of impatience.

"I'm not going to press you for an elaboration of your—er, feelings for her," he said with subtly-edged scorn. "I'm particularly interested in knowing how Miss Gloyne felt about you."

The contractor shrugged his fat-padded shoulders.

"How should I know? I'm no mind reader."

McLaughlin regarded him with the speculative contemplation of a cat watching the activities of a mole.

"Very well, then. Perhaps you'll tell us how Mrs. Harner felt about this—er, friendship?"

Harner appeared to have been expecting this question, for he said with a shrug that would have been deprecating if it had been less elaborate:

"I'm sure she never found reason to regard it as anything but what it was—just friendship."

"Never manifested any jealousy over the matter? Eh?"

"Certainly not. There was no reason for it!"

"Wives have a habit of being jealous without reason," McLaughlin retorted drily. "Did she never twit you about your relationship with the dead woman?"

Harner was regaining his composure.

"Is it necessary to stress the word relationship in referring to my friendship with Miss Gloyne?" he asked stiffly.

"The inference is yours—not mine," the



EDITORIAL

PROCRASTINATION

THE old adage, that "procrastination is the thief of time," was born, as all such proverbs have been, of a wide knowledge of human experience. And the use of it as one of our boyhood's copy-book maxims was designed to impress its truth upon our youthful minds and to caution us against a very natural human tendency.

How many there are like the man who, suddenly awaking to the fact that it was Wednesday, said: "Here it is Wednesday. Tomorrow will be Thursday, the next day Friday, and then Saturday. Gosh! Another week gone." To such a person the natural impulse is to wait until next week to undertake his task.

Sometimes that spirit pervades a Lodge. The inter-lodge visit is going to be made soon. The smoker for the old timers is going to be held next month. The orphans' outing will be planned next week. This or that charitable activity is on the calendar, but with no date fixed. And before it is realized, the year has slipped away, opportunities have gone, and these things are left for the succeeding administration.

By the time this is in the hands of the reader, there will be but one-fourth of the Lodge year left in which the present officers may lead their Lodges to the accomplishments they had planned. But that is time enough, if there be no further procrastination.

Do you recall, Brother Exalted Ruler, the fine fraternal purposes you had in mind when you were installed? Have you achieved them? If not, it is time you were busy upon them. But there is yet time, if there be no further delay.

Do not leave the worth-while things, that ought to be done now, to be done by your successor. Don't procrastinate.

VISITING THE SICK

THE weariness and loneliness of the patient are very definite features of a protracted illness, and friendly visits are known to be a specific

for this mental aspect of disease. The visitation of the sick, therefore, for the purpose of relieving the tedium of their enforced inactivity and withdrawal from the usual contacts of life, has always been recognized as a duty not only of kinship and intimate friendship, but also of good neighborliness and human kindness.

It is so definitely a fraternal obligation that it is assumed as an essential incident of membership. Our own Order is so mindful of this that it has provided by statute that every Lodge shall, each six months, appoint a standing committee charged with this special fraternal activity.

But, unfortunately, there is too general a disposition to leave this particular service to the few thus delegated to perform it. This is not the purpose behind the provision for the Committee. They are merely the official representatives of the Lodge and are not supposed to relieve the other members of their own personal obligation. On the contrary, they are expected to encourage its better observance.

And the true purpose of the visit should be kept in mind: to carry comfort, brightness and inspiring cheer. It does a patient little good to have a visitor sit at his bedside with a long, solemn face and tell him how emaciated he has become, or merely to condole with him in his supposed or real misery. What he needs is a refreshing breath from the outside, an attitude of cheerfulness on the part of the visitor, an air of confident assurance of his good progress, a deportment and conversation that assumes his maintained interest in community affairs and his continued association with them, and a demeanor of quiet good humor.

It would seem that such a demeanor and such deportment would naturally be assumed by every such visitor. And yet we know that there are still many "Job's comforters," who leave behind them a real depression. Therefore this comment, although it may be so obvious as to appear trite, is made in the hope that it may stimulate a better performance of a definite fraternal



Decorations in dry-point by Ralph L. Boyer

obligation, and that it may serve as a reminder of the real purpose of a visit to the sick.

MORAL COURAGE

PHYSICAL courage, or mere bravery, is so usual a masculine trait that its possession is scarcely noteworthy. But moral courage, the mental and spiritual capacity and purpose to do right, is a much rarer virtue.

The wish to appear virtuous, in the broad meaning of the word, is one that is common to all. But the courage to justify that appearance by consistent conduct is an unusual possession. And yet that moral courage is the great need of the world today.

The tremendous increase in the diversity of man's activities has placed upon each one more responsibilities and larger duties. At the same time the opportunities to shirk those responsibilities and to hide the default from general knowledge are, perhaps, more frequently presented than ever before; and the human temptation to do so remains ever the same.

Every individual, however humble, however limited in his contacts, exerts some influence upon his fellows. And there is no influence so directly exerted, so far-reaching in its effect, as the example of a real red-blooded, thoroughly masculine man, who has the courage to be upright and clean of life. The example may not always be followed by those who observe it. But the impulse to do so, the real wish to do so, is always encouraged by it. And sooner or later, in one instance or another, that impulse will be obeyed.

The whole trend of human character is upward, toward higher standards. It expresses itself in a finer outlook upon life and more exacting demands in all its associations. That trend is strengthened and speeded by every individual who displays moral courage. It is weakened and impeded by every individual failure to display it.

Since Elks are men of wider contacts than most of their fellows, it follows that their influence is more potent and far-reaching. This capacity for thus affecting the conduct and lives of others is a peculiarly fraternal responsibility. It should be exercised with a full realization of possible results; and this obligation can be met only by a consistent display of moral courage.

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY

AS WE individuals grow older, our birthdays seem to come ever closer and closer together. The passing years which, to the eager impatience of our youth, seemed to plod along upon leaden feet, gather speed with each recurring anniversary and, in the contemplative autumn of our allotted span, they fly by on wings that appear all too fleet.

But this is not the case with the more permanent organizations, such as our Order, which look forward to a perpetuity of existence. They develop more slowly. They envision their future in terms of larger periods. They can afford to be more patient in their efforts to realize their aims and purposes. In their lives a mere year is of less moment, and moves its wonted way across the calendar with a regulated deliberation.

But even so, there is significance in each anniversary of the Order's foundation. It is the accepted method of computing age; and there is something suggestive in the mere recurrence of that date which makes the completion of another year of its life.

It is a day upon which it may well study anew its past record; take note again of its failures and mistakes, re-survey its achievements and freshly chart its course in the light of its added experience.

The sixteenth of this current month is the sixty-second birthday of the Order of Elks. Happily it has enjoyed sixty-two years of consistent growth, of continuous progress, of multiplied accomplishments, of constantly increasing service to humanity. Because of this it may review its benevolent career with just pride.

But it should not do so with too complacent a satisfaction. That attitude would indicate a lack of ambition, a less keen desire to go forward to greater heights of achievement. It would invite fraternal lethargy.

The future beckons to broader fields of usefulness. New problems are constantly presenting themselves to be solved by organizations such as ours. Added strength and riper experience bring their own obligations for greater endeavor. And this anniversary will mean much to the Order if, from the pride in retrospect which it inspires, there be born a sturdier purpose and a nobler aspiration for the future.

Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney

A Eulogy

By Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews

IN THE closing hours of the old year, the Supreme Father of all mankind summoned our beloved brother, Richard P. Rooney, unto Himself—into His own eternal keeping. We knew Dick Rooney so well and loved him so much that we do not think of him as dead, but only as a beloved brother who has merely preceded us into that blessed state of the spirit world. His earthly friends and Elk brothers, who knew him best, loved him most, and we know that his Heavenly Father surely received him unto Himself, with a love that surpasses all human understanding.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has sustained, in the death of Brother Rooney, an irreparable loss.

We can never fully estimate the value of his services to this Order.

He served his home Lodge, Newark, New Jersey, No. 21, for many years, as Secretary, and was famous and outstanding, in that position, throughout the Order; he labored faithfully and zealously in all the Elk affairs of his own State, so that New



Jersey Elks looked upon him as their leader; but he found his greatest responsibilities and opportunities in Chicago, in 1926, when the Grand Lodge unanimously elected him to a five-year term as Grand Trustee of the Order. He was in the very midst of this service, in which he had shown himself a real man and a splendid Elk, when he heard and answered his Master's call. Dick loved Elkdom, and all the virtues upon which it is founded, and he earnestly believed in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. His life is a heritage to us all, and will serve as an inspiration to higher and finer things among those who are left behind, in sorrow and bereavement. We know that the world is, indeed, better for his having lived.

The hearts of all brother Elks join with the stricken widow and family in their supreme sorrow, and they wish them to know that all Elkdom grieves with them in the untimely passing of this good and faithful brother—our late Grand Trustee—Richard P. Rooney.

THE funeral of Richard P. Rooney, Grand Trustee, and Secretary of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, who died suddenly at his home on the night of December 30, was a tribute to a widely loved and respected figure, and tangible evidence of the place he held in the esteem and the affections of a great host of friends, of fellow Elks and fellow officials of the municipal government of Newark. Five automobiles were required to transport the floral remembrances from the Rooney home to the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, where Solemn High Requiem Mass was said, while those who attended the services included persons from every walk of life, hundreds of members of his own and other Lodges, the Mayor and the City Commissioners, and the heads of all the municipal bureaus. Among the prominent Elks who came to pay their last respects were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Charles H. Grakelow and Murray Hulbert; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin; Grand Trustees Clyde Jennings and A. Charles

Stewart; Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, of the Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.; President William T. Phillips, of the New York State Elks Association, and the following Past Presidents of the New Jersey State Elks Association: Francis P. Boland, George L. Hirtzel, Thomas F. Macksey, William H. Kelly, Fletcher L. Fritts, Joseph G. Buch, John H. Cose, Fred A. Pope and Henry A. Guenther, the latter being one of the active pall-bearers.

THE night before the church services the Elk service was conducted by Exalted Ruler Frank A. Hall at the Rooney home, where, ever since the death, seventy-five younger members had stood at the bier, in relays, as a watch of honor, and where hundreds had come for a final silent communion with their old friend.

Mr. Rooney was born in Newark, fifty-seven years ago, and was a life-long resident. He was prominent in nearly all of the important civic

affairs, and at the time of his death had held for twenty-two years the post of Executive Clerk of the Criminal Courts of Newark.

His Elk record was one of distinguished service and loyalty. It follows: 1903—initiated into Newark Lodge; 1905—appointed Esquire; 1906—elected Esteemed Lecturing Knight; 1907—elected Esteemed Loyal Knight; 1908—elected Exalted Ruler; 1909—elected Grand Lodge Representative; 1913—one of the principal organizers of New Jersey State Elks Association; 1913—elected to the office of Secretary of Newark Lodge, No. 21 (which office he held at time of death); 1914—appointed a member of Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; 1917—elected President New Jersey State Elks Association; 1920—appointed a member of Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; 1922—appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, New Jersey, Northwest; 1926—elected to five-year term as Grand Trustee.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

AFTER attending the fortieth anniversary celebration of Orange, N. J., Lodge, as reported in our January issue, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews spent the next few days in New York City, from where, on December 7th, he journeyed to Southampton, on Long Island, to be present at the institution of Southampton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1574. His presence, and the splendid speech which he delivered, made of the occasion a gala event for Elks from Lodges all over the island. A full account of the ceremonies will be found on page 39 of this issue. The following evening Mr. Andrews was guest of honor at the regular meeting of New York, N. Y., Lodge. Upon his arrival in the Lodge room he was accompanied to the altar by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and a delegation of other Past Exalted Rulers of the Mother Lodge, where he was received with the high honors of his position as head of the Order. Escorted to a seat on the rostrum, the Grand Exalted Ruler was warmly greeted by a number of judges and fellow attorneys, gathered for the occasion, which had been designated as "Bench and Bar Night" because of the special class of candidates from

the profession of law. Among the prominent men whom Mr. Andrews saw initiated were Victor J. Dowling, Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division, First Department; Judge Amedeo A. Bertini, of the Court of General Sessions, and Assistant District Attorneys Felix C. Benvenga and Edward V. Laughlin. At the termination of the initiatory service Exalted Ruler Abraham I. Menin presented Mr. Andrews to the gathering. The Grand Exalted Ruler's forceful address was followed by others from well-known Elks, including the Hon. Edward Lazansky, a member of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, and Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division, Second Department; Hon. Cornelius J. Collins, Chief Justice of the Court of General Sessions; Judge Otto A. Rosalsky, of the same Court; United States District Attorney Charles H. Tuttle; Justice Dowling; Judge Bertini; and Colonel Joseph N. Hartfield, a prominent attorney and member of the class initiated that evening. It was one of the most auspicious meetings held in the Home of No. 1 for a long time.

On the evening of December 9th, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of the officers of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, at a small

dinner party, after which the distinguished guest and his hosts attended the theatre. On the following evening Mr. Andrews paid a visit to the Home of Queens Borough Lodge. Here he was the guest of honor at a dinner and reception in the beautiful building. Following the business of the regular meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to the Lodge room by the Past Exalted Rulers and the smart-appearing team of Queens Borough Lodge. He passed the portals to the strains of "Dixie," played upon the organ, and was warmly greeted by the capacity gathering. Exalted Ruler Frank J. Rauch formally welcomed the visitor, and he was escorted to a seat of honor on the rostrum. Introduced to the fine audience, Mr. Andrews then delivered an interesting and inspiring address of the principles of the Order. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and Joseph Brand, Past President of the New York State Elks Association and Secretary of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, followed him on the speaking program. Among the many other well-known Elks present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin, James T. Hallinan, of

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Below is a view of the internationally famous boardwalk at Atlantic City, N. J., where next July Elks and their families from all over the country will stroll and renew acquaintance



ATLANTIC PHOTO SERVICE

1930 Grand Lodge Convention At Atlantic City

Bulletin No. 2

DEEPLY cognizant of the distinction conveyed in its selection as the scene of the Sixty-sixth National Convention of American Elksdom, Atlantic City in its entirety, no less than the officers and members of Lodge No. 276, has buckled down to the task of making the stay of the Antlered Herd at the shore next July one of the outstanding periods in its colorful history.

It is not as neophytes that Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, and this truly great health and pleasure resort enter upon the busy season of preparation stretching out before them. The reception and entertainment of visitors comprise practically Atlantic City's sole major industry,

and this haven for those in quest of rest and recreation is always at its best when the visitors to be honored are Elks.

The decision of the Elks at their annual convention in Los Angeles last year to march upon Atlantic City in 1930 is particularly appreciated because of the fact that the resort has poured a golden flood of \$15,000,000 into the world's greatest convention hall, and it is within the massive walls of this stupendous structure that the salient features of the program upon which intensive work is now under way will be staged.

Nothing that tends to the comfort, enjoyment and general welfare of our guests is to be

left undone. Of that, every Elk throughout the length and breadth of the land may rest assured. We have every facility for catering to every whim of every Elk who sets foot upon Absecon Island, and this vast store of our recreational resources is to be placed without stint at the disposal of those who live and have their being beneath the Antlers.

It's none too early for those who contemplate attendance at the 1930 Reunion to enter now upon their preliminary preparations. Working in the closest possible cooperation with the splendid, representative Elks Sixty-sixth Convention

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Candidates for Grand Lodge Office

THREE subordinate Lodges have announced their endorsement of candidates for the offices of Grand Secretary, Grand Treasurer and Grand Trustee, to be elected at the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Atlantic City, next July.

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents J. Edgar Masters For Grand Secretary

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, announces that it will present Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters as a candidate for reelection at the 1930 Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City next July.

Mr. Masters has been an Elk since 1903, when he became a member of Charleroi Lodge. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1908 and was Representative to the Grand Lodge in 1909. In 1911-'12 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. He was elected a Grand Trustee in 1915 and acted as Chairman of the Board for three years of his term. In 1920-'21 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. He was elected Grand Exalted Ruler in 1922. From that year, when he was a member ex-officio, to 1927, Mr. Masters served on the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. He was appointed Grand Secretary in Septem-

ber, 1927, and was subsequently elected to that office at the 1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami and reelected last year at Los Angeles.

Mr. Masters was Treasurer of his home county of Washington, Pennsylvania, for several years and also was President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania State Normal School Board.

Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge Presents Lloyd Maxwell For Grand Treasurer

Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge, No. 312, presents Lloyd Maxwell as a candidate for reelection to the office of Grand Treasurer, at the 1930 Grand Lodge Convention.

Mr. Maxwell is an honorary life member of Marshalltown Lodge, into which he was initiated in 1899. He served for two years as Esteemed Leading Knight and was elected Exalted Ruler for two terms. He was elected Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1912 and Grand Esteemed Leading Knight in 1914. For five years, 1921-'25 inclusive, he served as a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. In 1926 he was appointed Chairman of the Grand Lodge New Activities Committee; and in 1927 was appointed Grand Esquire. Last year at Los Angeles he was elected Grand Treasurer. He is senior Past President of the Iowa State Elks Association.

Cincinnati, O., Lodge Presents James S. Richardson For Grand Trustee

Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, announces that it will present James S. Richardson as a candidate for the office of Grand Trustee at the coming Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City.

Mr. Richardson was initiated into Cincinnati Lodge on March 6, 1896, since which time he has not missed, save for illness or absence from the city, a session of No. 5. In 1918 he was elected Exalted Ruler, and in 1919 was elected Representative to the Grand Lodge, a position which he again filled in 1914. In 1912 he was elected Secretary of Cincinnati Lodge, to which office he has been reelected every year since. James G. McFarland, then Grand Exalted Ruler, in 1923, appointed Mr. Richardson to membership on the Grand Lodge Committee on Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler John Galvin. In the same year he was appointed General Manager of Cincinnati Lodge for a five-year term, and reappointed for a like term in 1928. Mr. Richardson, a prominent attorney of his city, where he has engaged in the practice of law for the past twenty-five years, has missed but very few Grand Lodge sessions since his initiation, and is widely known throughout the Order.



Maurice J. Curran, charter member of Lawrence, Mass., Lodge, No. 65, handing, in the name of his Lodge, his personal check for \$1,000 to Chairman John F. Malley. At the right is Exalted Ruler Robert M. Dove, of Lawrence Lodge, to which the Honorary Founders' Certificate will be issued

Elks National Foundation

Bulletin

THE generosity and good-will of Christmas time was reflected in the number of Good Will Offerings and subscriptions for Honorary Founders' certificates of the Elks National Foundation received during the month of December, placing this month in the lead on our record of donations and subscriptions.

The national aspect of the Foundation is further evidenced by the spread of these responses—twenty-two States, Alaska, Porto Rico, and Canal Zone, being represented in the December returns.

The District Deputies are continuing to give excellent cooperation and are keeping in very close touch with the subordinate Lodges. They have reported favorable action on the part of many Lodges which are not listed in this bulletin because payments have not been received at this office.

The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of some of the subordinate Lodges have reported that action relative to the Elks National Foundation has been postponed to avoid interference with the customary Christmas and New Year's programs, and that they will make the Elks National Foundation a "special order of business" at some meeting during January or February. We are hopeful that every Lodge will have given careful consideration to this national philanthropic project of our Order and will have made report thereon at this office before the close of the Lodge year.

We find that some of the subscriptions which were sent in during the absence of the Chairman,

occasioned by the trip to Los Angeles, have not been included in the published tabulations. Therefore, we have grouped by States (or equivalent political division) and publish herewith, all donations and subscriptions which have been received to January 1, 1930. (The figures in italics represent annual good-will offerings; those in parentheses the payments made on the totals subscribed.) It is interesting to note that New York is far in the lead in the amount subscribed and paid in. Connecticut is in front with 42 per cent. of its subordinate Lodges enrolled as subscribers for Honorary Founders' certificates, closely pressed by New York with 40 per cent. enrollment. Philippine Islands, Canal Zone, Porto Rico and Guam have 100 per cent. enrollment.

Alaska

Ketchikan, No. 1429, \$1,000 (\$100); Cordova, No. 1483, \$1,000 (\$100); J. D. Morgan, Cordova, No. 1483, \$25 (\$25).

Arizona

Prescott, No. 330, \$1,000 (\$250); M. H. Starkweather, Tucson, No. 385, \$20 (\$20).

Arkansas

Hope, No. 1109, \$1,000 (\$100).

California

California Elks Association, \$1,000 (\$200); San Francisco, No. 3, \$1,000 (\$1,000); Vallejo, No. 559, \$1,000 (\$100); Salinas, No. 614, \$1,000

(\$100); Pasadena, No. 672, \$1,000 (\$200); Santa Ana, No. 794, \$1,000 (\$1,000); Alameda, No. 1015, \$1,000 (\$200); Glendale, No. 1289, \$1,000 (\$100); Oroville, No. 1484, \$1,000 (\$200); Inglewood, No. 1492, \$1,000 (\$100); San Fernando, No. 1539, \$1,000 (\$200); Raymond Benjamin, Napa, No. 832, \$1,000 (\$1,000); William H. Leahy, San Francisco, No. 3, \$1,000 (\$1,000); Michael Henry Moore, Redondo Beach, No. 1378, \$125 (\$125); O. C. Hopkins, Petaluma, No. 901, \$125 (\$25); Miffilin G. Potts, Pasadena, No. 672, \$125 (\$25); Arthur H. Brandt, Berkeley, No. 1002, \$100 (\$20); John F. Pierson, Santa Rosa, No. 646, \$5 (\$5); Henry J. Weber, Monrovia, No. 1427, \$5 (\$5); Walter F. Kaplan, San Francisco, No. 3, \$5 (\$5); L. L. Miller, Modesto, No. 1282, \$5 (\$5); Josef Shaefer, San Francisco, No. 3, \$10 (\$10); Norman E. Kenyon, Los Angeles, No. 99, \$3 (\$3).

Canal Zone

Panama, Canal Zone, No. 1414, \$1,000 (\$500); Cristobal, No. 1542, \$1,000 (\$100); Thomas A. Leathley, Panama, Canal Zone, No. 1414, \$250 (\$50); Hugh M. Doyle, Panama, Canal Zone, No. 1414, \$10 (\$10).

Colorado

John R. Coen, Sterling, No. 1336, \$500 (\$100); George H. Morris, Ouray, No. 492, \$50 (\$10).

Connecticut

Danbury, No. 120, \$1,000 (\$1,000); Torrington, No. 372, \$1,000 (\$500); Norwich, No. 430, \$1,000 (\$1,000); Waterbury, No. 265, \$1,000 (\$200); Derby, No. 571, \$1,000 (\$1,000); Bristol, No. 1010, \$1,000 (\$200); Stamford, No. 899, \$1,000 (\$100); Greenwich, No. 1150, \$1,000 (\$200); Ansonia, No. 1269, \$1,000 (\$200); West Haven, No. 1537, \$1,000 (\$1,000).

District of Columbia

Washington, No. 15, \$1,000 (\$100); George C. Humphrey, Washington, No. 15, \$1,000 (\$1,000).

Georgia

Georgia State Elks Association, \$1,000 (\$200).

Guam

Agana, No. 1281, \$1,000 (\$200).

Idaho

Wallace, No. 331, \$1,000 (\$100); Pocatello, No. 674, \$1,000 (\$100); A. C. Hinckley, Pocatello, No. 674, \$1,000 (\$200).

Illinois

Chicago, No. 4, \$1,000 (\$1,000); Springfield, No. 158, \$1,000 (\$250); Olney, No. 926, \$1,000 (\$100); Evanston, No. 1316, \$1,000 (\$200); Blue Island, No. 1331, \$1,000 (\$100); Cicero, No. 1510, \$1,000 (\$200); William Welsh, Blue Island, No. 1331, \$5 (\$5); Phil. S. O'Neil, Chicago, No. 4, \$100 (\$100); Floyd E. Thompson, Moline, No. 556, \$100 (\$20); N. A. Kent, Olney, No. 926, \$100 (\$20).

Indiana

Indiana Elks Association, \$1,000 (\$200); South Bend, No. 235, \$1,000 (\$1,000); Whiting, No. 1273, \$1,000 (\$200); Joseph T. Fanning, Indianapolis, No. 13, \$1,000 (\$1,000); Thomas L. Hughes, Indianapolis, No. 13, \$1,000 (\$1,000).

Iowa

Iowa State Association, \$1,000 (\$200); Marshalltown, No. 312, \$1,000 (\$200); Charles E. Pickett, Waterloo, No. 290, \$1,000 (\$1,000); Lloyd Maxwell, Marshalltown, No. 312, \$1,000 (\$1,000); A. Henigbaum, Davenport, No. 298, \$100 (\$100); Ward H. Bailey, Perry, No. 407, \$5 (\$5).

Kansas

Independence, No. 780, \$1,000 (\$100).

Kentucky

Louisville, No. 8, \$1,000 (\$1,000).

Louisiana

Edward Rightor, New Orleans, No. 30, \$1,000 (\$100).

Maryland

Annapolis, No. 622, \$1,000 (\$200).

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Grand Exalted Ruler at Institution Of Southampton, N. Y., Lodge

IN THE presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, and other Grand Lodge officers, and officers of the New York State Elks Association and of subordinate Lodges on Long Island, Southampton, N. Y., Lodge, was instituted recently by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin, as No. 1574 of the Order. After the ceremonies of institution, officers of Patchogue and Huntington Lodges took charge of the initiation of the first class of candidates, eighty-three in number; and of the affiliation of fourteen members, already Elks. At the ensuing election of officers for the new Lodge, Henry W. Diffene was named Exalted Ruler and Harold M. Hallock, Secretary. They were installed by Exalted Ruler F. Harold Loonam and his associate officers of Freeport Lodge. The principal speaker of the day was Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews. He expressed his pleasure at the high type of citizenship represented both by those who had organized the Southampton Lodge and by those newly initiated into it and he mentioned that both on this account and because he had been married there, Southampton would forever have for him the happiest of associations. Others who made addresses, although briefer, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert; James T. Hallinan, member of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge; and Philip Clancy, Secretary of the State Elks Association.

Distinguished Elks also present were D. Curtis Gano, of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; George W. Denton, of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck, and Thomas F. Cuite, Vice-President of the State Association.

Cocoa, Fla., Elks Dedicate Their New \$11,000 Home

In the presence of many Elks of prominence in the State, Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, No. 1532, dedicated recently its new \$11,000 Home. The ceremony was conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. Chapman, of Florida, East. He was assisted by Past District Deputy Harold Colee, President of the Florida State Elks Association, acting for J. Edwin Baker, who could not attend; and Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of Daytona and DeLand Lodges. Before the dedication, a class of candidates named in honor of Mr. Colee, was initiated; and to its members and all other Elks present, Past Exalted Ruler Leslie L. Anderson, of Cocoa Lodge, later introduced Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, now a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee. The principal addresses of the evening were made by Mr. Colee, and by Mr. Chapman. Following the termination of the formal exercises, a buffet supper was served and thoroughly enjoyed. The new Home of Cocoa Lodge is a two-story stucco structure of Spanish design. Except for the colored tiled roof over the lofty front veranda, both the walls and covering are white. The entrance leads into a spacious and restful lounge, on the left of which are a billiard

room and a director's room, which may be converted into a game room. At the right of the lounge is the grill room. The second floor is devoted to the Lodge room. This may, when occasion demands, be used as a ballroom; and an unusual feature of it is an adjoining screened-in porch for comfort in hot weather. The interior of the Home throughout is paneled with cypress. Ceiling beams of the same wood, stained and glazed, are left uncovered. The atmosphere in every room is one of solid comfort and good taste, and of a character in keeping with the Florida landscape.

District Deputy Daerr Honored by Elks from Fifteen Lodges

More than 200 Elks, representing every one of the fifteen Lodges under his jurisdiction, attended a dinner in honor of District Deputy Leo A. Daerr, Pennsylvania, Central, given recently by the members of his own Lodge, Greensburg, No. 511. The principal address of the evening was made by Benjamin H. Giffen, of Pittsburgh, and shorter talks were given by other guests of distinction, among them being J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary; the Rev. M. F. Bierbaum, Chaplain of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; M. Frank Borne, Trustee, and John Nugent, Vice-President of the Association. The visiting Lodges represented were Altoona, Johnstown, Kittanning, Apollo, Indiana, Uniontown, Mt. Pleasant, Connellsville, New Kensington, Tarentum, Leechburg, Blairsville, Scottdale and Latrobe.

Notables Do Honor to Half-century Celebration of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge

Notables of the Order, as well as men prominent in public life, were among the 550 persons who gathered recently at the banquet marking the observance of the Fiftieth Anniversary, or Golden Jubilee, of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11. Others, including President Herbert Hoover, Governor John Fisher, of Pennsylvania; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener and Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, manifested their interest in the occasion by sending congratulatory telegrams to those assembled at the William Penn Hotel. The group at the speakers' table comprised Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary Lawrence H. Rupp; the President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, Louis N. Goldsmith; and a number of Past Exalted Rulers of Pittsburgh and neighboring Lodges. On a great cake, brilliant with fifty candles, were placed photographs of three members of Pittsburgh Lodge representative of its history: James K. Carmack, its first Exalted Ruler; LaVile Stitzell, its oldest living member; and John A. Freyvogel, its present Exalted Ruler.

Prominent Elks with District Deputy At Pottstown, Pa., Lodge

A number of distinguished Pennsylvania Elks were present upon the occasion recently of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George H. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, Southeast, to Pottstown Lodge, No. 814. In the group accompanying Mr. Johnston

were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. J. Miller; E. J. Morris, Past President of the State Elks Association; and Wayne H. Brown, Past Exalted Ruler of Mr. Johnston's Lodge, Reading, No. 115. After the District Deputy had delivered his message to the Pottstown Elks, the others forming his escort extended to them a hearty invitation to attend the forthcoming State Association convention in Reading.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Mourns Loss of Life Member

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216, is mourning the loss of Frank Risdon Moore, a life member and one of those who, in 1891, was instrumental in obtaining the Lodge's charter. Mr. Moore died recently at the age of sixty-nine. An Alabamian by birth, Mr. Moore attended Marysville College, Tennessee, and later moved to Texas, where he spent the major part of his life. Following the death of his wife three years ago, Mr. Moore's health began to fail and for two years he lived in the Elks' National Home, in Bedford, Virginia. He returned to San Antonio last May. His funeral services were conducted by the Rev. H. P. Bates and by the Elks. Burial was in the Elks' Rest.

New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Receives Large Trust Fund for Welfare Work

The treasury of the Crippled Children's Committee of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, has been enriched by a \$25,000 trust fund established for its benefit by Arthur A. Bishop, a resident of New Brunswick who, while not a member of the Order, has long been an admiring spectator of the work of the Elks on behalf of unfortunate children. Mr. Bishop's magnificent gift will net the committee an approximate annual income of \$1,500.

The establishment of this fund by Mr. Bishop naturally attracted much public attention which served to heighten the already widespread interest in this fine humanitarian work of the Order. The donor himself, a few days after the acceptance of his gift, attended the Christmas party given for its little wards by the Lodge, where he saw for the first time the youngsters whom his generosity will help restore to full and active lives.

Little Cripples Treated at Clinic Of Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge

Twenty-one crippled children were examined at the clinic, the second of its sort within the last twelve months, held by Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1317, a few weeks ago. The work of inspection, diagnosis and recommendation for treatment was supervised by Dr. Walter J. Craig, director of orthopaedics in the State Department of Health. Eleven of the youngsters are to be given further treatment, which in some instances will involve corrective operations. This clinic, organized by Cohoes Elks, was first planned as an annual institution, but its success and the interest it has aroused in the community have lately necessitated more frequent holdings. It is the aim of the Crippled Children's Com-

mittee of the Lodge, whose chairman is Henry E. Rickman, to discover and treat every child within its jurisdiction who is in need of care. In the matter of medical attention and advice, physicians from Albany, Troy and Schenectady, as well as from Cohoes, have cooperated with Dr. Craig and the Lodge committee at the clinic.

District Deputy Yourtee Welcomed By Four Lodges

Four Lodges within his district have had, within the last few weeks, the pleasure of welcoming District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. R. Yourtee, of Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia. They were those at Annapolis, Baltimore and Towson, Md., and Washington, D. C. Upon each occasion the District Deputy was accompanied by John B. Berger, the President of the Elks Association of these States and District.

Cambridge, O., Elks Mourn Death Of Treasurer George Schairer

Sitting in his accustomed armchair, in the Home of his Lodge, Cambridge, O., No. 448, to whose interests he had for so many years devoted his energies, George David Schairer, its Treasurer, recently died from a sudden and unexpected stroke of heart disease. Mr. Schairer, a native of Cambridge, was for many years in business in that city. Retiring some time ago, he had since directed his attention chiefly to the affairs of his family and of his Lodge. The members of these, as well as the many others in Cambridge who knew him, feel his loss severely. His death came at the age of sixty-one.

Washington, D. C., Lodge's Charity Ball Again a Great Success

The tenth annual Charity Ball of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, attended by seven hundred couples and held recently in the ballroom of the Willard Hotel, proved a distinct financial as well as social success. The income derived from the event was swelled further when William Keefer, the member of the Lodge voted the most popular Elk present, and given an automobile in token of this esteem, donated to the charity fund an amount equivalent to half the cost of the car.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's Ladies' Bowling Team Will Tour

The Ladies' Bowling Team of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, champions of the Pacific Coast, will set a new precedent in the history of its sport when, en route to the Ladies' National Tournament in Louisville, Ky., this May, it will engage in a series of exhibition matches in several cities. Departure from Los Angeles will be made early in March. The record of Lodge No. 99's Ladies' Team is exceptional. It has never been defeated by women bowlers, the losses of three matches of the forty-two it has played this season having been at the hands of men.

President Hoover Names Joseph G. Buch as Member of Child Conference

President Herbert Hoover appointed a few weeks ago Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, General Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, a member of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. The naming of Mr. Buch was made at the suggestion of Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur.

District Deputy Dickmann Visits Hannibal, Mo., Elks

A special car was required for the accommodation of the large delegation from his own Lodge, St. Louis, No. 9, which accompanied District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Bernard F. Dickmann, of Missouri, East, on his journey to pay an official visit not long ago to Hannibal, Mo., Lodge, No. 1198. Arrangements for the entertainment of the District Deputy and his escort by Hannibal Elks were on a commensurate scale. Before the meeting in the Home, a banquet was



The new Home of Cocoa, Fla., Lodge No. 1532, which was recently dedicated

given in the Mark Twain Hotel, and made the more pleasant by orchestral and vocal music. In his address later to the Lodge, Mr. Dickman offered to bring to Hannibal a few weeks later the degree team of St. Louis Lodge for the conduct of an initiation. The suggestion was promptly and enthusiastically endorsed. The evening closed with an informal social meeting, the feature of which was the rendition of several instrumental numbers by the visiting Elks.

Bandmen of Seattle, Wash., Lodge Establish a Country Club

For the establishment of a country club to which all its members are eligible, the band of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, purchased recently ten acres of land on the shores of Lake Fenwick, near the city, and already has set to work clearing the ground for the clubhouse. The club will be called the Lake Fenwick Country Club. Anyone who has been a member of the Lodge band for a year may belong. An additional privilege of membership is the right of everyone holding it to a cabin site and picnic grounds on the property.

Albion, N. Y., Elks Greet District Deputy and State Association Officer

Albion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1006, welcomed recently District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John H. Burns, of New York, West, when he paid his official visit to its Home. He was accompanied by Adolph C. Kudel, Vice-president, for the same district, of the State Elks Association. After the initiation and the delivery of messages to the Albion Elks from the Grand Exalted Ruler, a part of the will of the late Warner Thompson, Past Exalted Ruler, was read, bequeathing to the Exalted Ruler of the Lodge for the term of his office Mr. Thompson's diamond lapel pin and gold watch. Exalted Ruler William Caswell, as the first beneficiary, received them.

Many Visitors at Smoker of Union Hill, N. J., Degree Team

Elks from two States were guests of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, not long ago at a smoker sponsored by its Degree Team. The event, as well as for the presence of so many visitors, was notable for the entertainment provided and for the spontaneous good-fellowship which obtained throughout the evening. Ten vaudeville acts, by professionals, were presented, and refreshments were both ample and delicious. Among those who were welcomed by Union Hill Elks, were members of New York, Albany and Staten Island, N. Y., and of Boonton, Bergenfield, Clifton, Dover, Newton, Pater-

son, Passaic, Ridgefield Park, Morristown and Newark, N. J., Lodges.

District Deputy Underwood Calls Upon Ashland, Ore., Elks

Clarence H. Underwood, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Oregon, South, visited Ashland Lodge, No. 944, officially a short time ago. He was accompanied by Perry O. DeLap, President of the Oregon State Elks Association and a fellow member of Mr. Underwood's in Klamath Falls Lodge, No. 1247. What with the pleasure of meeting manifested by both the guests and their hosts and the entertainment provided by students of the State Normal School, the occasion proved a particularly happy one.

Billings, Mont., Lodge's Charity Ball a Brilliant Event

As a means of earning money for relief work and as a social event, the Charity Ball of Billings, Mont., Lodge, No. 394, held a few weeks ago, represented the greatest success that city has known in years. All three floors of the Commercial Club were devoted to the affair and all were filled to overflowing by the more than two hundred guests. Vocal and piano recitals, an exhibition ballet and dancing constituted the entertainment for the major part of the evening. These events were followed by a buffet supper served in the basement which, for the occasion, had been lavishly decorated.

District Deputy Visits His Own Lodge at Milton, Pa.

In honor of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George E. Rothermel, of Pennsylvania, North Central, to his own Lodge, Milton, No. 913, its members held a short time ago a get-together meeting which 185 Elks attended. For the Degree Team which engaged in initiating six new members into the Lodge, the District Deputy had more than an average amount of praise. He commended, too, in his talk to his fellow members, the activity they have displayed this winter in affairs pertaining to the Order. An excellent supper followed the meeting.

Tiler of New Orleans, La., Lodge Serving His Thirty-third Year

New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, numbers among its members one who, in point of view of length in office, is believed to be one of the oldest Tilers in the Order. He is J. W. Christie and is now serving his thirty-third year as Tiler of the Lodge. Mr. Christie is moreover a Past

Exalted Ruler of the same Lodge, ranking now sixth in seniority.

Notables at Seattle, Wash., Lodge Do Honor to Old-Timers

Songs that were hummed and whistled forty years ago won a fresh popularity recently when Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, at the greatest assemblage it has known for many a year, held its Old-Timers' festivities. For its numbers, for the warmth of recollection it evoked and for the distinction of its guests, the occasion was memorable. A special section, and a gratifyingly ample one, was set apart for seating the survivors of the first five hundred members of the Lodge. Upon the altar was placed a portrait of Member No. 1 and the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, Daniel E. Mulligan; and many of the members who had known him contributed anecdotes. Others rendered amusing monologues and songs. Among the notables present were Governor Roland H. Hartley, a member of Everett Lodge, who was introduced by Justice of the Grand Forum Walter F. Meier; and Mayor Frank Edwards. William Hickman Moore, third in seniority of Seattle Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers, presided.

District Deputy Praises Condition Of San Mateo, Calif., Lodge

Both the splendid condition of its affairs and the exemplary conduct of its meeting came in for praise from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles A. Redding upon the occasion of his recent official visit to San Mateo, Calif., Lodge, No. 1112. Mr. Redding was accompanied in his mission by Exalted Ruler Joseph E. Collins and thirty other members of his own Lodge, San Rafael, No. 1108. After the initiation ceremonies, the visitors were guests at an elaborate supper.

Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge's "Monte Carlo" Nets \$3,500 for Needy

Three thousand, five hundred dollars was earned a short time ago by the annual "Monte Carlo" of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, for charities among the poor and the destitute sick. The "Monte Carlo," a yearly event since 1913, is an entertainment staged in a setting duplicating that of an old-fashioned Western dance hall. The Elks in charge dress in cowboys' or miners' costumes, and the atmosphere is generally that of the old frontier days. Since its inception, the "Monte Carlo" has been popular with the public both for the diversion it provides and for the fact that the money accruing from it is given in entirety—for the Lodge stands all the expense of the show—to charity. In the course of the several years of this institution, not only have the Elks bought food, fuel and clothes for the needy, but they have, among other acts, established and endowed a maternity ward in the local hospital, paid for more than one hundred operations, and sent away to sani-



The Degree Team of Bluffton, Ind., Lodge No. 796, twice State ritualistic champions

tariums and out-of-town hospitals patients suffering from tuberculosis or requiring the attention of specialists unavailable in Aberdeen.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Member Seeks Recovery of Lost Elk's Tooth

Elks are urged, if they should find an Elk's tooth inscribed, in gold, A. J. P. No. 871, to notify the owner, S. J. Polachek, of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, either at the Lodge Home or at his own address, 1770 Andrews Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Bluffton, Ind., Lodge's Degree Team Adds to Its Renown

So renowned has the Degree Team of Bluffton, Ind., Lodge, No. 796, become that twice within one week it was called upon recently to conduct initiatory ceremonies at other Indiana Lodges. The first occasion was that coincident with the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Burke, of Indiana, North Central, to Garrett Lodge, No. 1447. The second was the performance of similar duties the next evening at Marion Lodge, No. 195. This tribute to the Bluffton Degree Team by neighboring units of the Order is in keeping with the team's earlier achievements. Six months after its organization, some three years ago, it was delegated to exemplify the ritual at Fort Wayne Lodge when the then Grand Exalted Ruler, John F. Malley, visited there; and it has twice won

the cup donated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, emblematic of the ritualistic championship of the Indiana State Elks Association.

Two District Deputies at Record Meeting of Yuma, Ariz., Lodge

Attendance records for meetings of Yuma, Ariz., Lodge, No. 476, were broken a short time ago when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. H. Starkweather, of Arizona, South, paid his official visit there and, at the same time, a delegation of members of El Centro, Calif., Lodge, No. 1325, was present to conduct the initiation ceremonies. With the El Centro Elks came also District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. R. Schultz, of California, South. In all, more than 325 Elks were gathered in the Yuma Home. The class of candidates, both in numbers and in eligibility, was in keeping with the auspiciousness of the occasion. Over forty young men were inducted, many of them the sons of members of the Order. An additional cause for congratulation of Yuma Lodge was the appearance of the Home. It was damaged several months ago by fire, but since then has been remodeled and redecorated at a cost of about \$30,000. To-day it is one of the most beautiful in its part of the country.

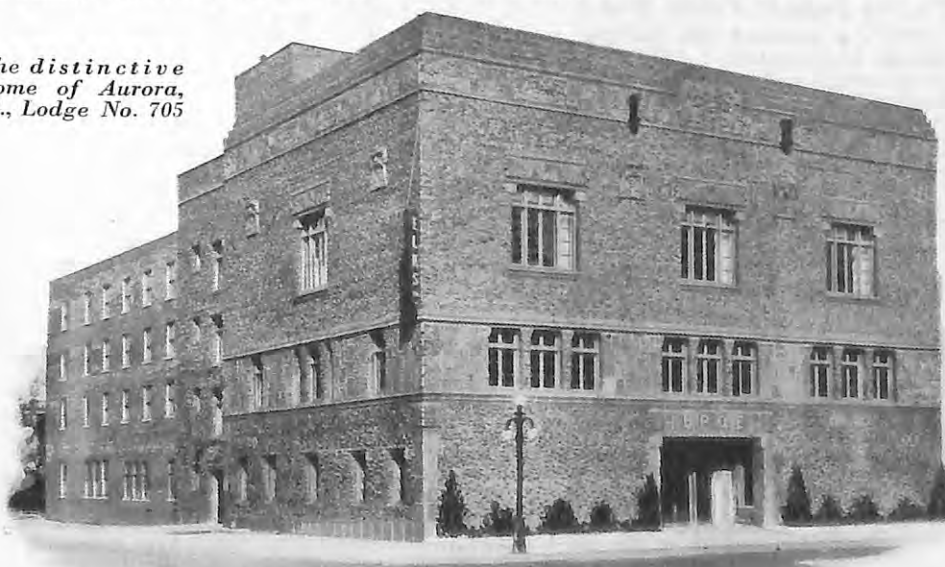
Ten Past Exalted Rulers of Waltham, Mass., Escort District Deputy

Ten Past Exalted Rulers of Waltham, Mass., Lodge, No. 953, presented themselves as an escort of honor to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank B. Twitchell, of Massachusetts, Central, when he paid his official visit there recently. This unusual attendance of former officers of the Lodge, together with the enthusiasm exhibited at the meeting, won praise for the Waltham Elks not only from the District Deputy but also from Thomas J. Brady, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, who likewise was among the gathering.

Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge Given Elk's Head as Token of Thanks

In appreciation of what it has done to assist him in the cause of the care and treatment of undernourished children Dr. James Grassick, head of a tuberculosis association in North Dakota presented recently to Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, No. 255, an uncommonly fine and large elk's head. Dr. Grassick himself shot the animal thirty years ago, in Manitoba. Grand Forks Lodge has given \$100 annually to the school milk fund sponsored by Dr. Grassick, and it has also, from time to time, helped to bear the expenses of boys and girls sent to Camp Grassick, an institution for undernourished children.

The distinctive Home of Aurora, Ill., Lodge No. 705



The magnificent Home of Devils Lake, N. D., Lodge, No. 1216



Ninety-four Alpena, Mich., Elks Cheer Burning of Mortgage

Alpena, Mich., Lodge, No. 505, celebrated a short time ago the removal of the \$20,000 mortgage placed on its Home, ten years before, by burning the document before a cheering assemblage of ninety-four Elks. Among them was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Bradford Pengelly, of Michigan, East, who congratulated the members of Alpena Lodge upon the careful management and the perseverance responsible for their ability now to have their Home entirely unencumbered financially. The clearance of debt betokened by the ceremony of burning the mortgage was regarded as the more noteworthy because in the course of paying it off there had been made a number of costly improvements in the Home.

District Deputy Tobias Pays Visit To Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. H. Tobias, of Pennsylvania, Northeast, visited officially Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945, a short time ago. In his address to the members present, Mr. Tobias paid tribute especially to the appearance of their Lodge room and to the businesslike conduct of Lodge affairs his inspection had disclosed. Following the meeting a buffet supper was served and an evening of warm good-fellowship ensued.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge Is Host To State Association Vice-President

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, recently was host to Herman Engel, Vice-President for the Eastern District of the New York State Elks Association. Mr. Engel, in addressing the members present, urged an active participation in the affairs of the Association, particularly in the matter of sending generous delegations to its coming annual convention. It was gratifying to the Poughkeepsie Elks that after witnessing their conduct of the initiation, Mr. Engel suggested their entering the State Ritualistic Contest, to be held this year in Niagara Falls.

Adams, Mass., Lodge Completes New Home and Fine Holiday Program

With the getting of its new Home in readiness for its forthcoming dedication and with the accomplishment of an ambitious holiday charity program, Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, has recently been especially active. The Home, although not yet formally given over to the Lodge, has already been utilized, the most notable function to be held in it being the Memorial services of the Lodge. Present plans call for its dedication within about a month. In addition to completing the Home, Adams Lodge achieved distinct success in carrying out its customary yearly Charity Ball. Interest in the event was heightened appreciably by the Lodge's request of merchants to run notices of the Ball in their advertisements. Twenty-five concerns consented, much to the benefit of the affair.

Jack Dempsey Is Given Token of Thanks by Bronx, N. Y., Elks

In token of their appreciation of his officiating at a benefit athletic event sponsored by Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, several years ago, its members recently presented Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champion, with a gift, when he was appearing at a vaudeville theatre in New York. The presentation was made before the audience by George Bothner, former light-weight wrestler. Mr. Dempsey expressed delight at receiving the remembrance and regret at the fact that an engagement later that evening at a benefit affair in Brooklyn prevented his visiting, after the show, his fellow members of the Order at the Bronx Lodge Home.

Mexia, Texas, Lodge Gives Notice Of Revocation of Card

L. L. Wilkey, Exalted Ruler of Mexia, Texas, Lodge, No. 1449, requests of officers of any Lodge encountering Mexia Lodge membership card No. 902, issued to W. B. Tyler, to confiscate it and to notify Mexia Lodge. According to Mr. Wilkey, the card has been revoked.

Whiting, Ind., Lodge Member Reports Losing Card

Lodge secretaries are urged to ask identification of the bearer of a membership card lost recently by Charles McClelland, of Whiting, Ind., Lodge, No. 1273. Besides the owner's name, the card carries the following information: ledger page 18; date issued, April 2, 1929; paid up to April 1, 1930; member number 282.

Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge Is Host To San Joaquin Valley Elks

Nearly a thousand Elks gathered together recently at Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, at an assembly of members of the Lodges of the San Joaquin Valley Elks Association. The visitors were met at the station by the Bakersfield Elks and driven in cars to the business district. There they formed into marching order and paraded, with the Purple Guard Drill Team of Bakersfield Lodge leading them, to the Masonic Temple for the initiation of candidates. In this ceremony an Exalted Ruler of every member Lodge of the Association took part. The Exalted Ruler's station was occupied by E. J. Mahoney, of Tulare Lodge, No. 1424, a member of the State championship ritualistic team. After the formal exercises an entertainment was held, including several vaudeville acts of unusual merit.

Everett, Wash., Elks' Band Plays At Monroe Reformatory

The band of Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, gave an hour's concert a short time ago for the inmates of the Monroe Reformatory. The music, as well as several amateur performances later by individual members of Everett Lodge, was rewarded by prolonged and spontaneously

hearty applause on the part of the six hundred who attended. After the concert the musicians and those who accompanied them on the trip were entertained by the superintendent of the reformatory, Joseph St. Peter, who is an Elk, and by Mrs. St. Peter. In token of their appreciation of the graciousness of their hostess, the band played several numbers as a serenade in her honor.

Suite of Forty Attleboro, Mass., Elks Formed for District Deputy

An honorary suite of forty, including eleven Past Exalted Rulers, of Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1014, turned out to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph D. Irvine, of Massachusetts, Southeast, upon the event of his recent official visit there. Prominent members of this group were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles L. Magee, of Taunton Lodge, and Albert M. Heath, Trustee of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. The gathering at the Attleboro Lodge Home numbered in all about 125. In addressing the assemblage, the District Deputy paid a special tribute to the manner in which the Lodge had exemplified the ritual. The occasion was marked throughout by a gratifying heartiness of spirit and enthusiasm for the ideals and concerns of the Order.

Hold Two Big Events in One Week at San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge

Two events of exceptional importance to members of San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, No. 322, took place recently. The first was the official visit to the Lodge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George M. Smith, of California, West Central. The second was the annual Charity Show, held on two successive evenings at a local theatre. Subsequent to the meeting at which Mr. Smith conveyed to the San Luis Obispo Elks the message of the Grand Exalted Ruler, there was arranged a program of entertainment by professional performers. The participants in the Charity Show a few days later were recruited from among amateur volunteers of the city, but the musical comedy in which they sang and danced disclosed abilities worthy of those whose livelihood is the theatre. The fund for charities derived from the entertainment was in excess of expectations.

Macon, Mo., Elks Initiate Record Class Before District Deputy

Seventy-four candidates, constituting the largest class ever to be initiated into Macon, Mo., Lodge, No. 999, and reported to be a record number for any Lodge in the northern part of the State, were initiated not long ago when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jerome H. Bamberg visited the Lodge officially. In his address to the Macon Elks, the District Deputy congratulated them not only upon the success of their enterprise in seeking new members but also upon the splendid manner of their conduct of the ceremonies of the Order. At the meeting and the buffet supper following it, three hundred Elks were present.

Salina, Kans., Elks Refurnish Ladies' Parlor Elaborately

In order that every room in the Home be in keeping with the attractiveness of the interior as a whole, Salina, Kans., Lodge, No. 718, recently refurnished completely its ladies' parlor. This included a thorough renovation of all the former articles in this room and the purchase of new where they were regarded as necessary. The total cost of the enterprise amounted to about \$2,000. To-day Salina Elks maintain that theirs is the most beautifully appointed ladies' parlor of any Lodge in the State.

San Francisco, Calif., Elks Initiate Class for Alameda Lodge

The officers, Drill Team and a host of the members of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, made a visit a short time ago to Alameda Lodge, No. 1015, and took care of the initiatory ceremonies in a manner which stirred the admiration of those who welcomed them. After the exer-

cises for the induction of new members into Alameda Lodge, in which the Drill Team assisted, both hosts and guests were entertained by a number of selections by the University of California Glee Club and by a talk on football by Major Bartlett.

District Deputy Comments on Gain In Size of Loveland, Colo., Lodge

Ten Past Exalted Rulers attended the meeting of Loveland, Colo., Lodge, No. 1051, at which an official visit was paid by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Omer T. Mallory, of Colorado, North. This manifestation of sustained interest in Lodge affairs was a happy one in connection with the remark made by the District Deputy in the course of his address to those present, of the fact that Loveland was the only Lodge in his district to show a gain in membership during the period ending last April.

Muscatine, Ia., Elks Win Notice For Year's Activities

Its activities for the last year both within its own membership and in the outside community, place Muscatine, Ia., Lodge, No. 304, as one of the most energetic and helpful units of the Order in its State. These, together with a brief history of the Lodge, were reviewed recently in a feature article in the *Muscatine Journal*. Since its institution in 1895, the Lodge has expanded to include more than 700 members, and the enthusiasm responsible for this growth to-day is manifest in the Lodge's devotion to charitable, civic and social affairs. In addition to regular cooperation with the Welfare Association of Muscatine, it has to its credit a good share of the responsibility for the promotion and development, in association with the Levee Committee, of Riverview Park; and in recognition of this there now stands, at the entrance to the park and opposite the Lodge Home, the bronze figure of an elk. The Lodge moreover has assisted a number of other organizations of its city by permitting them to use upon certain occasions, and free of charge, the Lodge room for meetings and entertainments.

New Home of Brattleboro, Vt., Elks Is Opened Informally

Joined by a large delegation of members of Keene, N. H., Lodge, No. 927, and other near-by Lodges, Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge, No. 1499, celebrated recently the informal opening of its new Home. The Elks, both hosts and visitors, gathered early in the evening at the old quarters of Brattleboro Lodge and then, escorted by the American Legion Drum Corps and carrying torches of red fire, marched to their handsome present Home. The honor of being first to open the front door was bestowed upon Dr. Edward R. Lynch, first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge.

The handsome Home of Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776



After a preliminary and brief inspection of the Home, a class of candidates was initiated by the officers of Keene Lodge. There followed later a more prolonged and thorough examination of the new building, the beauty of which, both in surroundings and in appointments, was admirably commented upon.

District Deputy Among 300 Elks at Fostoria, O., Lodge Meeting

Including guests from a number of near-by Lodges, more than three hundred Elks were present to witness the initiation and be party to the entertainment held recently at Fostoria, O., Lodge, No. 935, when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick, of Ohio, Northwest, visited there. Dinner was served before the induction of the candidates into the Order. The members of Fostoria Lodge found the principal speech of the evening, delivered by the District Deputy, both interesting and stimulating. They were gratified, too, by the attendance of delegations from Findlay, Toledo, Fremont and Tiffin Lodges.

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge Entertains Elks from Asbury Park

Although a breakdown of one of the motor-buses carrying a large delegation of members of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, divided it into two factions before its arrival to visit Elizabeth Lodge, No. 289, a short time ago, the guests were solidly united before their departure in acclaiming the hospitality of their hosts perfect. After the initiation, conducted by Asbury Park officers, the Elizabeth Elks and visitors repaired to the auditorium, there to enjoy heartily a splendid supper and a vaudeville show.

Nineteen Past Exalted Rulers at Marysville, Calif., Lodge Dinner

Sixteen of the twenty surviving Past Exalted Rulers of Marysville, Calif., Lodge, No. 783, gathered together recently at the annual dinner of this group of former Lodge heads. The occasion was rendered additionally auspicious by the presence, as guests, of three Past Exalted Rulers of Oroville Lodge, No. 1484. They were W. T. Baldwin, O. W. Halstead and S. R. Baker.

Birmingham, Ala., Elks Entertain For Police and Their Band

In token of its appreciation of the work of the police department, and of the police band for its willingness to cooperate at civic functions, Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, gave a monster fish fry recently for members of both organizations. The guests of honor were Commissioner of Public Safety John H. Tyler and Police Chief Fred H. McDuff. The fish fry was followed by

music and dances by professional entertainers. The guests, numbering more than 150, were welcomed to the Home by R. M. Montgomery.

Past Exalted Ruler Stevenson, of Fulton, N. Y., Lodge, Dies

John W. Stevenson, for three successive terms Exalted Ruler of Fulton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 830, and for four consecutive periods mayor of that city, died recently at the age of sixty-three. Funeral ceremonies were held both at Mr. Stevenson's residence and at the Elks Home, where Past Exalted Rulers of Fulton Lodge conducted the services in accordance with the Elks Ritual. At the conclusion of these, the present officers of the Lodge marched with the procession, as an official escort, to the place of burial in Mt. Adnah cemetery. Mr. Stevenson's passing was mourned by the public, which he had served so ably, as well as by members of the Order. The procession to the Elks Home included some 1,500 school children as well as a host of their elders. This tribute on the part of the younger members of the community was in keeping with the work Mr. Stevenson had done in their behalf. He was responsible for the development and later the purchase by the city of the Recreation Park in Fulton; and, too, for the erection of the new high school and a number of grade schools. A further token of the esteem in which he had always been held was manifested by the employees of the American Woolen Mills, of which for years Mr. Stevenson was the head. The entire body of workers left the building and stood silent along the sidewalks as the funeral procession passed. It was noteworthy in Mr. Stevenson's career that, for all the weight of his responsibilities in public affairs and in business, he was able to endow his attention to the interests of the Order with great energy. During his leadership of Fulton Lodge he was instrumental not only in virtually doubling its membership but also in directing the attention of the Lodge to an active and helpful participation in state and national, as well as local, concerns of the Order. He was presented by Fulton Lodge as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, at the Grand Lodge Convention at Boston, in 1917. Mr. Stevenson is survived by a brother and three sisters. To them, and to his legion of devoted friends both in and out of the Order, *THE ELKS MAGAZINE* takes this occasion to extend its heartfelt sympathy.

Many Visiting Elks at Sedalia, Mo., Lodge When District Deputy Calls

Exalted Rulers from two neighboring Lodges were present, with delegations, upon the occasion recently of the official visit to Sedalia, Mo., Lodge, No. 125, of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. E. Gouge, of Missouri, West. From Springfield, "Florence," Lodge, No. 409, came Exalted Ruler Don H. Silsby and a staff to assist at the initiation of the sixteen Sedalia candidates; and from Warrensburg Lodge, No. 673, Exalted Ruler Chester Cassingham arrived, also accompanied by a number of members. At the meeting, moreover, were Elks from Kansas City Lodge, No. 26, and from Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99. The entire gathering comprised more than 200, all of whom, after the initiation ceremonies, sat down to an ample and splendidly prepared barbecue buffet supper.

Cristobal, C. Z., Elks Give Dinner-Dance Honoring District Deputy

The members of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, together with their ladies, gave a dinner-dance a short time ago in honor of J. Lang Wardlaw, recently appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the Canal Zone. This testimonial to Mr. Wardlaw, a member of Cristobal Lodge, was held at the Strangers' Club, Colon. The guests of honor included Richard M. Davies, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, at present a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; and Arthur W. Goulet, who has the unique distinction of having served as Exalted Ruler of two Lodges, as well as having been District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. During the course of the evening the Exalted Ruler, Edward J. Brophy, made a short address and presented Mr. Wardlaw with a gold membership



Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews at the fortieth anniversary dinner of Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135

card case as a token of the esteem of the members of Cristobal Lodge.

Officers of Eight Ohio Lodges Meet To Further Ritualistic Work

The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of eight Lodges in northwest Ohio met recently for the purpose of heightening interest in excellence in ritualistic exercises. The conference was called by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick, and its session was marked by an exceptional degree of enthusiasm. It was the expressed belief of the District Deputy that concerted activity among the Lodges of his district would be of tremendous value in helping to success the efforts, of State-wide scope, of the Ritualistic Committee of the Ohio State Elks Association, under the direction of James R. Cooper, Past Exalted Ruler of Newark, O., Lodge, No. 391, and Past President of the State Association.

Seattle Elks in New York Seek Other Washington State Members for Club

The Seattle Elks Social Club, an informal organization of members of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, residing in New York City and other parts of the metropolitan district, recently has held two meetings. These were at dinners, the first at the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, and the second at that of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21. This Club, formed not long ago, has at present a membership of thirty-eight, headed by John D. Harris. Mr. Harris, whose address is 295 Fifth Avenue, has issued an invitation, in behalf of the group, to all Elks from

the State of Washington and now living in New York City, New Jersey or Connecticut, to join the Club; and urges that any such member wishing to join it communicate with him.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge Wins District Deputy's Commendation

Both the general sound condition of St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge, No. 1343, and the fashion in which it conducted its initiatory ceremonies came in for praise from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank E. Robinson, of Vermont, when he paid his official visit there a short time ago. The class of candidates was one of the largest inducted for a number of months. The District Deputy was accompanied to St. Johnsbury by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, of Montpelier Lodge, No. 924.

Charleston, S. C., Lodge's First Exalted Ruler Dies

Samuel Lapham, first and oldest Exalted Ruler of Charleston, S. C., Lodge, No. 242, and chairman of its board of trustees, died recently at the age of eighty. The members of the Lodge attended his funeral in a body in recognition of the high esteem and affection in which all held him. In civic affairs as well as in fraternal, Mr. Lapham was a distinguished participant. He was from 1895 to 1907 chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the City Council, from 1903 to 1906 Mayor, *pro tem*, and in 1902 Chairman of the Park Board. His interest in furthering education was noticed by the Lodge when its permanent endowment

for scholarship, established several years ago, was named for him.

Alameda, Calif., Elks Charity Football Game Played in Rain

Despite a downpour of rain that left the field ankle-deep in mud, two football teams composed of members of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, one team representing the east side of the city and the other the west, played recently their fourth annual charity game. The West team, coached by Chris Freeman, former Stanford tackle, defeated the East, directed by Bodie Andrews, assistant coach at St. Mary's College, by a score of 13 to 6. The contest was witnessed by about 2,500, a gratifying number considering the weather; and it was estimated that the goal of \$3,000 in receipts, set by the Lodge before the game, was achieved. This money is to be devoted, as usual, to the maintenance of the Alameda Children's Relief Home, a charitable institution in Alameda which trains destitute children for adoption.

District Deputy's Speech to Sunbury, Pa., Elks Strengthens Inter-Lodge Ties

Cordiality of feeling among three neighboring Pennsylvania Lodges was fostered recently when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George E. Rothermel, of Pennsylvania, North Central, paid his official visit to Sunbury Lodge, No. 267. In his address to the Sunbury Elks, the District Deputy spoke in a stirring manner of the closeness of relationship which always had existed between his own, Milton Lodge, No.

(Continued on page 62)

News of the State Associations

Michigan

THE Michigan State Elks Association, at its annual mid-winter meeting, called recently by President William Dickson Brown at Grand Rapids Lodge, No. 48, set June 16 and 17 as the time for its coming State Convention, and Hancock as the place. Among the other matters of importance discussed during the meeting was that of the Elks Scholarship Fund, a particular concern of Michigan Elks. While at Grand Rapids, the delegates to the gathering were the guests of Grand Trustee John K. Burch and Exalted Ruler Friend S. Grimes of Grand Rapids Lodge.

Connecticut

REPRESENTATIVES of twenty-one of the twenty-four Lodges in Connecticut met recently at the Home of New Haven Lodge, No. 25, and formed the Connecticut State Elks Association. This is the forty-third organization of its kind in the country, there being but five States which have as yet to form Elks Associations. Pending the election of permanent officers of the new Association, the following temporary officers were named to serve: President, Hon. Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury Lodge, No. 120; First Vice-President, Roy R.

Powers, Hartford Lodge, No. 19; Second Vice-President, John P. Pickett, Middletown Lodge, No. 771; Secretary, William Gleason, Torrington Lodge, No. 372; Treasurer, Joseph C. Ivers, Bridgeport Lodge, No. 36; Trustees: Lawrence Mungan, New Britain Lodge, No. 957; Raymond Gilyard, Ansonia Lodge, No. 1269; Vincent R. Kilboy, Greenwich Lodge, No. 1150; Edward L. Haynor, West Haven Lodge, No. 1537; and Nelson J. Ayling, Norwich Lodge, No. 430.

Illinois

BOTH present and imminent activities of the Illinois State Elks Association manifest important progress. The present efforts consist of the work of the Association in behalf of crippled children of the State. Aligning its efforts with those of the State of Illinois, the Association has functioning thirty-six orthopedic clinics for boys and girls to which specialists in this kind of treatment have been induced to contribute their skill. Within the Order, the enterprises of the Association are as energetic for betterment as without. Under its direction, the seven Grand Lodge districts of Illinois are arranging now for a series of district initiations, to be held on successive nights late in February and early in March. As a stimulus to especial

interest in these events, it has been announced that all-star ritualistic teams will be selected for the exemplification of the initiatory exercises in each district.

New Jersey

FIFTY-FIVE member Lodges of the New Jersey State Elks Association, at the last regular quarterly meeting, at the Home of Camden Lodge, No. 293, voted to hold the forthcoming annual convention of the Association at the same time and place as those designated for that of the Grand Lodge. The Association will meet, July 10 to 13, in Atlantic City. A second important event of the meeting in Camden was the election of John A. Flood, of Bayonne Lodge, No. 434, to succeed Daniel F. Gaven, former Secretary of the Association, who died last fall. In the matter of plans for the Grand Lodge Convention in July, the New Jersey Elks were addressed by Monroe Goldstein, representing the Atlantic City 1930 National Reunion Committee. To him the State Association gave assurance that not only would every New Jersey Lodge take part in the Grand Lodge parade, but also that each would be uniformed in a distinctive and colorful, but dignified, fashion. The

(Continued on page 60)

AN EXPECTATION SURPASSED

It was expected that the men who now control Durant Motors would introduce a line of *good* motor cars.

That they would build honest cars. Cars of character, that would serve long and economically and well—precisely the kind of cars they have been in the habit of building for many years.

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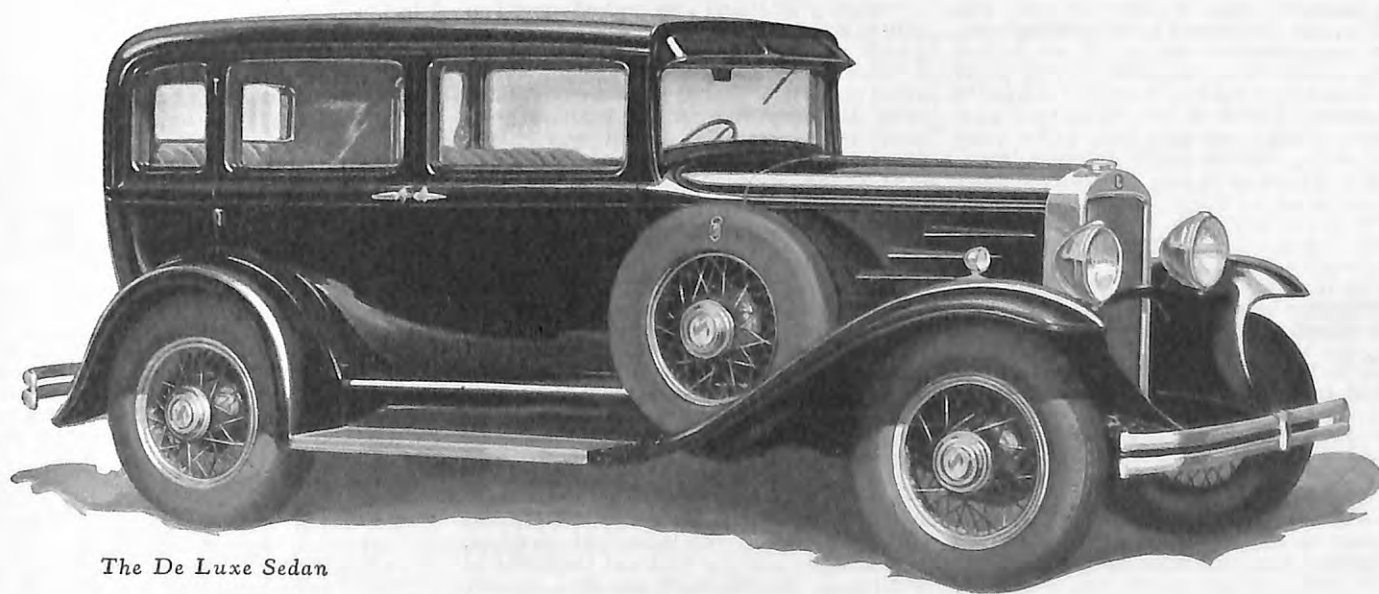
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D U R A N T
 A G O O D C A R

Stampeding the African Buffalo

(Continued from page 29)

buffalo near the front of the herd stopped suddenly, lifted its head and sniffed. Others caught up to it and stopped. They stood motionless for a long moment and then abruptly wheeled and dashed off. The entire herd followed, even those who were still far to our right. It was marvelous to see how perfectly coordinated was their response to the sign of danger. The vast majority of that huge herd could not possibly have smelt us. Yet without a second's hesitation they had plunged away in the wake of their leaders.

"Come on, Pete," I cried jumping up. "After them."

We ran down and followed the herd. For a few hundred yards they had run through a stretch of tallish open timber. Then the plateau. We stopped on the edge.

"Where's the truck?" asked Pete.

"Don't know," I answered. "But if we're going to do anything we'll have to run. We've got to turn the herd and drive them back here. If they get into that big 'saka they're gone."

"You can't turn them," replied Pete. "If we get ahead of them they will run over us."

"Come on and we'll try," I answered and started running. Ahead and to the right the buffalo were loping across the plateau. At that distance the herd looked like a black sea rolling and tossing gently. I ran in a semi-circle. It seemed miles across that plateau. Beside me ran my gun-bearer Mangineera and my hunter Jam. Pete was off to the right. He did not favor running. Gasping and panting we reached the outer fringe of the big 'saka. The herd had slowed up doubtless thinking themselves safe once more.

Dodging in amongst the trees we headed for the buffalo, jumping several magnificent eland as we went. Pete was sorely tempted but refrained from shooting. An eland is always a prize.

WE SPREAD out. Pete was the first to meet the buffalo. I could not see him, but a sudden crash of branches and the thud of hoofs told the story. Jam rushed away flying through the grass. I heard some shouts. Then I caught sight of some buffalo between me and the plateau. It was too thick to see clearly but Mangineera and I rushed at them, throwing caution to the winds. More crashing and snorts and bellows of surprise. We broke out of the thick stuff and found ourselves running madly within fifty yards of part of the herd. The buffalo seemed determined to get into the 'saka. But we were between them and it, so we tore along in a mad chase, the buffalo trying to get ahead of us and so cut into the bush. We yelled and shouted. I took off my hat and waved it as I ran. Mangineera gave vent to the most blood curdling shrieks and cut insane capers, leaping in the air as he ran. But we could not keep up the pace. Sweat poured off us. The sun beat down mercilessly. I was nearly ready to drop. But the leader of the herd kept ruthlessly crowding Mangineera and me closer and closer to the thick bush. Deciding on a last effort I ran my heart into my head and drawing a little ahead of the galloping herd pulled up. Raising my rifle I took a bead on the leader of the herd. Crash, and down she went in a heap. I yelled madly and fired again. The herd turned and swinging at a right angle galloped and tore straight away from us back across the plateau.

The sight put new life into us. We dashed after them. Dust began to rise and a swirling column followed twisting after the herd like the monstrous tail of some giant. Suddenly a buffalo rose up from the ground in front of us and charged with a single savage bellow of rage. It was the leader. Crash, crash. I fired both barrels. The buffalo turned a complete somersault. I was using a heavy elephant gun. But she got to her feet and charged again. Again I fired and this time dropped her for good. We ran on. The herd was far away but I fired after them to hurry them up. I thought I could see directly ahead of them, the yellowish blob which marked the camouflage of the truck. Frank and Noble wanted a stampede. Well, I would give them one.

On we ran, yelling hoarsely. Our voices were

giving out and I felt trembly all over. Mangineera, too, in spite of his wirelike strength was beginning to slacken pace. The herd was drawing away from us fast. But they were heading right for the truck. But one buffalo lagged behind.

Mangineera caught sight of it and let out a cracked yell, "A calf, a calf."

We tried to run faster. But it was impossible. I could not work my legs any quicker. We had already run nearly four miles. My head pounded and my mouth and throat were so dry I gasped in great, catching breaths.

Ahead we could see the truck. Noble was on the platform grinding his camera furiously. Frank was on the running board with another.

"The calf," we yelled hoarsely, "Catch the calf."

But either they were too busy to hear or our voices were too weak, because nothing happened. The calf, it was a bigish one, ran on and we staggeringly followed, trying vainly to point it out to those on the truck.

Then suddenly the natives in the back caught sight of the calf. With a yell they erupted out of the truck, and for the calf, waving ropes and shouting encouragement to each other. I could hear Noble cursing them for shaking his camera. The calf bellowed and charged the nearest boy. Dancing around it they ran this way and that trying to get close to it. Mangineera and I tried to catch up to them. We ran past a dead buffalo. They must have had trouble, I thought. The calf bellowed loudly. Lubango had it by the hind leg. As I looked, the calf disappeared under a wave of natives. They had it. I staggered panting to the truck and collapsed on the running board. As soon as I recovered my breath I asked Frank, "Get it?"

He nodded. "They came right past us. One came so close I was afraid it would charge. It won't now," he added grimly. Then, "where is Pete?"

"I don't know," I answered. "Last I heard he was yelling at a bunch of buffalo in that 'saka over there."

Leaving boys to cut up the dead buffalo we loaded the calf into the truck and Frank drove towards the spot at which I had shot the leader. On the way we picked up Pete. He was grinning all over.

"You did it!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, they went back alright," I answered.

"Caught a calf, too."

"Great, great," and Pete walked around to look at it. "I never thought you could do it. Caught a calf, too. How did you turn them?"

"Yelled like hell and shot the leader. Then yelled some more." After all, that was all I had done. It sounded very simple. And it had been, seeing that the herd had turned away instead of towards us. But who would ever have dared say that two men running on foot could keep a herd of about a hundred buffalo from going where they wanted to? More than that, make the herd run across a huge open space when they knew they were exposed to all sorts of danger. Buffalo. African buffalo. What did we care? The most dangerous animal in Africa. Show them to us. We'd chase them around.

Our confidence? Probably. Conceited? Undoubtedly. But then we had performed considerable of a feat. One I venture to say that has never been duplicated.

Streaked with sweat and dust we returned to camp. After putting the new calf in the kraal with our other buffalo we unloaded the meat and then headed for a bath and change. Grouped around the table an hour later we discussed the morning's work. We had caught two calves, seen a magnificent spectacle and photographed a stampede. But the results were not completely satisfying. The stampede had been across rather than right at the cameras. We felt we must try again. Perhaps we were getting somewhat chesky but we discussed stampeding a herd as if it was an everyday matter. Indeed, buffalo charging or stampeding were rapidly becoming an everyday matter for us. We had been hunting them steadily for five weeks and not a day had passed without our encountering buffalo in one way or another.

We made up our minds to try the flats near Mananongo's village. There, if reports from our

scouts were true, the buffalo stayed out on the vast treeless flats all day. Surely, in such a place we could get exactly what we wanted.

We had two trucks, a large Graham on which we had built a platform for the cameras, and a one-ton Ford. We decided to use both. The Graham would give the cameramen the elevation so necessary if they were to show a whole herd and not merely a moving of animals. The Ford I could use to cover the ground with my natives.

We arrived at Mananongo's about eleven one morning. Dumping the camp outfit, cook, most of the boys and all the dogs we left them to make a camp and drove out onto the flat to investigate. The more we drove around the more perfect the place seemed. If it had been made to order we could not have improved it.

Our camp looked out over a wide, perfectly level, treeless flat dotted with a few ant-hills. Past these came the buffalo trails leading from the 'saka out onto the large flat where grass and water were plentiful and sweet. But between the flat near our camp and the flat bordering the river ran a series of deep lagoons the banks of which were studded with trees and miniature 'sakas. Only at one point could the buffalo pass from the small to the large flat. All the trails converged there. It was a veritable funnel for buffalo. To cap everything and make the situation perfect, Mananongo assured us that when the herds came down at night that they stayed out on the large river flat for several days.

We made ourselves comfortable and settled down to wait. Each morning at dawn I sent my hunters down the trails and through the funnel. Buffalo, they reported, came down every night and stayed out on the flat but the herds were small. One morning they met a large lion, but had sufficient sense not to shoot it. To have killed in the funnel would have meant a catastrophic ending to our efforts. The fourth morning I saw one boy coming back from the funnel on the run. Calling to Frank and Noble I ran to the Ford and cranked it up. Frank started the Graham. It was not necessary to hear the boy's report. His running could have but one meaning. A big herd had gone through during the night.

Nevertheless I waited for him. Our expectations were justified. A big herd, the boy said, was even now feeding and bathing in the large pan a mile the other side of the funnel.

We stationed Noble with the Graham behind an ant-hill amongst the trails. Then I ran Frank down close to the funnel and he set the camera up on another ant-hill. Waving cheerily, for I felt confident of success, I drove off in the Ford. I had to go some ten miles to get on to the big flat where the buffalo were, without going through the funnel.

AN HOUR later I was bumping along over a wide rolling plain. The sun was well up. We could see for miles around us. As we drove up and down the wide dips herds of puku dashed startled from in front of us, only to pull up after a hundred yard run and gaze at the strange apparition. Every so often I stopped and, standing on the seat, searched the country with my glasses. Once I saw two big bulls walking slowly along a ridge but otherwise no buffalo did I see. We went on and on getting nearer and nearer to the big pan and the funnel. I began to get worried. What had happened? I could see the pan now. There were no buffalo there and I was prepared to swear that there were none behind us. But I reached the pan, drove past it and drew up by the funnel without finding a trace of the reported herd.

Frank appeared. He had heard my engine and come through the funnel.

"See them?" I asked.

"Not a sign," he answered.

We looked at each other in silence.

"Well," I said at length, "they must be somewhere on the flat. Get under a blade of grass out of the sun. I'm going to find those buffalo if it takes all day. Send word to Noble to stay where he is. I'll be back later."

I turned the truck and started straight for the river four miles or so distant. They must be somewhere between there and the funnel. But if they were lying down in one of the big dips it would be hard to find them.

Once at the river we started back, quartering the country. As does a pointer dog. Our engine

(Continued on page 48)

"Let Shepherds Count the Sheep"



MR. HALLINAN is District Attorney of Queens County, New York. He is a member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, B.P.O. Elks.

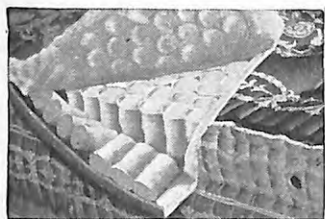
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SIMMONS

BEDS, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES AND

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Stampeding the African Buffalo

(Continued from page 46)

boiled continually. Every quarter of a mile we had to stop and put fresh water in the radiator. At every stop I scanned the country minutely. But not a buffalo could I see.

It was getting hotter and hotter. Heat waves danced over the ground, distorting our vision. Ant-hills occasionally appeared upside down. On the horizon a herd of puku could be seen walking with their feet in the air pointing towards the sky. The sweat smarted in my eyes. Then Mangineera stopped me.

"What is that over there, Inkos?" he asked.

I looked but all I could see was something that looked like a big patch of burned grass. I said so.

"No," answered the boy. "Look! It's moving."

I looked again. It was moving all right. Just the heat waves, I thought. Still, I focused the glasses on it. Good Lord, it was a herd of buffalo! For some reason they were crowded so close together they resembled burnt-over ground. But with the glasses there was no doubt. It was an enormous herd. No wonder we had passed them by the first time.

We stopped long enough to put more water in the radiator and then started for the herd. They were about half a mile from us and about three from the funnel. When we were about three or four hundred yards from them the leading buffalo started running. And they headed towards the funnel.

We took after them. Bouncing and bumping I raced that poor old truck back and forth behind the herd. But they could cover the ground faster than I could. So we took our time.

When the herd broke towards the right we headed them off and gradually drove them down into the mouth of the funnel.

The motor was boiling furiously. We put out last water in. When we unscrewed the radiator cap it blew so high and far we could not take the time to find it. Then, catastrophe of catastrophes! The heat was too great. We burst a tire. But we were close to the big pan. The buffalo were bunched in a black mass between it and the line of trees. A tire did not matter now. But the buffalo might run around the pan and so escape us. Giving Jam all the natives but two and all the rifles but my own, I sent him off on foot. He would take one side of the pan and I would drive around the other. If the herd tried to bolt back I told him to shoot the devil out of them. Off he went. I moved slowly along, watching him. The herd stood firm. They looked dangerous, and showed no signs of remembering the funnel through which they could escape us. Jam kept on. I stopped. He was getting on dangerous ground. Closer and closer he went. I could hear him shouting. Then suddenly several buffalo charged. Rifles cracked. I saw one buffalo fall to its knees. Then the boys broke and ran for the pan. I headed for them as fast as the truck would go. Splashing and yelling the boys reached the water and turning fired again and again. The buffalo stopped. Then they saw me clanging towards them, the truck bumping and banging and Mangineera and I yelling for all we were worth. I rushed at the herd. Jam and his boys came out of the pan. Shooting and yelling, Mangineera pounding on the truck with the

crank handle, we rushed the herd. For a moment they hesitated. With heads stuck straight out and tails curled the buffalo looked very menacing. Then they broke. A cloud of dust rolled up and the buffalo disappeared. We tore after them. The boys passed the truck in a shrieking mob. Not to be left behind, I abandoned the wheezing, boiling car and ran with them. Shouting and still shooting we reached the bank and the trees. The buffalo were gone. But they had gone through the funnel.

I CLIMBED a tall ant-hill. On the far side of the funnel I could hear Frank shouting and then the crash of his heavy rifle. But I could not see the buffalo. Far in the distance over the trees I could make out black dots, which were the ant-hills among which were hidden Noble and the Graham truck. And towards them moved a high column of dust. It came from the herd. They were heading straight for him.

I ran through the funnel. Frank was nowhere to be seen. Walking and running I reached the Graham.

Frank and Noble were seated on the running board.

"Success?" I asked.

"Greatest sight I ever saw," exclaimed Noble. "The whole herd nearly ran over me."

"Then we got it?" I stated, half questioningly.

"Got it," Frank almost yelled. "Got it. I'll say we did. And one nearly got me, too. But who cares. We've sure got some stamped picture now."

"Pass the water sack," I said.

The Wise Woman's Charm

(Continued from page 13)

"He got up and looked along the boreen, east and west, and there was no one in sight."

"There's a chance for me yet," he says, and with that, he lep the dyke and pushed the ground behind him without stay for breath or rest till he came to Portumna and the barracks there, where a sentry with a stiff neck and a chest like a pouter-pigeon, walked up and down, mighty grand, with the gun on his shoulder.

"Are you the general in command, Sorr?" Teig axes him.

"Not yet, me lad," says the sentry. "Me commission is over-due, but it hasn't reached here, though I'm looking for it anny time. What is it ye want with the general temporarily in command?"

"I was thinking of 'listing," says Teig.

"Then it's good-bye to me chances of the generalship," says the sentry, with a sigh. "Well, 'tis all for the good of the service, so I'll call the corporal of the guard and he'll take ye to the sergeant that attends to the real important matters."

"So he calls the corporal, and the corporal took him to the sergeant, who gave him a warm welcome."

"If 'twas anny but yourself, I'd send ye to the right-a-bout," says the sergeant. "None but the flower of the land can wear the king's coat while I'm to the fore; but I can see with half an eye that ye'll be reflecting credit on the regiment, so I'll give ye the shillin'—"

"Before I take it, I'd like to ax a question or two," says Teig.

"'Tis the finest life in the world," says the sergeant. "Lashins of the best to ate and drink, money in your pocket, a good horse to ride on and an elegant uniform. Nothing to do and plenty to get and a pension for your old age. A gentleman's life it is, bedad!"

"I'm not doubting that," Teig says, "but could I 'list temporary? Between you and me, I've just had a triflin' difficulty with a paper-skulled bosthoon, and the way I left him, I doubt I'd better be in Cork or Athlone than here, for the time. But I've me reasons for not wishing to stay away long."

"Is that it?" says the sergeant, cocking his eye at him. "Then ye've come to the right shop for we've a draft that goes to Dublin this very

blessed day and ye can go with it and stay till the trouble blows over."

"So Teig took the shillin' and with ribbons in his hat he went down to Dublin wid the draft and there he stayed but a short time when they put him on a big ship and sent him to the Injies for to fight the naygurs that there is there. And for ten years he stayed in them outlandish parts, reflecting credit on the regiment and doing some other reflecting between times, when he'd leisure, and then, one fine, steaming, sweating day, they put him on another big ship and sent him home."

AND so it was on a morning early in the pleasant month of May, as the old song says, that our hero set out from the barracks at Portumna for the cabin where his mother waited for him. Ye may picture him, by favor of his orficer, a-straddle a grand, shiny bay horse with the king's cipher below the crown on the saddle-cloth—a fine-built man with a brown face and a big moustache under his fur bushy and the hussars' pelisse over his broad shoulders. Think of him riding so, sabretache dangling and saber swinging at his spurred heel, all scarlet and shining steel, with the jangle of the metal and the creak of leather, and judge what a slip of a gray-eyed girl would have thought of him!

"She gave a little screech out of her at the first and cowered back to the hedgerow, but she laughed the next minute, for Sergeant Teig McDonough had a smile without the taste of harm in it. And her gray eyes widened as she took more note of him and the rose-leaf pink was on her cheeks as Teig gave her good-day and she answered him. Then he asked for the Widow McDonough, and the colleen told him she was well, for which Teig praised God."

"I'm her son, Teig, back from the wars," says he. "The graceless gossoon that went for a sojer. Who are you, alanna?"

"'Tis not the first time I've heard of ye," says the girl. "Ye broke Dermot O'Shane's head. Sure you must have had a strong arm and a thick stick. Who am I?" She laughed. "If it's graceless you are, there's hope for ye, for I'm Grace—Grace Connor." Then she blushed at the thing she had said.

"Give me news of Nora Kelly, if ye will says Teig, not noticing, and at that the colleen laughed till breath failed her."

"Oh, I heard of that, too," she told him. "Norah Kelly that was, Norah O'Shane that is." And her laugh mastered her again and it was like the peal of bells in Drumgoole steeple.

"Mrs. Dermot O'Shane is well," says she, "and I must be going. 'Tis a proud and happy woman your mother will be this day." And she dropped him a curchey, her big gray eyes swimming with fun, and left him watching her. At the brow of the hill, she turned and kissed her hand. He wheeled his horse around at that, but she fled swift as a doe and he thought better of it and went on his way humming "Norah Creina," a song which a gentleman named Tom Moore had made not long before.

"Beauty lies in manny eyes,
But love in thine, my Norah Creina."

"But it was not of Norah he was thinking, but of Grace. Still, after he'd seen his old mother—I'll not tell ye of that glad meeting—he rode out to Dermot O'Shane's holding and got within half a mile of there in time to hear Mrs. Norah expressing her opinion of Dermot, and it was not of a kind a man would choose wrote out for a character—if he wanted a job. As he drew nearer, he saw Dermot, himself, with a slane over his hunched shoulder, making for the bog, and if Dermot had had a tail, it would have been tucked close between his legs. The next thing he saw was a black-haired gossoon with no more rags on him than decency called for, who was pelting clods at a lame gander, and then his horse shied at two more little devils rowlin' in the dust, fighting like a pair of wildcats, and at the door of the house, a flahoolagh of a woman, with a red face and two chins, laid the flat of her hand across the hinder-end of a lusty three-year-old."

"At the cry of the gossoon who had stoned the gander, the woman put the child down with a parting thump and, when Teig axed her for a drink of water, she went to get it civilly enough and as she gave it to him, he saw that it was Nora, herself."

"She did not know him and glad he was for
(Continued on page 50)

Isn't there some one in your home who loves good coffee . . .
but fears to drink it at night?



Is there always a missing cup at your dinner table? Does some one have to pass up coffee? Then try the coffee that lets you sleep. It's particularly welcome for evening parties.

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LEMON, LIME AND ORANGE DROPS

The Wise Woman's Charm

(Continued from page 48)

that, and glad he was that her face was red, and each of her double chins was a double joy to his heart. Nevertheless, shame filled him for his inconstancy and he drew a long face as he rode away.

"Yarra huish!" says he, "the charm has worked; for the sheen of goold is gone from her hair and the light from her eyes and the music from her voice." And, with that, he unloosed the leather stock from his neck and took from his bosom a little bag hung from a green ribbon, and bag and ribbon he tossed into the wayside ditch.

"When he next drew rein, it was before Phadrig Connor's door and Gracie was there waiting for him, though he would not have guessed it from the way she arched the brows over her gray eyes. Only the pink was in her cheeks deeper than ever.

"And what brings ye here, sojer-man?" says she, dimpling.

"I've come a-courting," says Teig.

"What she said to that and who he answered I'll leave ye to guess, but I'll help ye with the information that the next day Teig gave the

priest five guineas for masses for the soul of the Wise Woman, of Carrigahorig. Two months later he went to the priest again on another errand and Grace Connor went with him, for he'd got his discharge and some odds and ends of souvenirs that he had found amongst the haythen blackamoors, and Gracie, for her part, had forty pounds in money and three fine cows and a flock of geese, to say nothing of a loving heart and a tremendous respect and admiration for Sergeant McDonough; so why not? And if he did not live happy ever after, the McDonoughs that's descended from them is outrageous liars.

"There ye have the story and the moral, Jamesey, avick," Mr. Mulready concluded. "Don't ye be in a hurry."

"But the charm didn't work," objected the young man in the green sweater. "If it had, Nora wouldn't have turned him down."

"It worked part way, and that's about as far as annything works in this world," said Mr. Mulready. "You could not hope for better—even if ye took me advice."

Kid Brother

(Continued from page 23)

board when they picked him up. The old coot was froze to death."

Then Helmar Dallin made himself heard again.

"Just a minute, Sam," he said. "Like to see you inside. There's a paper to sign, a mail-carrier's oath—"

As one man the crowd moved into the post office. Sam and Joe were carried along.

"You telephoned!" Sam muttered under his breath.

"I DID," Joe admitted. "To Lacy, not to anyone else."

There was no chance to say anything more. The two of them were in front of the small barred window and the crowd was gathered around them. Helmar Dallin spoke from behind the bars.

"Here you are, Sam. Sign right here on this line."

Joe held his breath. Maybe he ought to do the signing. He could cover it up by saying that he had made all the arrangements and thus save Sam from embarrassment. But he didn't have to make the decision. Sam seized the pen, dashed a signature, and turned to Joe.

"Where's that compass?" he demanded in a businesslike tone.

"Right here, Sam."

Joe plunged his fingers into his pocket and produced the instrument, holding it out in his open palm. The gesture was a surrender, as definitely as though spoken; and Sam recognized it in the quick glance he lifted to Joe. But he took the compass. Then he turned to Bill Carlson, the tall, hawk-nosed fisherman whose life had been spent on the local waters.

"My course is due west, ain't it, Bill?"

"Well, almost," Bill answered. "Due west'd hit the lighthouse all right, but the lighthouse is on the south end o' the island. Better hold a wee bit north. You wouldn't want to go by the island."

"No, not exactly," said Sam. "And how about the wind?"

"Backing around. It's been southwest since daybreak, but I don't think you'll have to worry about the crack. By the time you get there it'll be northwest, is my hunch. The crack ought to be closed."

"Well, if it ain't, we'll swim it," Sam declared in a robust voice. "Ready, Joe?" Joe nodded. "All right, let's go!"

Ten miles into the west, walking. Ahead of them, a strangely motionless sheet of white, apparently without a single obstacle breaking its surface—Lake Michigan, winterbound.

Without a single obstacle? They both knew better than that.

They walked back across the bridge; they turned right along the river bank and passed the power house dam; they slithered down a snow-covered bank and plowed through drifts onto the

ice-encrusted beach—a silent team drawing a sled. They came to the anchor ice, a jagged ridge that marked the place where water had once lapped upon the two-mile crescent of the beach. Ahead of them lay the icebergs, the beginning of their troubles, and Sam stopped abruptly.

He looked around. They were alone in the center of a small white world. The silence was broken only by the whistle of the wind. He turned then and scowled at Joe.

"A sweet mess you got me into!" he growled.

Joe grinned. "Did I? Seems to me you were the one that signed the paper. And didn't you ask me for the compass?"

"What else could I do?"

"Why, you didn't have to sign it, did you?" "Have to? With that crowd standing around like a bunch o' pop-eyed idiots?"

"I figured on that," Joe told him calmly. "Remember, when you used to come back here on visits, how you strutted around and stuck out your chest? 'Yeah, I'm workin' for the city,' you used to say, and you'd rattle the money in your pocket. As though you and the mayor were buddies! Then you went back and drove a team! I figured on that." And he grinned again.

"Well, you figured wrong," Sam growled. "I told you I wasn't goin' to the island, and I ain't."

Slowly, Joe's grin faded. All the life went out of his eyes. Then scorn appeared in them. His lips curled.

"No, of course you're not," he said. Tonelessly, almost as though to himself. "Of course you're not. I forgot. You haven't got any guts any more, have you, Sam? Just a plain yellow dog. The city has certainly ruined you, hasn't it?"

"ALL right, Sam. Run along home. I'll take the mail over. Lacy won't care who brings it, so long as he gets it. And you won't be breaking Bertha's heart any more'n it's broken now. She doesn't know you're in the country, even. I only talked to Lacy. And I told him to keep his mouth shut."

"Yes, you'd better run along, Sam. The car's unlocked. You can get back to Bayport if you start right away, and maybe the noon train south won't be snowbound. If it is, you can get a lift somehow. And be sure to get a lift, Sam, because I don't want to see you when I get back. I'm through, Sam. Good-bye."

He turned away. He had hurt Sam cruelly and he knew it. But Joe didn't care, somehow. He was numb. He stepped over the ridge of anchor ice and onto the pack ice beyond, pulling on the tow rope. It didn't give. Something was holding it. He looked around—and saw Sam gripping it tightly.

"You can't go alone, Joe." Sam's voice was dead, too.

"Can't I? I've been alone for so long now that I'm used to it. Drop the line, Sam. We're through. And give me the compass. I almost forgot that. You won't need it where you're going."

Sam's answer was not in speech. Instead he followed Joe over the anchor ice. And Joe—although he knew what it meant, he was somehow too numb to react. He only turned his face to the west, leaned against the tow rope, and moved on.

The icebergs. Tough going, those ridges that ranged into the west like a series of frozen billows. Each trough, sometimes wide, sometimes narrow, was a chaos under foot; cakes of ice, forced in by an early winter storm, had been jammed together like jackstraws, then bathed with spray by the charging waves and frozen into a mass. Each summit, roughly paralleling the curve of the beach, dropped sharply down behind, marking the final fury of the storm that had built it. Two, three, four of them; each trough wider, each summit higher, than the one before; and all of them blanketed by the snow that was still coming down.

It was anything but easy walking; the traverse of that half-mile inferno must have taken at least forty minutes. More than once a foot set down—went down, and down and down; more than once the other knee and both hands were flung out wildly in a scramble for support; and more than once a withdrawn leg was covered with snow to the waist, sleeves were white to the shoulders and the cuffs of gloves were filled with snow. One precipice, twenty feet higher than the level of the ice beyond, rested firmly on the bottom ten feet below and showed a face yellow with storm-stirred sand.

They found a place to descend it and went down, first Joe, then the sled, then Sam. Sam was panting heavily. Drops of sweat stood on his forehead beneath the line of his helmet. He turned to Joe.

"Kind of a pull; eh, Joe?"

"Sure is," Joe said, dully. There was sweat on his face too.

"AND a longer one ahead." Looking off into the white mist. "Maybe—" he smiled a little—"maybe you'd better take the compass, Joe."

"Don't want it. Go ahead. If you're going."

"I'm going, Joe. I couldn't let you try this alone. Ready?"

No more icebergs now, but what they walked was related to the footing of the troughs they had left behind. It was all drift ice. The cakes had been frozen into a solid floe, but before the freeze-up the pressure of their coming together had stood them on end or slid some up on top of others. Two, four, sometimes as high as ten, feet, they broke the surface of the ice field like monuments, and trailing away from them on the level spaces between were tapering drifts of snow.

For always there was the wind, a steady, driving wind. It flung hard, dry flakes into their faces, bringing tears to their eyes. It stabbed through heavy clothing, making their sweat seem cold. The temperature? Neither one knew. In town, a store-front thermometer had registered fifteen above; out here it must be at least ten degrees colder.

No time for talking about it, though. Even if they had felt like it, they had to conserve their breath. For it was slog, slog, slog, plunging through drifts with feet raised high and lowered in a stiff-ankled fashion that tied knots in seldom-used calf muscles, righting the sled when it tipped over, changing hands on the tow rope when the gripping one grew numb with cold. Once in a long, long while they found a strip of glare ice that was heaven to walk. It permitted the use of ankle joints—and made insecure footing in the pressure of the wind. But on they went, stopping only to read the compass and pick out a new landmark—or icemark.

For Sam was using a system, one he had used before. He would take out the compass, sight over it for a line, and locate an ice pinnacle at the limit of his vision. Toward that he would go, with Joe plodding silently beside him. And only once did they exchange a word. That was when Joe found himself pulling away from Sam. "The wind," he asked, "how is it, Sam?"

(Continued on page 52)

HIS HANDS ARE INSURED FOR TEN THOUSAND

... yet he has "Athlete's Foot"!

HE has given his life to his art! He lives in a glass case, so to speak—surrounded by every care and every safeguard.

Yet he has a well developed case of the ringworm infection commonly called "Athlete's Foot"!

And he doesn't know what it is!

The tiny skin-cracks between the smaller toes* are beginning to get on his sensitive, high-strung nerves to a serious extent—as they do, indeed, harry the nerves of millions of less emotional but equally puzzled people.

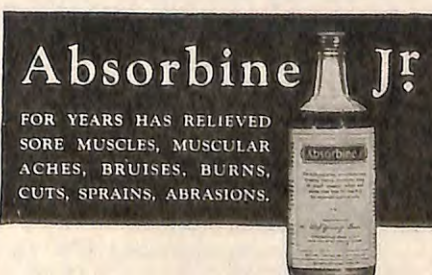
Now this common infection can be curbed

Now that it is universally agreed among specialists that *tinea trichophyton*, a ringworm fungus, is the cause of the various forms* of "Athlete's Foot"—and now that exhaustive laboratory research has revealed that Absorbine Jr. kills the "Athlete's Foot" germ and curbs its spread—knowledge of this most persistent parasite and how to fight it will soon be country-wide!

This is fortunate, for "Athlete's Foot" is

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the two smallest toes: redness, skin-cracks, tiny itching blisters, a white, thick, moist condition or dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.



such a stealthy infection... so easily overlooked at first... that it has stolen up on the Nation until it is found simply everywhere! The United States Public Health Service even asserts in one of its Bulletins that "it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time"... suffer from it without knowing what it is.

Again, tests conducted in such widely separated universities as those of California and Pennsylvania reveal that probably 50% of the students enrolled are infected.

There can be no doubt that tiny *tinea trichophyton* has made itself at home in America!

It lurks where you would least expect it

One of the worst features of "Athlete's Foot" is that it is most apt to be contracted in the very places where people go for health and cleanliness and recreation! In spite of the most rigid sanitary precautions, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—even on hotel bath-mats. And from such places it is carried into millions of homes to infect whole families!

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. kills *Tinea Trichophyton*

A series of laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, through bacteria counts and photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues and that wherever it penetrates it kills the "Athlete's Foot" infection.

This will be good news indeed to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing what it was that was troubling them, nor how to rid themselves of it.

At the first sign of infection begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Kid Brother

(Continued from page 51)

"Northwest, Joe. It's backed around. Guess you been holding it on the wrong shoulder, ain't you?"

"Guess so. Glad it's turned. Maybe the crack'll be closed."

Then down went his head again.

How long they plodded along like that neither one of them could have told. There was no sun. Only daylight of a snow-misted kind that indicated no time. But at last, out of the mist ahead of them, and stretching away on either side at an angle to their course, there was a strip of water, black in the whiteness of their small world. It was the crack.

It extended, roughly, from northeast to southwest. It was created by the pressure of the wind on the ice, and sometimes was wide, sometimes narrow. If the northerly wind held, the crack was narrow and even closed in places. If a southerly blow came along, the crack would slowly open. Now—they stopped at the edge of the water.

"Well," said Sam, "I guess we won't swim that." His voice was almost jaunty. All signs of sulkiness had left him. "Must be a couple o' hundred feet across there. And five hundred feet down."

Joe, still strangely numb, smiled stiffly.

"Only thing to do is walk south a ways. That's where she always closes up first. Unless we want to sit here and wait for the wind to work. Me, I'm in favor of gettin' ashore before dark."

"Guess so."

"And we'd better mark this place before we leave. Be a shame to get across and then lose our line when we only got a couple o' miles more to go."

"Yes."

They built a cairn, using ice they kicked loose with their heels and pointing it into an identifiable shape. Then they turned left and slogged away along the edge of the crack. One mile and they had seen only one place that taunted them with its uncrossable narrowness. A mile and a quarter, and the crack resembled a small lake. A mile and a half, and there was a place they could almost jump across.

Almost? Sam eyed it speculatively. "If we get a good running start—how about it?"

"Anything you say, Sam."

"Well, I'll try it first. If I can make it, you can. I'm so much heavier 'n you. If I can't, why I guess I'll have to swim it," with a laugh. "But first we'll shoot the mail over, eh?"

The sacks went sailing across, hurled by Sam. The sled followed, flung by both after a "One, two, three!" from Sam. Then Sam picked out a space for his run and walked back from the edge.

"Used to be a pretty fair broad jumper in my time—remember, Joe? And you bet your life I ain't goin' to fall backward when I light this time. Here we go!"

HE RAN; and Joe held his breath. He reached the edge. He leaped. He seemed to hang above the black water for minutes. Then he landed, sprawling forward among the mail sacks with more than two feet to spare.

"Not so bad, Joe," he called back. "Not for a heavyweight. You ought to beat that by three or four feet."

Joe tried. He gathered his spirit together and made a run and a leap that took everything left in him. But he didn't equal Sam's mark. He struck the ice short of where Sam had. And whether it was the force of Sam's previous landing, whether there was a tiny fault in the ice just short of where Sam had lit, neither one could know. At any rate, there was a pop, the ice tilted under him, and Joe began to go down.

But he didn't go all the way. Somehow he managed to fling himself forward, and Sam, leaping to him, managed to grab the collar of his mackinaw. He kicked, Sam heaved with all his might, and Joe came out. The water had wet him to a point just above his knees, that was all.

It was enough, though. Both of them knew it, though neither one voiced the thought. Water in his boots and soaking his breeches would soon be ice; and unless they reached a warm place very soon, so would his feet and legs.

"Well—" Sam was bringing sled and sacks together, working very swiftly—"You almost made it, anyhow."

"Yes." The water didn't seem cold on Joe's legs. Perhaps it was the excitement. His hands were busy on the ropes.

"There!" Sam straightened up. "Must be more'n a mile back." He jumped to the tow rope. "Too bad we can't go straight in from here, but—Think you can trot a while?"

Joe could, at once; and into the mist they went side by side. It wasn't so hard to travel now, for it was no longer necessary to take sights. All they had to do was keep the water in view. But it was a long mile and a half, and after that—was the island where they now most desperately wanted it to be?

A mile and a half, without once slowing their pace. The wind was almost behind them now. They were going lengthwise of the trailing drifts.

"There it is! See it?"

Sam, who had been taking more than his share of the load so Joe could run the faster, was panting. And yes, there it was, an unmistakably pointed mound amidst the round-topped humps. The gap between had narrowed perceptibly but it was still uncrossable.

"Now." Out came the compass and Sam took a quick sight. "Think you can do a little more o' the same?"

Joe, who had not stopped moving his legs during the brief pause, changed his hopping in place to the short, quick steps of a dog trot without saying a word. Little flakes of ice were beginning to spawl away from his breeches and fall with the snow; both of them noticed it but neither one said a word. Breath was too valuable. They must trot, through drifts and around piles of ice again, to—what; the island, or more ice?

Slog, slog, slog, panting with every step. Legs, legs, legs, that was in their thoughts. There was no room for anything else—except as a gasp from Sam's lungs and not as a voice in his throat, Sam panted:

"There!"

Yes, there it was—the beautiful black of pine trees. Except that streak of water, it was the only black they had seen in hours. It seemed to pour new strength into both of them. Their pace increased.

"Pretty good shootin', that. Wonder where we're at?"

Joe said nothing. He only ran. They climbed the icebergs—not nearly so high nor so rough over land.

"Well, I'll be—" Sam stopped short and pointed. "The old bunkhouse! 'A wee bit north of west,' eh? I sure did! And nearly three miles south to Lacy's! Hey! Where you goin'?"

Joe had turned and was dragging on the rope. "Lacy's," he panted.

"Three miles more? You are not! The bunkhouse for you! Drop that rope and beat it!"

Joe obeyed, with Sam streaking ahead. The old bunkhouse was a dilapidated place, rapidly falling to ruin. Panes were gone from its windows. Snow had drifted onto the floor. But the old range that had cooked many a lumberjack's meal was still there. So was a lot of dry wood in the shape of flooring and walls. When Joe staggered in, Sam was applying a match to kindling he had made with his bare hands.

"Strip!" he commanded.

"Can't," said Joe. "All ice."

"All right. Lie down close to the stove."

More wood ripped away, screeching on its nails. More splinters flew as boards crashed on a corner of the range. The flame spread quickly in the deep fire box. It roared. More wood, then Sam turned to Joe.

"Now, old-timer, let's—gosh!"

Joe was sound asleep—a bad sign. And from the knees down he was ice. That "gosh!" of laid him on top of the range.

Wood, more wood, crashed and splintered and went into the fire box. Rags. Sam remembered a pile of tattered old comforts that once had kept

a lumberjack warm. Once he had been tempted to burn them, but instead had flung them up over a rafter. He ran there—and found them. Thank goodness no one else had burned them! He stuck them into the oven—and heard a hissing sound. The ice on Joe's legs was melting. A drift of smoke was puffing out from under his shoulders bearing the rank odor of scorching wool.

Quickly Sam lifted him down to the floor. He ripped off his sheepskin coat and with it made a pillow for Joe's head, then he tugged at the laces of his boots. He yanked down the leather that encased his legs. More ice underneath. "Gosh!"

OUT came hot rags, smoking in places. He wrapped the legs in them, then dashed around the building looking for more. When he came back, the boots had loosened on Joe's feet. He tore them off. The same with the two pair of socks beneath. White feet! Sam groaned aloud. He unbuckled Joe's belt, unlaced the legs of his breeches, and yanked them off. With ruthless strength he tore open the legs of his drawers. The legs were white!

Heat, heat, and then more heat. Sam splintered floor boards, fed the fire until it roared, changed blankets, some of which had sparks smouldering in them.

"Ouch! That hurts!" Joe stirred restlessly. "You're burning me!" His eyes were closed. He was only half conscious. Sam laid a hand on his head.

"At's all right, boy! Let 'em hurt!"

Joe writhed. The pain of returning circulation must have been excruciating. He yelled, just once. It woke him up. His eyes opened and he stared up at Sam.

"How ya makin' it, fella?" Sam was rubbing one leg briskly with snow. The other leg was encased in hot rags.

Joe's head was jiggling up and down on the coat-pillow as Sam rubbed. He grinned. "Awright," he said. His lips parted, but behind them his teeth were tightly clenched. He was suffering agonies; Sam knew it.

"Water." It was mixture of speech and groan.

"Ain't got a drop, Joe. But here's some snow." Sam dashed to a nearby drift and scooped up some, which he laid in Joe's hand.

"Hurt you much, fella?"

"No-o-o!" Another mixture of speech and moan.

"Well—" rub, rub, rub—"let 'er hurt, kid. The more it hurts, the better." He got up and changed the blankets, shifting his rubbing hands to the other leg. "Hungry?"

Another grin from Joe. It had been a long time since they had eaten.

"All right." Sam's head was bobbing up and down as his hands slid back and forth with snow between them and Joe's leg. "Fix you up a steak in a minute. Chief cook and bottle washer, me. Jest a minute, fella. Jest as soon as I get my washin' done."

The white was disappearing. The skin beneath his hands was beginning to redden. Joe's eyelids began to droop. They opened.

"Sam!"

"Right here, fella."

"I'm sorry, Sam. I said a lot o' things—"

"Aw, shut up! Go to sleep, you poor fish!" Joe's eyes closed. Almost at once he was asleep. There was a smile on his face. And Sam worked on, muttering. And the room began to grow dark.

Then Sam thought of the mail. He changed the rags, wrapping both of Joe's legs. He fed the fire with more wood. Then he slipped out and ran back along his inbound track to retrieve the sled and its load. . . . And when Joe awoke once more it was to the tune of a splintering board. The bunkhouse was dark, except for the glow of the red hot range and the glimmer of light that leaked out around the broken fire-box door.

"Sam!"

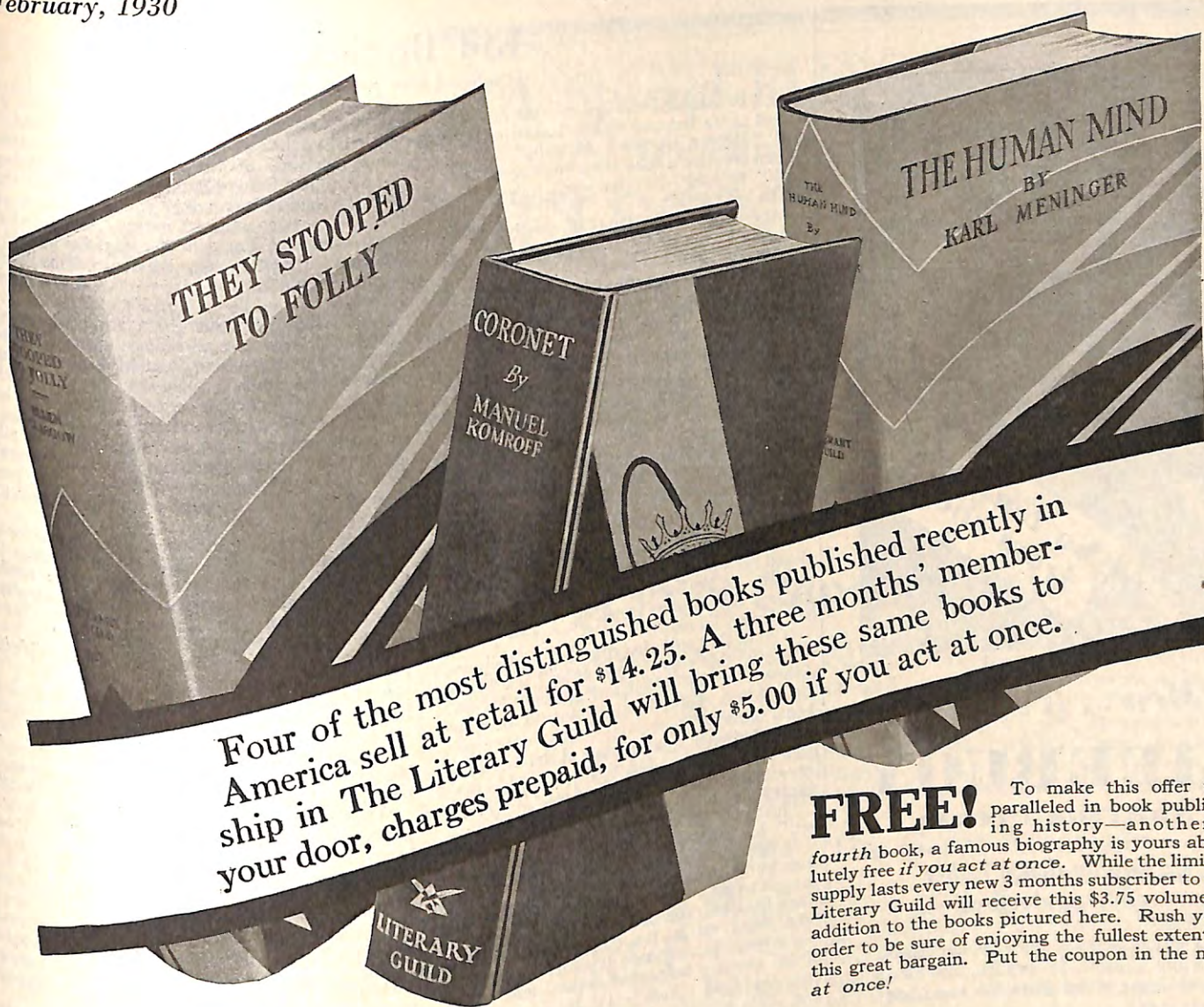
"Comin' up!" Sam appeared from the darkness with an armload of boards.

"What time is it?"

"Ain't got the slightest idea. Been dark quite a while. Ten, 'leven o'clock, maybe. How d'you feel?"

Joe sat up and pushed aside the warm rags, felt of his legs and feet. "They seem to be

(Continued on page 54)



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Kid Brother

(Continued from page 52)

there," he said. "I can feel it when I pinch." He got to his feet and took a tentative step or two. "Stings a bit, but I can walk."

Sam drew in a long deep breath. "That's good!" he said. "I was wonderin'—" the rest he left unsaid.

"And workin'," Joe supplied quietly. "After all I said to you to-day! Sam, I—"

"Aw, shut up, will you?"

"No, I won't shut up, Sam. I—wanted you back here, Sam. I've been wanting you for a long time. I thought you'd be better off up here, and—"

"Well, I'm here, ain't I?" Sam growled. "Guess that's all there is to say about it. Except—much obliged, Joe. Now, we got the mail to deliver," in a very businesslike voice. "Feel like walkin' a little more?"

Yes, he did. After he got his clothes back on, Joe said so. "But there's something else to do, Sam," he added slowly.

"What's that?"

"Why—Bertha."

"Huh!" Sam turned abruptly away and picked up a piece of wood, which he thrust into the fire. In the light that played upon his face Joe saw that he was frowning. "A fine birthday present I'd make!"

"Oh, is that so?" Joe drawled. "Well—"

"Yeah, that's so!" Sam flung back at him savagely. "Me! A yellow dog, you called me."

"But Sam, I didn't mean that. I was mad. And I'm sorry."

"Well, that's what I am. A bum! Not a penny to my name. Me, that was goin' to make my—fortune, down there. Ha! Think she wants to see me?"

"Just give her a chance to see you and find out," Joe suggested softly.

"I been doin' a lot o' thinkin' to-day," Sam went on as though he hadn't heard. "I guess you got to get out into God's country to do anything like that, too. At least, I do. And I've been holed up in the city for seven years! I'm a bum, Joe. I know it now. I—ain't one of the country boys that makes good in the city, that's all. And I—I'd ha' come back a long time ago if I hadn't been ashamed to. The day your telegram about father came—"

He stopped. He looked down at his feet. There followed a silence that seemed hours long. Then Sam went on.

"Do you think you could ha' dragged me all

the way up here and across the lake if I hadn't wanted to come?" His voice was strong now. More like that of the old-time big brother. "What d'you think I'd ha' been doin' all this time if I hadn't wanted to come? 'Way back inside o' me somewhere, I mean. And now I'm here. And here I'm goin' to stay, by gosh! I don't care what they say about me. This is my country—and we got some mail to deliver. Let's go!"

The spell was broken. Sam was all business again. It was as though a door, swung wide to expose a secret chamber, had been shut again. Perhaps there would never be another such opening. No doubt Sam would from now on be the brother he had always been—casual, matter-of-fact, apparently without any heart at all. Joe realized that. He didn't realize, though, that he had swung open a very secret door himself. He was too busy adapting himself to the new mood.

"Sure, the mail," he said, and began to look about for his clothes. "And there's an idea," he exclaimed, straightening up. "The mail. They'll be talking about this all over the country before morning. You'll be a hero. There won't be a thing they won't do for you."

"Me? Ha! How about you? You didn't do anything, did you?"

"No." Joe said it with a double meaning intended. "I didn't do a thing. I just came along."

"Yeah! Hot stuff, that 'just comin' along!' Here's your socks. Are they dry? And your pants. And your boots. They might be drier."

"Oh, well, I won't have to wear 'em very long. Gosh, my feet sting! But they won't after I've used 'em a bit. And say, I'm so hungry I could eat a corner off this range!"

He was bending over the lacing of his boots as he said it; now he looked up. There was one thing that hadn't been settled yet, and above all things, Joe wanted it decided. So he added: "Hope the girls haven't gone to bed. I sure could stand the sight of a couple of them frying me about three dozen eggs!"

"With a couple o' dozen slices o' ham, eh?" Sam was poking the fire down. You never could tell when the bunkhouse might come in handy again; there was no use burning it down. "And about fourteen loaves o' bread, and six or seven pies—boy! . . . And Bertha to set 'em on the table," he added softly.

Beating the Game

(Continued from page 16)

canned corned beef, canned tongue, canned soup, canned every damned thing under the sun, and more or less abominable pastry. Peary was a colorful figure, tall, lean, broad-shouldered, with sandy mustache and hair, and he generally affected duck trousers and shirt open at the neck and broad belt or sash. I don't think he ever wore a hat.

Across the river, some fifteen hundred feet away, was a sand-bar. Alligators en route from the Lake to Graytown used to slide up on this bar and go to sleep. That was the signal. Peary would call to him a half dozen others with rifles. At a given signal they'd fire at the somnolent saurian. The bullets would spatter the sand up all around the gentleman. And presently, brother crocodile, annoyed, would launch himself slowly back into the river and proceed eastward.

It was due to the advice of my friend, Henry E. Wallace, one of the ablest newspaper men of his day and, it is redundant to say, a most cultured and lovable man, that I took to writing for the press. Wallace was an editorial writer on the *Star*. I told him of my experiences in the city, in Texas, in Central America. Said he: "You're just the man to take up newspaper work."

I started in on the old *Star*.

"We want to get local circulation," said the editor.

"Just what do you mean?" said I.

"A prominent Brooklyn editor once told me that it was more important to his paper to print an item that a Brooklyn man had broken his

leg in Chicago than that the Governor of the State had broken his."

"I see," said I.

"What would you suggest?" said he.

I pondered the matter, then: "Girls and women are the talkers. If you get them interested, they'll not only buy your paper but talk about it."

"Very good. But how?"

"Lawn-tennis, bicycling and swimming are in the feminine public eye just now."

"How would you handle it?" said he.

"Quite easy," said I, with youthful arrogance.

"Get the names of the players, describe their dresses and their game. They'll see their names in print, point them out to their friends, and gabble about them."

"Very good. Go to it."

So I went out to Prospect Park, where all Brooklyn played tennis all day long, it seemed. And right away I found to my perplexity that lawn-tennis games seemed all alike and lawn-tennis girls seemed all alike—that is, to me they seemed dressed alike. It was an easy matter to get their names, but quite another matter to differentiate their clothes. Presently I got an inspiration. I sat down near a smart-looking girl and let her do it for me. She not only described dresses—and it was marvelous to me the way she differentiated in a particularly feminine way, quite intelligible to women—but she told me little, pleasant, flattering things about this girl and that, or bits of school or family history. And she gave me points as to each girl's method of playing.

So I wrote two columns of individual items. And a considerable increase in the sales of the Sunday *Star* in that section was the result.

I didn't try to describe the costumes of the bicycling ladies. But I got a lot of information regarding the new passion from a dealer in wheels. When I attempted to describe amateur swimmers, I found more difficulty. There was nothing but the female form divine to talk about.

I tried to put my lawn-tennis tactics into use here, but the girls I applied to for information were too catty. It would never have done to print what they told me about certain feminine figures and expect to increase the circulation of the *Star* in that section by so doing. However, the swimming-master gave me a lot of technical information I wanted, and applying to this the paint-brush of my poetic fancy, with pretty broad strokes in some cases, and supplementing the whole thing with the names of the natatorial artists, I made an acceptable showing.

I REALIZED that there wasn't enough in any of these games or in all of them to keep up local interest forever, so I made it a point to cultivate the young ladies engaged in these sports, a delightful thing in itself, and got tipped off whenever there was to be a party or other social event, particularly church affairs. And so it was. I wrote the story; the girls, because of the magic of seeing their names in print, bought and gabbled. And their friends and relations bought and gabbled. And the circulation of the Sunday *Star* increased in certain sections and some local advertising developed.

It was quite notorious among my friends that I went abroad with nothing but a new derby and a five-dollar bill. But what's that to a young man of superb health, tough as nails, wise as they make them in the superficial life of the day; prompted by a spirit of adventure, and nothing else? I had beach-combed at Galveston, pulled up a hole in my belt instead of eating when I felt gaunt, stoked a locomotive on construction, carried the hod, handled bales of cotton on the docks in August, and worked my way back to New York as a deckhand. Why, there was nothing to it.

While I had transportation to Genoa and return to New York, I decided, after visiting Italy, to go to England instead of returning to the States.

It seems to be a necessary part of every President's education that at one time he's been a country school-teacher. Also, it seems quite essential that every writer of fiction must have slept in the parks or scrubbed bar-room floors in the early part of his career. Perhaps it was that very quality in him, that spirit of adventure, that made him do those things. It was the same spirit of adventure that prompted me to do foolhardy things.

I found myself in London early in December, a period that tries the souls of Englishmen, even—rain, sleet, snow, fog, followed by fog, snow, sleet, rain, and then by sleet, rain, snow, fog. Occasionally the sun—a dull, red ball, as Turner saw it—rising above the horizon and describing a flat arc, seemed to travel at the same altitude all day and then descend into the sea and go out. I was still broke. I had nothing but a bag containing some changes of clothes. On the strength of this, I was able to put up over night in a small, inexpressibly cheap hotel in the neighborhood of Waterloo Station.

Curiously, I had the idea that as William Waldorf Astor was then proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I might get something to do there. But it was quite impossible to get the ear of the proprietor. And I was told that the management had been continuously importuned by stranded Americans. The next morning I started out. I canvassed Fleet Street, newspaper row, all day. Not a look-in. Tuckered out, gaunt—I had pulled up several holes in my belt in lieu of eating—I decided to go back to my hotel and rest up.

It was nightfall, a thing which occurs very early in the afternoon of a London winter day. When I reached my hotel, I was informed by the hard-faced, red-haired siren that presided at the desk that unless I could settle my bill for the two nights I'd been there, I would have to seek shelter elsewhere. She further told me that my bag would be held until I made good. There was a situation for you—a sleety blizzard raging

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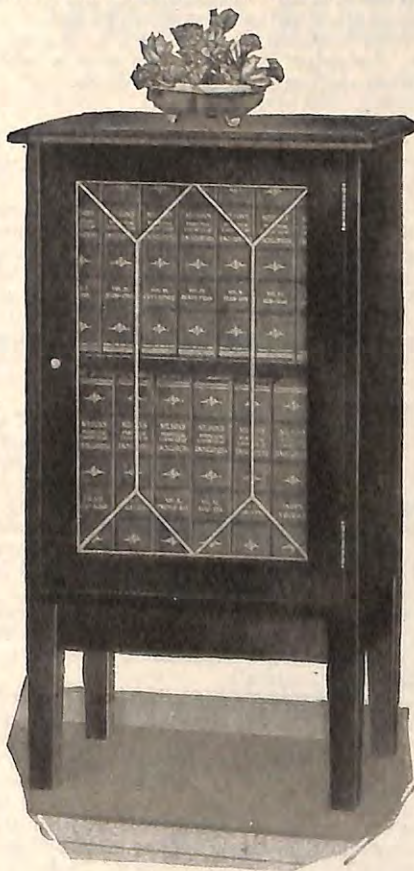
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Beating the Game

(Continued from page 55)



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outside; I had no overcoat; my shoes were patent leather, my clothes plain serge. I bade my erstwhile landlady a civil good-evening, and stepped out into the vastly inclement weather.

It is curious how things recur to one in emergency. There is, or was at that time, a bridge known as the Hungerford Foot Bridge. No vehicles, only railway trains and foot passengers used it. I had noticed that on the other side of the river, where this bridge crossed the Victoria Embankment, there was a sheltered spot underneath it. This I made for, even as an animal would seek refuge under the lee of a rock or a tree. I stood under this bridge for a time, my coat collar turned up, my hat pulled down to my ears, dancing and clapping my hands to my breast to promote circulation. In the extremity of the moment, I forgot that I was hungry.

PRESENTLY, I began to tramp up and down the Embankment. It was pitch dark, but my eyes got used to it after a while. In the reflection of an occasional street lamp I could see circles of slate-colored, sleazy water, with the snow blowing around and over them. They looked like little ponds. As you know, the Victoria Embankment extends from Westminster Bridge, the House of Parliament, along the Thames to Blackfriar's Bridge, a mile down the river. Next to Westminster was Hungerford, and, some distance further on, Waterloo Bridge, called at that time the Bridge of Sighs, because it had become quite the fashion to commit suicide from it. This had become such an obsession that the bridge had to be doubly or triply policed. Cub reporters used to haunt the place with the idea of witnessing some act of desperation and getting a beat on it for their papers.

There is no spot on earth so gloomy, so desolate, so absolutely forbidding, as the Victoria Embankment on a stormy winter night. But I wasn't nonplused—not a little bit. I had read Dickens' "Bleak House," Captain Marryat's "Jacob Faithful," and many other yarns, the genius of whose authors lent romance to the most sordid of all conditions imaginable. Here was an experience I determined to avail myself of. There was nothing artificial about it, nothing put on. It required no imagination. I was actually in the plight that thousands of others, poor, wretched devils that the great romanticists had told us about, had been in. I wanted to feel like one of them. But I couldn't. My splendid strength and optimism wouldn't let me.

After tramping to Blackfriar's, I returned to the Hungerford Bridge. There stood a bobby. "What are you doing here?" said he.

"Just what you see," said I.

"Broke?"

"Absolutely."

He scrutinized me for a few moments, then: "Well, I got something'll do your heart good."

He left me for a few moments and returned with a bottle of gin. Between us, we consumed the quart, and when day came the philanthropic man of the law loaned me a half crown, about sixty-two cents. With this I got a shave and a substantial breakfast, and presently went to an American exchange on the Strand that my police friend had suggested, a place frequented by American business men in London. But nothing doing.

I went around the corner to the offices of the New York Herald on Northumberland Avenue. I was feeling a bit desperate by now. I hadn't a penny left. Even my exuberant spirit, my strong body, my optimism were beginning to flag under the steady pressure of London weather and repeated disappointments. Above everything, I must avoid such a night as I had just experienced. The thought of it was hell.

At the Herald office I found Horace Townsend, London correspondent. He was a quiet, gentle, lovable person. I asked him if I couldn't do something for him.

"I understand Bayard's daughter is to arrive to-day,"—Bayard was our ambassador—"find out for me."

So I proceeded down Parliament Street to Victoria and so on to the Embassy. There I met chief clerk Hodgson. A word about this remarkable man: Hodgson had been a printer in London, then a Scotland Yard man and eventually chief clerk at the Embassy. He had out-

lasted many administrations. One of the finest men I ever met, he was big of body, big of heart, big of brain, and, biggest of all, a wise man beyond all human conception. With the exception of the Ambassador himself, the brilliant Colonel Ludlow and Commander Cowles, as sturdy an American as ever stood in ample shoe leather—military and naval attachés—Hodgson had more brains than all the rest of the Embassy put together, not excepting First Secretary Roosevelt and Second Secretary Lars Anderson. Lloyd Griscom, at that time little more than a boy, being private secretary to Bayard and having no official standing, didn't count.

If an American got into trouble in London—and lots of them did get into trouble in London—Mr. Bayard turned the matter over to Hodgson and Hodgson pulled the wires. The trouble that many Americans got into at that time was that they blew in all their money drinking and carousing, very often fighting, and sometimes in desperation even stealing. If they were arrested, Hodgson saw the magistrate. That was enough. When the offense wasn't serious, the culprit would escape with a reprimand; when it was serious, but not too serious, the magistrate would let him off on the assurance of Hodgson that he'd leave the country, an assurance that never failed of fulfillment.

Hodgson might have been called first aid to improvident honeymooners. The improvidence of such persons was appalling. A young couple, just married and having enough funds to supply them with the joys of London for an ample period, would proceed at the very start to blow themselves—high-priced hotels, high-priced restaurants, high-priced theatres, high-priced shops, high-priced everything. Then the financial thermometer would begin to drop.

Hodgson's first admonition to young honeymooners, who sought his counsel, was: "If you haven't a return ticket, go and get one while the getting is good—at least, while the getting is possible." But only on rare occasions were his words heeded, for invariably the young couples seemed to depend on getting remittances from home, took it for granted that they'd only have to cable for same. But to an astonishing extent, these remittances failed to materialize. Then there was a pretty how-d'ye-do.

Hodgson would find himself called up at midnight by the ringing of the Embassy bell—he had quarters upstairs—he'd be confronted by a beautiful, fashionably-dressed young woman and a swell-looking young man, probably the ones he had admonished as to return tickets. The bride, the provident one of the two, would take counsel with Hodgson. The chief clerk, armed to the teeth with valuable information, would suggest that the couple cut out the swell restaurants and theatres and immediately take up quarters with some estimable rooming-house keeper that he could recommend.

Then, the looked-for remittance long delayed, there would begin a process of pawning. The lady's jewels would go first, then the gentleman's watch. The magnificent fur coat would give place to a cheaper one. Then, with the money realized, Hodgson would see to it, for he was a very persuasive man, that return tickets for the pair were procured, most always second cabin, and in extreme cases even in the steerage.

But to resume: Hodgson confirmed that Bayard's young relative was to arrive as reported. Very good. The stuff I got from him about the Ambassador going to Southampton to meet his daughter amounted to about two dollars. Shades of Einstein, but I felt rich. Two dollars! Was there that much money in the world? It was a great barrier between last night's experience and a repetition thereof.

I found Townsend at the Herald office. He was much pleased with the item. "Now," said he, "if you'll come around Saturday—that's our settling day—I'll pay you for this."

Saturday! And it was now Tuesday night, and a blizzard raging outside. The humor of it struck me. I laughed outright.

"What's up?" asked Townsend.

I told him I had devoted the day assiduously to getting enough money to keep a roof over my head for the night. The result was, Townsend called a cab and drove with me to my erstwhile

stopping place near Waterloo Station where we paid my score, something like ten shillings, and got my bag. Then we drove out to Hampstead Road. There in a little side street, Rutland Street, I secured lodgings, a room on the third floor back at six shillings a week—in advance.

Townsend was an Englishman, one of nature's noblemen. I was able subsequently to be of much service to him, and in a way that added to his prestige with the *Herald*. Before I left London I also had the satisfaction of seeing the bobby who had given me the bottle of gin under the Hungerford foot bridge that night in the blizzard—and this must not be taken as an argument against Prohibition—advanced in his work. I brought this about through the good offices of Hodgson and Mr. Bayard and Lord Rosebery, then Prime Minister, and Mr. Asquith, Home Secretary.

Speaking of Rosebery: he had three ambitions—to marry the greatest heiress in England (he married a Rothschild), to be Prime Minister, and to win the Derby. I'd only been in London four months when I saw the last one of those ambitions realized. I was at Epsom Downs when Ladas, Lord Rosebery's great horse, pulled off the prize event.

I shall never forget that house, Number 30 Rutland Street, Hampstead Road. On my way home each night I would get a chop or a bit of steak or possibly some eggs or fish or bacon and a couple of boiled potatoes. My landlady would prepare these and serve them in the kitchen—the kitchen in those houses being equivalent to our basement dining-rooms. The cooking was done in what was called the scullery, just to the rear. The scullery was a paradise to me. It was the only warm room in the house after ten o'clock—it was one of the coldest winters they'd had in England for forty years. I used to sit by the stove in the scullery and read Dickens until one or two o'clock in the morning.

I HAD secured a map of London, determined to familiarize myself with the old town, which was full of romance for me. Victor Hugo said that the way to see London was from the top of a bus. I not only saw the great city from the top of a bus, but on foot, too. By studying my map, I became quite familiar with the general lay-out of London. I found it easy to get around once I'd established in my mind the great thoroughfares. In fact, after I'd been there only three months, I was so familiar with London that in reading "Martin Chuzzlewit" I could, when I came to that part of it where Jonas kills his father, follow the murderer with perfect familiarity along the ramifying omnibus routes leading into the country whereby he sought to make his escape that night.

I was fortunate, at the very start, to come into contact with one Peter O'Leary, a very wonderful, red-headed Irishman, who, beginning his London career as a street paver in the White-chapel district, had gradually worked his way westward and upward until he became one of Charles Stewart Parnell's right-hand lieutenants. O'Leary could always be found of an evening in the corridors of the House of Commons.

It was a curious thing that Charles Stewart Parnell, the son of an American woman, was just then at the zenith of his power in British politics, and that Winston Churchill, also the son of an American woman, was just then preparing to begin the ascendant of British politics, in which he was to gain the step next to the top.

Lord Randolph Churchill, the most erratic and brilliant politician of the day, who married the beautiful and brilliant Jenny Jerome of New York, was ill. We reporters camped on his doorstep. His moon-faced boy, Winston, used to meet us in the drawing room and give details of his illustrious father's condition. I liked the lad. He was good-natured, yet at times soberly reflective, I thought. One never pictured him then as the future ruler of the Queen's Navee or the watch-dog of the British treasury. And from the fact that I had known him as the moon-faced son of his father, I never could take him seriously. I don't know why, but I never could, to this day. It's psychological, I suppose. For Churchill is certainly a wonderful fellow. But whenever I read of Winston Churchill speaking in the House of Commons, the image of that moon-faced boy is in my mind's eye and I cannot get away from it.

(Continued on page 58)

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Beating the Game

(Continued from page 57)

I don't say that Peter O'Leary knew London—I don't believe anybody ever did or ever could know London—but I think he came as near knowing it as possible. At a period of his career, he'd been a guide for touring parties. And you know what that means. He was a born politician and, being an Irishman, was a lover of history. Whenever an American statesman or politician that I knew visited London, I always brought O'Leary to dine with him, and as a reward listened to some of the most fascinating controversial and heated discussions imaginable. For if there was one thing O'Leary knew, it was British politics, while as a dis-

putative conversationalist he had few equals.

I went abroad to stay six weeks and stayed instead six years, practically all of the time in London. I had landed in London flat-broke, a stranger. I had walked the Embankment all night in a storm. I left London with excellent credit and considerable money. I landed in London a greenhorn. I left there, as I said before, with a letter from Mr. H. R. Chamberlain, correspondent of the New York Sun, to Mr. Chester Lord stating that I was the best collector of information he'd found on that side of the water. It was the beginning of a newspaper career that was to last many years.

Elks National Foundation

(Continued from page 38)

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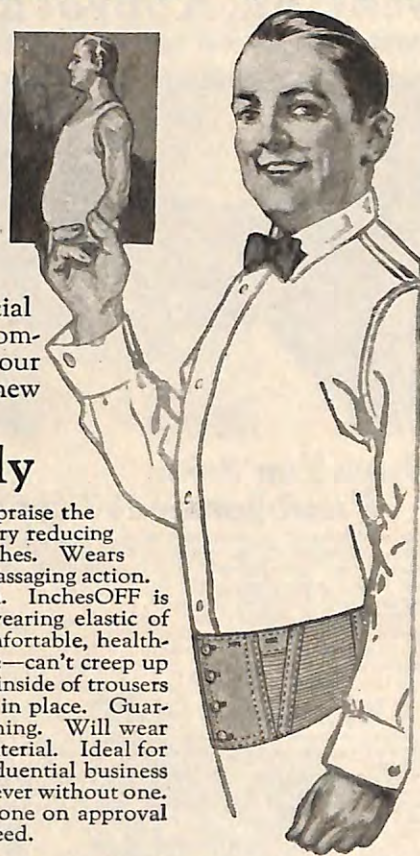
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If your waist is bulging or getting bigger this belt will work wonders at needed reduction. Our guarantee and responsibility backed by resources in excess of \$10,000,000. Write for all the facts and our 10-day approval offer. Mail coupon now.

The Sandfelder Co.

100 E. Ohio St., Dept. 125 Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me full information regarding your InchesOFF Abdominal Belt and your 10-Day Trial Offer.

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Our Guaranty

ALL merchandise advertised in THE ELKS MAGAZINE is absolutely guaranteed. Your money will be promptly refunded by the manufacturer or by us if proof is shown that the merchandise advertised in our columns is not as represented. It is obviously impossible for any publisher to guarantee financial offerings, but we do guarantee to our readers that we will make every effort to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable banking houses.

The only condition of this guaranty is that the reader shall always state that the advertisement was seen in THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

\$3100⁰⁰ IN PRIZES!! HUDSON 6
1ST PRIZE

Find the Dollar Sign that is different

Because it will mean money to you. Every person who finds the different Dollar Sign (\$) and takes an active part will absolutely receive a handsome reward. You can't lose. And besides, some one who mails in this announcement is going to receive a LATEST MODEL HUDSON COACH, first prize. One of the Dollar Signs is different. Mark it and send this ad to me at once. If your eyes are sharp you may be the first to solve the puzzle correctly. Look closely—examine each \$—they are all alike but one. Rush your answer with your name and address.

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Besides this luxurious Hudson we are going to give Absolutely Free 217 other prizes! Don't delay a minute. **THIS IS NOT A MAGAZINE CONTEST!**

\$675.00 Extra for Promptness

Everyone answering this advertisement will receive a valuable award. Win the Hudson and I will give you \$675.00 Cash Extra if you're prompt. Every prize guaranteed and will be paid promptly. Think what it means if you win!

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CAMPBELL'S INFRA-RED RAY LAMP Sent on Approval THIS MEANS NO MONEY DOWN



Have You Some Troublesome Ailment?

You will be greatly surprised when you learn how Infra-Red Rays relieve congestion or troubles causing aches and pains in the body. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp concentrates a mild beam of Infra-Red Rays upon any part of the body.

These rays penetrate deeply into the tissues. As they penetrate they create an active circulation of the blood. Most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion and you relieve the ailment. Nature herself does the healing by active, normal blood circulation.

Why Suffer Needless Pain?

If you or someone in your home have a troublesome ailment, a lamp like this is a blessing. May be used safely by anyone.

Relieve bronchial trouble, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sinus trouble, Catarrh, Head noises, Asthma, Ear trouble, Rheumatism, Hemorrhoids, Gall-Bladder, Tonsillitis, Lumbago and many other ailments with soothing Infra-Red Rays.

Let Us Send You Our Book on Infra-Red Rays

We have an interesting book on the use of Infra-Red Rays which we shall be glad to send free to any reader upon request. Our book quotes leading authorities as well as users of our lamp. Full directions for use, how to order, our home trial offer, etc., are also explained.

Infra-Red Rays have brought such wonderful results for others you are sure to be interested. Write today for our book telling more about it.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY
1048 Union Avenue Alliance, Ohio



Here's a modern 7-room home that you can build yourself and save money. We ship you the lumber cut-to-fit, freight paid to your station. Our simple plans and new system of cutting makes it easy for anyone to build a Sterling home. No skilled labor necessary. Our customers claim average savings of 47% over local builders' prices.

Rock-Bottom Prices!

Our large volume of sales enables us to quote rock-bottom prices and sell on time-payments without high interest or financing charges. Terms as low as \$5.10 per month. Send 25c today for beautiful Color Book of NEW Sterling Home Plans and learn how you can buy a home with your rent money.

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MORE PAY with

QUAKER FREE OUTFIT

FREE SHIRTS TIES CASH BONUS GIVEN

Earn big money right from the start. Let Quaker help you. Wonderful free Sample outfit gets orders everywhere. Men's Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery. Unmatchable values. Unique selling features. Ironclad guarantee. You can't fail with Quaker. Write for your Free outfit NOW.

QUAKER SHIRT CORPORATION
Dept. 72 1107 Broadway, N.Y.

From Shinny to Hockey

(Continued from page 25)

The general opinion is that they have made a better and more exciting game out of ice hockey. No game is interesting to the spectators when it is apparent that one side, having obtained a lead through chance, has settled down merely to hold that lead and is playing entirely on the defensive. A defensive team, like a defensive fighter, never is popular. They call it the manly art of self-defense, but when a fighter does little more than defend himself the customers are inclined to go to sleep. Hence the lasting popularity of Jack Dempsey.

Of course there are those who are set against the changes in the game of ice hockey. But they are like the old-timers who still resent the introduction of the forward pass into American intercollegiate football, though the popularity of that game has increased by leaps and bounds with the forward pass until it draws bigger crowds and bigger gate receipts than any sport in the world.

The only trouble about introducing radical changes into set sports at the instigation of professional promoters is that the promoters might guess wrong as to what their public really wants. In baseball, for instance, the magnates decided, after the advent of Ruth, that what

the fans wanted was more and longer home runs.

This was brought about by any means you please, but it seems that the fans feel that the home run output has become ridiculously large. The magnates gave them too much of what they thought they wanted and they have become surfeited almost to the point of showing signs of decreased interest in the national pastime.

The changes in hockey, while quite radical, do not seem to have been carried to any ridiculous extreme as yet. If they had the promoters would be aware of that through some falling off in the matter of gate receipts. Under the new rules, hockey now seems to be a completed game and a popular one.

Then let it stay fixed. If the magnates in control of hockey should adopt the policy of the football rules committee in trying anything once, they will soon have no professional game whatever and hockey may revert to more "shinny on the ice" for the hardy and earnest amateurs. At the current writing, the hockey solons have achieved what the baseball and intercollegiate football "best minds" have not been able to accomplish. They have a fascinating game and—more than that—a finished game.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 44)

exceptional attention which the New Jersey members are giving to parades is in great measure the result of the work of the Better Parades Committee of the Association. Following an earlier meeting of the New Jersey Elks, at the Lodge noted for its insistence upon the best of form and order in public processions, Elizabeth Lodge, No. 289, the Committee issued a circular to Exalted Rulers of all Lodges in the State and to all other members of the Association. This pointed out that New Jersey this year would be host to the entire Order and as such would most probably lead in the parade at the National Reunion. The Committee therefore urged all to whom the circular was directed not only to abandon all practices wanting in decorum, such as waving from the ranks and talking, but moreover both to form marching companies and to appear, at the reunion parade, in uniforms as distinctive as might be compatible with good taste. A factor contributing to the pleasure of the meeting at Camden was the receipt of word that the plan in operation by the New Jersey Elks Crippled Children's Committee had recently been adopted in three western States and was under consideration for adoption in four others. This plan, in essence, is the handling of the problem of crippled and needy children

with the aim of restoring them to economic independence, rather than regarding them as permanent subjects of charity, unless hopelessly disabled.

North Dakota

WILLIAM G. OWENS, President of the North Dakota State Elks Association, appointed recently a Committee on Crippled Children. It will be the duty of this body first to organize and later to supervise the work of every Lodge a member of the Association. Such work will comprise the prompting of the individual Lodges to form local committees of their own and working with these committees, in association with the Child Welfare Department of the State government, for a consistent and comprehensive improvement in the conditions of disabled and destitute children in the communities within the influence of the several Lodges.

Texas

AT A recent meeting at the Home of Houston, Texas, Lodge, No. 151, members of the Texas State Elks Association decided upon May 29 and 30 and June 1 as the dates upon which the forthcoming convention of the Association would be held in Del Rio.

1930 Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City

(Continued from page 37)

Committee are the various transportation corporations entering the resort and the Atlantic City Hotel Association.

Lodges, groups or individuals contemplating attending the Reunion are urged to arrange for hotel accommodations without delay. In order to insure prompt attention to requests for hotel rooms all inquiries should be directed to the Executive Secretary of the Convention, 122 S. Virginia Ave., Atlantic City, and not directly to the hostilities concerned.

Through the courtesy of the Atlantic City Automobile Club the committee will be able to provide all who make application, with road maps and any other information that may be required to bring them from any section of the United States to this Playground of the World.

The Purple and White Automobile Fleet, which attracted so much attention throughout the nation last year as an ante-convention feature, is again in process of organization by the management of **THE ELKS MAGAZINE**, and will sweep across the United States via the major continental highways from the Pacific Coast, to converge upon this Mecca for pleasure-seekers early in July.

Reduced rates are to prevail upon all rail-

roads, steamship lines, aerial transport and stage routes for this massing of the forces of the B.P.O.E. From the Pacific Coast and the intervening areas stretching from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico will be recruited the mighty throng that will swarm down upon Atlantic City for what is confidently expected to be the greatest foregathering of the Antlered Herd in history.

Among the varied activities of the 1930 Convention Committee, none is more vitally important than that which has to do with assisting you in your plans for attending the Reunion. This is your committee and it is at your beck and call in providing any information you may desire. We invite inquiries and pledge ourselves in advance to give them the greatest possible courtesy and the closest possible attention. It is suggested in this connection that the advance story of the Convention and all future bulletins be saved in the form of a permanent file of **THE ELKS MAGAZINE**.

Subject to enlargement and improvement, the Elks Sixty-Sixth National Convention Committee submits the following purely tentative schedule of events as an advance notice of what may be expected next July:

TENTATIVE PROGRAM
ELKS 66TH NATIONAL CONVENTION
WEEK OF JULY 6, 1930

Saturday—July 5th

Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committeemen and District Deputies of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

All Grand Lodge Officers and visiting delegations will be welcomed upon arrival at railroad stations by the nationally famous "Legion of Honor" and "Mounted Guard" of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276; official guides, and reception committee.

Registration of delegates at the Traymore Hotel, one of the great Boardwalk hostleries which has been selected as Grand Lodge Headquarters.

Registration of Elks and their families at Registration Headquarters in the Community Center Building, adjacent to the Home of Atlantic City Lodge. Assignment of hotel rooms, distribution of badges and issuance of hospitality coupon books.

Sunday—July 6th

Special services in churches of various denominations with addresses by speakers of national prominence.

Automobile tours of Atlantic City and vicinity, including Brigantine, Absecon, Pleasantville, Somers Point, Ocean City, Longport, Margate and Ventnor.

Concerts by visiting bands and glee clubs at various recreational centers.

Vesper organ recital in the Lodge Room of the Elks Home.

Monday—July 7th

Registration of Grand Lodge Officers and Delegates at Grand Lodge Registration Headquarters in the Traymore Hotel on the Boardwalk.

Enrollment of visiting Elks and their families at General Registration Headquarters, Community Center Building, adjacent to the Elks Home. Issuance of hospitality coupon books, distribution of badges, detailing of guides, dissemination of information and other helpful services, assuring a week of unalloyed pleasure.

Registration Headquarters will be open daily from 8 A.M. to 10 P. M. and it will be absolutely necessary for all to register.

Trap-shooting practice as a preliminary to Elks Sixth Annual National Trap Shoot.

Automobile tours of Atlantic City and vicinity, including Brigantine, Absecon, Pleasantville, Somers Point, Ocean City, Longport, Margate and Ventnor.

Visit to and inspection of the Betty Bacharach Home for crippled children at Longport, a charitable institution of national prominence conducted by Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276.

Official public session in the ballroom of the Atlantic City Auditorium, celebrating the opening of the 66th Grand Lodge Reunion. Addresses of welcome by the Governor of New Jersey, Mayor of Atlantic City, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association and other dignitaries, and response of the Grand Exalted Ruler. This event, which is open to the general public, will be marked by a musical program of great excellence, and other attractive features.

Tuesday—July 8th

First Business Session of the Grand Lodge in the Atlantic City Auditorium.

Grand Lodge Registration will be continued at the Traymore Hotel and registration of Elks and their families at the Community Center Building.

Annual Convention of New Jersey State Elks Association in Lodge room of Elks Home.

Free admission to Young's Million Dollar Pier to all Elks and ladies registered and equipped with hospitality coupon books. Dancing, vaudeville and other diversissements. Net haul of denizens of the deep.

Automobile tours of Atlantic City and vicinity, including Brigantine, Absecon, Pleasantville, Somers Point, Ocean City, Longport, Margate and Ventnor.

Visit to and inspection of the Betty Bacharach Home for crippled children at Longport, a charitable institution of national prominence conducted by Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276.

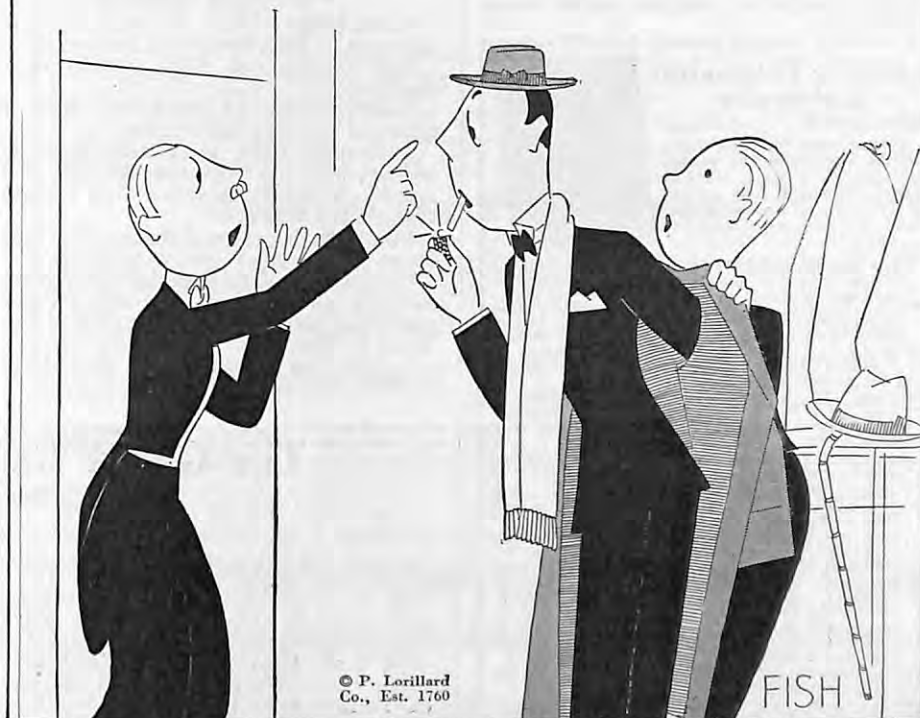
(Continued on page 62)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

Instead of explaining

that you thought the hat was yours . . .

be nonchalant . . . LIGHT A MURAD.



The SEAT of HEALTH



HOME GYMNASIUM

PORTABLE . . . INEXPENSIVE
NOISELESS . . . LIGHT WEIGHT
PRACTICAL - LASTS LIFETIME

THIS ingenious apparatus is scientifically designed to positively re-build, beautify and strengthen every INTERNAL ORGAN and muscle of the body by an automatic gliding motion. Its wonderfully exhilarating action and tonic effect on the entire body seems almost magical! Fat melts away, strength rapidly increases, digestion improves, constipation and gaseous con-

ditions disappear, for the "SEAT OF HEALTH" actually builds a Brand New PERFECT Body, radiant with Sparkling Health, vibrant with Pep and Power.

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Get Into ELECTRICITY My Amazingly Easy Way

Now—and forever—say good-bye to \$25 and \$35 a week. Let me show you how to quickly qualify for jobs leading to salaries of \$50, \$60 and up a week—NOT BY BOOKS, LESSONS OR CORRESPONDENCE but by actual work RIGHT HERE IN THE COYNE SHOPS. Getting into Electricity is far easier than you imagine.

LEARN WITHOUT LESSONS in 90 Days

Right here in the Coyne shops I train you on a gigantic outlay of electrical machinery—the same kind you will work on when you go out on the job. Then I back you with Free lifetime employment help. If you are short of money I'll help you get a part-time job so you can earn while learning. I am including at no extra cost my new Radio and Aviation electrical courses. Coyne is your one great chance to get into Electricity. This school is 30 years old—Coyne training is tested—proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything absolutely Free. Simply mail the coupon and I'll send you my big FREE Book. Facts—jobs—salaries—opportunities. Just mail the coupon today.

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Please send me FREE your big catalog and your special offer of extra courses and Railroad Fare.

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Bigger Pay

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DO you want a better position and a higher salary? You can have these if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems through the time-saving LaSalle Problem Method. Our salary-increasing plan enables you to prepare during your spare hours, without interference with your present duties. Simply mark on the coupon the field in which you desire success, and we will mail you a valuable book describing the opportunities in that field, together with an outline of our salary-increasing plan. Also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." There is no cost or obligation. Find out how the salary-increasing plan starts average men and women on the high road to success and financial independence. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

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Please send me full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One" all without obligation to me.

- ☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
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- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Traffic Management:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ **Law:** LL. B. Degree.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
- ☐ **Industrial Management:** Training for Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- ☐ **Personnel Management:** Training for Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions in Employee Service.
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence:** Training for Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
- ☐ **Stenography:** Training in the new superior machine shorthand, Stenotypy.
- ☐ **Railway Station Management**
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Built for Comfort!

Genuine black kid. Soft, easy fitting, comfortable. Strongly built for long wear. Placed-right Arch Support relieves ailments, ends pain. Snug-fitting heel; foot-conforming last. No wrinkled linings during life of shoe. Features you've long wanted at a price you know is right. Sizes 6 to 15. Ask your dealer.

M. T. SHAW, Inc.
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Shoe Dealers
write at once!

Arch Support
"Tom"

Trade Builders
COLDWATER, MICH.

\$5
Pac. Coast \$5.50
Little more for sizes 15, 16, 17

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they Use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 179 70 5th Ave., New York

1930 Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City

(Continued from page 61)

Preview of Fall Fashions by the associated merchants of Atlantic City, New York and Philadelphia, honoring the ladies attending the Convention.

Deep-sea fishing and unequaled surf bathing. Inauguration of the Sixth Annual Elks National Trap Shoot.

Opening of Elks Second National fifty-four-hole Golf Tournament; eighteen holes, medal play at handicap for the John J. Doyle \$1,000 Trophy.

Yachting trips and motor boat tours for registered Elks and their families.

Annual Banquet of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

Grand Ball in the Atlantic City Auditorium for all Elks and their families.

Reception to the Grand Exalted Ruler, to be attended by the Governor and his staff, Military and Naval Commanders of the District and Representatives of all civic organizations.

Wednesday—July 9th

Grand Lodge Business Sessions, morning and afternoon, in the Atlantic City Auditorium.

Drill contests and Band contests in the Auditorium.

Yachting trips and motor boat tours for registered Elks and their families.

Automobile tours of Atlantic City and vicinity, including Brigantine, Absecon, Pleasantville, Somers Point, Ocean City, Longport, Margate and Ventnor.

Visit to and inspection of the Betty Bacharach Home for crippled children, at Longport.

Continuation of Elks Second National fifty-four-hole Golf Tournament; eighteen holes, medal play at handicap, for the John J. Doyle \$1,000 Trophy.

Continuation of the Sixth Annual Elks National Trap Shoot.

Free admission to Steel Pier to all Elks and ladies registered and equipped with hospitality coupon books. Dancing, vaudeville, concerts by famous bands and the sensation of the century, "The Diving Horses."

Massed Band Twilight Concert in the Civic Center.

Mid-Summer Carnival of Mid-Winter Sports in the Atlantic City Auditorium, featuring Championship Ice Hockey, Fancy Ice Skating and the "Aurora Borealis" Ice Ballet.

Thursday—July 10th

Grand Lodge Business Session in the Atlantic City Auditorium. Installation of officers.

Elks Grand Lodge Parade, terminating in the Atlantic City Municipal Auditorium, the world's greatest Convention Hall, with comfortable seating accommodations for 40,000 persons, and marking for the first time in history the presentation of a Grand Lodge Parade indoors.

Deep-sea fishing and unequaled surf bathing. Free admission to Steeplechase Pier to all Elks and ladies registered and equipped with hospitality coupon books. Fifty novel and mirth-provoking amusement attractions.

Championship Boxing Carnival in the Atlantic City Auditorium featuring the Nation's greatest exponents of the art of self-defense.

Friday and Saturday, July 11th and 12th

Special features for those two days to be announced later.

Faternally yours,

THE ATLANTIC CITY ELKS REUNION ASSOCIATION

HARRY BACHARACH, General Chairman,
MONROE GOLDSTEIN, Executive Secretary.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 36)

the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and George W. Denton, of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee.

On December 11, the Grand Exalted Ruler made a visit to Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, where he made an inspiring address to more than three hundred members and visitors, among whom were the Exalted Rulers and most of the chair officers of all the Lodges in Westchester County. Before the meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler was entertained at dinner by Mount Vernon Lodge. He also officiated at the drawing of the automobile prize for the Community Welfare Fund, which was very successful and produced over \$2,000 for the benefit of the Poor Children's Christmas. Mr. Andrews was accompanied on this visit by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who also spoke at the meeting.

Mr. Andrews left New York for his home in

Atlanta on December 12, to spend the holidays and enjoy a brief respite from his travels before setting out on the visits listed below, which will be reported in the March issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. At the time of going to press his itinerary was as follows: January 2, Key West, Fla.; 7, Fort Lauderdale; 8, Miami; 9, West Palm Beach (joint meeting with Lake Worth); 14, Fort Pierce (dedication of new Home); 15, at noon, Arcadia (joint meeting with Sebring); evening, Bradenton (joint meeting with Sarasota); 16, St. Petersburg (joint meeting with Clearwater); 17, at noon, Tampa; afternoon, Lakeland; evening, Orlando; 18, noon, Cocoa; evening, New Smyrna; 19, Daytona Beach; 20, DeLand (joint meeting with Sanford); 21, Gainesville (joint meeting with Ocala and Palatka); 22, noon, St. Augustine; evening, Jacksonville (joint meeting with Fernandina); 23, Lake City; 24, Mobile; 25 and 26, New Orleans.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 44)

913, and the near-by units of the Order at Sunbury and Williamsport. He extended, in conclusion, a hearty invitation to his hosts to visit the Home at Milton, whenever they might find opportunity to do so, that he might return in kind the pleasure they had given him.

Many Visiting Elks at Montclair, N. J., Lodge When District Deputy Calls

Five New Jersey Lodges were represented when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George G. Faulkenberg visited Montclair Lodge, No. 891, officially a short time ago. From the District Deputy's home Lodge, Summit, No. 1246, came a delegation of escort; and visitors were present also from Boonton Lodge, No. 1495, Nutley Lodge, No. 1290, and Belleville Lodge, No. 1123. Among these was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred W. Bain, of Boonton Lodge.

Gloucester, Mass., Elks Stirred By District Deputy's Speech

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond V. McNamara, of Massachusetts, North-east, paid an official visit a short time ago to Gloucester Lodge, No. 892. A feature of the event, in addition to the District Deputy's inspiring address upon several matters of particular importance in the affairs of the Order, was the presence at the gathering of Commander Robinson, of Melrose Lodge, No. 1031, a G.A.R. veteran and eighty-four years of age.

Allentown, Pa., Elks Entertain Children Their Clinics Cured

Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, recently was host at a dinner to seventy-five children who have been operated on at clinics sponsored by the Social and Welfare Committee, to their

parents and to Dr. J. Torrence Rugh, Professor of Orthopaedic Surgery of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, who has been associated with the Lodge in this work. In the three years since the establishment of the clinics, nine of which have been held, this dinner at the Elks Home has been an annual occasion; and this year it was a particularly happy one, for it was announced in the course of the evening that 20 per cent of the 132 crippled children treated at the clinics had been made sufficiently sound of body to be able to take their places actively in society.

Norwich, Conn., Lodge Has Many Guests When District Deputy Calls

Elks of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, as well as from other Connecticut Lodges, were present at the meeting recently of Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 430, to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward C. Cox, of Connecticut, East, when he visited there officially. One of the most distinguished guests from outside the State was Dr. John M. O'Connell, District Deputy of Rhode Island, who accompanied Mr. Cox as a friend. Dr. O'Connell extended to both the members of Norwich Lodge and its visitors a cordial invitation to come to his own Lodge, Westerly, R. I., No. 678, when he would make an official call there a few months later.

District Deputy Visits Cripple Creek, Colo., Lodge with Large Escort

As an escort to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George G. Bromley, of Colorado, Central, fifty members of his Lodge, Victor, Colo., No. 367, journeyed with him upon the occasion of his official visitation recently to Cripple Creek Lodge, No. 316. After witnessing the initiation ceremonies, Mr. Bromley congratulated the Lodge upon the excellence of their conduct. Commendation of the same sort was voiced later by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. C. DeLongchamps, who was one of those present to welcome the District Deputy to Cripple Creek Lodge. The meeting was followed by a splendid supper which the more than 150 Elks in attendance thoroughly enjoyed.

Louis N. Scott, Charter Member of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge Is Dead

Louis N. Scott, one of the four remaining charter members of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, No. 59, and the one primarily responsible for the organization of the Lodge there, died recently at his home in that city. In 1897 Mr. Scott was Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, and a year later, for his valued service in its interests, he was made an Honorary Life Member. He was in his community a figure of importance, for nearly half a century one of the best-known theatre managers in the northern part of the country between Chicago and San Francisco. Although he was seventy years old at the time of his death he was, until only a short time before, active in the operation of the two playhouses he owned, the Metropolitan Theatres in St. Paul and Minneapolis. The only two other remaining charter members still resident in St. Paul, P. A. Rockwell and R. C. Wright, and Past Exalted Ruler J. H. Mitchell, acted as honorary pallbearers at Mr. Scott's funeral.

State Association Officers Are Guests of Linton, Ind., Elks

At its recent annual roll-call session, Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866, entertained as guests of honor two officers of the Indiana State Elks Association, Fred C. Cunningham, the President and a charter member of Linton Lodge; and W. C. Groehl, the Secretary. Before the meeting, the more than one hundred members present enjoyed a rabbit supper, and music in the course of it by the Lodge's own orchestra. The two guests of honor were the principal speakers of the evening. Mr. Cunningham recalled the pleasure of his earlier association with Linton Lodge, and Mr. Groehl talked briefly upon the aims and the work of the State Association, concluding with an urgent invitation to all his hearers to attend its forthcoming convention.

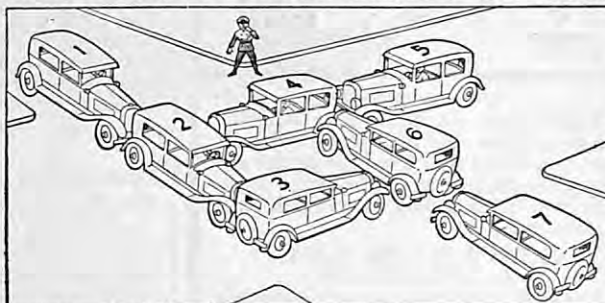
(Continued on page 64)

Win Nash Sedan and \$500 or \$1,845 Cash

Seven Brand New 6-Cylinder Cars Given

For advertising purposes I am going to give absolutely free a brand new six-cylinder "Special Six" Nash four-door Sedan, an Oldsmobile two-door Sedan, a De Soto two-door Sedan, a Pontiac two-door Sedan, an Essex two-door Sedan, a Whippet two-door Sedan, and a Chevrolet two-door Sedan, all six-cylinder latest model Sedans; also 4 splendid new console type radios, a Victor Orthophonic Victrola and other valuable prizes. Any person living in the United States outside of Chicago may enter an answer to this puzzle except employees of the W. D. Boyce Company or members of their families, or winners of automobiles or first prizes in any of our previous offers, or members of their families.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 63)

District Deputy's Visit Brings Camden, N. J., Elks Out in Numbers

Greater than even the normally good attendance of Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, was that incident to its meeting recently when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leo Robbins, of New Jersey, South, made his official visitation there. Enthusiasm, too, on the part of all present, for the interests of the Order was in keeping with the degree of numerical response. The District Deputy, after commending the Camden Elks upon the condition of their Lodge and the energy of its participation in affairs of benefit to the community, spoke heartily in favor of the movement to establish Antlers, or Junior Elks, organizations.

District Deputy Gallagher Calls On Bayonne, N. J., Lodge

Exalted Ruler Herman Schulting, Jr., Past Exalted Ruler Dwight C. Deans, and other members of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter J. Gallagher's Lodge, Passaic, N. J., No. 387, accompanied him when he called officially upon Bayonne Lodge, No. 434, a short time ago. After initiation ceremonies, the conduct of which won the praise of the District Deputy, there followed short talks by him, by Mr. Schulting and Mr. Deans. An informal but splendidly prepared supper was provided later for the guests.

Virginia City, Mont., Lodge Honors Grand Tiler R. W. Jones

In honor of the presence of Grand Tiler R. W. Jones, the members of Virginia City, Mont., Lodge, No. 390, turned out in force recently and held thereafter a most enjoyable evening of entertainment. Mr. Jones at the Lodge session expressed his pleasure at the interest of the proceedings and the enthusiasm displayed by everyone in attendance. He congratulated the Lodge, too, upon its distinction of having more members than there are inhabitants of their town. There are 244 Elks in Virginia City Lodge, whereas the population of Virginia City itself is only 150. Following the meeting there was a bridge party, to which ladies were invited, and a splendid supper.

Elks National Bowling Tournament Promises to Break All Records

The thirteenth annual Elks National Bowling Tournament, under the auspices of Cicero, Ill., Lodge, No. 1510, will be held by the Elks Bowling Association of America at the alleys of the Windy City Association, Cicero, Ill., beginning March 22. Entries will close March 1, at midnight. Present indications point to this year's tournament surpassing all previous records for teams entered. From Illinois alone more than two hundred five-man teams are expected. To insure this, Horace S. Pyatt, of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, has made a personal tour of the State. This Lodge alone has made reservations for twenty teams. Other Lodges, with the number of teams entered, are: Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, twelve teams; Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, twenty-five teams; St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, ten teams; Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, ten teams; Fremont, Ohio, Lodge, No. 169, eight teams; Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, fifteen teams; and Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, twenty teams. Cicero Lodge will be represented, as it agreed to be when it bid for the tournament, by at least one hundred teams. For winners in the several events there will be two classes of prizes, the regular and the good-fellowship. Regular prizes will be awarded for high scores. Good-fellowship prizes will be given for those participating but not included in the regular class prizes. Prizes will include nine diamond medals, and cash awards. Four events will be held, a five-man, two-man, and individual events, and an all-events. For Elks and their families traveling to the tournament all railroads will allow concessions in fare rates. For details of these, as well as for all other information in regard to the tourna-

ment, Elks may write to John J. Gray, Secretary-Treasurer, 608 Eleventh Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Danville, Va., Lodge held recently in its Home the funeral ceremonies for John Lee, Jr., for seven years Lodge Secretary, and a member for more than twice as long.

Ensley, Ala., Elks recently were hosts at their Home to visiting members of Birmingham and Bessemer Lodges. A splendid supper was provided and followed by an enjoyable program of entertainment.

Inmates of the Federal Penitentiary at McNeil Island voiced a short time ago their appreciation of the band concert and vaudeville show provided by members of Seattle, Wash., Lodge.

Centralia, Wash., Lodge members turned out in large numbers recently to return the visit of Kelso, Wash., Elks to the Centralia Home.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge is engaged in organizing an Elks Band from among its members. The organization will number from twenty to twenty-five pieces.

Exalted Ruler Clyde H. Rendall and other officers of Washington, Pa., Lodge journeyed recently to Braddock Lodge to conduct initiation ceremonies there.

At the second monthly get-together supper of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge a short time ago, the members entertained the captains, chiefs and the pupils of the police training school, and other officers prominent in state, county and municipal police organizations.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Brown, of Pennsylvania, Southwest, paid an official visit recently to Sheridan, Pa., Lodge. In his talk to the members the District Deputy laid particular emphasis upon the value of inter-Lodge visits.

As a token of his distinction and of the esteem in which he is held by its members, Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge conferred recently a life membership upon John Boley, short-stop of the World's Series championship winning Athletics. The address of presentation was made by George J. Post, Past President of the State Elks Association; and Harry A. Mackey, Mayor of Philadelphia and a member of Philadelphia Lodge, spoke later in praise of the recipient.

"Central Islip Night," held recently by members of Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, proved to be one of the most generously attended and enthusiastic meetings of the year.

The Degree Team of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge journeyed not long ago to Plainfield, N. J., Lodge to participate in its initiation exercises.

Prescott, Ariz., Lodge recently has remodeled its theatre and installed in it apparatus making it possible to present attractions hitherto capable of being given only in the playhouses of large cities. This Elks theatre, with a seating capacity of 900, earns for the Lodge a yearly income of about \$11,000.

One of the most northerly Lodges in the Order, Ketchikan, Alaska, held a short time ago its annual Charity Ball. Both for attendance and for profit the affair was notable.

At the Home of Clovis, N. M., Lodge recently 200 Elks, their wives and other ladies, were guests at a venison dinner provided by ten big game hunters who each, a few days before the affair, had brought down a deer with his rifle.

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge has launched a selective membership campaign. The results so far are pleasing both from the standpoint of the numbers and the eligibility of the applicants. The drive is being directed by a committee headed by City Judge George N. Bickner.

The holiday transportation expenses of sixty-six disabled World War Veterans from Sunmount, N. Y., to their homes and return, were paid by New York, N. Y., Lodge.

In its first effort to increase the amount in its treasury for charitable purposes, the Elks Patrol of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge held a dance in Melody

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Hall a short time ago. The affair was an exceptional success.

So pleasant did Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge make the recent official visit to it of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Francis V. Dobbins, of New Jersey, Central, that he expressed a desire to call at the next meeting there unofficially to supplement his enjoyment of the earlier occasion.

Officers of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association were guests a short time ago of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge. A high-light of the occasion was an inspiring address by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. R. Yourtee, a member of Hagerstown Lodge.

The Degree Team and a numerous delegation of members of Washington, D. C., Lodge journeyed recently to initiate a class of candidates into Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher, of New York, East, paid his first official visit not long ago to Mt. Kisco Lodge. With him came a delegation of unusual size from his own Lodge, Mount Vernon.

After a lapse of a year in participation in basketball, Bremerton, Wash., Lodge has again organized a team. It began its season auspiciously a short time ago with a victory in the City Basketball League.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lorne R. Johnstone, of Minnesota, North, visited Minneapolis Lodge recently in his official capacity. Although commendatory of the Lodge's efforts in increasing its membership, the District Deputy emphasized particularly the value of retaining everyone already a member.

During their recent stay in port near Bremerton, Wash., the men of the U. S. S. *Maryland* and *Tennessee* were granted permission by members of the Elks Lodge there to hold dances in the ballroom of the Home.

In order to replenish its charity fund, depleted by Christmas expenditures, Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, staged a program of boxing bouts in January at the Balboa Stadium. From the standpoints of both profit and entertainment, they were immensely successful.

Public enthusiasm over the annual Charity Ball of Oconto, Wis., Lodge, held a short time ago at Odd Fellows' Hall in that city, resulted in the earning of an exceptionally gratifying sum for the Lodge's welfare and relief enterprises.

Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge celebrated its fifth anniversary recently with a chicken-pie supper and a program of vaudeville entertainment thereafter. The affair was generously attended and enjoyed.

Members of Marion, Ind., Lodge, in cooperation with the manager of one of the largest motion-picture playhouses there, gave a theatre party recently to six hundred needy children of the city.

In honor of the first visit which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. S. Macfarlane, of Washington, Northwest, paid to his own Lodge, Seattle, its members turned out in unusually large numbers to welcome him.

As a consequence of the success of the annual Charity Ball of Hobart, Okla., Lodge, held not long ago, its members have at their disposal for welfare and relief work a greater sum than ever before in the Lodge's history. The ball was held in the new Home, completed last fall.

Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, one of the most active in its region, is busily engaged at present in planning the approaching twentieth anniversary of its institution. The Lodge recently held, with pronounced success, its seventh annual carnival.



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THE ELKS MAGAZINE



Financing with Stock or Bonds

By Paul Tomlinson

THE relative percentage of bonds and stock outstanding in a corporation's financial structure is always a point of interest, not only to the men who have the corporation's finances in charge, but to the investor as well.

There are corporations which have so many bonds outstanding that all of their earnings are used up in meeting interest and sinking fund requirements, and there is nothing left over for dividends at all. It does not look, in many instances, as if there ever would be, and under the circumstances it is obvious that the stocks of these corporations can never have more than a nominal value. On the other hand, there are corporations which have no bonds at all, nothing but stock. Is the stock more valuable on that account? Not necessarily.

Every one knows, of course, that bonds create fixed charges against a corporation's earnings and that these charges must be met, whether they are earned or not; otherwise the corporation must face foreclosure and receivership. These fixed charges consist of interest on the bonds, and frequently of sinking fund requirements in addition, designed eventually to retire the bonds. By contrast, dividends on preferred and common stocks do not have to be paid unless they are earned. The money a corporation receives from the sale of a bond issue is money that has been borrowed, for which security has been given, and interest must be paid for the privilege of using it. When an issue of stock is sold to raise capital, this means that a share in the business has been sold; the purchasers of the shares become the owners of the corporation, and are under obligations to pay their creditors, the bondholders among them, before they can claim anything for themselves.

Now all business is constantly in need of capital and it is the duty of the owners of a corporation to secure capital for use at the least expense. Can this be accomplished most advantageously by selling issues of bonds, or shares of stock? The answer naturally depends upon a variety of considerations.

In the first place, it is admitted that the bonds of a corporation are a safer investment than its stock. The result is that a new enterprise—and therefore untried—is liable to have to sell bonds rather than stock in order to raise the capital it requires. When this country was younger and less rich than it is to-day, we were obliged to look to Europe to furnish us with the capital necessary to build our great railroad systems and industrial enterprises; and Europe bought bonds from us, not stocks, just as to-day when, as a result of the war, she needs capital from us, she is selling us bonds. When a business or a country has had a long-established period of prosperity, and its earning capacity has become well established, stock is liable to take the place of bonds to a considerable extent; for example, the corporate structures of English corporations generally include a larger proportion of stocks and a lesser proportion of bonds than American corporations. England is an older country than the United States and the earning capacity of many of her corporations

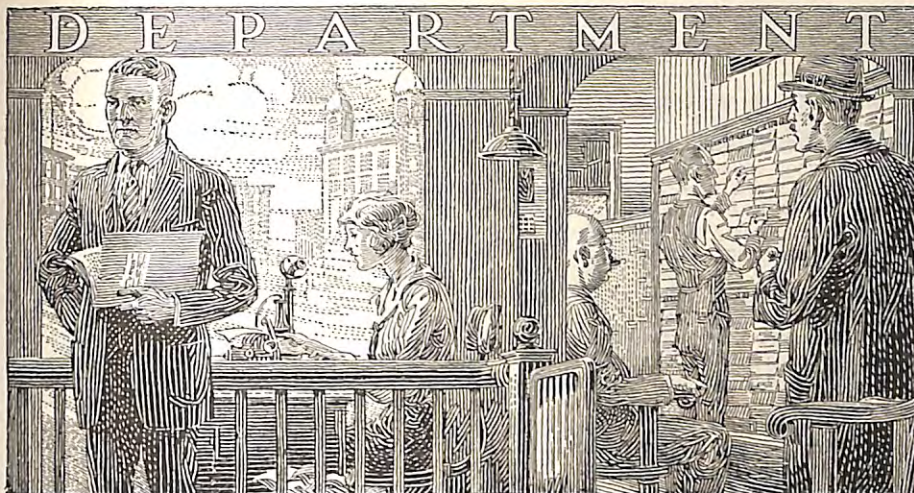
longer and better established. It is significant that recently American corporations have shown a growing tendency to finance their capital requirements with stock.

It is also true that the relative proportion of bonds and stocks in a corporation's capital structure depends to a large extent upon the kind of business in which the corporation happens to be engaged. In the case of a railroad or a public utility, for instance, where rates are practically guaranteed by law, and where income is regular, it is probably desirable to have a larger proportion of bonds than would be advisable for some other classes of corporations. The reason for this is that usually capital can be secured at lower cost from a sale of bonds than from a sale of stock. A well-secured bond paying 5 per cent. will attract investors who would not be attracted by stock paying less than 6; and they would feel certain of their bond interest, but possibly uncertain about the 6 per cent. dividend.

As a matter of fact, practically every large corporation in the country has bonds outstanding, and as a general average the proportion of bonds to stocks will be something over 25 per cent. It is interesting to note that industrial corporations do not have as large a proportion of bonds as railroads and public utilities. Every corporation wants to get money on the best possible terms, and while stock sometimes provides the best method of doing this, in other cases bonds will furnish the answer. The state and condition of the money market, the stock market, and the bond market also must be taken into consideration. In recent times, with stock prices high and bond prices low, conditions have been favorable to selling stock and retiring bonds. This is exactly what the United States Steel Corporation did last year, and it might prove interesting to consider their situation.

THE Steel Corporation retired over \$270,000,000 of bonds and issued 5,000,000 shares of new stock. By calling in its bonds the Steel Corporation saves itself more than \$29,000,000 a year in interest and sinking fund requirements, and this money will now be available for dividend distribution; in addition, the property mortgaged to secure the bonds has been released, thereby increasing the equity for the stock. On the face of things, it would seem as if the stockholders were greatly benefited. There is, however, another side to the matter. With approximately seven and a half million shares outstanding, the Steel Corporation, over a five-year period, showed earnings, after bond interest and sinking fund requirements, of more than \$13 a share. If the present number of shares—about twelve and a half million—had been outstanding during that period, and there had been no bonds, earnings would have averaged only slightly more than \$8 a share. In other words, by increasing the number of shares, actual earnings per share will have been decreased, and the stockholders, instead of being benefited, may actually have been injured.

It is true that when new stock is issued, stock-



holders are always given the first right to subscribe, and usually at a price less than the market price. This, of course, is all in their favor. Further, these rights have a value that the stockholder can realize on if he elects to sell them and take cash. In other words, he receives a real compensation for having to share the corporation's earnings with a host of new partners, but at the same time it scarcely seems reasonable to expect a stock earning \$8 a share to sell as high as one earning \$13 and over. Perhaps the Steel directors have figured that in case they wish to acquire other properties, or to expand their own facilities, it will be an easy matter to rebond the corporation, and to secure the money they need on highly favorable terms. Last year, of course, the public was avid for stocks, prices were high, and it was a comparatively simple matter to sell new shares. When business is depressed and stock prices are low, then the investing public is more interested in bonds, and nothing like the amount of money could be realized from the sale of new shares as was to be had in 1929.

Business depressions do occur. It is at such times that corporations are liable to feel the pinch of interest charges and payments to their sinking funds. New corporations obliged to raise capital through bond issues sometimes find themselves heavily burdened with fixed charges, and in order to plan for hard times are anxious to reduce these obligations. Interest has to be paid in bad times as well as good, and it is therefore to the interests of a corporation with large issues of bonds outstanding to reduce the amount and make sure that in bad times, when earnings are low, it will still be able to meet its charges.

Many times a corporation has little choice about the type of security it sells to raise capital. Conditions in the investment and financial market decide this matter for them. Last year, stocks were the easiest form of security to sell. Bonds, too, were sold, but in comparatively small amounts, and the most popular form of bond issued was the convertible—a bond which could be exchanged for stock on certain conditions and on certain terms. When money rates are low, bonds will probably be the most popular method of providing new capital. If rates are exceptionally low, the maturity date of the issue is liable to be a distant one, for corporations always have to make plans ahead for the paying off or refunding of bond issues, and, naturally, they like to have the use of cheap money for as long a time as possible. After the war, money was high; but under the conditions existing at that time investors still preferred bonds to stocks, and the result was that corporations offered issues with only a few years to run: they knew they could be replaced a little later on much more favorable terms. Corporations do not object to bonding their properties, and in many cases bonds may be issued to better advantage than stocks; the only fear that corporations have of bonded indebtedness is that in periods of business depression their incomes may not be sufficient to meet interest charges, or payment of maturing issues, and that bankruptcy proceedings by the bondholders may result. There is no obligation to pay dividends, of course, unless earnings justify them; as a matter of fact, good business practice makes it advisable always to keep a portion of earnings, no

matter how large they may be. A surplus against the inevitable rainy day is just as important for a corporation as it is for an individual.

Another consideration in the question of stock or bond issues nowadays is the tendency of our corporations to effect consolidations and mergers, and to absorb other corporations by purchase. All of these operations require financing, and this financing must be skilfully done if the results are going to be entirely satisfactory. Sometimes the financing consists in payment of cash, and if this is so, how is the cash to be raised most advantageously and cheaply? Perhaps by the sale of an issue of bonds; perhaps by the sale of stock. Sometimes an exchange of securities takes place; bonds may be given for stock, or stock for bonds. As a general proposition it is a simpler matter, most years, to raise money by selling bonds than by selling stock; those corporations which have no bonded indebtedness, therefore, are in a favorable position in case they wish to expand their properties, absorb others, or effect mergers or consolidations. Who can doubt, for example, that the United States Steel Corporation would have anything but the greatest success attend any offering of bonds it should make upon its present unbonded properties? There are many other corporations in an equally favorable position for new financing at the present time, and it is not at all unlikely that before many years have passed we shall see these corporations reaping the benefit.

INVESTORS are apt to think that merely because a corporation has no bonds that its stock is consequently of greater value. This does not necessarily follow. Fixed charges may prove a burden to some corporations in times of depression, but it is to be hoped that such a contingency will have been provided for during the times of prosperity. Further, it should be cheering to American investors to know that a study of the past forty years of our business life shows that in the United States periods of prosperity have lasted almost twice as long as periods of depression. In other words, we have had twice as many good years as we have had bad. Another thing is that when prices tend to rise, prosperity accompanies the rise.

Last fall, American corporations had approximately two billion dollars loaned in the call money market in Wall Street; since the break in stock prices this money has been released, and is now available for whatever use the corporations want to put it to. Will it be used to retire bonds, and to reduce fixed charges? Perhaps it will be invested in bonds instead of in the call market, where the demand for cash has slackened. It can be used for expansion and other capital expenditures. It is a tidy sum of money for American industry to have readily available, and should be of tremendous advantage in aiding business to recover from its recent temporary depression. Money is what makes the industrial world go 'round, and it has been said that financing is 90 per cent of a business man's success. How shall our corporations do their financing? Shall they sell bonds or stocks? It is a question of vital importance for the corporations, and for investors, too. The relationship of earnings to fixed charges and dividend requirements is about the most important consideration there is in determining the value of a stock or bond investment.

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The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 33)

caller. I decided to ascertain this, so I did something that will no doubt appear to you as—ahem, peculiar. But I wish to state here that what I did was for the best interests of Miss Gloyne. I've known her a long time. I knew her to be erratic and emotional, apt to be carried away by flattery. I considered it my duty to protect her from designing persons. She was alone in the world, if you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, Mr. Harner, go on. What did you do?"

"I—well—I knew that on every other floor there was a small closet facing the elevator, in which the janitor kept his—brooms and mops and things. I went down one flight to the fourth floor and secreted myself in one of those closets. There isn't any on the fifth. I stood there in the dark and watched the elevator going up and down. After some half an hour's wait, I was rewarded by seeing the person I had expected being taken up. The car stopped at the fifth floor and came down empty immediately, so I was reasonably sure that he had gone to call on Miss Gloyne."

"You're referring to Mr. Roland Thyme, I assume?" McLaughlin queried.

"Yes, sir, I am," the contractor said without a moment's hesitation, but with a sudden hard note in his voice.

"Did you keep the door ajar all this time?" the District Attorney wanted to know.

"No. It has a small aperture near the top for ventilation. I could see the elevator quite plainly without myself being observed."

"And there's no doubt in your mind that Mr. Thyme called on Miss Gloyne at nine-thirty and remained with her until eleven?"

"Not a shadow of a doubt!" the contractor replied with an alacrity that was pathetic.

"How can you be so sure?" McLaughlin wanted to know.

"I went up shortly after he had arrived and rang on Miss Gloyne's bell. There was no reply."

"Do you consider that conclusive evidence that Mr. Thyme was there?" McLaughlin demanded.

The contractor's face turned an ugly salmon red.

"Most conclusive!" he replied with what sounded suspiciously like a snarl.

I shivered involuntarily. Mr. Rufus Harner was even more reptilian than I had suspected. Paul had said nothing during the questioning. He sat looking into space in that intent attitude of his that makes one think that he's listening to faint small voices inaudible to ordinary ears.

"What did you do next, Mr. Harner?" McLaughlin asked.

"I—I remained in the closet until Mr. Thyme went down on the elevator at eleven o'clock, then I walked down the stairs and left myself."

"I see. You stated yesterday that you saw Mr. Thyme standing in the hall of the fifth floor waiting for the elevator. You wish to retract that statement now?"

The contractor's heavy lips parted in what he no doubt thought was a smile.

"Well—yes. It seemed, at the time, to be the only way I could account to you for my having seen Mr. Thyme."

McLaughlin nodded.

"It fitted in with your claims of having been smoking in the roof garden, of course."

"Exactly," Harner concurred with another of his reptilian smirks.

"You didn't actually see Mr. Thyme come out of Miss Gloyne's apartment, did you?"

"No, of course not. But under the circumstances I may be pardoned for surmising that he did," the other ventured comfortably.

"Quite, Mr. Harner. It didn't occur to you, however, that Mr. Thyme might have done the very thing you claimed to have done—have gone to the roof and had remained there smoking, as you would have liked us to believe you did?"

The contractor's jaw sagged. His mouth remained open for an appreciable space of time.

"No—o, sir, it d-didn't!" he finally managed to blurt out.

"For your information, Mr. Harner, I may say that this is precisely what Mr. Thyme claimed he had done, and certain evidence offered by him seems to bear him out."

"Oh!" was all the observation the contractor seemed to be able to offer.

"Now, then," McLaughlin pursued, "since you have been good enough to retract certain statements, suppose you wipe the slate clean for good and all. Where was Mrs. Harner on the evening of the murder? I take it that your chauffeur told you of our activities in that direction?"

"He did," the contractor replied with a smile that tried to say how happy he was at having anticipated the question. "Mrs. Harner spent the night with friends in Port Jefferson."

"You called these friends and ascertained that fact, I assume?"

"Oh, yes. I called there last night. Mrs. Harner assured me that she had been there since early the evening before."

"You spoke with her personally?"

"Yes, of course."

McLaughlin's manner ought to have warned the other.

"That's remarkable since Captain Rice listened in on your call and told a somewhat different story. He stated that you were told by your Port Jefferson friends that they had neither seen your wife nor spoken with her for over a week!"

CHAPTER VI

MR. RUFUS HARNER'S face was positively ghastly as he digested this piece of news. At the moment I felt almost sorry for him. He was hopelessly entangled in his own mesh of lies.

"As a matter of fact," he stammered, "if you hadn't asked me to come here this morning I'd have sought you out on my own account." He leaned forward with a desperate light in his eyes. "I've not heard from Mrs. Harner since the afternoon of the murder, when I called her at Montauk and told her that I would be detained in town for the day and would not be able to join her until the following morning. She has neither communicated with me by telephone or otherwise for two whole days. I greatly fear that something has happened to her—that she may have met a fate similar to Miss Gloyne's!"

Considering the thoughts he had harbored for two days over the possible fate of his wife he appeared less genuinely worried than frightened.

"Mr. Harner," said the District Attorney "had your wife ever visited Miss Gloyne here at her apartment?"

"No, sir, never. She had never, to my knowledge, been inside the building."

"She had no friends here?"

"None."

"Yet we discovered that she called this house on the telephone from the Normandie Hotel at six o'clock on the evening of the murder and talked with someone here. And we're reasonably sure that she came here a short time afterwards and took the elevator to the seventh floor, and that she stayed here all night because she was carrying a suitcase."

The contractor rose halfway in his chair. His close-set eyes were not nice to contemplate. The veins in their heavy lids were strained to bursting.

"It's a lie!" he blurted out, then sank back and sat glaring at McLaughlin furtively.

"Unfortunately it isn't," the District Attorney, replied patiently, "there's a record of that telephone call at the Normandie Hotel. Is there any further statement you'd care to make?"

"No—no! I've told you all I know—so help me—God!"

Somehow it seemed incongruous to hear Mr. Harner invoke the Deity.

"Very well, then," McLaughlin retorted. "You wish this latest story of yours to go into the records as the truth?"

"It is the truth, I tell you!" the contractor insisted desperately. "I've no more idea of where Mrs. Harner is at this moment than you have. I wish to God I did!"

"And you want us to believe that you stood up in a dark, ill-ventilated closet for two whole hours because you felt that it was your duty to protect an acquaintance from an adventurer?"

"I—I—sat down on some—buckets, when

the elevator wasn't running," the contractor offered with a trapped air.

"Very well, Mr. Harner, that'll be all for the present. You're not under arrest—unless you attempt to leave town."

The contractor drew a deep breath that was more than audible.

"How about my wife? Aren't you going to try to find her?" he ejaculated.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Harner, we're going to try to find her, all right!" the District Attorney assured him. "We'll keep you advised as to our progress in the matter."

The contractor took his derby and stick and carried them to the door as if they were objects of extreme fragility. Without a backward glance he hurried out. The three of us sat in silence listening to the slam of the elevator door as the cage bore our Ananias down eight floors to the torrid swelter of the street.

"What's your idea of the Harner woman's connections with the deal, Lieutenant?" McLaughlin asked. "I noted that you didn't seem particularly impressed by the disappearance theory."

Paul smiled.

"It's a bit difficult to be impressed by anything friend Rufus offers. However, he was undoubtedly speaking the truth when he stated that he had neither seen nor heard of his wife since the murder. Her whereabouts makes interesting speculation, to say the least."

"Exactly!" McLaughlin concurred, "and if she isn't guilty, why is she hiding? The idea that something's happened to her's no good. She must have been wise to Rufus's little—aside with Miss Gloyne. Evidently Thyme was also, but he was too much of a gentleman to say so. Harner must have been in pretty deep. Everywhere we turn—even from his own lips—we get confirmation of his extreme jealousy of her. He tries to throw the deaf-mute out of her apartment, snubs Thyme openly, lays in wait in a broom closet to see who's calling on his Beatrice, and conducts himself generally like a love-sick fool. I'll bet that cottage he was building for her in Stony Brook was going to be feathered for a love nest."

"A pretty thought, Major!" my husband mused.

McLaughlin inclined his head at me.

"You'll pardon my—er, frankness, Mrs. Ames," he said gravely, "I forgot for a moment that you weren't a man."

"The apology and the compliment are both accepted," said I. "You two bloodhounds must be hungry. If you'll excuse me I'll step into the food laboratory and see what can be done about it."

The District Attorney started to protest.

"Tut and Mr. Tut," I said. "You've only an hour or so until the appointment with Mr. Free and Miss Sutherland. No time to stand in line in a restaurant during the noon hour rush."

WE HAD finished lunch and the two men were smoking, each occupied with his own thoughts, when Paul leaned back in his chair suddenly and burst into laughter. He has a habit of doing this out of a clear sky and for apparently no reason at all. It's extremely annoying—when one is possessed of a normal feminine curiosity. At my rebuking glance and at McLaughlin's inquiring one my husband said: "You'll pardon me, but I simply can't get the picture out of my mind of our fat friend Rufus sitting on an upended bucket in that closet for two solid hours."

"It sounds fishy, I'll admit," the District Attorney replied, "nevertheless, I'm inclined to believe that he did so. The thing that intrigues me is the Green apartment on the seventh floor. Slade said that the Greens had gone to their Maine bungalow and that their apartment had been locked up for over a week. Apartments that have been locked up and unoccupied for a long time always interest me in cases of this kind—particularly if the middle-aged woman with the suitcase who got off at the seventh floor really was Mrs. Harner. She might have known the Greens and have asked for the use of the apartment for the night."

"As a base of operations from which to commit a murder?" Paul inquired. "Hardly, Major. The Green apartment is at the opposite end of the hall. If it connected in any way with Miss Gloyne's your theory would be plausible."

McLaughlin compressed his thin lips.

"You're still harping on the Thrasher woman and her fire-escape, I note."

"Well, at least there's a mode of ingress from that quarter," Paul retorted. "And if you remember, Dr. Slade told us that she had exchanged apartments within the month."

"So there would be from corresponding apartments on any other floor from the first to the eighth," McLaughlin pointed out.

"Oh, quite," said Paul, "and for that matter from the roof, or with a modicum of agility, from the alley itself."

The District Attorney looked up quickly and brought his hand down on the table.

"Thyme might have done it, after all! He certainly had both the time and the opportunity to go down that fire-escape half a dozen times during the hour and a half he claimed to have been smoking in the roof garden."

Paul was about to reply when the day operator rang and informed us that Miss Eleanor Sutherland was calling on Lieutenant Ames.

OUR visitor was alone. Mr. Thyme had not exaggerated when he said that Miss Eleanor Sutherland was beautiful. Lovely dark eyes, beautifully spaced, a wing of dark chestnut hair tucked under the smart sports hat, features finely molded without being coldly classical, and a nice human mouth. Her skin was smooth and clear, not like alabaster, but the sort that radiates health and is a good index to character and excellent heredity. Though knowing that she had come on an errand disturbing, to say the least, her poise was remarkable. She might have been a young woman acceding to a slightly inconvenient conference with her attorneys.

"Mr. Free stated that you wished to see me," she said, regarding us with an all-inclusive glance.

Paul introduced her to McLaughlin and myself and drew a chair forward. She seated herself and waited with well-bred attention. McLaughlin glanced at my husband.

"I was under the impression that Mr. Free would be here also, Lieutenant," he said.

"Mr. Free wanted to come," the girl replied in a low, resonant voice. "I told him that I preferred to come alone. As he had been questioned already I thought it unnecessary to annoy him further."

"Very well, Miss Sutherland," said McLaughlin. "Lieutenant Ames invited you here," he began, "to ask you a few questions about your dealings with Miss Doris Gloyne. I may state that frankness will be to your best interests."

"There's no reason why I shouldn't be frank about it," the girl replied unhesitatingly, "but in exchange for such frankness I shall have to ask you to regard as confidential certain personal matters my replies may disclose about my connections with Mr. Free. If they should become public property they would cause us both great mental anguish without helping you in the slightest."

McLaughlin nodded.

"I'll give you my promise that no word of what your answers may disclose of your private affairs will pass out of this apartment, if you'll be frank with me."

"Very well, sir."

"Did you have an appointment with Miss Gloyne on the night of the murder?"

"Yes, for eleven o'clock."

"Your ringing before coming up was, I assume, to verify the appointment?"

"Yes."

"When the switchboard operator informed you at a quarter to eleven that Miss Gloyne did not answer, what decided you to keep the appointment in spite of that?"

"I thought that Miss Gloyne was somewhere about the building and that she would return by the appointed time."

"Did she expect other guests?"

"No."

"You're quite sure of that?"

"I'm certain."

"Then why, may I ask, did you come in dinner gown and evening wrap and silver slippers?"

"Because I had just been to dinner and had had no opportunity to change."

"Where had you taken dinner?"

(Continued on page 70)

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The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 69)

"At my home in West End Avenue, not more than four blocks from here."

"I see. You had guests for dinner?"

"Yes, my father was entertaining some friends from the West."

"You mean that you slipped away from your guests to keep your appointment with Miss Gloyne?"

"Yes. The guests were all men, business associates of my father's."

"Your appointment with Miss Gloyne was important to you, then?"

The girl's lips parted in the faintest of smiles.

"Very much so. I excused myself on a plea of a headache and told my father that I'd run over to the drugstore on Broadway for some tablets."

"I see. Did you telephone to Miss Gloyne from your home before leaving?" McLaughlin asked carelessly.

Again that faint smile.

"No, I used a public booth in the drugstore, but not to prevent my identity from being traced by the police—merely to prevent my father from knowing where I was going."

McLaughlin blinked at this disconcerting example of frankness.

"I see," he said hastily, "your father didn't approve of your friendship for Miss Gloyne, then?"

"My father didn't know of her existence," the girl replied, "but there is another reason I asked you to regard as confidential what I tell you. I had met Miss Gloyne through Mr. Free at some of her readings."

McLaughlin seemed to weigh this reply.

"What was the nature of your appointment with the dead woman?" he asked.

"TO EXPLAIN that, it'll be necessary to go back a little," the girl replied. "Mr. Free and I have been secretly engaged for several months. My father's strong objections to him were responsible for our decision to keep our engagement secret until Rupert was able to establish a home. It was his idea. I would have married him at once, but men are such charming Don Quixotes. Miss Gloyne suggested that he take the vacant apartment opposite her own, and that I could then come up and call on her. She'd ask Mr. Free to come over and he and I could visit as long as we wished, chaperoned by her." The girl paused. "Rupert objected at first. He hates to be under obligations to anyone, but on my urging and upon Miss Gloyne's suggestion that in exchange for this service he was to paint a portrait of her, he finally agreed. The first appointment of this kind was to take place to-night at eleven. It had been agreed upon by the three of us in Rupert's studio during one of Miss Gloyne's sittings last week."

McLaughlin said nothing for several moments.

"Why did you put off this first appointment a whole month, Miss Sutherland?" he asked presently.

"I was out of town for over two weeks, visiting with some relatives in Boston."

"Now, then, Miss Sutherland," the District Attorney resumed, "will you tell us just what you did on the night of the murder?"

"When I tried Miss Gloyne's door without receiving an answer, I rang Rupert's bell. He said that he had also rung Miss Gloyne's bell but thought that she'd be in soon, so rather than stand and wait in the hall, I went into his apartment and sat down. That was why I didn't want him to come here to-day. He made me promise that I wouldn't tell you that I had been there unchaperoned," she added with a smile, "and now I've done it. It's up to you gentlemen to rise to the occasion and not let Rupert know that you know. He's most exotically sensitive about observing the proprieties. You'd think it was he instead of I that was born in Massachusetts."

"H'm," said McLaughlin, "and where, may I ask, had he planned that you claim you had spent the hour from eleven to twelve?"

"Oh, his idea was good enough and entirely plausible. He wanted me to say that I had gone to the roof garden. But I thought it wiser to tell the truth."

McLaughlin jerked his head back as if some

one had struck him a smart blow on the point of the jaw.

"It was extremely fortunate for you, Miss Sutherland, that you decided to tell the truth," he said in a tone that sounded like the snapping of an over-dry twig in the silence of a forest. "Perhaps you'll also tell us why you hung up on the operator when you called the next day for Miss Gloyne?"

The girl's face turned a shade lighter, but her poise was admirable.

"It was a foolish thing of me to do, of course," she replied, "but you see I didn't know that Miss Gloyne was dead. While I waited for the operator to page her, as she claimed she was doing, I happened to glance at the newspaper rack just outside the telephone booth. I saw the red headlines: DORIS GLOYNE, WELL KNOWN ACTRESS, MURDERED. For a moment I was paralyzed with fright, then I realized that the telephone operator was trying to hold me on the wire because I was under suspicion, so I hung up and left—rather hurriedly." She paused. "My first consideration was to avoid the notoriety of being connected with the case and the unpleasant situation of having to explain to my father the circumstances of my visit to Miss Gloyne. He is very bitter in his attitude toward Rupert."

"I understand your motives, Miss Sutherland," McLaughlin said, "and I commend you for your frankness. How long had you known Miss Gloyne?"

"About a year, I think. I met her at the Harners sometime early last summer. She was giving one of her readings there."

"You mean that Mr. Free took you there?"

"Yes."

"How did he come to be asked there? Mr. Harner does not impress me as being a patron of art."

"Rupert had just arrived from the West. He was pursuing the usual course of young artists in their efforts at establishing themselves in New York. He played the social game rather extensively in his efforts at securing commissions, and had painted a portrait of Mr. Harner."

"He met Miss Gloyne there, then?"

"Yes. We both met her there that evening for the first time."

"I see. Do you know if Miss Gloyne had any enemies?"

"N—no. I—I don't think she had."

At her slight hesitation, McLaughlin said:

"I'm going to ask you to tell us everything that came under your observation, Miss Sutherland. Rest assured that we shall regard it in the strictest of confidence. What was the attitude of the Harners toward Miss Gloyne?"

The girl remained silent for some minutes.

"I SUPPOSE you realize that you're putting me in a very—difficult position in asking me to discuss the private affairs of my hosts, sir," she said finally.

"I appreciate that, madam, but a murder has been committed. You owe society a certain debt in the interest of justice. In plain words, I'm asking you to tell me what Mrs. Harner's attitude was toward the—er, friendship between her husband and Miss Gloyne. We have ample evidence that such a friendship existed, I may add."

"Well, then, since you already know that much, there appears little sense in mincing matters. Mrs. Harner resented it quite definitely, as any normal woman would have under the circumstances."

"From your observations Mrs. Harner was a very normal woman, then?"

"I think so. I felt profoundly sorry for her—Rupert and I both did. She was pathetically devoted to Mr. Harner. They had pioneered together somewhere in the Middle West, I understand. However, humiliating as her position must have been, she never forgot her duties as hostess. Her fortitude and restraint were remarkable, though in my opinion hardly admirable. In her position I'm afraid that I should have forgotten that I was a lady." She paused suddenly as if realizing that in her eagerness to impress us with Mrs. Harner's good

qualities, she was making out a case against her hostess. "I hope you're not thinking of her in connection with the death of Miss Gloyne? I can assure you that Mrs. Harner is totally incapable of such an act."

McLaughlin appeared to pass the suggestion by.

"She was not present at the dinner at the Sherry-Netherland given by Miss Gloyne in honor of Mr. Roland Thyme, was she?"

"No."

"Do you know Mr. Thyme well?"

"No. I've met him twice only. At the Sherry-Netherland dinner and once at the Harners—the evening before I left for Boston."

"Do you know anything about his relationship with Miss Gloyne?"

"Only that he seemed to be her latest conquest and I heard that he was going to secure an opening for her in a play."

"By this I infer that Miss Gloyne had a great many admirers?" McLaughlin asked.

"Well, she seemed very popular with men. There was a naive childlikeness about her that attracted them."

"Do you know of any other man—or men that were interested in her?"

Miss Eleanor Sutherland rebuked her interrogator with a look.

"You're asking me to gossip, sir. It would be even more unfair of me to answer that question than it is for you to ask it."

"Again I must remind you of your duty to society, Miss Sutherland," McLaughlin rejoined with a show of irritation. "Your personal feelings are of secondary importance."

"I must disagree with you. I'm afraid that to me they are of primary importance," the girl retorted icily.

"In that event you are forcing me to put you under oath at some later date to extract the information," the District Attorney remarked.

"I in a tone that more than matched her own. 'I wanted to avoid that.' His gray eyes were wanted to avoid that. 'I'll be specific. Do you know if there was or ever had been anything between Miss Gloyne and Dr. Slade?'"

The girl's face relaxed with evident relief.

"Not to my knowledge," she replied.

"You are acquainted with the Doctor?"

"I've seen him on several occasions at the Harners, but I've never spoken with him after the first formal introduction beyond exchanging greetings."

"Now about Mr. Neal Sadler?" Paul interjected suddenly.

The girl turned from the District Attorney to my husband.

"I'd rather not discuss that matter, if you don't mind," she replied in a tone of finality.

Paul did not press the question.

"Who was your escort for the evening at the Sherry-Netherland dinner, Miss Sutherland?"

McLaughlin pursued.

"A Mr. Kenneth Doty. You can exclude him at once. He had never met Miss Gloyne before that evening."

"Then how did he come to be asked to her dinner as your partner?"

"Mr. Doty is the man my father would like me to marry," the girl replied with a faintly ironic smile. "I have to go out with him occasionally to—well, keep peace in the family."

As Mr. Free happened to be out of town for a few days, I suggested Mr. Doty to Miss Gloyne as an alternative."

"I see, Miss Sutherland," McLaughlin said.

"One more question and you may go. Did—or does Dr. Slade know of Mr. Free's acquaintance with Miss Gloyne before he moved in?"

"I'm quite sure he doesn't," the girl replied.

"Miss Gloyne thought that under the circumstances it was just as well that no one should know."

"It was her suggestion that nothing be said about it to Dr. Slade?" McLaughlin prompted.

"Yes, it was. Naturally, I agreed. It was important that my father shouldn't hear of it."

"I understand perfectly," McLaughlin replied.

"I think that'll be all, Miss Sutherland. I don't believe that I shall require you to appear in court unless something unforeseen happens."

"I hope most earnestly that you won't. It'd be more than embarrassing for me. I'm not in the habit of practising deceit." She arose.

"I regret that I was unable to help you in any way. After all, Miss Gloyne meant well. I hope to see her murderer punished."

"You will, Miss Sutherland," McLaughlin assured her as Paul escorted her to the door.

"I like the way all the people involved have of eliminating themselves and their friends," the District Attorney said with asperity after the girl had gone. "It's beginning to look as if they all had a hand in it, and that it was a grand conspiracy to get the woman out of the way. It's plain that the Sutherland girl was none too friendly toward her, herself. The fair Doris probably made eyes at her artist. However, since she didn't arrive until eleven o'clock, that seems to eliminate her as well as Slade unless Dr. Burke was mistaken about the time Miss Gloyne was killed, which I think we can safely discount. I've never known Burke to make a mistake since he's been connected with the department." He paused. "That leaves Harner, Thyme, Free, and Mrs. Harner. Every one of the four had both the time and the opportunity."

"WHAT about Vera Baum, the switchboard operator, and Clump, the elevator man?"

Paul said, "also what about the rest of the three hundred tenants in this house, every single one of whom could have done it by simply walking up to our now famous roof garden and climbing down the fire-escape, and," he added, "for that matter anyone of New York's seven millions with twenty feet of rope to catch the fire escape of the second floor in the alley. Major, it's not who did it that's worrying me. It's how was it done. When I discover that, I'll know who the murderer is. D'you notice how the element of art keeps obtruding itself every little while? Free, the artist, was painting her portrait. He stated that Miss Gloyne told him there was something about which she wanted to ask his opinion on the night of the murder—"

McLaughlin held up a deprecating hand.

"That was his story to account for his intended visit at eleven o'clock," he interrupted.

"Perhaps," Paul admitted doubtfully, "but remember that Harner said that when he called on Miss Gloyne and was told that she was expecting company, she acted mysterious and said something to him about a work of art."

"But we didn't find any such thing in the room, did we?" McLaughlin demanded irritably.

"No," Paul replied, "and that is what makes me think that whatever this work of art was, it was even more important to the murderer than to the murdered."

McLaughlin sat looking at my husband in silence for a long time.

"Would you mind telling me what you're driving at, Lieutenant," he said sharply. "If the murderer gained admittance under the pretext of selling her a work of art, he'd hardly have left it there for us to trace him by! If he didn't want to run the risk of taking it away with him, he certainly would at least have destroyed it, and we'd have found some sort of trace of it."

"I suppose so," Paul agreed, but I knew by his tone that he supposed nothing of the kind.

McLaughlin eyed him waspishly.

"There's another thing I'd like to know," he said with a slight rasp in his voice, "what's the idea of keeping Officer Sloan posted in the alley under Miss Gloyne's windows? Understand, I'm not criticizing your methods, Lieutenant, but—"

"The reason I posted Sloan there," Paul said, "is to prevent anyone from entering the room from the outside. It's obvious that the murderer never for an instant thought we'd suspect anything wrong. When he heard that he'd made a slip, I thought it just possible that he might get to worrying about other possible slips and try to get back into the room to destroy other tell-tale evidence that we might have overlooked. I examined the fire escape for foot prints the morning after the murder, but the brisk shower of rain the evening before had washed every trace of dust off it. There's no telling, of course, whether or not the murderer used it. Since both the day switchboard operator and the elevator man are new and were unable to identify strangers from tenants, he may, of course, simply have come before Miss Baum and Clump went on. I'm inclined to believe, however, that he came in during the evening rush and left by way of the fire escape. It would have been quite easy for him to leave that way. The lower part of it is simply one

(Continued on page 72)

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The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 71)



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of those ladders that lower themselves to the ground by the weight of a descending person and swings back after the person has stepped off. It seemed to me that it was a good thing to keep an eye on it."

McLaughlin compressed his lips.

"I note you persist in referring to the murderer as *he*. Doesn't the disappearance of Mrs. Harner worry you in the least?"

"It worries me more than you imagine, Major," Paul replied; "in fact, it threatens to upset my whole line of reasoning. I'm beginning to think that until we find her, we'll never know who killed Doris Gloyne—nor how."

In view of what my husband had said to me on the day of the murder to the effect that it was not the work of feminine hands, I could not suppress a smile. Paul was quick to catch it, but as always when cornered, his face was a perfect blank.

"Well, all I can say is the sooner we find her the better," McLaughlin retorted. "I'm going over to the Harner residence and get a picture if possible, and broadcast her description to the police department of every city in the country."

"Rufus will like that," Paul commented.

"Whether or not he likes it—it's going to be done!" the District Attorney snapped. "See you later. Many thanks for the lunch, Mrs. Ames."

"Why d'you persist in attempting to mystify people, Sherlock Holmes?" I asked of my husband after the District Attorney was gone. "One would think that you were preparing this case for a publisher instead of for a jury."

"If I'm mystifying others it's because I'm mystified myself," he retorted. His face relaxed. "With all the leads we have, it would make a corking good publicity stunt for some newspaper, with an offer of ten thousand dollars for the solution. Incidentally, some bright amateur detective might suggest the clue that would lead us to the murderer, and save us a lot of shoe leather. However, if you don't mind putting off dinner for half an hour, I'm going to call Free and invite him up. I want to ask him a few more questions."

CHAPTER VII

MR. RUPERT FREE'S manner was distinctly hostile, but he thawed somewhat under the soothing influence of Paul's easy chattiness, with one of my husband's Porto Rican panatelas between his lips. It was evident from his replies, however, that his fiancée had communicated to him the result of our interview with her and that he was on his guard.

"I want to thank you for sending Miss Sutherland up," Paul began, "and for the frankness with which you both have answered our questions. Mr. Roland Thyme, the actor, happened to be on the roof about the same time your fiancée was. He may have seen her. At any rate, the District Attorney was satisfied with her statement."

Free removed the cigar from between his lips with a jerk. His eyes remained fastened on its burning end.

"I'm glad he was satisfied," he replied hoarsely. "I trust you won't find it necessary to question her further."

"We shan't, I'm sure," Paul replied.

The artist drew out his watch and consulted it. "I have a downtown dinner engagement," he said. "I hope you won't detain me long."

"I shan't," Paul replied. "The first thing I want to ask you is this: Did Miss Gloyne during any of her sittings intimate to you that she had any enemies?"

Free shook his head.

"Quite the opposite," he replied. "She impressed me as a person who had nothing but friends."

Paul gave the artist his most engaging smile. "You're a man of the world, Mr. Free. Will you forget for a moment that I'm a detective and answer my questions as one man to another?" he asked.

Free looked somewhat dubiously from Paul to me.

"What is it you wish to know?" he temporized.

"My first question is a rather personal one. If you don't care to answer it, we'll pass it over,

but I want you to know that I'm asking it only to get at the bottom of this case, and not to pry into your personal affairs."

"Yes?" said Free uncertainly.

"Did Miss Gloyne ever make love to you?" Paul wanted to know.

The artist leaned back in his chair. He regarded my husband coldly over the burning end of his cigar.

"I'm engaged to be married to Miss Sutherland," he said. "That answers your question, I think."

"So far as you're concerned, it does, Mr. Free," Paul replied gently. "However, from what we've learned about the dead woman it seems not at all improbable that so little a matter wouldn't have stood in her way. I know that the matter must be extremely distasteful to you, but it might help us a lot if you'd tell us."

IT IS more than distasteful to me! So much so that I told my fiancée that we'd better abandon the idea of meeting in Miss Gloyne's apartment, convenient though it was under the circumstances."

"You told your fiancée, then?"

"Naturally! You needn't, however, make a case out of that. Miss Sutherland was not in the least jealous of Miss Gloyne!"

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Free," Paul said. "I didn't think so for a moment. Please believe me. Your fiancée has shown herself to be a most judicious and intelligent woman. It would be difficult to imagine her stooping to petty jealousy."

The artist seemed reassured. He even smiled reminiscently.

"As a matter of fact it afforded her some amusement," he offered; "she remarked laughingly that it vindicated her own judgment to have other women interested in me. I must confess, however, that the rôle of vindicator was not always attractive."

Paul smiled understandingly.

"I can appreciate that, Mr. Free. Did you ever see her do her straight-jacket act?" he asked suddenly.

The artist looked curiously at my husband.

"Why, no, I didn't—but I'd heard of it. As a matter of fact, she was posing in it in the painting I was doing of her. I may add that I was not at all anxious to see her do the act. It was quite sufficient to have to paint her posing on a rug in that get-up."

"I can well imagine," Paul agreed. "The picture isn't finished then?"

"No." He shivered slightly. "She was a strange woman, Lieutenant. I'm—relieved that I won't have to finish it. She was to have come back for two more sittings."

"Is the straight-jacket still at your studio?" Paul asked.

"No, she took it home with her last time she was down. She said that a friend of hers had expressed great admiration for the act and had asked her to give this reading in private some evening."

Paul's face was expressionless with stifled interest. I could fairly see his nostrils dilate.

"She didn't say who this friend was?" he asked casually.

"No, she didn't."

"Nor whether it was a man or a woman?"

"No."

From the beginning of Paul's questioning I had suspected that he had got Free to come up for some entirely different purpose. As the inquiry progressed without getting anywhere, I became convinced that such was the case, and wondered what was under way, so I was not surprised when he glanced at the mantel clock for the fourth time and said:

"Thank you very much, Mr. Free. I shan't detain you any longer."

The artist arose with every evidence of relief on his face and bid us good night.

When he had left, Paul stood looking at the clock.

"Nearly seven," he said. "I wonder what's happened to Sadler." I knew better than to break in on his thoughts. When my husband "walks the plank" as we call it between ourselves, I know something's worrying him.

(To be continued)

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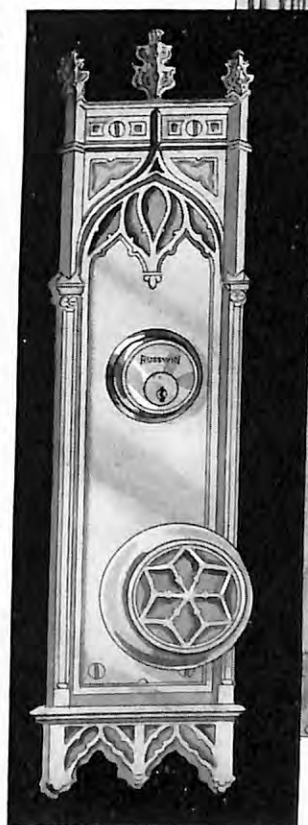
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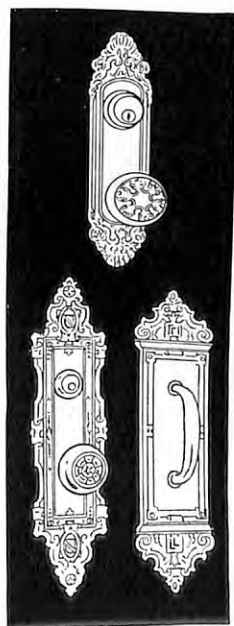
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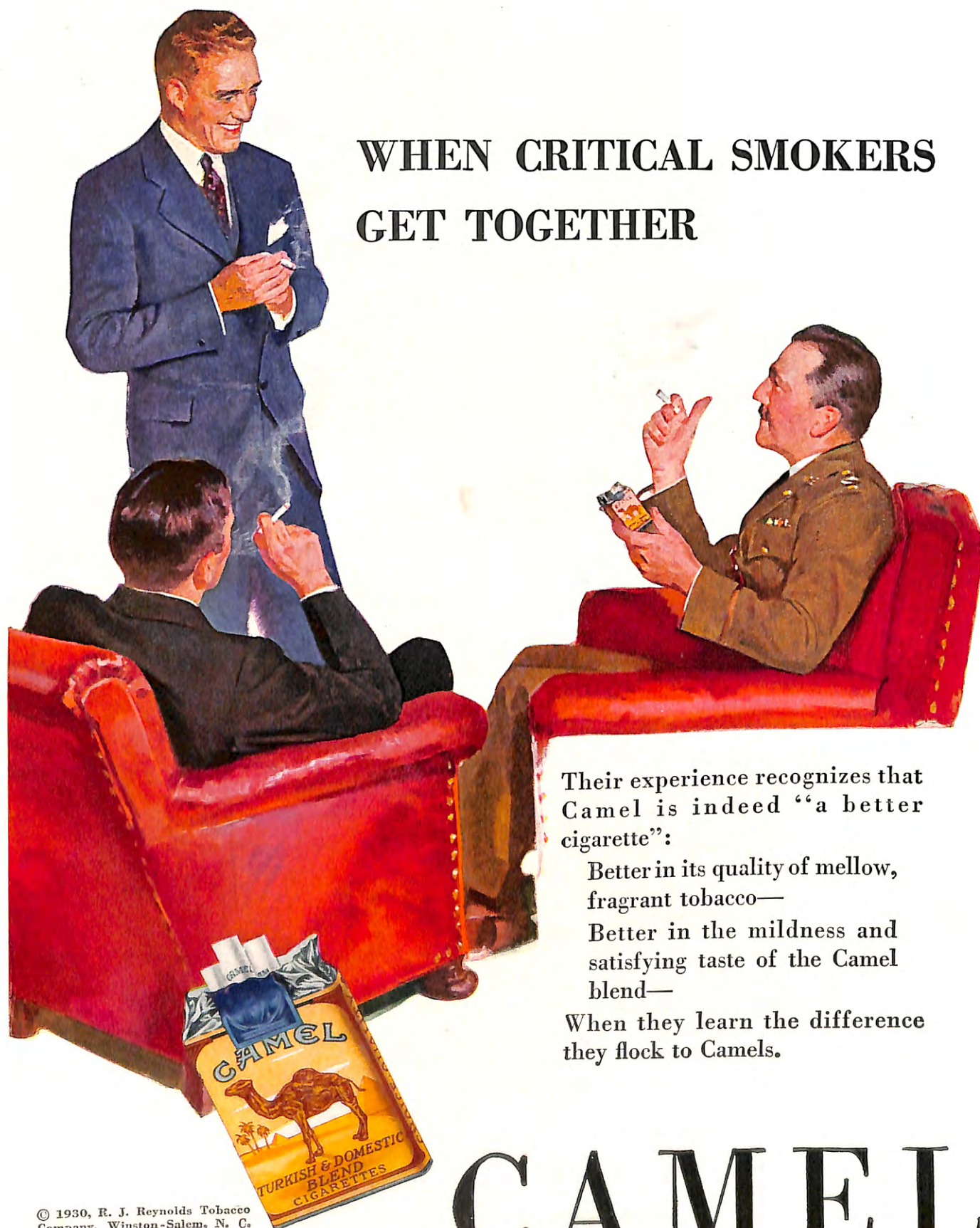
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