

# The Elks

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*Magazine*

MARCH, 1930



In This Issue: "Seventh Son," a great dog story by Albert Payson Terhune; other stories and articles of humor, sport and adventure by well known writers



INTERNATIONAL

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Here is the new 3-ton 6-cylinder International Speed Truck—Model A-5—now on view at all of the 159 Company-owned International Branches in the United States.

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**Brakes:** Service, 4-wheel mechanical, internal expanding. Emergency, internal expanding on rear.

ing. Be sure to read the specifications given at the left.

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Exactly that same thing is happening to thousands upon thousands of men thruout the country. It has probably happened to men right in the company you now are working for. And—unless you deliberately fit yourself for a better job—there is a very good chance that it will happen to you!

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### Trebled His Salary in Three Years

—For more than twenty years, till finally, at the age of 47, and still receiving only thirty dollars a week, R. M. Whitney resolved to be a bookkeeper no longer. He enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy, and completed the course. Almost immediately came the offer of a bigger job.

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"My studies rapidly equipped me to strike out for myself, and at present I have an extensive practice as a Public Accountant, employing four accountants. It is sufficient to

say that my present income is many, many times greater than when I enrolled."

### Send For These Two Books and Start Toward Real Success

Need you hear more before you investigate the opportunities in Accountancy? Shall we tell you about Pentland—or Gray—or McDuffie—all of them commanding incomes better than \$10,000 a year and all of them still in their thirties?

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

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Number Ten

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# If YOU Were Down and Out



**AND** I agreed to start you in a big, new, money-making business of your own—**RIGHT AT HOME—IN YOUR SPARE TIME**—a business in which I have helped other ambitious men and women **DOUBLE, TRIPLE and QUADRUPLE** their earnings, would you jump at it? **YOU BET YOU WOULD!**

Well, you may not be down and out. But if you are earning **A CENT LESS** than \$100 a week—\$5,000 a year—here is your chance to break into real estate **MY WAY**—build a big-profit business of your own—and make more money than you ever made before. My free book tells the whole story. Get it now!

## From Failure to Success

I like to get hold of the down-hearted—the discouraged—the “has beens” and the “also-rans.” It gives me a big “kick”—a real thrill—every time I help a man or woman who felt they were failures. It’s easy enough to make successful men more successful. But give me the man who is struggling along—trying to make both ends meet—who has never had a real “look-in” on business success. The most fun I get out of life is turning such men into happy, contented, prosperous, independent business men. And I’m doing it right along! There’s E. G. Baum, past 50, lost his job as bookkeeper, sick, discouraged, down-hearted. I got Baum started and he cleaned up \$8,000 his first year. And W. A. Rush. He landed in a city in Ohio with his wife and only \$50 in his pocket. He started to use my successful Real Estate System and writes me that he now has his own home, a new closed car and “more money than I had when I landed here!” Send for my free book. Learn how I am helping others—and how I can help you win big business success.

## New Lives for Old

I teach ambitious men and women my way of making big money in the Real Estate Business, without previous experience. I give them new lives for old. I transform them from low-salaried employees to successful employers—in business for themselves—independent—prosperous—contented—men and women of all ages—from all walks of life—former mill-hands, clerks, railroad men, barbers, hotel employees, grocers, salesmen, bookkeepers, teachers, ministers, printers, musicians, insurance solicitors, etc., etc. Take “Bill” Dakin for example. He worked for fifty years in a New York steel plant. Never had any schooling to speak of. Never had any real-estate experience. Bill jumped at my offer. Writes me that last month he earned \$1,125 my way.

Write for a free copy of my book today. Learn how wide-awake men and women are changing their jobs—trading old lives for new—with my System for Becoming a Real Estate Specialist. Address President, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. CC-33, 205 East 42 St., New York.

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

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 60a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Richard P. Rooney, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, 1048 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.



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

Official Circular Number Six

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

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

DEAR BROTHERS:—

Upon delivery of this Circular, in compliance with Section 115, Grand Lodge Statutes, all subordinate Lodges will have closed their nominations of candidates for officers for the ensuing year; and at the first regular meeting night in March, a few days after the reception of this Circular, elections shall, accordingly, be held by all the subordinate Lodges.

The month of March is an *exceptionally important period* in the administration of all our Elks affairs, and I especially call to the attention of the present officers, who are about to finish their terms, that they should intensify, rather than relax, their efforts upon behalf of their respective subordinate Lodges.

*To All Retiring Officers and Committeemen*

I feel, as Grand Exalted Ruler, a very deep debt of gratitude to all the officers and committeemen, who have thus far served with me in the administration of the affairs of their respective Lodges and of our beloved Order.

I shall feel it my duty to revoke the charters of some of our indifferent Lodges, bearing no kinship to real Elkdom, operating in a manner entirely foreign to the obligations imposed upon them by the charters entrusted to them by the Grand Lodge. The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, a great and glorious fraternal Order, covering every foot of soil of the United States of America, and her outlying possessions, cannot and will not tolerate the existence of *mere pseudo* Elks Lodges, whose operations reflect upon the good name of the Order. I am thankful to say that these Lodges are not numerous, but I assert most positively that they should not exist at all.

I urge all present officers and committeemen to employ the month of March, *one-twelfth* of their period of service, to the very best possible advantage in completing and rounding out their official records, which will close on March thirty-first.

*To the New and Incoming Officers*

I herewith very strongly urge the officers-elect, to devote themselves assiduously to memorizing their portions of the Ritual, during the month of March, so that they may be prepared to properly exemplify the Ritual upon their installation into office, at the first regular meeting night in April. This will require proper study, and it will be a commendable response to the Grand Lodge Statutes, which require every subordinate Lodge officer to commit his portion of the Ritual to memory within thirty days after his installation.

I hope the new officers will give earnest and immediate attention to the promotion and building up of the Elks National Foundation, to the matter of establishing Lodges of Antlers, and to the perfecting of the mailing lists of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. I have frequently commented upon these matters, and I herein reiterate all that I have heretofore said upon these subjects. Please study them, and use every endeavor to impress the subordinate Lodges with their importance.

*Appointments*

I announce appointments as follows: Brother Henry A. Guenther, of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, as Grand Trustee to succeed Brother Richard P. Rooney, of Newark Lodge, deceased; Brother Pearce E. Graham, Bessemer, Mich., Lodge, No. 1354, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, of Michigan North, in place of Brother Phil R. Hogan, who, on account of the pressure of his personal business affairs, resigned.

*Let us all attune our minds and hearts to the true spirit of Elkdom, for thereby the future of our Order will be gloriously assured.*

With my most cordial greetings and sincere Brotherly Love—

*Walter R. Andrews,*  
 Grand Exalted Ruler.



# Do Unseen Hands Keep You Dumb..

## *When You Ought to Talk?*



How often have you wanted to talk, but held back, silent, because you felt unequal to the other people present? How many times have you passed up or avoided the chance to talk in public—before your business associates, your club or lodge, because of your fear of stage fright? Are you afraid of your own voice—instead of being able to use it as one of the greatest business and social assets in your possession? And yet you might be surprised to hear that many of the most brilliant public speakers we have today felt exactly this way—before they learned how to develop their “hidden knack” of powerful speech—a knack which authorities say seven men out of every ten actually possess. And the chances are that you, too, have in you the power of effective speech—which, if unloosed, would be almost priceless to you in a social or business way. Find out if you have this natural gift—read every word of the message below.

## Discover These Easy Secrets of Effective Speech

PROBABLY you have never pictured yourself being able to sweep a giant audience off its feet—to win the applause of thousands. Yet the men who are doing such things know that it is all astonishingly easy once you are in possession of the simple rules of effective speech. Before you learn these secrets you may be appalled at the thought of even addressing a small audience. Still it all seems so ridiculously easy when you know how to banish stage fright, and exactly what to do and say to hold an audience of one or a thousand in the palm of your hand.

Yet what a change is brought about when a man learns to dominate others by the power of Effective Speech! Usually it means a quick increase in earnings. It means social popularity. You yourself know how the men who are interesting talkers seem to attract whomever they wish and name their own friends—men and women alike.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. One of America's eminent specialists in effective speech has developed a method that has

already raised thousands from mediocre, narrow ruts to positions of greater prestige and wider influence. This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that by spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home, you cannot fail to make rapid progress.

How you can use this method, how you can banish stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, quickly shaping yourself into an outstanding influential speaker, is told in an interesting book, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book and highly praise it. You can receive a copy absolutely

free by simply mailing the coupon below. Act now to discover your priceless “hidden knack”—the natural gift within you. Fill out and mail the coupon at once.

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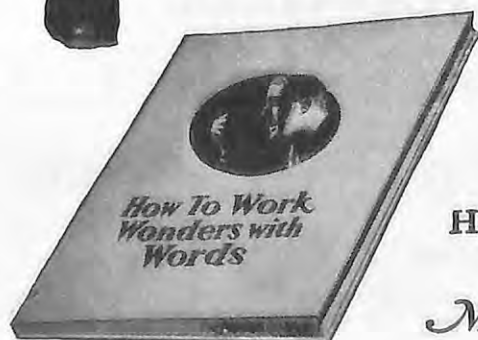
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# A BUCKING A BRONCHO

*may look like a  
saddle horse*



*Insist on a  
Rough Road  
Ride*

*You don't know the difference  
until you ride him*

And you don't know how a car will ride until you have had a rough road demonstration.

You will hit rough stretches in every day driving.

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Write for booklet — The Ride of Comfort and Safety.

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**B**EHIND the kitchen stove was a widish space where, ordinarily, firewood was stacked. To-night, the space was given over to a shallow packing box, roomy and blanket-floored. Within the box a shaggy little collie sprawled in tired comfort. Close against her furry underbody squirmed and nestled and muttered several rat-sized, new-born puppies.

Rhodes crossed the kitchen, from the living-room beyond. Chirping to the wearily triumphant little mother, he stooped over the impromptu broodnest.

"Steady, Lorna!" he quieted the worried collie, as she sought to nose aside his exploring hand. "I'm not going to hurt them. You ought to know mighty well I'm not. I'm just playing census-taker."

Patting her silky head, he called to his daughter in the living-room beyond:

"There are still six of them, Thais. There haven't been any born since noon. So that's the whole litter. Six. Lorna's fourth family; and the first time there haven't been seven. . . . Lord, but it's a brute of a night!" he broke off as a swirl of gale-scourged snow scratched the windows with a million claws and as the house jarred afresh to the storm's buffetings.

He was turning back toward the living-room, when a hammering at the kitchen door made itself heard above the wind.

Rhodes hurried to answer the summons. In that semi-primitive corner of Preakness County, neighborliness was still an instinct rather than a virtue. Nobody was likely to be dropping in on such a night for the mere pleasure of a stroll and a fireside chat. The knock meant need.

Lorna had heard the hammering at the door far more distinctly than had her master. Her abnormally keen ears had even caught the muffled tread of clumping feet on the kitchen porch, through all the storm's racket.

Her watchdog training swept aside her fatigue and lassitude. Before Rhodes could turn at sound of the knock, the collie had sprung out of her packing-box broodnest and was flashing past him toward the porch. Hackles bristling and eye-teeth aglint, she danced impatiently as Rhodes unbolted and swung ajar the door.

Copyright, 1930, by Albert Payson Terhune

## The Story of a Show Dog Who Won His Honors Outside the Ring Seventh Son

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

Her master had scant time to catch her by the scruff of the neck, as she sprang.

"Down, old girl!" he commanded, bracing himself against the inrush of wind and snow, and continuing more loudly: "Come in, whoever you are. If I leave this door open half a minute there'll be a ton of snow on the floor. Lively!"

Over the threshold was propelled a coon-skin-wrapped figure, panting and choking as from a race.

"Thanks," said the visitor, as the door shut behind him. "Sorry to bring all this snow into your house. I was on the way to Paterson. It was heavy going, but I thought I could make it. Then I hit a drift about a mile high, just outside your gate. The poor old car went spang out of business. Not another inch of go in her. I saw your light. I thought maybe you'd tell me how to get to the nearest inn or roadhouse where I can put up for the—"

"There's the Minnehaha Inn, about half a mile from here," answered Rhodes. "But it's closed for the winter. At least, they padlocked it, last October, for six months. Then there's the Eagle House. But that's a good mile farther on, and you'd have to make a couple of turns to get to it. You'd never find it, a night like this, even if you could keep on your feet that long. You'll

have to stay here with us. We can make you fairly comfortable. We've finished supper, but my daughter can easy enough fix up some for you. Take your coat off."

"Thanks," said the stranger, beginning to breathe more naturally. "That's white of you, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Rhodes. Milo Rhodes. I—"

"You aren't the Milo Rhodes?" queried the other. "The Rhodesian Kennels? Why, this was one of the places I was planning to stop at, on my way South! You and I have had more than a little correspondence in our time, Mr. Rhodes. Remember? I'm Harry Callon. If it hadn't been I wanted to see your kennels I'd have been in Paterson before now. I took a roundabout way and got lost."

Rhodes's heavy face brightened at sound of the guest's name, and he gripped the other's thick-gloved hand with wince-evoking heartiness.

"Of course, I remember!" he assured Callon. "Why wouldn't I? And it wasn't a month ago I had your letter about wanting to stop off here on your way to Florida for the winter. I—"

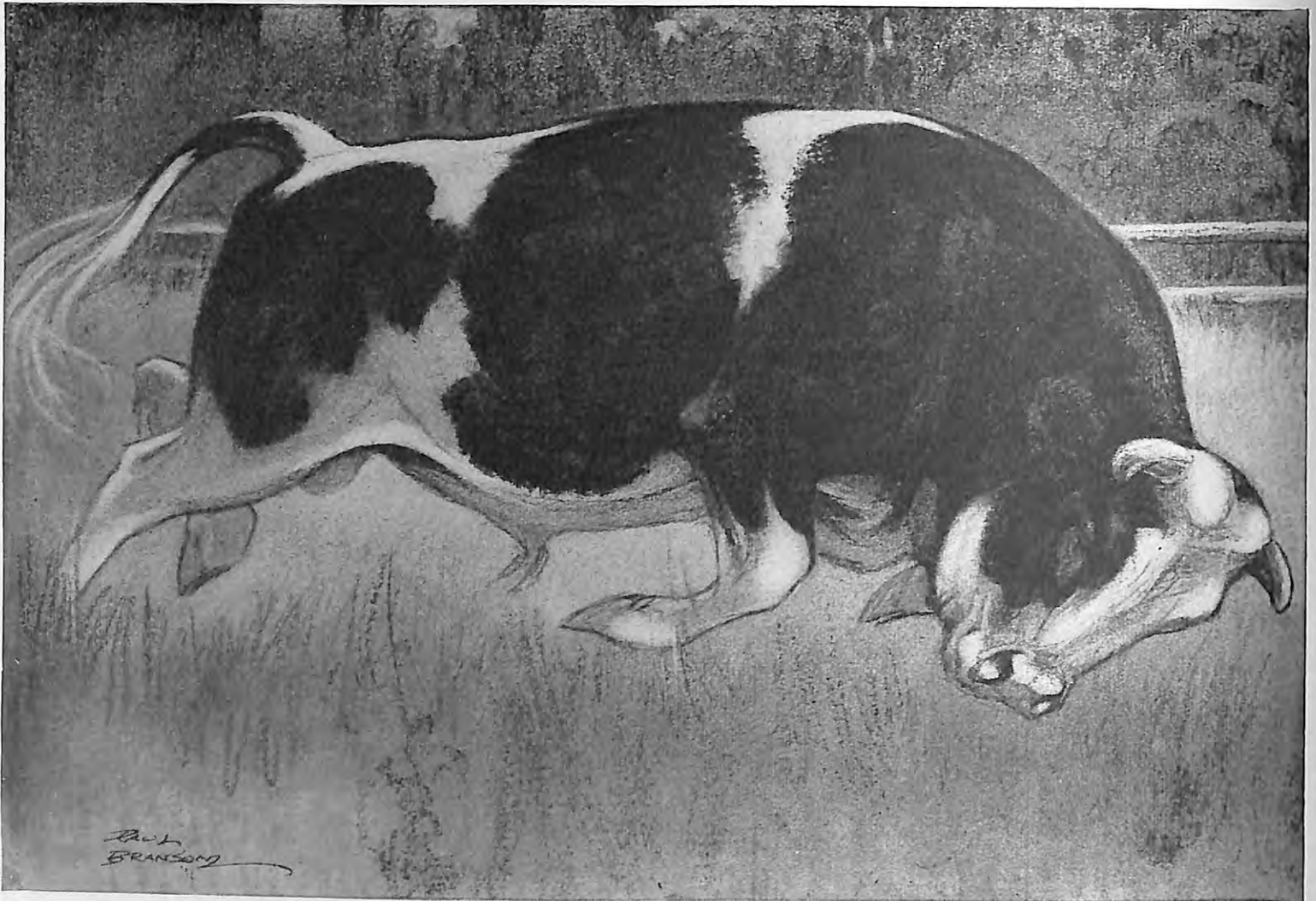
"**T**HAIS!" he broke off, turning to his daughter, who was coming down the three steps from the living-room. "This is Mr. Callon. I've read you some of his letters. The great Midwestburg collie man. He and I have been chewing the rag on paper for a year or more, over one collie matter and another. His car's broken down, right outside here. He's spending the night with us."

At sight of the slim young woman, Callon removed the big cap he had lugged far down over his ears and eyes, and shook off his ice-stiff gauntlet. As he stepped forward to greet his hostess, there was something oddly boyish about him, in spite of his twenty-eight years. His gray eyes dwelt only momentarily on the girl's. But in his gaze was brief and surprised tribute which stirred her, vaguely.

"Take your things off, Mr. Callon," Thais Rhodes was saying. "It won't be more than a few minutes before I can get supper ready for you. The fire is—"

"If you don't mind," interrupted Callon, "I'll butt my way out to the car and get my





suitcase, before I shed this coat. It won't take me a minute. . . . Hello! That's a good collie you've got there!" he exclaimed, his snow-and-darkness-blurred gaze focusing for the first time on Lorna, as she stood unwelcoming and vigilant at her master's side, eyeing the visitor with sullen disapproval. Thus does the average collie mother regard strangers who intrude too near her brood-nest when her pups are only a few hours old.

"THERE'S the reason why she isn't friendlier with you," explained Rhodes, pointing to the squirming knot of collie babies in the center of the brood-nest's tumbled blanket.

Callon glanced at the pups, then nodded his full understanding.

"Six, eh?" he said, taking a step toward them. "Fine husky-looking bunch, they are, too. Here's hoping you won't have a squeaker in all the lot. They—"

Lorna had growled murderously as he moved nearer the brood-nest. Now, slipping between it and the man, she crouched to spring, should he continue his advance.

"Lorna!" cried Rhodes.

"It's all right," laughed Callon. "I ought to have known better. I'll go out for my bag, now."

As he went to the door, Lorna followed. Few dogs like to be laughed at. The guest's laugh had not lightened her distaste for him. She intended to keep an eye on this potential devourer or kidnaper of her six pups.

Rhodes laid a hand on the doorknob.

"Make it snappy," he warned, "both going out and coming back. Don't let's bring any more of the blizzard in here than we have to. Ready?"

As he spoke, he opened the door, halfway, and held it while Callon hastened through after him. Lorna slipped out, at Callon's heels, with all the eel-like swiftness of a collie, unnoticed by either man. Thais was busy over the stove, and did not see the dog follow the two. In another minute, Callon and Rhodes were back again, entering the house even more rapidly than they had left it. That brief battle with the storm had made them avid for the bright warmth of the kitchen. The night was savagely cold. The bitter chill tore at faces and hands like rusted pin-points.

Rhodes came in, first, carrying the suitcase. Callon whipped in on the room behind him with almost ludicrous haste; slamming shut the wind-buffed door behind him—slamming it, unconsciously, against the very nose of the close-following dog, shutting her out.

Lorna scratched imperatively for admittance. The sound was lost in the yell of the tempest and in the jolly chatter of voices from inside. Failing to gain ingress, the little collie lay down miserably on the drifted doormat. She was shaken by sudden sickness and pain. The blast tugged at her heavy coat, seeking to penetrate to her heart. It caked her fur with sleet. It half-buried her in snow. Thus she lay, bodily torment half-ignored in terror for the fate of her six deserted babies.

Perhaps half an hour later, Callon pushed back his chair from the table. He was replete with hot food and with a sense of

comfort. His glance fell on the brood-nest. Several times, during the meal, he had looked at it.

"I'm afraid that good collie of yours is a bad mother," he commented. "Some of them are. I've watched, and she hasn't been near those pups since we came back into the house. They're apt to get chilled, that way."

"Lorna!" called Rhodes, staring about the room. "Where are you, old girl? Come back to your babies. . . . Lorna!" he shouted, as she did not patter up to him as usual at first sound of his call.

The shout penetrated the thick door and the noise of the storm. Obediently, eagerly, Lorna sought to answer it. Whimpering, she reared herself feebly to her feet and scratched once more at the door-panel. This time, amid the momentary silence from inside, she was heard. Rhodes ran to the door and flung it open. On the mat crouched the wretched little mother, amid an ever larger drift of snow.

But, at her master's penitent outburst of invitation, she did not hurry into the house. Instead, she peered imploringly up at Rhodes, whimpering as if trying to make him understand something. She made no move to trot past him to where warmth and food and her babies were waiting for her. Instead, she continued to lie there, whimpering and imploring.

Rhodes stooped, 'picked her up gently by the nape of the neck and, depositing her on the floor inside, shut the gale-hammered door.







*Callon staggered to his feet as the bull wheeled. Between the man and the Holstein frisked the gallant young collie, dodging horn thrusts and hoofs*

said Rhodes, as they sat down again. "And I was just wondering why she had broken her rule by having six, this time. All those six in the broodnest there are males, too. That doesn't happen once in fifty times. And—"

"This one under my arm is a male, too," answered Callon. "That makes seven. He's her seventh son.—The Seventh Son! Say, Rhodes, what a corking registration name for him, if he lives! 'Seventh Son!' 'Rhodesian Seventh Son!' Why, there's magic in a name like that! If there's anything in magic, the pup will be a winner—a wonder—a second Thane! And, by the way, didn't you tell me Thane is his sire? If I had a red carpet and a calico canopy with stars on it, I could forecast a future for this pup that would make Thane look like a piker. That is, if the pup doesn't die, presently, and most likely he will."

But Seventh Son did not die. Bit by bit, under his arm and against his chest, Callon could feel the puny body grow warm and flaccid, then warm and firm, then warm and squirming. Warmth, outer and inner, was reinforcing the three drops of stimulant, and both were aiding in what Rhodes always insisted on calling a miracle.

AT AN hour's end, the snow-born baby was as healthy and as vigorous as were any of his six brethren. Rhodes was for putting him back with them, under Lornas' flank. But Callon intervened. Laying the resuscitated pup in his lap, he bade Rhodes bring him any two of the other babies.

"Now," he ordered, "take them all three into your own hands for a few minutes, close to the stove. Put this one between the other two, and hold them all three close together. That will get rid of the 'stranger scent' on him. If you give him to her, right away, she's apt to kill him. Dogs go by scent, not by sight. If he smells like me, she'll never believe he's hers. And he's worth saving. I tell you this youngster's due to make his mark. Aren't you, Seventh Son?"

Presently, Seventh Son was laid beside his mother, again, in company with the two brothers whose brief absence had so worried Lorna. She sniffed at the newcomer, doubtfully, once or twice. Then, reassured by the scent of Rhodes' hands and of her two other babies, on the ratlike gold-brown coat of her last-born, she snuggled him against her, crooning softly to him an invitation to eat, an invitation the puppy accepted with greedy haste.

"It isn't every new-born dog that gets a drink of good pre-war brandy before even he tastes his first drop of milk," commented Callon. "That's another omen for you, Rhodes. At this rate, you'll have the super-dog we've all been looking for."

Then, from the nest came a querulous squeak, wholly unlike the contented mutter of nursing pups. It stirred the Rhodeses to instant anxiety. Callon frowned, observing half under his breath:

"There star s the first squeaker. I'm afraid there will be others. You'll notice it isn't Seventh Son."

To a layman his careless words would have meant nothing. To a dogman they and the peevish sound which evoked them were full of a sinister meaning.

"Poor little thing!" he said, stroking her. "She was so scared and chilled she couldn't even come into the house by herself. She—"

Lorna broke away from him and ran feverishly back to the door. There, she scratched and whined, in dire anxiety to get out again. Through a moment's lull in the screech of the tempest came faintly to the wondering humans an all but inaudible squeal. The sound made Lorna frantic. She tore furiously at the panel.

Rhodes, his jaw slack from bewilderment, lifted the latch. Instantly, Lorna was nosing her way, with all her wiry strength, through the crack of the door.

Her forequarters disappeared into the lofty drift where once had been the door-mat. Backing out of it again, she wheeled and ran into the house and to her brood-nest.

Between her teeth she carried tenderly a snow-smeared, new-born collie puppy.

It was half frozen, more than half dead—this seventh and last pup of the litter—the pup which belatedly had been born while its mother cowered there in panic among the porch drifts—the pup she had been forced to leave to its doom when Rhodes had leaned out in the dense blackness and had lifted her bodily into the kitchen.

Amid the exclamations of the three humans, Lorna snuggled the moribund infant close to her, lying down in the brood-nest and nosing it against her warm underbody. But Callon was not content with her ministrations.

"Please hold her, one of you," said he. "I don't crave a bitten hand as a reward for life-saving. . . . Sol!" he went on as he picked up the frozen pup, while Lorna

writhed ferociously in Rhodes' grasp, to get at him. "Now, Miss Rhodes, if you've such a thing in the house, I want three drops of brandy. Not for myself. My own dosage would be somewhat bigger. Please put it in a teaspoonful of hottish water."

As he talked he unbuttoned his coat and waistcoat and the top buttons of the two shirts beneath. Then, with infinite care he deposited the feebly stirring puppy close under his left arm-pit, next to his skin, leaving the garments above it wide enough open to permit it to breathe.

"That's about the hottest part of the body," he said, "and it's a good many degrees hotter than the pup would be if he was against his mother's fur. Presently, she'd find he wasn't going to live. Then she'd push him away from her, the way dog-mothers do when something tells them there's no hope for a sick puppy. I'd suggest you wrap him in warm flannel and put him in the oven to thaw out, Miss Rhodes. But, thanks to my getting here so late and the gorgeous supper you cooked for me, the oven is so hot it would roast him. So this is next best. Got that spoonful of brandy-and-water ready? Thanks."

Without taking the chilled puppy away from its warm nook under his arm, he forced gently open the set jaws; while Rhodes trickled the contents of the spoon, drop by drop, down the infant's almost paralyzed throat.

"In an hour or so," prophesied Callon, "the pup will either be dead or else he'll be well enough to put with his mother again. If I were making a bet on the outcome, I'd wager something like twelve to one against his living. But it's always worth the try."

"Lorna's had seven pups to each litter,"



A "squeaker" is a very young pup which, for no known reason, refuses suddenly to nurse, and which makes known his inner discomfort by a series of squeaks, ever more feeble, until death puts him out of his troubles. Veterinarians and most breeders know the precise cause and cure of "squeaks." The only catch is that almost no two of them agree as to such cause and cure. As a result, new-born puppies die, yearly, by the thousands, from the mysterious ailment.

Two days later—several hours after the county snow-plows had cleared the highroad of its worst drifts and had permitted Callon to proceed on his interrupted journey toward blizzardless Florida—the sixth of the squeakers had succumbed. Of Rhodesian Lorna's seven collie babies, six were dead—from exposure, from colic, from any or no cause. In other words, from the squeaks.

The sole survivor was Seventh Son. To him went all the nourishment and care which nature had provided for a septet of puppies. He thrived apace.

**D**URING their two snowbound days together, Thais and Callon had become better acquainted than they could have hoped to in ten times that period of casual meetings. And from the first hour when together they had wrought over Seventh Son, both of them were aware of an odd mutual attraction, bred perhaps from the unusual manner of their meeting, perhaps from their joint snow-imprisonment.

At any rate, on his way north in early spring, Harry Callon drove ninety miles out of his way to revisit Milo Rhodes, and to angle shamelessly for an invitation to break his homeward journey by another two-day sojourn in the house where he had been so happily snowbound.

Seventh Son was a huge and shambling buff puppy, four months old. To Callon's expert eyes the great bumpy leg-joints and deep chest bespoke a glorious body when growth and filling out should supplant the puppylike gawkins. The head already was carved in classic lines, and the deep-set brown eyes had the true blend of mischief and of sternness that marks the ideal collie expression—the "look of eagles."

"Give him all the exercise he wants to take," Callon counseled his host. "Tramps through the woods, and especially up hills. Get him to run uphill, all you can. That will give him the chest and shoulders you want for him, and keep him from getting 'out at elbow.' You've got a born winner, there."

"He ought to be!" grumbled Rhodes. "He's all I've got left to make up to me for the litter of seven. You're right, about his exercise, though. He doesn't get enough of it. I know that. But just now, I have too much to do around the farm to spend much time on tramping."

"I'll take him out this morning on his first uphill hike, then," volunteered Callon. "Would you care to come along, Miss Rhodes? I'd hate to lose my way in these strange mountains and ravines of yours."

Though his words were laughingly careless, there was genuine pleading in his eyes. Five minutes later, he and Thais set off briskly together, across country, with Seventh Son gamboling gaily ahead of them like some badly gaited rocking-horse.

Three times more, during the

summer that followed, Harry Callon contrived to find pressing business which brought him from his own distant home into the general region of Preakness County, and thus to see Thais Rhodes. To her mild astonishment, Thais found herself beginning to look forward to these visits as keenly as did Callon.

The months had fulfilled for Seventh Son all Callon's predictions. The puppy gawkins was passing. The mighty body was shaping itself into clean and supple lines. The buff coat was a wonder of thickness and of texture. By the time the pup was nine months old he stood forth as a super-collie, with every promise of improving with every passing month.

At Callon's insistence, Milo Rhodes decided to enter Seventh Son for the great annual outdoor dog show at Tuxedo in late September. Callon offered to take the dog to the show himself—a mere twenty-mile drive from the Rhodesian Kennels, and to exhibit him in the ring. Thais was thrilled at the idea. Eagerly she agreed to drive to the show with Callon, as Milo was too busy at the farm to spare a whole day's time at that late harvest season.

"Some of the best collies in America will be there," said Callon. "And a Tuxedo victory will be a gorgeous start on his show career. Let him clean up everything there, as I know mighty well he will, and I'll pilot him through the Westminster Show, at Madison Square Garden, for you, next winter, and make a champion of him before spring. I'll come here, a few days before the Tuxedo show, if you'll let me, and train him for the ring. May I?"

He asked the question of Rhodes, but his appealing gaze was on Thais's, as Milo gave grateful consent to the plan.

On the day of Callon's arrival at the Rhodesian Kennels, to finish Seventh Son's training for the forthcoming Tuxedo show, Thais joined him, as usual, on his early morning hike with the golden young dog; a hike that took them across three rather stiff foothills in the course of its two-hour extent.

"Of course he is due to get burrs in that massive coat of his. They'll tangle it all up. But they're easy enough to get out

without loosening the hair, if it's done right. The uphill galloping will do him a million times more good for the show than the burrs will harm him. He——"

Callon broke off with a startled exclamation.

He and Thais were mounting the second of the steep rises, on the homeward trip. The narrow path between a strew of boulders forced them to walk for a moment in single file. Seventh Son was galloping far ahead, taking the hill as if it were a lawn. The girl stepped on a loose round pebble in the boulder-lined trail. In an instant, before Callon could catch her, she had fallen.

He stooped to pick her up. Laughing in amused vexation at her own awkwardness, she waved him back and essayed to rise. But her laughing face whitened and she sank back helpless among the rocks, her badly sprained ankle refusing to support even a fraction of her light weight.

"Oh, how abjectly silly of me!" she exclaimed, seeking again to mask her nauseating pain under laughter. "And we're nearly two miles from home! . . . I'm all right. Honestly I am. Only I can't stand up. Just leave me here, won't you, and hurry back to the house and have Dad bring the spring cart for me? He——"

For answer, Harry Callon stooped and picked her up, as tenderly and gently as if she had been a sick child.

"You'll ride more comfortably this way," he said, continuing his climb of the hill, "than you would in a bumpy cart over these rocks. So——"

"You're not going to carry me all that way! I——"

"I am carrying you," he made soothing answer. "Put the toe of the well foot under the heel of the other one. That will keep the poor ankle from joggling. So."

**H**E GAINED the summit of the foothill. Carelessly self-confident as were his words, he eyed with covert apprehension the steep downward slope and the far longer and steeper slope of the remaining foothill, a quarter mile beyond.

Perhaps she read his thoughts. Perhaps, through all her pain, she, too, realized the ordeal it must be for his slender strength, to carry her hundred-and-twenty-odd pounds up and down hill for nearly two miles.

"Wait!" she ordered. "Put me down. I have a better idea."

Seventh Son, wondering at their unthought slowness, was bounding back toward them.

"If you have a scrap of paper or an envelope," she went on, "scribble a line on it. Stick it in Seventh Son's collar, and I'll tell him to take it to Dad. We trained him to carry notes, long ago. He's ever so proud of knowing how to. If you think the cart would be too bumpy for me up on the hills here, write to Dad to send it along the road to Bartholf's Corners. That's only about a quarter of a mile from here. Down this hill, and then to the right, to the meadow, instead of climbing the next hill. It's a smooth road. It won't hurt my ankle to ride over it. And you'll have ever so much less distance to carry me."

At her insistence, at last, Harry Callon wrote half-a-dozen lines on an envelope-back, with a pencil stub, and fastened it to the dog's collar. Seventh Son had been

(Continued on page 52)







L. S. BUTCHER

Among these peacefully pasturing mares and foals are some destined to make race track history in the next few years

# The Sentimental Colonel

## A Portrait of a Kentucky Horseman

By Jack O'Donnell

SITTING in his hotel room up at Saratoga one August afternoon, Colonel Edward Riley Bradley, one of the last of that colorful old school of horsemen which rapidly is disappearing from the American turf, was relating some of the thrills he had experienced as owner and breeder of thoroughbred race horses. His rugged cheeks glowed with pride and his pale blue eyes sparkled as he spoke of Bubbling Over, winner of the 1926 Kentucky Derby, and I was moved to ask him if the splendid son of North Star III—Beaming Beauty was not the one he loved best of all that he had bred and raced.

"No," he said, slowly but positively, "he's not. When I'm with him and he rubs his soft muzzle against my cheek I realize that I'm tremendously fond of him, but always there stands between us the form of another—of course it's a woman—and her name is Bit of White. She is my best beloved!"

The Colonel then told me of a beautiful Indian summer afternoon at Churchill Downs, Kentucky, back in 1921. He pictured the great throng of race lovers in the stands, the churning thousands in the betting ring, the motley crowd in the infield, the old friends and neighbors who surrounded him in his own private box in the clubhouse.

"Out on the track," he continued, "engaged in a heartbreaking contest over a two-mile route were a band of the finest thoroughbreds in Kentucky. They were going around that strip of brown soil at a killing pace—the first quarter in 24 1-5, the half in 47 4-5, three-quarters in 1:12 2-5, the mile in 1:38, mile and a quarter in 2:4 2-5, mile and a half in 2:30 4-5. I caught them at the mile and three-quarters in 2:57. When they hit the stretch I realized that I was watching what approached an epic struggle. Out in front, leading by fifteen lengths, was a little brown filly with Jockey Eddie Barnes in the saddle. That little filly had led from the very start. Down the stretch she came straight and true like some beautiful, well-oiled machine. I was very proud as I watched her, for she

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was my own—my Bit of White. She finished as she began—in front—and she clipped three full seconds off the track record and came within four-fifths of a second of equaling the American record held by that sterling old campaigner, Exterminator.

"I can't help being sentimental about her. I've known her from the moment she was born. I've slept with her, eaten with her, nursed her through illness, and a thousand times have felt her nose against my cheek. I know I love her best of all, because whenever I think of her as she was that day coming down the stretch at the Downs, giving all that she had of her courage, all that she had of her strength, and all that she had of her great heart, something seems to swell up inside of me—and—and I—I—"

From the breast pocket of his coat Colonel Bradley whipped a kerchief and buried his face in it. His tall, broad frame shook with emotion.

It was the most touching incident I had ever witnessed in twenty years of more or less close association with men of the American turf. It revealed a side of Edward Riley Bradley that I had not dreamed existed. I had always thought of him as a case-hardened speculator and imperturbable horseman engaged in the breeding and racing of thoroughbreds for purely commercial purposes.

Of course, I knew—as who does not around the race tracks?—that Colonel Bradley was generous in his dealings with his fellow men, that he was a frequent and generous contributor to deserving charities, and that he always was to be counted upon to do his bit in furthering any movement aimed at bettering the working conditions of men and boys on the turf. But I never dreamed he was chock-full of sentiment.

Since that day at Saratoga, however, I've seen and heard many things that indicate that Colonel Bradley is America's most sentimental horseman. As a result of this quality in him he perhaps has had more real thrills than any other turfman on the North American continent. Once or twice sentiment has cost him what many would consider a sizable fortune, but these losses have been more than offset by winnings which piled up into big figures as a result of his belief in and love for his thoroughbreds.

His first great thrill on the turf was received at Chicago forty-five years ago at the first running of the American Derby, and that

thrill was nurtured on sentiment. Although he had no race horses of his own, young Bradley—he was then twenty-five—loved to see them run, and often went to the tracks in Kentucky and the middle-west. That spring he had seen the famous negro jockey, Isaac Murphy, boot Buchanan to victory in the Kentucky Derby, and when he saw Murphy had Ed Corrigan's Modesty for



Colonel Edward Riley Bradley





*An aerial view of some of the beautiful acres which make up Idle Hour Farm. At the right, through the trees, is a glimpse of the owner's stately home*

his mount in the American Derby his sympathies immediately went to Murphy and Modesty.

"I liked the way Murphy handled a horse," said the Colonel, telling of that race, "and although I didn't wager a cent on Modesty I was pulling for the little filly just as earnestly as if I had bet my last dollar on her, or if she were my own property."

"She raced like the game little youngster she was. With 117 pounds on her back she did what no other member of her sex has done to this day—she won the American Derby, and fame for the green and white of Ed Corrigan."

That afternoon young Bradley dreamed of one day seeing his own horse come home first in the American Derby. He even pictured a horse of his own breeding doing the trick, carrying the Bradley colors.

Forty-two years later, when the same event was run at Washington Park, Boot-to-Boot, Bradley owned and Bradley bred, came home in front. Was it merely a coincidence that the colors carried by Boot-to-Boot on that occasion also were green and white? Perhaps, but I have a hunch that it was sentiment that had caused Bradley to adopt the Corrigan colors when he entered the racing game.

In the fall and winter of 1920-21 the pride of Idle Hour Farm was Black Servant, the speedy son of Black Toney—Padula. His two-year-old form was so impressive that Colonel Bradley and a great many Kentuckians believed he had the courage, speed and stamina to carry the green and white to victory in the Kentucky Derby. Black Servant's chances of winning this great classic didn't look so good to the pricemakers, however, so when the winter books were opened he was quoted at 100 to 1.

Colonel Bradley looked upon the colt as a fond father might upon a favorite son he had watched grow into young

manhood to take his place on the college track team. He demonstrated his faith in Black Servant by differing with the gentlemen who made the book. He poured thousands of dollars into their hands, gradually driving the price down to 10 to 1 a week before the race. He had staked enough on the colt at the varying odds to win more than a million dollars should Black Servant live up to expectations.

WHEN the entries for the great American classic were finally programmed it was found that Bradley had an entry running in his colors—Black Servant and Behave Yourself. The latter, a son of Marathon, was looked upon as "just a good horse," but few conceded him a chance of winning the derby. In fact he received scant support from the punters in the winter books, most of the money being bet on Black Servant when a speculator figured Bradley would win the event. Bradley himself, I am told, did not wager even a complimentary bet on Behave Yourself, in the winter books. As betting on individual horses, not on entries, is the custom in this field of gambling, Bradley stood to win nothing in case Behave Yourself won and Black Servant was second, third or among the "also rans."

But Black Servant was the apple of Colonel Bradley's eye. He was the son of Black Toney, and Black Toney was the son of the great Peter Pan for whom the Colonel had a deep and abiding affection.

The details of the 1921 Kentucky Derby are unimportant to this story. Suffice to say that much to the amazement, yea, chagrin of Bradley and the Bradley followers, who are as numerous in Kentucky as the leaves on the trees, it was Behave Yourself that flashed first under the wire, closely followed by Black Servant and Prudery.

Sentiment had cost Colonel Bradley a cool million dollars.

Colonel Bradley's admiration and affection for Peter Pan dates back to the Twelfth Running of the Brighton Handicap at the old Brighton Beach track, on July 13, 1907. At that time Peter Pan, which was by Commando out of imported Cinderella, was owned and raced by the late James R. Keene, one of the most colorful horsemen of twenty years ago.

"The Brighton Handicap was for three-year-olds over the mile and a quarter route," said Colonel Bradley, telling of how he became so attached to Keene's colt. "Joe Notter, now a trainer, was riding for Keene that day. Joe was a good jockey and the combination of good horse and good jockey was enough to make the layers respect Keene's entry even though he was pitted against such consistent performers as McCarter, Montgomery and Coy Maid. They made him favorite at 8 to 5."

"The field of fourteen got away to a pretty start, McCarter showing the way for the first mile. Coy Maid and Montgomery alternated in holding second place. Peter Pan, carrying an impost of 115 pounds, was badly jostled at the first turn. He lost a lot of ground as a result of this bumping, but in the back stretch when the field got straightened out he began picking up those in front of him. Rounding into the stretch he came head to head with McCarter and Montgomery. Then began one of the greatest stretch duels I've ever seen. There was never a moment from the time they hit the quarter pole until they crossed the finish line that the trio couldn't have been covered by a large blanket. Head to head they raced, jockeys employing every bit of knowledge and skill they possessed, horses exerting every ounce of speed, strength and courage they possessed—all with but one thought in mind—to win."

"In the last fifteen yards the real class of Peter Pan asserted itself. Jockey Notter, with whip and spur, was urging him on for a last, final effort. The other boys were



L. S. BUTCLIFFE



*At the left are brood mares in wooded pasture. In the training barns at the right Colonel Bradley's horses are conditioned for racing*





Above is the private track at Idle Hour Farm, while at the right is the source of the farm's plentiful supply of pure water

doing the same with their mounts. It was that electrifying moment in a race when horses 'look each other in the eye' to see which has the most heart. That day Peter Pan had the edge. In the last few strides he managed to stick his nose in front and hold it there long enough to get the decision! He had come from behind after getting the worst of the breaks, stood a terrific drive without faltering, and won. That's what won my heart that day. And whenever I go into the paddock down at Idle Hour and see his son, Black Toney, I recall that race. Is it any wonder that I am very fond of his children and his grandchildren?"

Colonel Bradley's sentiment for horses is not, by any means, confined to those owned, bred or raced by himself. To paraphrase an old song, "Any little horse that's a great little horse is the right little horse for him." Of the great sires of American racing stock Colonel Bradley believes that Hanover was the premier of them all. He has the record of Hanover at his finger tips.

"During the four years that he was the leading sire on the American turf," he will tell you, "Hanover gave the racing world 179 performers. These sons and daughters won a total of 593 races in those four years. His progeny ran and won at every distance and under all sorts of conditions. Their earnings totaled \$434,725, a remarkable sum considering the period in which his get were racing—1895 to 1898, inclusive. He had hardly reached the height of his power as a sire, and was only fifteen years old, when he was stricken with a diseased leg which necessitated his destruction. All of the leading sires that preceded him lived until they were between twenty and thirty years of age.

"As a racer he himself won an enviable record on the turf. Starting fifty times he won 32 races, was second 13 times, third 3 times and out of the money only twice. His earnings totaled \$118,872."

Colonel Bradley attests his esteem for this horse which was bred in the Runnymede Stud, near Paris, Kentucky, and became the property of Milton Young, another Blue Grass horseman, by having a gold miniature of Hanover's head embossed on all trophies that he presents at his New Orleans race track.

"Too much importance is attached to the commercial side of racing," Colonel Bradley told me recently. "I can very well understand the thrill men get out of winning a wager on a horse—I've won thousands myself—but I can't understand the man who can't enjoy seeing thoroughbreds in action unless he has a financial interest in the race. My advice to a man of that type is to become a breeder. We who select the parents



SUTCLIFFE

of a future racer with all care and consideration that scientists would exercise choosing the parents for an ideal baby, always feel a parental interest in the foal that is dropped. We give these baby horses the same care and attention that good mothers give their offspring. We watch them carefully, care for them tenderly. If they are ill we sit up all night with them. They worm their way into our hearts, and they come to know us as their friends and guardians.

"One of the sweetest little fillies that I ever raised by hand, so to speak, was Believe Idle Hour, a chestnut by Cunard out of Love-Not. When she was a yearling I played with her by the hour and became so attached to her that often I would go out into the meadow on summer nights just to visit with her. She showed evidence of speed early in her career and I entered her in the Breeders' Futurity at Lexington in 1920.

"Commander J. K. L. Ross was starting his Star Voter which the public fancied so well that he went to the post odds-on favorite at 2 to 5.

"Never have I seen two more evenly

matched horses than Star Voter and Believe Idle Hour. From the barrier to the tape they ran like a team, never once being separated by more than a couple of heads. From the head of the stretch to the wire they matched strides. Everybody thought the race would be called a dead heat. But in the last two or three jumps my little filly gave a final spurt which sent her under the wire winner by a nose.

"Believe Idle Hour and I were real pals. Maybe I'm foolish, but I used to think she understood many of the things I whispered to her. She was so intelligent, so alert.

"Then, one day in 1924 she was killed by a bolt of lightning at Idle Hour Farm. I could not have felt worse had one of my own family been stricken. She certainly was a sweet little filly!"

This deep-rooted sentimental strain in Colonel Bradley may sometimes influence his judgment to the extent that he will think one of his own horses is better than another as was the case when Behave Yourself showed Black Servant the way home in the Kentucky Derby of 1921, but he does not let it blind him to the good qualities in other men's thoroughbreds. On the other hand, he will back to the limit with hard cash his judgment of any horse he has bred.

HE BELIEVED, for instance, that Bubbling Over, after his victory in the Kentucky Derby in 1929, could beat any horse in the world, and said so on the porch of the United States Hotel at Saratoga.

"I can name one to beat him," said a young horseman who had enjoyed considerable success that year on the Metropolitan tracks.

"I'll bet you one hundred thousand dollars you can't," said Colonel Bradley.

That ended that conversation.

Again, after the defeat of Blue Larkspur in the Kentucky Derby of 1929—a defeat which in the light of subsequent events is inexplicable—a great many horsemen shook their heads and expressed doubt as to Blue Larkspur's ability to stand up with stake horses. But Bradley's faith never faltered.

Shipping Blue Larkspur to Belmont Park for his engagement in the Withers, Colonel Bradley expressed the utmost confidence that he would take the measure of Jack High, Beacon Hill, African and the other candidates in that classic.

(Continued on page 54)



H. C. ARNEY

Orphanage Day at the track on Idle Hour Farm





## If Reading Were Illegal—

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Decoration by Henry B. Davis

**I**F, FOR instance, there was a law against sharing with an author, between the covers of a book, his delightful and youthful adventures, his refreshing mirth, his wise observations and advice, and that keen insight into the life around us which gives to all experience a deeper meaning, just what would you do?

The first thing, of course, is that you'd say such a thing couldn't happen.

Perhaps it couldn't. But, between you and me, strange enough things have happened, haven't they? It's a mad enough world to *suppose* anything in. So let's go ahead on that premise.

First, of course, you'd sit tight and try to be a good citizen and lead a readless life. Then you would discover that something was slowly dying within you; that you were growing as dull as the dickens, with no new ideas, no fresh impressions, no helpful suggestions, no good stories to repeat, no bright, keen light up above the eyebrows.

**Y**OU'D begin to grow desperate, and talking it over with your friends, you would all agree that a few good books were an absolute necessity. Give me something to read, or give me death! That sort of feeling. Then a little law-breaking would begin. And how you'd hoard those illegal volumes! How sparingly you'd lend them even to your boon companions! How you'd treasure every brilliant little paragraph in them, and read and re-read every chapter that touched your heart! And all the time you'd have that horrible realization of being more or less a dastardly criminal to be reading at all. And what a life that would be!

But on the other hand, just see what a glorious life it *is*!

Under the law as it stands now, each man is practically an island completely surrounded by books, and all he has to do is to use a little discretion (which means that he should read this Department carefully and lovingly each month), go openly into any library or book-shop and get himself a perfectly swell piece of entertainment! . . . Then he can come out and face his family and his flag with clear eyes, knowing that the more he reads the better off he will be in a dozen ways, that he is helping support the authors (as fine a race as ever saw the light of day), and adding his bit to the stabilization of trade in general.

Well, I do hope you've liked my fable, or whatever it is. What I really meant to say

and what took so long in the saying, is simply this: We never know our luck!

### New Worlds to Conquer

By Richard Halliburton. (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, Ind.)

**T**RAVEL, inspired by an unbounded interest in the world that lies just beyond our own doorsteps, and adventures of the most daredevil nature, have gone into the making of this new book by Richard Halliburton, whose "The Royal Road to Romance" and "The Glorious Adventure" took his fascinated readers on breathless journeys, full of the amazing projection of an audacious young modern against backgrounds saturated with history, and often in the most inaccessible spots on the globe.

For instance, this Princeton man once climbed Mt. Olympus, ran the original Marathon, and swam the Hellespont as a sort of personally demonstrated post-graduate classical course. And once, in the middle of winter, he climbed ice-covered Fujiyama, making the Japanese roll their slanting eyes (if it can be done) at the mad American.

Now, seated neatly upon two books which, in turn, have created furors in the reading world, he has dashed off another which recounts his exploits in following the trails of the early Spanish discoverers and conquerors in the lands directly to the south of us. And it's a grand book.

Much research and a flare for digging deep into the romance of past ages combine to make Mr. Halliburton a unique historian. A very unique historian indeed, for who else, going into the jungly heart of Yucatan, into the stronghold of the vanished Maya race, would have become so completely drenched with the exciting tale of the Maya's Well of Death, where—at some unearthly hour before daybreak—a lovely young girl was wont to be brought, garlanded with flowers and to the chanting of thousands of worshippers, was flung out into the great, dark, spectral pool as a fitting sacrifice to the Rain God who dwelt in its depths. And always the bravest of the Maya youths was waiting in gleaming armor to join the little victim on her tragic journey to the Rain King's court?

Mr. Halliburton evokes this surprising picture of the past with a poetic and mysterious

touch, and then this inquisitive young man one morning, while dawn was still some minutes away, with his hair confessedly standing on end and the parrots moving in the tropical trees against which he leaned panting, plunged from the rim, seventy feet into the black abyss of the ancient pool.

He wanted to taste for himself, he explains, the sensations of the shining Maya warrior.

If all historians followed such reckless methods of checking up their facts, our bookshelves, I fancy, would be considerably less crowded, but heavens! how much more dazzling our books would be!

In this same "New Worlds to Conquer" is the author's account of his swimming of the Panama Canal, going through as the *S. S. Halliburton* and paying thirty-six cents tonnage and holding up the ship traffic in the Gatun Locks for some three hours.

The authorities warned him that he would meet alligators and sharks, but taking the words right out of one Farragut's mouth, so to speak, he remarked, "Damn the barracudas!" and steamed ahead.

There has been, here and there, a little laughter at this rather sophomoric exploit, but after all a writer has to get his copy where he can, and if Richard Halliburton likes to get some of his in the Panama Canal we all can stand the strain. Especially when he has the good sense not to take the thing seriously himself.

Then, there are those chapters about Devil's Island—terrible, black, sickening, and meant only for those who have strong stomachs and souls. We thought that Blair Niles had written the last word on this debasing criminal colony, but Halliburton appears to have found new ones to add, words learned at tragic close quarters with the hopeless French prisoners who suffer there.

All in all, what can one do about so indomitable an author except read his books as quickly as they come out, relishing them as reflections of the inextinguishable spirit of adventure.

### Myron T. Herrick

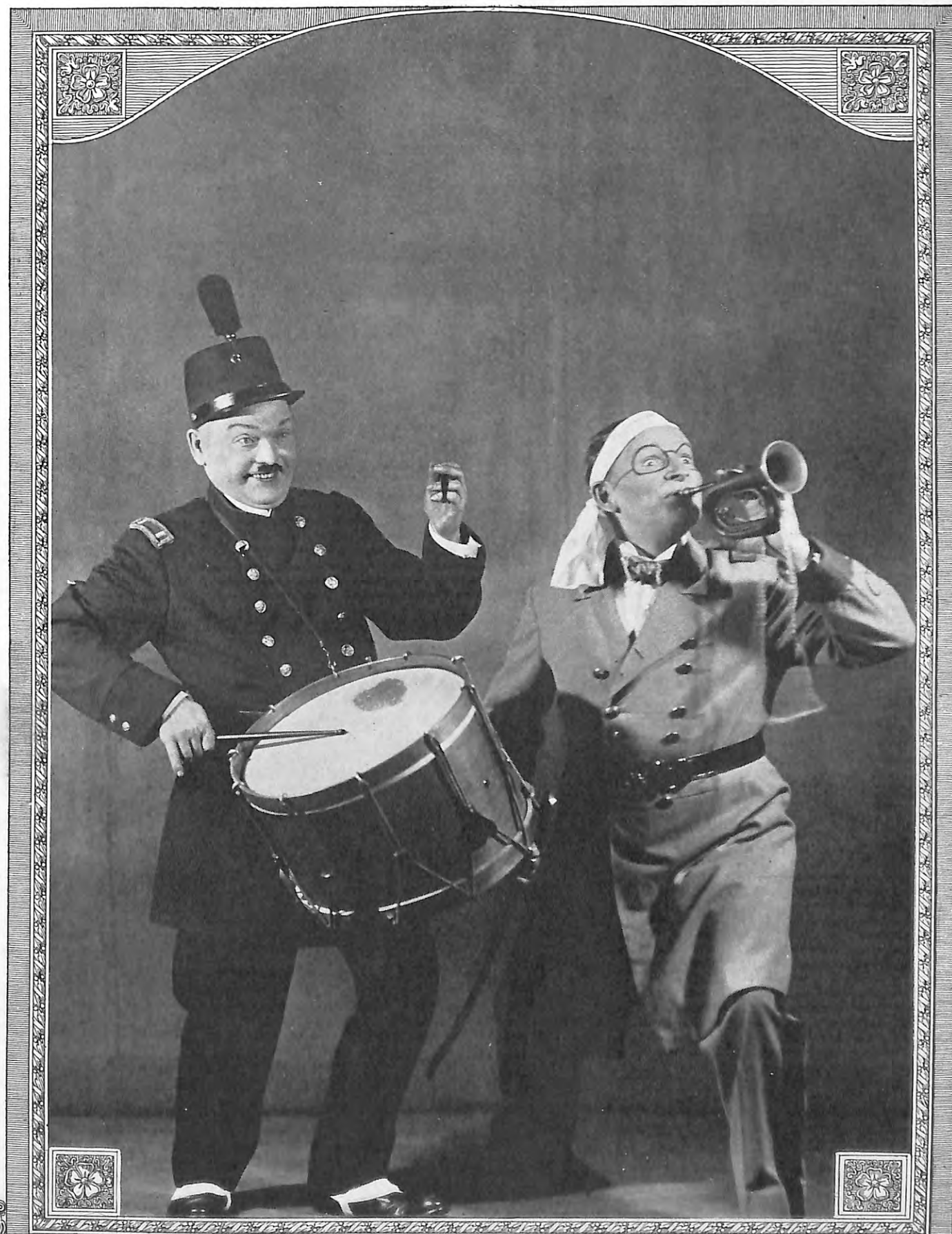
An Autobiographical Biography. By Colonel T. Bently Mott. (Doubleday, Doran, New York.)

**T**HIS is the thrilling story of a great American diplomat.

Herrick, who began life as a farm boy and once taught a little country school, ended

(Continued on page 58)





### Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough

"**STRIKE** Up the Band" with music by George Gershwin and lyrics by his brother, Ira, is the musical epic of Horace J. Fletcher who takes his position as chocolate king of America seriously, and has one of those model factories where everyone is awfully happy and efficient and all the girls are trained to sing and dance in

chorus in a snappy way. The Swiss are his deadly rivals and it finally comes to war, with real bullets and drums and a climax that we won't tell you about. It's bright and cheerful entertainment and Clark and McCullough, cavorting blithely through office routine or the smoke of battle, remain to the end the life of the show—E. R. B.

VANDAM



PHOTO BY  
VANDAMM

The two cheerful players above, Donald Ogden Stewart and Hope Williams, were associated last year in the play called "Holiday." Mr. Stewart, who is by way of being best known as a writer of humor, has written a play called "Rebound" to carry on the combination. It sets off to perfection Miss Williams' peculiar and appealing brand of naturalistic gawkins, and supplies her with a line of wise-cracking banter that makes for continuous mirth during the first two acts. In the last lap the piece goes rather mawkishly sentimental, but it's good entertainment in spite of that and awfully well acted

"Young Sinners" is a rather coarse-grained comedy about a very rich young man in a fair way to be quite ruined by his wealth until a burly trainer and a somewhat reckless young sportswoman take him in hand and make a man of him in spite of himself. The scenes in the hunting lodge where the wealthy scion is undergoing reformation are well done, and John Harrington plays the part of the trainer with humor and conviction. The two young things above are the protagonists of the piece, Dorothy Appleby and Raymond Guion who give uneven but on the whole satisfactory performances

Katharine Cornell, one of our very loveliest and most gifted actresses, has drawn for her current vehicle a lurid melodrama called "Dishonored Lady," manufactured by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Edward Sheldon. The play falls far short of being worthy of her great talent, but has at least the merit of excitement that keeps you on the edge of the seat and an opportunity for her to run the whole gamut of emotional hysteria. She is shown above with Harvey Stephens, the young district attorney, and Paul Harvey, the one man who can stand between her and the death penalty for murder. The supporting cast is excellent and Miss Cornell is superb





London, in war time, is the scene of "Waterloo Bridge," a play by Robert Emmet Sherwood. June Walker as Myra (right), is an American chorus girl stranded in England and fallen on evil days. On a momentous evening she meets Glenn Hunter, a Canadian soldier on sick leave, on Waterloo Bridge. They take refuge from an air raid in Myra's room and, with the doughboy, it is love at first sight and he wants to marry her out of hand. Glenn Hunter plays with undiminished youthful charm and appeal and Miss Walker is splendid in her scenes with him, but not quite convincing in our glimpses of her more lurid phase



In "The First Mrs. Frazer" St. John Ervine has written a mildly amusing comedy which is made good entertainment by the activities of Grace George and A. E. Matthews (above). We find Miss George in a charming London flat giving advice and sympathy to her delightful ex-husband (Mr. Matthews), and serenely unraveling a double matrimonial tangle. Mr. Matthews with an ingratiating Scotch burr is at his best, and Miss George is excellent if a thought too fulsomely gracious

Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis (right) in a play by Edwin Justus Mayer entitled "Children of Darkness," take us back to the days when noblemen and rogues commonly foregathered in the English debtors' prisons. For the most part the atmosphere is recreated with humor and conviction and the playing is excellent—Mr. Sydney as a noble and somewhat blown-upon epicure of life, and Miss Ellis as an alluring and lusty jailor's wench



Reviews by  
Esther R. Bien

PHOTOS BY  
VANDAM







"Engaged! Margery!" Clara gasped. "What are you talking about?" Margery did not like her parents' agonized reception of the news, and she told them so

## The Pairing of the Queen

By Raymond Leslie Goldman

Illustrated by J. Henry

IT WAS one of those June days which may have been rare to a poet, but were merely hot to Ben Lowenstein. He sat in the private office of his skirt-and-blouse establishment, his pink silk shirt clinging to his corpulent body, his narrow collar as wilted and starchless as Ben himself. Through the open window, which gave upon Thirty-eighth Street, came shimmering heat-waves from the sun-baked pavement below. Lying back in his chair, he fanned himself lazily with four thicknesses of his stationery.

"By golly," he told himself, "in weather like this, even if you don't do nothing, it is too much work."

He managed to remain more or less inanimate until two o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour his friend, Sidney Soloman, entered the office. It was evident that Sidney's slenderness offered him no protection from the heat. Under his left arm was his coat; under his right arm was his straw hat; and under all of him was perspiration. Ben barely moved his head as he said:

"Well, Sidney, I see how the L. & K. Lunch didn't cool you off exactly."

Ben had earlier refused to accompany Sidney on the pilgrimage to their favorite restaurant, preferring to limit his diet to a chicken sandwich and an iced drink which Manny Lipman had fetched from the Dairy Lunch downstairs.

Sidney dropped into the other chair, threw his coat into a corner and fanned himself with his hat.

"It's a lucky thing for you, Ben," he replied, "that you didn't go with me. Because you would have dropped over already."

"Don't I know that?" said Ben. "I am nilly dropping over here without going."

"I don't mean from heat, Ben," stated

Sidney. "It was positively cooler in the L. & K. than outside. What would have made you drop over was what I seen in there."

Ben actually moved an arm.

"What did you see, Sidney?"

"I seen Sam Weinberg," said Sidney.

Ben subsided. "Sam Weinberg," he repeated scornfully. "Just to see that crook I wouldn't drop over so quick. The way it used to be, I was afraid of him, and I'll admit it. But every time he stops being just a competitor with skirts and blouses and turns into a thief and a crook, Sidney, then I beat him out. By this time he knows I ain't a feller to monkey with, I bet you."

"With you he wouldn't monkey," Sidney returned, "but with your best customers, it's something else again."

"What do you mean—with my best customers?" Ben asked quickly.

"Am I trying to tell you?" cried Sidney. "I mean how I seen Weinberg eating lunch with Mark Leftwitz of Leftwitz & Leftwitz & Leftwitz, of Indianapolis!"

Ben forgot the heat and his defensive relaxation. He sat up straight in his chair and glared at his friend.

"Mark Leftwitz of Leftwitz & Leftwitz & Leftwitz!" he cried. "You seen him eating lunch with Weinberg?"

Sidney nodded. "Sure I did. And furthermore, when I passed their table, Weinberg give me such a wink, Ben, and he says, 'Give up my regards to Ben Lowenstein when you see him.' Which is the same thing like telling me to tell you how he is got one of your best customers away from you."

Ben rose to his feet and began to pace up and down the office. The stream of invectives which he summoned forth in two languages to express his wrath would have warmed the room had it been a cold day in January.

"Ben!" Sidney warned. "Sit down and cool off! Is this a day to take exercise? In a minute you'll bust your blood-pressure!"

Ben continued his agitated stroll.

"Enough is enough!" he cried. "I couldn't stand a low-life like that much longer! For ten years, twicet a year, I sell Mark Leftwitz a fine bill of goods, and nobody could take him away from me. Now you tell me how a crook like Weinberg is eating lunch and giving a laugh up his sleeve!"

Ben's rage was, perhaps, all out of proportion to the circumstances. But he considered Weinberg a bitter enemy, socially and commercially, and Weinberg's very name was anathema to him.

HIS hatred was reasonable, however, resting as it did on pyramidal grievances. Weinberg was hardly everything which Ben called him; but he *was* sly and unscrupulous. He lost no opportunity to steal Ben's newest and best styles in advance of production; he left no stone uncovered in endeavor to entice Ben's most profitable customers into his own fold; he tried to tamper with Ben's employees; in short, he did everything he could to make Ben's life thoroughly miserable.

Only through being constantly on guard, through matching cunning with greater cunning, had Ben managed to sidestep the pitfalls which Weinberg dug for him.

"I am getting tired of it!" Ben shouted at Sidney. "Is this here a business or a war?"



"What's the difference in a business and a war?" Sidney asked in turn. "It's the same thing, only nobody gets shot. You are too excit'ble, Ben. After all, he is a competitor with you, y'understand, and he could try to get a customer for himself, even if it is your customer. Ain't it?"

"Not the way he does it!" cried Ben.

"How do you know how he is doing it?"

"How do I know? How do I know I am living, Sidney? Anything which that Weinberg does is crooked, and that's all there is to it. And if he steals Mark Leftwitz from me, you could bet he does it with some underhand work."

"Even so," Sidney shrugged, "if he tries to get even with you, you couldn't hardly blame him, Ben. He is terrible jealous from you. One time after another you beat him, so all his crooked work is spoiled for him; and then you go to work and get yourself selected President of the United Kishnev Brotherhood when he thought positively he would be selected himself. And that's how it goes with him."

The reminder of these glorious victories proved to be a balm to Ben's wounds. He dropped back into his chair and began to mop his streaming face.

"I am always too smart for him," he declared grimly. "And this time I would be too smart also. Before he would steal from me even a little customer, I would rather cut off my right arm. You watch!"

"It's too hot to watch," said Sidney, rising sluggishly. "I am going downstairs to my office and drink cold lemonade till five-thirty."

LEFT alone, Ben ignored meteorological conditions and concentrated intensively on the new battle which impended.

"It ain't so much losing Leftwitz's business," he muttered, "as the satisfaction which Weinberg would get out of it."

Since Mark Leftwitz was in the city, and he had not been notified of the fact, Ben guessed that Weinberg had been in correspondence with Leftwitz before the buyer left Indianapolis. A careful perusal of the Arrival-of-Buyers column in back issues of *Women's Wear* disclosed the fact that Mr. Mark Leftwitz, Buyer for Leftwitz & Leftwitz & Leftwitz, accompanied by George Leftwitz, Assistant Buyer, had arrived in New York the day before and were registered at the Astor Hotel.

"George Leftwitz," murmured Ben. "I never heard of him at all. I know Mark and Sam and Nathan, which they own the business; but George is somebody else."

Ben knew the unfailing source where he could procure full information anent this unknown Leftwitz. That evening, he asked his wife, Clara, who knew the genealogy of every Jewish family of any prominence in the United States, Canada, Great Britain and points east.

"George Leftwitz," replied Clara Lowenstein readily, "is the only son of Mark Leftwitz. Sam never got married, and Nathan is married without children; so this boy, George, is the only child of the entire Indianapolis Leftwitzes. Last year he got grajuwated from college; so I guess he is now in the business with his papa. Even Mark, who is the youngest brother, ain't so young no more; so I guess they want to train the son to take over the business from them."

Ben was considering these facts, when Clara changed the subject.

"I almost forgot to told you, Ben: today came a nice long letter from our Margery. She says she got the fine pearls which we sent her for her grajuwation and she loves them."

"She should," Ben replied. "Enough they cost us, even wholesale."

"Shush!" Clara returned. "You talk like they cost a million dollars."

"I talk like they cost a thousand dollars," said Ben, "which they did."

"She writes how her friend, Stella Weinberg, got from her folks a dinner ring which it is gorgeous," Clara added.

Ben winced. "Listen, Clara," he complained, "out of a whole school of girls, why does our Margery got to pick out Sam Weinberg's daughter to be best friends with? She knows how that girl's papa is her own papa's worst enemy!"

Clara gave him a chastening look. "What has that got to do with it, Ben? For why should the girls hate each other just because you hate each other? You talk crazy! I only hope that now they are grajuwating from boarding school together, they would keep on loving each other this way."

She paused, challenging a reply; but Ben was silent.

"She writes also," Clara went on, detailing the news, "how she wasn't disappointed because we wasn't coming to the grajuwation because she says not many parents would take the trip in this weather all the way up there to near Boston. So to-morrow night is the exercises."

"Exercises?" cried Ben. "Exercises in such hot weather?"

"The grajuwation exercises," Clara explained impatiently. "It ain't like going up and down, one, two, three, four. All they do is sit still on the stage. It's what they call commencement."

Ben sighed and shook his head incredulously.

"If that's edgication, it's crazy business," he declared. "Exercises is sitting on a stage. Finishing is commencing. I couldn't understand things like that. That's what I paid out a small fortune for, for four years already!"

Mrs. Lowenstein rose and went into the next room. When she returned she carried a photograph which she handed to Ben.

"Here's a picture she sent,

*The empurpling wrath had fled Ben's face, its place taken by an expression of deep interest. This sudden alteration almost disconcerted the book agent*



Ben. She got it took for the school paper. I think it's real good."

Ben studied the likeness of his daughter, and a mist of sentiment blurred his vision. The sepia print revealed a girl of striking Semitic beauty, with clear dark skin, soft dark eyes shaded by long lashes, a nose that was neither too large nor too small for the exquisite oval of her face, and lips that were full and warm.

"By golly!" Ben breathed, touching the face with his fingertips. "She is a sweet, beautiful girl! Clara, to-morrow I would stick a frame on this and put it on my desk."

THE following afternoon, the photograph rested in an appropriate easel frame atop his desk; but Ben had other things to do than to gaze lovingly upon it. He had tried to reach Mr. Leftwitz at his hotel, and, failing in that, had left an urgent message that Mr. Leftwitz should please call upon Ben Lowenstein at three o'clock in the afternoon. Now it was half-past three, and Leftwitz had not put in an appearance. This was indeed an ill omen. Ben was frantically seeking a further plan, when Miss Josephs announced a caller.

"It's Mr. Leftwitz," she said. "Should I show him in?"

Ben quivered with excitement.

"Should you show him in? Sure you should! And while he is in here, have Manny go downstairs and bring up two glasses of cold lemonade. Also, if anybody else calls while he is here, I am busy."

But it was not Mr. Mark Leftwitz who entered Ben's office a moment later; it was George.

Ben greeted a good-looking young man of about twenty-four; a tall, broad-shouldered,



muscular fellow, with straight blond hair and fair skin.

"My father has left the city," he explained, "and I am taking care of his business here. The heat was too much for Dad, so he joined Mother at Atlantic City. I don't mind the heat, myself; rather like it, in fact."

"I like it also," replied Ben who believed in agreement on certain occasions. He looked the young man over approvingly. "So you are Mark's son! By golly, how you've grown!"

George smiled pleasantly. "You knew me when I was a small chap?"

"No, I didn't. But I knew your papa for ten years and more already. For all them years he has been a good customer of mine. That's why I couldn't understand why he didn't call on me this time like usual."

"I SEE." The young man studied his carefully groomed finger-nails; then he looked up at Ben. "My father mentioned that to me before he left last night, in fact he asked me to call on you and explain why he is—at least, temporarily—going over to one of your competitors."

"You mean Sam Weinberg?"

"Yes. You see, Mr. Weinberg has been in correspondence with our firm for some months. He made us a proposition that we simply couldn't ignore. He was tremendously eager to get our business."

"I bet you," said Ben through his teeth.

"In fact, he quoted us prices on skirts and blouses that were lower than any others in the market, for the same quality of merchandise. He claims that it is cost price, and we believe it. His idea is that if we give him a trial, we'll stick to him."

"But listen, Mr. Leftwitz," said Ben, trying hard for self-control. "Since your firm is so long my customer, and I always treated you right, why couldn't I get the chance to give you just as low prices as Weinberg gives you, or lower even? Even if I lose money on it, wouldn't it be better than I should lose a good customer?"

"There is something in that," George replied politely. "But as it happens, my father has really given Weinberg the order and—"

"But you could at least look over my line!" urged Ben desperately. "I got a line of blouses and skirts this season which it would positively knock your eye out! And as for prices, rather I should let that crook Weinberg get you away from me, I would give the goods to you practically for nothing!"

"This is all very good business for us," answered the other; "but I'm not sure how ethical it is. That is, Weinberg quoted us his prices voluntarily, while you are forced to cut, and—"

"But listen!" put in Ben. And thereupon he began a plea which, for impassioned oratory, put Patrick Henry, Cicero and other great pleaders of history, to shame. George Leftwitz listened politely, glancing sometimes at Ben, sometimes out of the window at the building across the street; once letting his eyes fall on the picture which stood atop Ben's desk. Thereafter his blue gaze did not waver. He continued to look upon the picture.

"So that's how it goes," Ben concluded, shaking the perspiration from his eyes. "And now, I ask you, why shouldn't I at least get a chance to show you my line?"

He stopped and looked anxiously at the buyer. Then George Leftwitz spoke:

"Who," he enquired, "is that girl?"

"Girl!" Ben stifled a groan. "What girl?"

"The girl of that picture," said George.

"Pardon my asking, but—it's rather a strange thing. When I was at Harvard I was on the football team. One day, we were playing a big game at the Stadium. There was a huge crowd, of course. In the last quarter, I had the ball and I managed to break away from the field, thanks to my interference. With their help, I carried the ball down the field and placed it behind the goal-line. It was the touchdown that won the game for us and I could hear the thunderous cheering. As I rose from the ball, I happened to look up into the stands ahead. And, believe it or not, Mr. Lowenstein, of all the thousands of men and women in that section, I saw only one face. The girl was in the front row, waving her handkerchief; and she was the only one I saw. The game went on, for the last minute of play; and I never saw that girl again. But I have never forgotten her—never. And that"—he pointed to the picture—"is the girl!"

"That's my daughter Margery," said Ben, wondering if the heat had been too much for the young man, after all. "Tonight she is grajwating from boarding school near Boston, and day after to-morrow she would be home again."

For a moment, George Leftwitz was silent as he devoured the photograph with his eyes. Then he said, somewhat tremulously:

"I—I hope that I may have the honor of meeting your daughter, Mr. Lowenstein."

The story which George had related was meaningless to Ben. The vernacular of the gridiron was just as intelligible to him as Sanskrit. But one thing he understood: George Leftwitz, son of Mark Leftwitz and sole heir to the flourishing department store of Leftwitz & Leftwitz & Leftwitz, the prey of that crook Sam Weinberg—this George was evidently deeply smitten with the obvious charms of Miss Margery Lowenstein.

Ben's heart quickened with hope. He was suddenly tingling with happiness. He

*A DASHING blade of eighty-four who could outdrink, outride and outfought any cavalier among the conquistadores of Peru is the subject of a brilliant and hilarious character sketch by George Creel. "Bad Boy," to appear soon, is a true story, and one of the lustiest tales we have ever read. Be sure not to miss it.*

grinned auriferously and laid his hand on George's iron arm.

"You could meet my Margery all right," he promised. "Just as soon as she come in, we would invite you for dinner with us. I would be happy if you know her. Such a girl! So sweet! So beautiful, like a picture! So smart like a whip! . . . Say, George! Now would you look over my line?"

As if to celebrate the birth of Ben's new hopes, that very night brought masses of dark clouds, lightning and thunder; and the temperature fell with the drenching rain. By the time Margery arrived, the city had put on its coats again and was speaking reminiscently about how hot it had been.

She arrived on Sunday; and for some reason of her own she did not let Ben know what train would bring her, so that the reunion took place in the Lowenstein apartment instead of the railroad station. What this reason was, Ben was soon destined to know. But prior to his enlightenment he

was as joyous a man as could be found in the five boroughs.

Everything was replete with golden promise. George Leftwitz had looked over the Lowenstein line of skirts and blouses as intently as if the fair Margery were inside them; and though he did not, in so many words, promise to sever connection with Weinberg in favor of Ben, it was evident that the Weinberg power had waned considerably.

Furthermore, Ben beheld visions of a permanent alliance of the houses of Leftwitz and Lowenstein. He saw in young George a son-in-law after his own heart—good looks, wealth, an established business, and a good business head despite his education.

In view of all these roseate anticipations, Margery's tidings struck him with the numbing force of a club-blow. She did not tell her parents at once; she waited until five minutes after her arrival so that she could approach the subject with extreme delicacy. But it must be told; and when Ben heard it, his jaws sagged, his heart sank, his hopes tumbled, and he himself would have dropped had he not clung to the back of a chair for dear life.

"Engaged!" he quivered. "Engaged!"

"Margery!" Clara gasped. "What are you talking about?"

Margery did not like her parent's somewhat agonized reception of the news, and she told them so.

"You act as though I told you something dreadful," she said defiantly. "I thought you'd be happy to learn about my happiness."

BEN took himself in hand. He seated himself in a large chair and gravely summoned an understanding smile to his pale lips.

"That's right, Mama," he told his wife. "Why should we nilly drop over because our baby has got herself engaged up with somebody? Ain't she old enough to get married?" He turned to his daughter who, upon hearing Ben's words of wisdom, henceforth looked upon him as her champion. "Who did you get yourself engaged up with, dolling?"

Margery ran to him and seated herself on his lap.

"He's adorable!" she declared as a preamble to her description of the lucky suitor. "He has personality, and charm, and brilliance, and high ideals."

"Oh, my God!" cried Mrs. Lowenstein. "Here I am dying to know things, and she talks foolishness!"

Ben sent her a warning look, but she took no heed.

"Who is he?" she cried to Margery. "Maybe he has got brilliants and charms and high idills—but has he got any money?"

Margery stiffened resentfully. "Money! All you think about is money! Isn't there something higher and better in the world than mere money? I'd rather have one high ideal than all the money in the world!"

Mrs. Lowenstein dropped into a chair and began to cry, wringing her hands hysterically.

"Now I know it! He's poor! Maybe even he is a goy!"

"Mother! He is not!" Margery replied warmly. "He's as Jewish as I am!" He's of German descent and his name is Horatius Bloom."

Clara subsided just a little. "Bloom is all right. But that other ain't even a name at all!"

Ben, having had a moment for reflection, had now formed a plan of action. He addressed his wife sternly:

"Clara, why don't you keep quiet a



"Listen, Weinberg, and have a heart in you! Right now I can't afford to be rooned! My daughter is got herself engaged"



minute so Margery could tell us everything? What's the matter with you, anyhow? For why do you get historical from nothing? You should be ashamed!" He patted his daughter's soft cheek. "Now, dolling, tell papa all about it. How did you meet up with this Bloom feller, and what does he do for a living?"

"I can see that you understand, Father," was Ben's reward. "Mother is so excitable that there's no talking to her. You'll love Horatius when you see him. He isn't so very handsome, I know, but he has charm and culture and—"

"Oh, my God! He ain't even handsome!"

"Mama!" Ben shouted. "Would you please keep out from this? What kind of charm has he got, dolling—Masonic or B'nai B'rith?"

"Let me tell you about him, Father. In the first place, he is a wonderful poet."

"Ha!" Ben said, managing to do it quietly. "A poet! That's very nice, dolling. What is that?"

"I mean, he writes poetry. Let me show you one that he just wrote for me. He said I was his inspiration! I have it in my handbag." She got up and ran into her bedroom.

As soon as she disappeared, Ben rose swiftly and crossed the room to whisper into his wife's ear.

"Clara," he said huskily, "something tells me how this is a terrible thing. But the more we carry on, the worse it would be. At least we could pretend we are satisfied with it until I could figger out something to do about it. I got experience in this, Clara. The more we would holler, 'No!' the more she would think 'Yes.' Leave it to me, I tell you!"

BEN was back in his chair when Margery returned and she sat again on his lap.

"I'll read this to you," she said, bending over the paper she had fetched. "This will give you just a little idea of Horatius' ideals. It is called, 'Plighted Promise.'" She read:

"In a soft-complexioned sky,  
Fleeting rose and kindling gray,  
Have you seen Aurora fly  
At the break of day?  
So my maiden, so my plighted, may  
Blushing cheek and gleaming eye  
Lift to look my way."

She paused, and Ben moistened his lips with his tongue.

"By golly!" he exclaimed. "There's high idills for you! Mama! Did you heard them idills? Could you believe how they come out of a feller by the name of Bloom?"

Clara gripped the arms of her chair. "They was very nice," she managed to murmur.

"Does he sell things like that for money?" Ben asked his daughter.

She smiled scornfully. "Of course not, Father! Horatius says that he refuses to smirch his art by selling it."

Ben's nostrils widened. "Ha! You couldn't blame him neither. But where did you meet up with a feller like that?"

"He's a professor of lyric poetry at my college," Margery explained. "During my senior year he was my instructor in English Comp. and Lit. He's adorable! All the girls were wild about him, but he chose me! Really, Father, even Stella Weinberg said she would be jealous of me if she weren't my best friend. Stella and Horatius and I came to New York together. That's why I didn't want you to meet me at the station. I wanted you to meet Horatius after I had told you the news. But this evening he will be here to meet his new family."

"That's fine," Ben beamed falsely. "Now, dolling, papa has got to lay down awhile because the weather used to be so terrible hot here I got a headache."

Ben indeed had a headache. But it was mild compared with the ache which he experienced after spending an evening with the son-in-law which Margery threatened to wish on him.

Horatius Bloom was a short, slight man of thirty-three who wore an oversize collar, a shiny blue serge suit and pince-nez glasses to which was attached a long black ribbon.

There was no doubt as to his lineage. If his name had been Mike Doyle, still his nose would have given him away. Ben had never

before known a poet; but after the first five minutes of acquaintance with Horatius, he was convinced that all poets should be shot at once, without even waiting for the sunrise. Ben engaged him in private conversation during which he learned a great deal about the idealistic professor of lyric poetry.

"For a perfessor and a poet combined," Ben decided, "he is a better business man as you would think."

To make the evening a greater strain on Ben, Stella Weinberg dropped in unexpectedly; and Ben had the added horror of entertaining the daughter of his worst enemy. He was frantically observant, however. Not a word, nor action, escaped his shrewd eyes.

"STELLA," he concluded, "is just like her papa. She is jealous and two-faced. I wouldn't trust her even around the corner. She is the kind to give a smile to a friend and stick a knife in the back. Phooee! Is she ugly also! With a crooked nose like that she couldn't even get for herself a crazy poet, and I bet she wishes she could have him."

Ben spent the next morning in morbid contemplation of his sorrows. The case seemed almost hopeless. He had not openly accepted Horatius Bloom as an approved suitor, and as a last resort, of course, he could always try flat refusal with its accompaniment of stormy scenes. But he knew that Margery was a wilful young woman, and the danger of deliberate disobedience was great.

"Now she is got herself grajuwated from college," he mused, "she is like the Queen of Sheba around the house. Everything is idills and cultures. Ai! Such a terrible thing should happen to us! And here a fine rich boy like George Leftwitz is in love with her even before he knows her! And the way it is, I couldn't even get them to meet up with each other!"

He took his heavy problems to lunch with him at the L. & K. Restaurant. Sidney Soloman was unable to accompany him; and as Ben sat alone at a side table, he looked up to see the leering face of Sam Weinberg.

(Continued on page 49)



# *A Little Patience, Gentlemen!*



"**N**O Life, my honest Scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed Angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams,



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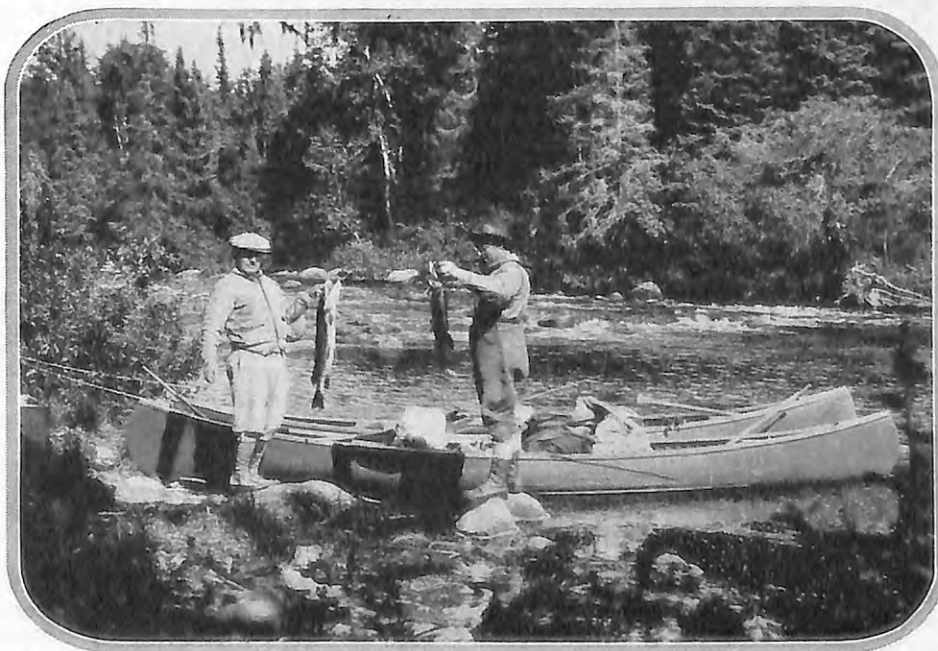


which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good Scholar, we may say of Angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did': and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

ISAAC WALTON.



WIDE WORLD



"O, THE gallant fisher's life,  
It is the best of any;  
'T is full of pleasure,  
Void of strife,  
And 't is beloved by many;  
Other joys  
Are but toys,  
Only this  
Lawful is;  
For our skill  
Breeds no ill,  
But content and pleasure."  
From "The Compleat Angler."





*All told, fifteen underground heroes were decorated in 1928; and a half dozen in 1929; in 1930 others will be decorated*

# Underground Heroes

*Red, Raw Courage Is the First Requisite of a Mine Rescue*

By Boyden Sparkes

Illustrated by Herbert F. Roese

DEEP down under the earth of Krebs, out in Oklahoma, a fire had been burning. For three days the men who normally made a living toiling down there in the tunnels of the Osage Coal Company No. 5 had been idling on the surface. Until those hidden avenues of blackness once more carried currents of fresh air instead of smoke and deadly gases generated by the fire the people of Krebs would be full of trouble. No work, no money. So, Mike McCann, a sub-boss of the company, determined to explore the mine for the purpose of discovering what emergency repairs would have to be accomplished before work could be resumed.

Mike, I think, is hero Number. One in this narrative although he, himself, probably never thought of it that way. All he was risking was his life, which was all that Lindbergh risked when he flew across the Atlantic, and Mike did so without the stimulus of great reward—just the satisfaction of doing his job. If Mike had emerged after an interval and reported that the fire was out and good air everywhere below the surface it would have been just a day's work and nothing more said about it. As it happened Mike McCann did not emerge. So Lewis Thompson, accompanied by John Stubblefield and David Keener, entered the mine to hunt for him.

Far back in one of those subterranean corridors they found him lying unconscious. In mines they call it after-damp. If the same thing happened to you in a closed garage with the engine of your automobile running the coroner would call it carbon monoxide poisoning. It is one of death's most subtle tricks, for the thing strikes its victims down without giving them the slightest warning of their danger. Thompson tried to revive McCann and sent his companions to fetch a car to serve as an ambulance for McCann. Car here means one of those small steel-timber conveyances in which coal is transported underground either by mule power or electricity. In this situation there was only man power. The rescuers would have to push the car. Naturally they required time and presently Lewis Thompson realized that he, too, was becoming unconscious. Apparently he started out after a breath of fresh air. But he had not gone far when he dropped in his tracks in the manner that McCann had

fallen, in a mental darkness as impenetrable as the physical darkness of the mine itself. In the meantime John Patterson, an assistant pit-boss, had braved the silent terrors of the poisoned tunnel in an effort to help. He found Thompson and was trying to drag him out to air and safety when the blackness smote him.

Out nearer the light where there was breathable air and reasonable safety other men were calling out words of encouragement to their fellows. For a while Thompson had answered; then Patterson's voice had been heard; but finally there was only silence. Stubblefield and Keener emerged, got a car and re-entered the mine. Then it was that Pierre DuPree, a miner of French blood and noble instincts, learning there were three helpless men within the gas-filled tunnel, entered the mine, and not slowly either. The official record of the occurrence states that he rushed in. The Osage mine is entered through the pit mouth of a slope tunnel, driven into the bed of coal that lies in the hill in the manner of chocolate in a layer cake. DuPree had gone far into that inclined tunnel before he found the unconscious assistant pit-boss, Patterson, lying where he had fallen after his effort to drag Thompson to the healing air of the open. Stubblefield and Keener, despite this indication of danger, had pushed on to where they knew McCann was lying.

DuPree soon discovered that he would be unable to drag or carry Patterson without aid and went back for a car. He requested two other miners in the crowd at the pit mouth to assist him. When they proved to be hesitant DuPree became eloquent with the forceful profanity common to daring men of all times. In the situation this was leadership and the two put their shoulders against the back of the heavy car and began to push. Every step of the journey was a step nearer death but at last, after nearly a quarter mile of stumbling, they reached Patterson, loaded him into the car and brought him back to open air where he was revived in the manner that partially drowned victims are resuscitated.

Stubblefield and Keener stuck grimly to their self-appointed task, rolling the heavy steel car along the rails until they came upon Thompson. Lifting him into the car they pressed on farther until they found McCann. The air was bad and they were breathing deeply from the effort of lifting

that second limp form into the cumbersome vehicle. Then at last they started back. By the grace of Providence and the luck that attends heroes they managed the journey without themselves losing consciousness in the foul atmosphere. Both of the rescued men were revived as Patterson had been.

Months afterward in Washington DuPree, Stubblefield, Thompson and Keener, for having saved other lives at the risk of their own, were given gold medals by the Joseph A. Holmes Safety Association.

This organization is named in honor of Dr. Joseph A. Holmes, the first director of the Bureau of Mines which is now a part of the Department of Commerce. Its membership comprises a number of scientific and engineering societies, the Bureau of Mines, the American National Red Cross, various miners' and mine operators' organizations, and representatives of Holmes Safety Association chapters to which belong thousands of miners alive to the need of furthering the cause of safety in the most hazardous of big industries. Dr. Holmes is generally regarded as having been the father of the mine-safety movement in America.

Few of us commonly realize that mining operations constitute an annually enacted tragedy much greater in its proportions than more dramatic occurrences that impress themselves on our minds as the *Titanic* disaster, the Iroquois Theatre fire, or the San Francisco fire and earthquake. None of these cost as many lives as are taken every 365 days in the operation of American mines. Year after year more than 2,500 men die, and die horribly, in this work. Yet the loss of life would be much greater were it not for a multiplicity of brave and unselfish actions by men like DuPree, Thompson, Stubblefield and Keener, and a constant effort of certain organizations to make that type of heroism intelligent in emergencies.

ALL told, fifteen underground heroes were decorated in 1928; and a half a dozen in 1929; in 1930 others will be decorated. These awards are given for behavior that results in the saving of lives. Bronze medals are given for certain classes of heroism, for giving warning of impending danger in spite of personal risk; silver medals for assisting in saving life, at personal risk, while working under the direction of another, and gold medals only for the performance of an act in which one's own life is risked and which results in the saving of human life. It is a splendid idea that lies behind this scheme of distinguishing heroes in overalls in the manner





that rulers of armies have employed for centuries to honor the heroes of battlefields. It is part of a concerted effort to reduce the hazards of mining, an effort that would be meaningless if it were not for the fact there are embryo heroes in every company of miners, men of stark courage in whose hearts there is a worthy degree of unselfishness. When an emergency occurs anywhere, under ground, under sea, in the air or on battlefields, these are the kind of men who perform deeds that stir the blood of their fellows. That is all any hero ever has to mark him apart from common men, courage and unselfishness plus an opportunity.

David J. Roach and Samuel Cooley and H. H. Henderson had this combination when an explosion occurred in a coal mine at Cokesburg, Pa., a couple of years ago. Cries for help reached their ears as they

*Only about a year ago the newspapers in one day carried word of four major mine disasters. Two hundred and twenty-three names were added to the rolls of those who have died in such accidents*

stood outside the danger zone after a blast that had poisoned the air in the nine tunnels. Heedless of personal risk they rushed into the blackness and rescued from suffocation three of their fellows who would otherwise have died where they had fallen.

Hector McNeil had this combination necessary to heroism, when in the hills of Henryetta, Okla., a flooded creek, risen far out of its banks, poured a cataract into the depths of the Old Gem Mine. The tunnels of that one are linked with the subterranean corridors of the Old Wise Coal Mine and McNeil suddenly discovered that

the flood in the Old Gem Mine was beginning to sweep into the Old Wise Mine tunnels. There was little time to act, and McNeil wasted none of it calculating his own chance of escape. Instead, he dashed into the workings crying a warning to nineteen men who but for the timeliness of his shouts would have been drowned as helplessly as rats in a flooded sewer. All of the men succeeded in climbing into a higher level of the mine where they were above the swiftly-filling tunnels. Fortunately, this tomb-like sanctuary was connected with the surface by a two inch pipe. Communication was established with the imprisoned men through this medium, and through it food was lowered to them. Finally, when the water had drained into the deepest pits of the mine they were given instructions how to find their way to the open by a





long-disused passage into the shaft of the Old Gem Mine. So, nineteen men were restored to their families and McNeil got a bronze medal.

There are so many incidents of the sort that it becomes a problem to select ones that are sufficiently outstanding to be recorded here. The story of Zeno Daley, though, seems to belong. Zeno was an Apache, a member of that Indian tribe which in the last century, in defending its lands against white men, acquired a reputation that has made the word Apache accepted as a synonym for cruelty in many languages.

War paint and eagle feathers were nothing but racial memories in the life of Zeno Daley. Instead of ornamented buckskin he wore faded blue overalls. Instead of a rifle he commonly carried a wrench or a pick or a shovel. On November 24, 1927, this aboriginal American determined to go to the relief of 49 other workers who had been trapped underground by a fire in No. 2 shaft of the mine of the Magma Copper Company at Superior, Arizona.

Previously, another rescue party had been lowered into the depths of the mine and Zeno Daley determined to go down when no signal came from this group. It was his job to attend the elevator cage in the shaft. Somewhere in the descent flames engulfed the cage. The cable parted and Zeno Daley was dropped to a death as heroic as any of which his tribesmen have sung in the centuries of their valorous history. To his family the gold medal which was given in recognition of his last act was something quite as thrilling as the gruesome souvenirs of battle with which Zeno Daley's forebears in other times recorded deeds of glory.

**I**N A similar emergency at the Teejon copper mine in Gleason, Arizona, another Indian gave contemporary substance to all the legends of red-skin courage that for generations have made the blood of small Americans run swifter. On May 6, 1928, fire broke out in the hoist house of the copper mine. The man in charge of that hoist house was down on the payroll as E. J. Bellah. E. J. Bellah is an Indian. For an understanding of the manner of man that Bellah proved himself to be, it must be remembered that the slight current of air that comes up into a furnace fire through the ash pit door below that fire intensifies the fury of combustion. When the hoist house began to burn there was beneath it a column of air of the dimensions of the deep shaft of the mine. Consequently, the hoist house burned with awful fury. Unable to extinguish it, Bellah called another workman, Michael Marchello, and sent him below to four men who were underground.

While Bellah operated the hoisting equipment, Marchello was lowered in the cage to the 200 foot level. There he entered a tunnel of the mine and ran more than 1,000 feet to a place where the four workmen

were engaged. Now there were five men's lives in the possession of this Indian, Bellah. Flames were leaping all about him. The blacksmith shop and the change house, as well as the hoist house, had become part of a roaring furnace. The head-frame itself, that part of the elevator structure from which depended the sheave blocks in which traveled the cables of the elevator, now wore a coat of flame.

Fire and clouds of smoke were billowing from a 100 gallon reservoir of lubricating oil which shared with Bellah the tenancy of that small hoist house. The intense heat caused an air receiver nearby to blow up but it could not cause Bellah to take his hand from the steel throttle lever of the hoist. Tongues of flame licked at his shoulder and his arm. The hair was wiped from the back of his hand as by an unseen razor. The hand became a huge blister, but Bellah stood fast.

Then came the signal bell from below. Michael Marchello, and the four he had gone to warn, were aboard the cage. It was a fast ride that Bellah gave them up the 200 feet of shaft to the level of the hoist house, but it was barely fast enough. Hardly had they stepped to solid ground before the burning head-frame and cage dropped like an orange comet into the depths of the mine. For this splendid act gold medals were presented to Bellah and Marchello, but it is not enough. Some poet should distill from the incident all of its glory.

It is a puzzling thing at first to try to account for the intensity of this flame of brotherly devotion that seems to burn so brightly below ground in caverns where miners toil. Understanding comes, however, with an appreciation of the constant dangers that miners share. Always, when they are at work, death stalks them. Every day a few of them are killed in the United States by falls of rock from the ceilings of those deep chambers which they have hewn in the earth; others are suffocated; some die in dynamite explosions or suffer electrocution by contact in the darkness with the power lines necessary to their operations. Sometimes they are killed by falls into pits deep as a mile in the earth or drown in black pools that lie as traps in their pathways. More terrible than any of these violent deaths is the living entombment which is a perpetual hazard. So it is that in the great body of men who work within the earth there is rather more than a common disposition to look after one another in times of peril.

It was a manifestation of this spirit that energized the mine safety legislation in the United States. A miner himself, William B. Wilson, who was Secretary of Labor in the cabinet of President Wilson, has been for years a leader in the movement to make mining a less hazardous occupation. He was a leading figure in the organizing of the United Mine Workers of America.

"I was interested in mine sanitation and safety," said Mr. Wilson recently, "at a very early age. These matters were brought to my attention when I was a boy, six years old,

playing in close proximity to a mine shaft. An explosion occurred that killed all of the men in the pit, blew the cage out of the shaft, and sent a great column of black smoke and dust hundreds of feet into the air.

"The affair was further impressed upon me by the fact that my father was one of the first cage of rescuers who went into the pit, and the second explosion occurred while they were down. Fortunately, they were at a point of safety when this second explosion took place.

"When I was between nine and ten years of age I was buried under a fall of many tons of rock and came out alive because, when the rock fell, I was knocked down between a piece of stone, that I was chipping the coal from, and a prop that fell parallel with it when the cave-in took place.

**"W**HEN I was between eleven and twelve years of age I was enclosed in a mine with 350 others because a cave-in had taken place, closing the entrance—and there was no other opening."

Certainly there is something inspiring in the revelation that the terrible adventures of a small-boy miner have been translated into mine-safety legislation. While he was in the mood, former Secretary Wilson revealed another of the influences that made him at an early age a leader in the mine safety movement.

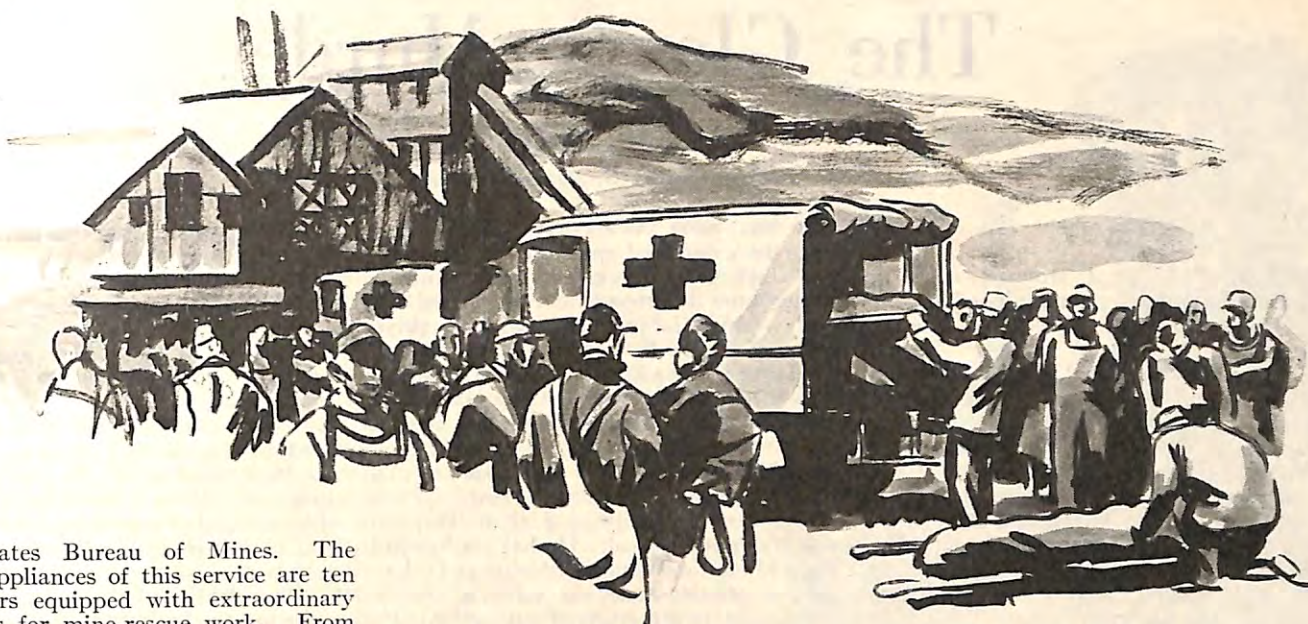
"My father," he said, "was a very intelligent man and from him I learned as a youth the basic principles of hydraulics, pneumatics, chemistry and geology which were involved in the problem of making mines safe and sanitary. Consequently, I was soon taking an active part in bringing about legislation for sanitation and safety in the mines of the bituminous coal fields, the first of which was adopted in Pennsylvania."

Here, then, working in legislative councils was a manifestation of that same spirit that reveals heroes underground whenever there is a mine disaster.

It is this spirit that makes worth while an unusual life saving service of the government, a service that is operated by the







United States Bureau of Mines. The principal appliances of this service are ten railroad cars equipped with extraordinary instruments for mine-rescue work. From time to time when one or more of these cars is rushed to the scene of a big mine disaster there is a reference to them in newspapers. The public, therefore, entertains a notion that these cars are maintained by the government, as municipalities maintain fire fighting apparatus. The truth is that the primary purpose of the cars is to make intelligent the heroism that is latent in so many miners; to teach them what to do in emergencies; to give them an understanding of the forces that make for danger underground; and to spread a knowledge of first-aid and mine-rescue training among miners, as well as to instruct them in accident-prevention work. That sort of work is schoolroom stuff, and probably the biggest advances in hero-training are made when some underground catastrophe causes one or more of these cars to be sent into action in precisely the manner that fire apparatus or police emergency trucks are sent into action where there is need. Then the value of this sort of training is demonstrated in ways not soon forgotten.

**E**ACH of these cars and their crews have made numerous thrilling runs to the scenes of mine disasters, but one of the most thrilling of all was a trip to the Hollinger Mine, which lies about 130 miles north of Lake Huron, in Canada.

The Hollinger is a gold mine, the largest operation of its kind on the continent. Its workings consist of more than 100 miles of subterranean passages, many of which are more than 500 feet deep in the earth. Those passages have swallowed up train-loads of timber that brace the sides and roofs of the labyrinth where nature in the beginning hid tempting treasure. Men enough to populate a small town work down there, surviving in its unnatural tunnels by means of air that is kept circulating by great fans. The constant threat is that something may happen to destroy that artificially maintained supply of life-giving air. A small gas flame burning in a closed bathroom will devour so much oxygen as to leave without the means of life any person who lingers in it. Similarly, a small fire burning in a mine tunnel will quickly destroy the limited supply of air. It is a simple chemical change that occurs, but a terrible one. Men die as if they had breathed the poison gas of a battlefield enemy.

It was late in the afternoon of a day in February, 1928, that a telegraphic appeal reached Washington from Canada for the dispatch of a Bureau of Mines Rescue Car

to Timmins, Ontario. Fire had broken out in the Hollinger Mine and 52 men were trapped in its depths.

Much red tape had to be cut before a car could be ordered to cross the border into Canada, but early on the following morning Car No. 3, the newest and best equipped of all, rolled into Pittsburgh from a remote Pennsylvania coal mining town. At 9.14 A. M. it was hooked to an engine and started on its 1,000 mile journey into the North.

Canaries were singing in that amazing vehicle. Their tiny, feathered bodies surrender sooner than those of men to the evil effects of bad air. So all mine rescue cars carry a number of these yellow songbirds, unwitting sentinels who warn by becoming unconscious. They are the most elementary of mine life-saving appliances. Long ago men discovered that when canaries fall from their perches in foul atmosphere it is time to find better air for human lungs.

There were also in that car fifteen sets of oxygen-breathing appliances, each consisting of a portable reservoir filled with a supply of the life-giving element of air and an arrangement of hose pipes, valves, mouth-piece and nose-clip, enabling a wearer to breathe safely even though surrounded by atmosphere reeking with poison. A submarine diver descending into deep water is subjected to a pressure that increases with every inch that he descends. At sixty feet below the surface, for example, he is carrying on his head the terrific burden of a column of water sixty feet in height. This problem is met by encasing the diver in a copper helmet and an airtight suit. Air pressure within takes that load from the diver precisely as the air which inflates an automobile tire carries the load in the car. There is no such problem to contend with in the depths of a mine. Air supply is the only matter of concern. However, the man who enters a gas-filled mine must carry with him a supply of air. It is impractical to depend on a supply pumped through a hose. In that case he could go into a mine only to the extent of his ability to drag a hose, and a creature with the power of an elephant would be required to drag the weight of hose that would be unreel at the end of a ten-minute walk. This difficulty is overcome by the use of a device which permits a man to breathe over and over the same few lungfuls of air, purified each time by being passed through a filter of caustic soda and replenished with oxygen

contained in two small tanks that ride on the back of the wearer beside the filter bag. If there is a two-hour supply of oxygen, then the wearer has a two-hour lease on life in a region where men not so provided could not live five minutes.

In the government apparatus the rate of oxygen supply is controlled automatically by the wearer's breathing. He breathes through a small bellows. When the bellows is sucked flat a valve opens allowing oxygen to feed in rapidly from the compression tank through a reducing valve. Thus the supply adjusts itself to his needs, whether he be resting or exerting himself.

It was these devices in the mine rescue car that made the men of its crew appear as super-men when they descended into the Hollinger mine after a racing trip sponsored by two governments. The journey had been made in less than a day, whereas a normal railway journey would have taken half again as long. Besides this apparatus the car had carried twelve all-service gas masks, 24 carbon monoxide self-rescuers, six flame safety-lamps, 24 electric flashlights of a special kind, ten electric cap-lamps, ten huge cylinders of oxygen, certain ingenious devices which by a change of color betray the presence of carbon monoxide, and some other grim necessities for the work in hand.

**T**HERE were stretchers. There were sheets of canvas called brattice cloth to be used in screening off poisoned air tunnels so as to insure a fresh air supply along the route from the surface to the place where the fire was to be attacked. Besides this, there were the living quarters of the most important of all this car's freight, the men of the crew.

The man in charge of the mine rescue car at ordinary periods was Russell G. Thornburg, a foreman miner who had shortly before been transferred from government rescue work in Alaskan mines, a man to whom the specialized equipment of the car was as familiar as saw and hammer to a carpenter. Joseph Ferraro, a man of similar background, equal courage and coolness, was aboard as Thornburg's assistant. S. H. Katz, a man famous for his research in mine gases and gas-masks, by chance had been aboard the car when the orders came. Among the others were Daniel Harrington, chief engineer of the safety division of the Bureau of Mines, who had come from

(Continued on page 78)



# The Gloyne Murder

By Carl Clausen

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

## Part IV

**P**RESENTLY Paul stopped dead in front of the telephone, picked up the instrument, and jerked the receiver off the hook.

"Lieutenant Ames speaking, Miss Baum," he said. "Did Mr. Free go out just a moment ago? . . . He did? . . . Toward Broadway. . . All right, thanks."

"You'll have to eat dinner alone, Pete, I'm going to run down to Fifteenth Street and call on Sadler. He should have been here over half an hour ago. Something's wrong."

"I'll wait dinner," said I, "you won't be gone more than an hour."

"I may be gone all night," he replied, reaching for his hat. "However, I'll call you and keep you posted."

Without another word he was gone.

It was some forty-five minutes later when the telephone rang.

"Pete," he said hurriedly, "get Miss Gloyne's little brown address book from the top drawer of my desk and hop into a cab and bring it to me, will you? I'll be waiting for you at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. Tell the driver to come by the way of West End Avenue and Tenth, so as to duck the theatre traffic. Hustle, please!"

*"She knew Miss Gloyne was gunning for her man, and she's not the sort of girl to stand by and watch another woman walk off with her private property"*

It was some twenty-five minutes later when my cab pulled up at the curbing under the Ninth Avenue elevated, just around the corner from Fourteenth Street. Paul was there waiting for me. He paid the driver and took the book.

"I went to Sadler's address in Fifteenth Street," he said. "He left there about an hour and a half ago with a suit-case, in company with another man, the landlady told me. This man paid for the room and told her that Sadler was leaving town. From the woman's description I think the man was his brother Neal. He left no forwarding address for William, which was perhaps not remarkable since she told me that he practically never received any mail. I'm going on the assumption that you hit the nail on the head with your little sarcastic speech of the other night about what you'd do in the matter of telephone numbers if you were the sort of woman Miss Gloyne

was. I'm hoping that one of those numbers is Neal Sadler's."

"You think after all that his brother is guilty and that he is helping him to escape?" I asked.

"Well, if William were guilty, he'd certainly help him to escape. Blood is thicker than water, you know."

"I see; you think William had it in for her for stringing Neal along all these years?"

"Pete, darling, don't ask me to think, just now. There's a telephone booth in this drugstore. Let's go in and try our luck."

The first thing he did was to consult the telephone directory.

"It looks like you're right, Pete," he said, referring to the little brown volume. "One of those numbers is Harner's business address, and another is Thyme's hotel. That narrows it down to seven."

The first three calls yielded nothing. In each case Paul asked for Mr. Neal Sadler and was informed that no such person lived there. At number four he had better luck. He asked a few questions of the person who answered, then hung up.

"I've located him. It was the Nottingham Hotel near Madison Square. He has a room there. The clerk told me that he went out about two hours ago and left word that if anyone called to tell them that he'd be back at nine o'clock. We've just about got time to get there before he does." We were out of the store by this time. "Taxi!" he called, raising his hand at a passing cab.

While we were being whirled through the traffic to our destination, Paul said:

"You're going to be a dope-peddler's moll for the rest of the evening, Pete. D'you think you can stand the ignominy?"





## Blind Clews Lead in Ever Widening Circles In the Pursuit of the Elusive Murderer

"You're going to be the peddler?" I asked.

"Exactly. I'm going to get to the bottom of this dope motif for good and all. It's been worrying me sick."

"All right," said I.

The Nottingham Hotel was one of the group of hostelrys that had sprung up in the neighborhood of Madison Square after its completion like sprouts from the roots of the Valhalla oak. The wide, unused fireplace in the lobby, with its ponderous hand-wrought andirons, and the pachydermic oils of the Austrian Tyrol, dated it quite definitely to the period when morals were measured by troy weight, and when a piece of furniture that could be moved without the help of three servants and a derrick was considered flimsy. At this late date, the management had tried to inject a note of frivolity with a blue and gold Chinese rug imported from New Jersey.

Paul stated his desires and we were invited to wait for Mr. Sadler on the davenport facing the cheerless hearth. Even though the month was mid-July and the evening very warm, it made me shiver. I get the same reaction from seeing a Christmas tree in a hotel lobby.

**WE HAD** waited less than ten minutes when Mr. Neal Sadler came in and stopped at the desk for his key. When the clerk pointed us out, he turned his head slowly, like a man coming out of a dream. As he came toward us, Paul arose and gave him the name which we had agreed upon—Brady. He inclined his head to me and shook Paul's hand uncertainly.

"Can I see you in private for a few minutes, Mr. Sadler?" Paul asked, lowering his voice.

"About—what?" Sadler asked with an odd, listless note in his voice. His almost opaquely black eyes were fastened upon my husband's face.

Paul made a good imitation of assuring himself that no one was within earshot.

"About your brother," he said under his breath.

Sadler's thumb and forefinger had been hooked into the pocket of his vest as he came up. His arm dropped to his side now with a gesture of weariness.

"I suppose so. Come up to my room." He glanced at me inquiringly.

Paul smiled.

"S'all right, guv'nor. The wife and me work together."

Our host shrugged his shoulders and led the way to the elevator. While we were being taken up the ten flights I took occasion to observe Mr. Neal Sadler, the faithful. He was rather good-looking in a dark, aloof way, with a dogged, rather than determined, chin and a wide sloping forehead. His al-

most opaque eyes were deeply set like his brother's, but spaced better, and his hair black, thick and glossy. He was the lone-wolf type, the man one finds leading forlorn hopes all over the world. Although he was stocky rather than tall, his hands were unusually small, feminine, and shapely.

It was quite evident that he considered us very low in the social scale, for beyond finding chairs for us, he offered no unnecessary courtesies, but seated himself immediately and waited for Paul to state his business.

"I just stopped around to see if you'd want to deal with us," Paul said with a directness as beautiful as it was brazen.

Sadler's eyes were expressionless.

"Who gave you my address?" he demanded.

Paul smiled—but with the left side of his mouth only.

"We've known you was here all the time, guv'nor. Only we didn't want to queer the other guy's game."

"I assume that you are referring to Dr. Slade?" said Sadler.

"I ain't mentioning no names," Paul retorted, "and I ain't cuttin' in on his graft, y'understand, but I don't see no reason why you shouldn't deal with my mob direct. The other mob got cold feet on account of the croaking of the moll, so I figured you'd want to know a reliable dealer."

Sadler's slight movement was one of recoil with loathing. The look he shot me almost made me blush.

"It's people like you two who have ruined my brother's life," he said. "I ought to ring for the house detective and have you both thrown out. I suppose you brought your wife along to prevent just that sort of an exit."

Paul's reply was something of a classic.





"Aw, now guvnor, don't get sore! We're just tryin' to make a livin' the same's you. It ain't our fault your brother's a snow-bird. It's tough luck, but it'd be tougher on him if he couldn't get it. The Doc told the other mob the dick'd found the bottle in the moll's apartment, so I figured you'd want to know where you could get some more. I'm here to show you where you can cut out the middle-man's profit," he finished with a sly smile.

Sadler leaned forward in his chair. His dark eyes were boring into my husband's.

"You'll oblige me by not referring to Miss Gloyne by that name," he said in a cold, deadly voice, as his eyes shifted to mine.

"I didn't mean no harm, guvnor," Paul replied, with his best Bowery abjectness. "I didn't know she was a friend of yours."

SADLER'S chest rose under a deep intake of breath. That he was restraining himself with a supreme effort from throwing us both out was evident. But when he spoke again it was clear that an element of curiosity had crept into his mind.

"What's your price?" he asked.

Paul quoted a figure.

Our host drew out a small memorandum book and consulted it.

"How does it happen that you can sell it for that price when the other mob—as you call them—charged me nearly four times that much?" he wanted to know.

Paul tried to smile very crookedly—and succeeded.

"Don't you see, guvnor? The Doc and the mo-lady's been stringin' you along. The stuff don't cost nothin' like what you've been payin'. The two just loaded it three hundred per cent. and split the difference. That's why I come to you direct. I don't want to see a good guy like you hijacked!"

Sadler's black eyes narrowed.

"Suppose you keep Miss Gloyne's name out of this discussion!" he snapped.

"All right, guvnor, all right!" Paul whined. He reached for his pocket. "I thought mebbe you'd want some, so I brought a little along."

Neal Sadler's mouth curled itself into a smile of contempt.

"You could have saved yourself this trouble," he said. "My brother'll never want any more drugs."

"You mean that he—croaked?" I could tell that Paul had come within an ace of saying "died" in the excitement of the moment.

Sadler arose.

"My brother will not want any more drugs. That's sufficient for you to know. I may add that you'll be wasting your time if you try to find him. Good evening!"

As we went down in the elevator I could see that Paul was worried in earnest. We had crossed the lobby half-way when he caught my arm sharply. I looked up. Through the open door walked Dr. Slade! I saw him fetch up with a jerk at perceiving us, then pass into the elevator with a curt nod to Paul. Paul hailed the taxi that was just pulling away from the curbing. The driver backed up for us and we got in.

"I wouldn't have had that happen for a good deal," Paul said between his teeth, "but that's the luck of the business."

He told the driver to take us to a restaurant in Broadway near our home, and in the same breath asked the man about his late fare.

"I picked him up on the corner of Fifth Street and Eighth Avenue, boss," the man replied.

"Half a block from William Sadler's late residence," Paul said to me under his breath. "That's interesting!"

When we returned to the house after a hurried dinner, we found Captain Rice waiting for us in the lobby. He went up with us. The moment we had entered the apartment and closed the door, he said:

"A woman called Harner on the telephone at eight-thirty and told him that his wife was all right and for him not to worry. She called from a public pay-station in Columbus Circle. I rushed Lennox off on his motorcycle but he got there too late, of course, and the clerk in the cigar stand could give us no information about her except that she was middle-aged and wore a gray suit. I'll bet it was Mrs. Harner, herself," he added.

"Her husband would have known her voice," Paul objected.

"Sure—and I'll bet he did!" Rice retorted with a snort. "That guy's the best little old 'possum in New York City."

Paul was in the midst of telling Captain Rice about our visit to The Nottingham when the telephone rang. He reached wearily for the instrument and took the receiver off the hook.

"Yes?" he answered, then seemed suddenly galvanized into action. "Send him up, Miss Baum!" he said and hung up. "It's Neal Sadler,"



"When I discovered he had contracted the habit I was horrified and sent him at once to a sanitarium"

he said. "Step into my room, Captain—I want to handle him alone. Leave the door open so you can hear what goes on." He smiled ruefully at me. "The fat's in the fire for fair, Pete. You'd better stay. The three of us might as well have it out together." He arose and opened the door wide. "When a man's on the war-path, I like to see him coming," he remarked quizzically, as the elevator stopped at our floor.

We heard the quick, cruising footsteps of a man who's looking for a number. As he came abreast of our open door he glanced inquiringly over his shoulder, then stopped as he recognized us.

"This is the place!" Paul said, stepping forward with a smile and his hand extended. "I left the door open. The halls are so dark."

Mr. Neal Sadler crossed the threshold. His black eyes were fathomless. He ignored my husband's hand.

"I'm sorry that you should have found it necessary to gain admittance to my apartment under false pretenses," he said. "Your defense is, of course, that it was in the line of duty. However, if you were a gentleman, you would not be in this sort of a profession, so you're absolved on both counts."

The only change I noted in Paul's face at this double-barreled insult was a certain veiled look in his hazel eyes.

"By expressing yourself so admirably, you've relieved me of the necessity of making an apology—for which I thank you, Mr. Sadler," he remarked. "Won't you be seated?"

"What I have to say can be said standing up," our visitor retorted. "I want you to leave my brother alone. I happen to know without a question of doubt that he's innocent. Further, it won't do you any good to look for him. You couldn't possibly find him—I've seen to that."

PAUL smiled faintly.

"When you state that you *know* he's innocent, I assume you're referring to an alibi of some sort. Would you care to let us know what it is?"

Sadler's smile was even fainter than Paul's.

"And have you anticipate it with a refutation of your own manufacture," he said contemptuously. "Hardly."

"Your opinions of the police and our methods are not very flattering," Paul said.

"I didn't come here to flatter you, Lieutenant Ames. I'm afraid you'll have to depend upon that from your superiors or possibly from the contemplation of your own stupendous sagacity in devising a means to gain an interview with me, which by the way, you could have had by simply having called me on the telephone and naming the hour at your pleasure."

Paul looked at his accuser long and levelly.

"Perhaps it would be just as well if you stopped insulting me," he said, "it doesn't get you anything and it's grossly unfair to me since you're my guest—self-invited perhaps—but





still my guest. It may interest you to know that I've never for an instant suspected your brother of being guilty of this crime. My sole reason for calling on you was to discover if possible the source of the drug he was getting. The District Attorney is inclined to believe that Miss Gloyne's murder was the work of the drug ring. I wanted to convince him once and for all that he was wrong. I can't expect you to believe this, but if you're the gentleman you think I'm not, you'll accept my apology for what I did this evening. I need not remind you of the bad taste of pulling yourself down to my level. Won't you take a chair now and discuss this matter with me?"

SADLER did not reply, but he moved tentatively toward the Cogswell, stood undecided for a moment, then dropped into it with a shrug.

"What is it you wish to discuss with me?" he asked. "I was under the impression that you'd pumped my brother dry. If it's I you suspect, I'm afraid that you're going to be disappointed. I haven't even an alibi to offer you after three days of opportunity to prepare one, so that rather lets me out, don't you think?"

"Not necessarily," Paul replied with a

*The strange man paid for the room and told the landlady that Sadler was leaving town. He left no forwarding address for William*

smile, "you may consider yourself under suspicion."

Paul took a seat facing him.

"It's about your brother I wish to speak," he said. "I don't know what you've done about him, but whatever it is, I hope that you're not attempting to cure him by depriving him of drugs suddenly. If you are, you've signed his death warrant."

Neal Sadler's black eyes were non-committal.

"You seem to go out of your way to meddle in other people's affairs," he said shortly.

Paul leaned forward in his chair.

"Mr. Sadler," he said, "you and I may as well understand each other, once and for all. In your estimation, I'm just an officer of the law. It may interest you to know at this point that my reason for being in this profession is not because I enjoy bringing criminals to justice. Much as I doubt your giving my assertion to the contrary any credence, I'm going to tell you that I'm interested chiefly in seeing that the wrong man does not suffer for a crime committed

by another. This may sound exotically altruistic to you, but it is nevertheless a fact, and I'm going to ask you to be sport enough to give me the benefit of the doubt during this discussion. Now then, to get back to our subject—your brother—will you tell me how long he's been a drug addict?"

The other looked at him enigmatically.

"I don't know why I should give you this information," he said. "However, since it has no bearing on the matter at hand, I'll tell you. He went to war a well and strong man and came back robbed of both his hearing and his speech. Cut off from communication with the world, with the friends he had known, life held very little for him. Exactly how and when he contracted the habit, I don't know, but it was very soon after he came back, I think. It was years before I even suspected it, and I would never have known it at all if he hadn't bankrupted himself for the drug and come to me for funds.

He paused.

"I was horrified and sent him at once to a sanitarium. He came out apparently cured, but soon slipped back into the habit. I made him take the cure no less than five times in three years, but it was no use."

(Continued on page 60)





## EDITORIAL

### VISION AND COURAGE

**B**ACK of every real accomplishment lies the dream of the man who dared to undertake the task. The vision of the desired end must precede its attainment. But the dream must also father a determination. The vision must inspire and drive one forward. The indulgence in mere idle fancies leads to no definite goal. It behooves one, therefore, to dream nobly and then to dare courageously, for true achievement comes only from high purpose.

This is not merely an exalted expression that applies to acclaimed heroes and to great events that find their ways into histories. It has a very practical application to all of us and to the affairs that are committed to our charge. We must have vision as well as energy.

The Order of Elks is a great fraternity because its founders dreamed a great dream and then set themselves to make it a reality. A local Lodge accomplishes worth-while things only when its leaders clearly envision them and then confidently embark upon their achievement.

The man who fears, who holds back, who doubts, who minimizes the capacity of his associates and his own, never plants the banner on loftier heights.

Vision and courage are the companion virtues of true leadership. They are the constant need of every subordinate Lodge; and their leaders should be chosen with reference to the possession of these essential qualities. It is well to have this in mind as the annual elections approach.

### STICK TO 'EM

**I**T IS easy to make good resolutions. We are all rather given to the practice. Particularly is this true of the New Year. It is such a good starting point. It is the accepted date for the beginning of many new plans and undertakings.

But it is not always so easy to live up to our good intentions and declared purposes. It is about this time that we begin to find them a little more difficult than we thought. The novelty of the new attitude is wearing off. Maybe it does

not seem quite so important for us to maintain our good resolves.

Well, Brother, this is the danger point. Now is the time to **STICK TO 'EM**. Every day that you maintain your purpose from now on makes it a little easier the next day. Every victory in the battle with the old fault, the old habit, makes the next one more certain.

And if, perchance, you fail to live up to your good resolutions completely, keep on trying. Don't let one slip cause you to give up. Remember, it is not a single skirmish you are fighting. You are waging a campaign. A temporary defeat may be turned into a victory if its lessons be read aright.

Ultimate success is, of course, the real object. But, this is also true: a good fight is helpful in itself. We are all the better for having striven valiantly. So **STICK TO 'EM**.

### CONTINUING CHARITY

**T**HERE are occasions, of special significance when the charitable impulse is stirred to expression by the seasonable atmosphere, when the attitude and conduct of others are themselves suggestive and quickening to the spirit of generosity and kindness. There are few indeed who are not thus affected and influenced during the Christmastide and on Thanksgiving Day. But the charity of the Order of Elks is not seasonal. It is continuing.

There is as much want in the world at other times as there is at Christmas. Thanksgiving is only one day of a whole year that is filled with demands for assistance. And every day the need for human sympathy, the kindly greeting, the helpful handclasp, the word of encouragement, the evidences of loving interest, all of which are involved in the charity the Order teaches, are about us on every hand. The opportunity to practise this all-embracing virtue is never lacking.

So, while it is fine to yield one's self to the good impulses born of any special occasion, it is nobler still to carry the charitable spirit always in one's heart.





Decorations in dry-point by Ralph L. Boyer

An Elk is definitely pledged to the exemplification of charity as a consistent part of his daily life. An Elks Lodge is committed, by its very existence, to whatever charitable activities are needed in its community at any time, and at all times. The poet Jefferys was not apostrophizing a transient emotion, but the true, ever-ready, ever-eager charity of Elkhood, when he wrote:

"Never weary of well doing,  
Never fearful of the end,  
Claiming all mankind as brothers,  
Thou dost all mankind befriend."

W. P. G.

**R**ADIO fans will recognize in the above caption the call letters of Atlantic City's well-known broadcasting station. In this connection their significance lies in the fact that they were selected as the initial letters of that celebrated resort's boastful, but justifiable, pseudonym,—World's Play Ground; and it is there that the next Convention of the Order is to be held.

Atlantic City seems to have a special liking for the Elks, a sentiment that seems to be sincerely reciprocated, for the Grand Lodge has held eight of its annual sessions in that city. But it has been eight years since our last Convention visit, so it may well be assumed that the members of the Order and the people of the popular resort are both looking forward to July with very pleasant anticipation.

Within a radius of miles that can be covered in a few hours of convenient travel, there are hundreds of subordinate Lodges, hundreds of thousands of Elks. The approaching Convention should, therefore, be attended by an unusually large number of Representatives and Grand Lodge members. Without doubt the occasion will also attract a very large number of those who have no voice or vote in that body, but who delight in its associations and who will doubly enjoy them at this famous meeting place.

It is hoped that this expectation may be realized, for the whole Order is benefited by such contacts of its members from different Lodges and from different sections, under such propitious conditions.

Atlantic City, with its numberless attractions

and places of amusement, presents opportunities for these desirable associations amidst surroundings that are specially conducive to their development into lasting friendships. And it is suggested that it is high time that specific plans be formulated by those who expect to attend the Convention in July, at the World's Play Ground.

#### COMMERCIALISM

**I**T IS to be regretted that the recurring instances of commercialism throughout the Order have been so numerous as to prompt the Grand Exalted Ruler to make comment thereon in his recent Official Circular. It is doubtless true, as suggested by him, that in most of the cases the offense has been unwittingly committed, in ignorance of the statutory provisions against it. But it would seem that a fine sense of propriety and a recognition of ethical standards would be so universal among the members, that this particular breach of our laws would be practically unknown. Unhappily this is not the case. There are some who seek to capitalize their membership for business purposes.

As has been stated in these columns before, the natural impulse that leads one to prefer business dealings with a brother is one that is wholly praiseworthy; and the recipient of such voluntary favor is only reaping a recognized fraternal advantage. But the aggressive effort to secure business upon the basis of fraternal relationship is repugnant alike to accepted rules of ethics and to the statutes of the Order.

Severe disciplinary measures are provided for a disregard of the obligation involved; and in cases of deliberate violations they should be promptly applied. It would be most unfortunate if the high standards of the Order were lowered or if any purposeful flouting of them should pass unnoted. On the contrary, they should be vigorously maintained and every assault upon them definitely rebuked.

It is a tribute to the fine attitude of the membership generally, that almost every instance of conduct at all tainted with commercialism is promptly reported to the proper officers and as promptly dealt with by them. A continuance of this policy is the only protection against this insidious evil.





*The Fair Grounds, Track and Grand Stand as they appeared during the race meeting for the benefit of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30. More than 20,000 spectators attended*

# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### **New Orleans, La., Lodge Clears \$50,000 at Benefit Race Meeting**

VIRTUALLY the entire city of New Orleans turned out recently to assist the members of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, in their effort, by means of a benefit race meeting, to reduce the bonded indebtedness on its splendid and hospitable Home. So lavishly had the Lodge contributed in the past to charities that it found itself not long ago seriously weakened in its financial resources. When the community the Elks had so long and so unselfishly served discovered this condition, it took it upon itself to give every aid to restoring their treasury to soundness. The race meeting was held Sunday, January 27, at the Fair Grounds, the use of which was donated to the Elks by the owner, Colonel E. R. Bradley, of Lexington, Ky. Every employee of the track, from the stewards in charge to the stable boys, contributed his services free of charge for the day and the entire income was turned over by the Louisiana Jockey Club, under whose management the racing is held, to New Orleans Lodge. In order that the attendance at this race meeting might be as great as possible, state and city officials, civic organizations, the press, merchants and a host of other public-spirited citizens, together with committees of ladies, organized many days before the event to dispose of as many tickets as possible. The result was a crowd close to record proportions and a profit for the Lodge of between \$50,000 and \$75,000. The drive for the sale of tickets culminated on Friday, January 25, proclaimed, by the official announcement of Acting Mayor T. Semmes Walmsley, as Elks Day. The bands of the American Legion, the Police Department, the Fire Department, the Illinois Central Railroad, the Boys' and Girls' Playground and the Louisiana Jockey Club, paraded the streets advertising the race meeting. Radio talks were given at intervals during the day to quicken interest. Merchants throughout the city displayed placards and the most attractive girls in the city sold, in office buildings, in stores and on the sidewalks, tickets for the event. In the meanwhile, Elks from other cities poured into New Orleans by the thousand. From Texas, from Mississippi, from Alabama and other points as far distant as hundreds of miles, members of the Order came. Six special trains arrived during the day, and from one city alone, Mobile, more than 2,000 Elks made the journey. Interest and enthusiasm reached its highest point early in the evening, at the entrance into New Orleans of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews and his party. The details of this, as well as of the monster parade which ensued, are reported in the account of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits, elsewhere in this issue of the

Magazine. The morning before the opening of racing, on Sunday, a horse show was held at the Fair Grounds, under the auspices of the New Orleans Bridle Club. The track events started in the afternoon at the customary hour of two o'clock. They were arranged by Secretary Joseph McLennan, of the Jockey Club, and were of the highest order, with thoroughbreds entered from the stables of Colonel Bradley, Harry F. Sinclair, Harry Payne Whitney, the Waggoner brothers, and George Collins. In token of the occasion, all the races were named in honor of distinguished Elks, the first for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred C. Harper, the second for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, the third for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, the fourth for Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, the sixth for Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and the seventh for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland. The fifth event, the feature of the day's card, was designated the Jack L. Dempsey Memorial, in remembrance of this celebrated and beloved Elk and writer on turf topics, who died last November. In addition to the usual cash prizes for winners of races, New Orleans mercantile concerns and individuals subscribed for special trophies, and virtually all box-holders, including Colonel Bradley, bought their own boxes for sums ranging from fifty to a hundred dollars. Heading the committee of New Orleans Lodge responsible for the success of this memorable benefit affair was Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler. Mrs. Walter Hamlin was chairman of the Women's Committee.

### **Two Georgia Lodges Officially Visited By District Deputy Smith**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Smith, of Georgia, North, paid an official visit recently to Athens, Ga., Lodge, No. 790, where he witnessed initiation ceremonies and addressed the Lodge. A dinner was served immediately after. The District Deputy had, a short time before, visited Milledgeville Lodge, No. 774, officially. He was accompanied by a large delegation of prominent Elks from Macon Lodge, No. 230, of which he is a member.

### **Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge Bowling Team Makes 2,400-Mile Sea Voyage**

To compete in the Alaska Elks Bowling Congress, held this year at Ketchikan, the bowling team of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351, recently made a sea voyage of over 2,400 miles. Such trips are a necessary custom with the members of the Elks bowling group in Alaska. When the meet was held at Anchorage last year, the Ketchikan team spent four days on the

Gulf of Alaska, on the way to the contest; and three years ago the Anchorage team made the long journey to Juneau. As their ship came into port at Ketchikan this year from Anchorage, the visiting Elks were greeted with a display of purple and white rockets from shore. In the midnight darkness this spectacle was striking. The outcome of the 1930 competition followed the precedent of earlier years, when the home teams were victors. Ketchikan Lodge, No. 1429, won, with 26,566 pins against 26,236 pins by the representatives of Anchorage Lodge, and 26,118 for Juneau Lodge, No. 420. Fifteen games were played. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. H. Ziegler, of Alaska, Southeast, a member of the Ketchikan team, made the highest single scores during the contest, 257 pins on two occasions. The contest between the two highest scoring members of each team was won by Mr. Ziegler and P. Zurich, of Ketchikan Lodge. In the singles competition, Frank Metcalf of Juneau Lodge defeated Mr. Ziegler by five pins and M. J. McDonald of Anchorage Lodge by forty-four pins. The several events of the Congress were witnessed by the public, which paid to attend, as well as by resident and visiting Elks. On the Saturday evening of the last day of the meet, the bowling committee of Ketchikan held a dance.

### **Lawrence H. Rupp Guest of Shamokin, Pa., Lodge at Big Banquet**

Shamokin, Pa., Lodge, No. 355, was host a short time ago to Lawrence H. Rupp, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Among the 150 guests at the banquet given to the visitor was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George E. Rothermel, of Pennsylvania, North Central. Exalted Ruler W. H. Culton, of Shamokin Lodge, was master of ceremonies and introduced Mr. Rupp and Mr. Rothermel, both of whom delivered addresses.

### **New York State Association President Is Guest of Queens Borough Lodge**

The President of the New York State Elks Association, William T. Phillips, was the guest of honor recently at a dinner given by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, in its Home at Elmhurst. The President, in his address, expressed pleasure at finding Queens Borough Lodge in such excellent condition and wished it a continuance of that state of affairs. Other speakers were Philip Clancy, Secretary of the State Association, of Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346; and Thomas F. Cuite, Vice-President, New York, Southeast. In conclusion, James T. Hallinan, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and who serves also as Trustee of Queens Borough Lodge, presented to President Phillips, on behalf of the Lodge mem-





H. C. ASHBY

bership, a token of its esteem. This was accepted by President Phillips with thanks. He recalled the fact that he had been one of the three who had signed the original application for the charter of Queens Borough Lodge and declared that for that reason especially he was gratified to realize the friendship still continued.

### **Manila, P. I., Lodge Entertains Past Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin**

Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, has been host recently to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, whose tour around the world with Mrs. Benjamin and their daughter has included a six weeks' sojourn in the Philippines. Both the arrival and the stay of Mr. Benjamin and his family were made occasions for celebration by the members of Manila Lodge. The travelers were met at the dock by a large delegation of Elks; and at an initiation soon after the advent of the Past Grand Exalted Ruler to the Islands the Lodge turned out in a body to greet him officially and to hear him speak. Following this second occasion, a special social session was held in Mr. Benjamin's honor.

### **District Deputy's Call at Middletown, N. Y., Lodge Draws Host of Visitors**

Two hundred and forty members of the Order, representing eleven Lodges, were present at Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, a short time ago when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jacob A. Decker visited there officially. Of the number in attendance, fifty were an escort of honor to the District Deputy from his own Lodge, Newburgh, No. 247. Other visitors came from Hackensack, Dover and Ridgewood,

N. J., and from Kingston, Haverstraw, Freeport, Port Jervis, Monticello, and Liberty, N. Y., Lodges. Among the many who were stirred by Mr. Decker's address to Middletown Lodge's members and their guests was William F. Edelmuth, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association for New York, East Central.

### **Paterson, N. J., Lodge Buys Additional Property for Extension**

Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, bought recently a piece of property on Van Houten Street, giving it, with other adjacent holdings, frontage of 125 feet on that street. No definite plans for extension have as yet been determined, but it is expected that some arrangement will be made in the immediate future. This property had been leased to a concern on a fifteen years' option to buy if the price could be agreed upon.

### **Bronx, N. Y., Elks Return Visit Of New York, N. Y., Lodge**

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, returned a short time ago the visit which New York Lodge, No. 1, made last December. The number of guests included not only the officers of Bronx Lodge, but also its championship drill team, which, before the initiation ceremonies, gave an exhibition of manoeuvres. The officers of Bronx Lodge conducted the exercises of inducting the candidates, one of them in behalf of Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151. After the formal and the informal meetings of the members of the two Lodges, it was determined to make the interchange of visits between them an annual event.

### **Pascagoula, Miss., Lodge Entertains Letter Men of Football Team**

Pascagoula, Miss., Lodge, No. 1120, was host to letter men of the Pascagoula and Moss Point High School football teams a short time ago at a banquet given in their honor at the Lodge Home. A dinner was served for seventy-two persons by the ladies of the Civic League. A program of music was rendered during the progress of the meal, and afterwards a dance was held for the young people in the banquet hall of the Home.

### **Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge Hears Address By District Deputy on Official Visit**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin, of New York, Southeast, gave recently an address on his official visit to Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1323. District Deputy Navin's visit was greatly enjoyed by the officers and members of Patchogue Lodge, who were stirred both by the subject of his speech and the manner of its delivery.

### **Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Pays Visit to Stockton Elks**

Officers and members of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, made a fraternal visit, a short time ago, to Stockton Lodge, No. 218, where they were entertained with two banquets, one before and one after the Lodge meeting, and by professional musicians brought from San Francisco for the occasion. The initiatory work was conducted by officers of Sacramento Lodge. The trip was made by autobus.

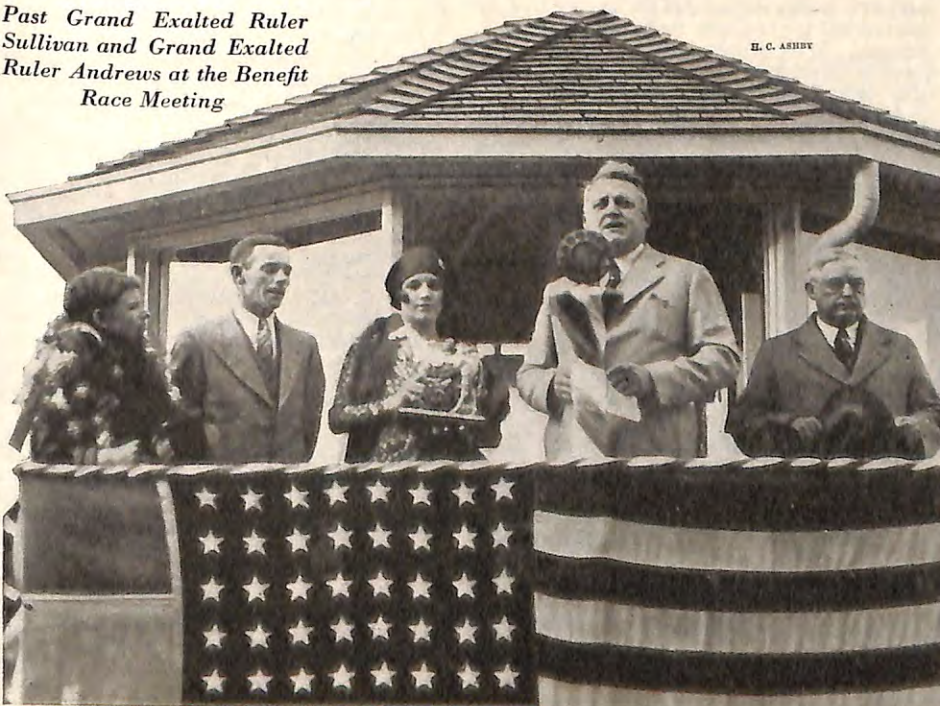
### **Past Exalted Rulers' Association Formed at Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge**

Former heads of Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge, No. 262, recently formed a Past Exalted Rulers' Association, according to an announcement made by Past Exalted Ruler M. T. Woods, Chairman of the Association. The active membership included all Past Exalted Rulers living in Sioux Falls, with the exception of Representative C. A. Christopherson, whose government duties required his presence in Washington.

### **Warning Issued Against Bearer Of Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge Card**

S. G. Bryan, Secretary of McAlester, Okla., Lodge, No. 533, reported recently that a man carrying the membership card of Frank B. Howe, of Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge, No. 646, had obtained loans from the Lodge under false pretenses. Other data on the card are these: Card No. 53, Santa Rosa, Calif., 1929-30, No. 4092; signed, Walter Nagle, Secretary; showing dues paid to March 1, 1930; card bears the Los Angeles Grand Lodge stamp on it; the bearer's address is given as 1003 G. Avenue, Douglas, Ariz. In addition to the Elks card, the man, who presented himself at McAlester Lodge with a woman, carried American Legion Card No. 23742, 1929, No. 21, and signed Carl A. Sawyer. When McAlester Lodge inquired about the man from Santa Rosa Lodge, Secretary Bryan reports that the California Lodge stated it had had complaints of a similar nature from San

**Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan and Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews at the Benefit Race Meeting**



H. C. ASHBY



Bernardino Lodge, No. 836, and Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, in California; and from San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216. Santa Rosa Lodge has preferred charges against this person.

### **Harrisburg, Pa., Elks Entertain District Deputy at Dinner**

Before the opening of the meeting at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George H. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, Southeast, paid his official visit a short time ago to Harrisburg Pa., Lodge, No. 12, the members of the Lodge gave a dinner in his honor. At the formal session which followed, the District Deputy remarked upon the large attendance incident to his visit and made a number of suggestions regarded as directly helpful. The evening concluded with supper in the grill room of the Home.

### **Yankton, S. D., Lodge Holds Successful Charity Fund Carnival**

Yankton, S. D., Lodge, No. 994, held recently its first annual Elks Carnival for the Charity Fund. The affair was well attended, despite the unusual below-zero weather, and a gratifying amount was cleared for the fund during the five days of the show. A paper was printed, the Home was transformed into a miniature county fair, with many and varied booths, and several interesting prizes were offered.

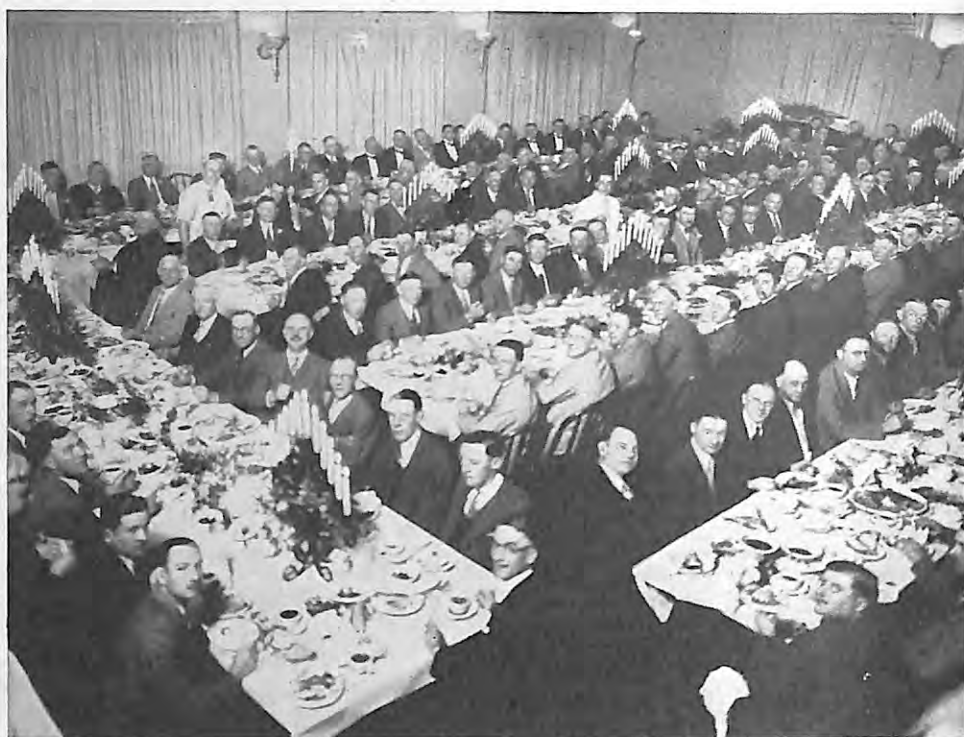
### **Members of Six Lodges at Initiation of Peekskill, N. Y., Elks**

At a recent session, Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, received and entertained District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher, New York, East. He was accompanied by delegations from Mount Vernon, Yonkers, New Rochelle, Ossining, Beacon, and Mount Kisco Lodges. At the conclusion of the meeting, the twenty-eighth anniversary of the Lodge's institution was observed in the social hall of the Home.

### **Hillsdale, Mich., Lodge Is Instituted By District Deputy Pengelly**

Hillsdale, Mich., Lodge, No. 1575, was instituted recently, with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Bradford Pengelly, of Michigan, East, presiding over the ceremonies. Lansing Lodge, No. 196, conducted the opening exercises and Jackson Lodge, No. 113, those of initiation. The District Deputy, and Past Exalted Ruler Edward S. Piggins, of Detroit Lodge, No. 34, addressed the members of the newly instituted Lodge, visiting delegations from Lansing Lodge, Coldwater Lodge, No. 1023, and those from Detroit and Jackson Lodges. Entertainment was provided by three quartettes from Lansing, Jackson and Detroit Lodges, and amusement by the work of Jackson Lodge's "Red Degree Team." To the new Lodge, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, Exalted Ruler Burt P. White and Secretary Joseph S. Creedon, of Detroit Lodge; and Exalted Ruler Paul V. Gadola and Secretary Walter T.

*The new Home of Hobart, Okla., Lodge, No. 881*



*The recent "Birthday Dinner" of Oxnard, Calif., Lodge, No. 1443, at which District Deputy Reynolds was present*

Metzger, of Flint Lodge, No. 222, sent messages of congratulation. The members of Hillsdale Lodge elected W. R. Meyer Exalted Ruler and Denis J. Clancy Secretary.

### **Madison, N. J., Lodge Enjoys Official Visit of District Deputy**

Madison, N. J., Lodge, No. 1465, recently received the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George G. Falkenburg, of New Jersey, Northwest. He was greeted with a fine reception and completely won the confidence and respect of the officers and members of Madison Lodge as well as the visitors from Summit Lodge, No. 1246, and Nutley Lodge, No. 1290. The District Deputy declared that the initiatory work, as exemplified by the officers of Madison Lodge, was particularly well executed.

### **Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge to Receive Large Income from Charity**

Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge, No. 309, will receive an annuity, the exact figure of which is not yet known, composed of the income from an amount left to the Lodge by the late George W. Trimble. It is reported that the Lodge will probably receive at least \$15,000 per year, and after Mrs. Trimble's death the income may be as much as \$40,000. Mr. Trimble was a pioneer banker of Colorado Springs, and though he left

there to live in Seattle, thirty years ago, he returned lately to visit friends and relatives. No conditions are attached to the bequest except that the money accruing to it as a result of the will must be used for charitable purposes.

### **District Deputy Chapman Visits Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge**

Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge, No. 312, officially received District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. L. Chapman, Iowa, Northeast, at a meeting held recently. Following a dinner, the Lodge meeting was held and speeches were given by several of the visitors. District Deputy Chapman spoke in praise of the work done by the officers in initiating the candidates.

### **Alameda, Calif., Elks Return Call Of San Francisco Lodge Members**

The officers and a host of other members of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, were the guests recently of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3. This was in return for an earlier entertainment of the San Francisco Elks by Alameda Lodge. The members of both units of the Order gathered before the meeting in the Home of San Francisco Lodge for dinner. Initiatory ceremonies were conducted later by the officers of Alameda Lodge. Following the exercises, a buffet supper was served.

### **Memphis, Tenn., Lodge Visited by District Deputy McGlathery**

Twelve candidates were initiated into Memphis, Tenn., Lodge, No. 27, at a meeting held a short time ago, which was honored by the official presence of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. W. McGlathery, Tennessee, West. Memphis Lodge was congratulated by District Deputy McGlathery upon its ritualistic work and the progress it is making.

### **Past Exalted Rulers' Association Holds Meeting at Reading, Pa.**

The annual meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of Pennsylvania, Southeast, was held recently at Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115. At the gathering was Past Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp of Allentown Lodge, No. 130, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. As a token of esteem members from Pottstown Lodge, No. 814, decided after the meeting to name in honor of Mr. Rupp, the new Pottstown Lodge membership class for him. This will be known as the "Lawrence H. Rupp" Class.



### **Bellingham, Wash., Lodge Visited by District Deputy Macfarlane**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert S. Macfarlane of Washington, Northwest, recently made his official visit to Bellingham Lodge, No. 194. He was accompanied by John C. Slater, Third Vice-President of the Washington State Elks Association. The District Deputy complimented the Lodge on its welfare work and the fraternal spirit of its members. A program of entertainment was attended later by the District Deputy and members of the Lodge.

### **Newark, N. J., Elks Elect Secretary To Succeed the Late R. P. Rooney**

To fill the post of Secretary, left vacant a short time before by the death of Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, recently elected Edward A. Reilly. The choice was a popular one, although feeling was sobered by the memory of the loss of Mr. Rooney.

### **Elks from Three States Meet District Deputy Visiting Ensley, Ala., Lodge**

Visitors from Lodges as distant as Michigan and Pennsylvania, as well as a number from other parts of Alabama, were present at Ensley, Ala., Lodge, No. 987, upon the occasion, recently, of the official visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ben Mendelsohn, of Alabama, North. From the District Deputy's own Lodge, Birmingham, No. 79, came a large delegation. In attendance, too, were members of Bessemer, Ala.; Ionia, Mich.; and Kittanning, Pa., Lodges. For the manner in which the ceremonies of initiation were conducted and for the management of the affairs of Ensley Lodge, Mr. Mendelsohn voiced his commendation. The adjournment of the Lodge session was followed by an informal social gathering, two features of which were a violin and piano duet by members of the Lodge, and a hot buffet supper.

### **Pendleton, Ore., Elks Institute New Lodge of Antlers**

The officers of Pendleton, Ore., Lodge, No. 288, at a recent meeting, instituted a Lodge of Antlers. Immediately after the initiation, the Antlers held their election. Permission was granted Pendleton Lodge a short time ago by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews to institute this Lodge of Junior Elks.

### **La Junta, Colo., Lodge Entertains District Deputy Bromley**

For the entertainment of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George C. Bromley, of Colorado, Central, after his official inspection

recently of La Junta, Colo., Lodge, No. 701, the members of that unit of the Order held an athletic show. Mr. Bromley's visit was occasioned by an agreement with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. C. Todd, of Colorado, South, and a member of La Junta Lodge, to exchange official calls. The events of the day, a holiday, began in the morning with the initiation of an exceptionally large class of candidates. In the afternoon, Mr. Bromley, together with the delegation from his own, Victor Lodge, No. 367, and other visiting Elks from Canon City Lodge, No. 610, witnessed an exhibition of boxing and wrestling; and in the evening both the guests and their hosts, accompanied by their ladies, attended a banquet and dance in the Harvey House.

### **Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Is Host To Huntington Park Elks**

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, was host recently to a delegation of members from Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415. The visitors were headed by Esteemed Leading Knight Habenstreet and Past Exalted Ruler Ross Bartlett. The members of both the Lodges were well entertained and favorable comments were made upon the fraternal spirit which exists between the two.

### **District Deputy Praises Work of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge**

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George H. Johnston, Pennsylvania, Southeast, made his official visit to Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, he was accompanied by Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association Edward Morris, who, with him, saw twenty candidates initiated. The ceremonial exercises won commendation from the District Deputy.

### **Home of Hobart, Okla., Lodge Is One Of Most Modern in Its State**

The Home of Hobart, Okla., Lodge, No. 881, formally opened not long ago, is one of the most modern and pleasantly appointed in its state. A two-story structure of brick, faced with light gray stone, it stands upon a corner of two of the principal business streets of the city. The first floor is occupied by a business concern. The second floor houses the Lodge, with quarters comprising a commodious Lodge room, a guests' parlor, a ladies' room, a lounge room, showers and bathrooms. All the rooms are finished in the highest grade wood-work, the floors are of maple and the arrangement of the furniture has been well carried out. The enterprise of Hobart Lodge, reflected by the appearance of the Home, has made it a force in its community for welfare and social activities.

### **Batavia, N. Y., Lodge Is Visited By District Deputy**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John H. Burns, of New York, West, and Adolph C. Kudel, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association for New York, West, paid their official visits to Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950, at a meeting held recently. Also attending as a guest of Batavia Lodge was Past State President D. Curtis Gano, a member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee. The District Deputy and the Vice-President complimented the officers of Batavia Lodge upon their work. Following the Lodge meeting a lunch was served.

### **Robert T. Jones, Golf Champion, Is Initiated Into Atlanta, Ga., Lodge**

Robert T. Jones, American golf champion, and O. B. Keeler, sporting editor of the Atlanta Journal and a great friend of Mr. Jones's, were among a class of fourteen candidates initiated recently into Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78. The applications of Mr. Jones and Mr. Keeler for membership were submitted to the Lodge by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, who had hoped to be present at the ceremonies of inducting these famous Atlantans and their fellow classmates into the Order. Official duties elsewhere prevented this, but the Grand Exalted Ruler telegraphed his congratulations to the initiates from St. Petersburg, Fla., where he then was.

### **District Deputy Visits His Own Lodge, Wilmington, O., Lodge**

When Wilmington, O., Lodge, No. 797, a short time ago welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. C. Nichols, a member of the Lodge, upon the occasion of his official visit of inspection, there were present in addition to the officers and two hundred members of Wilmington Lodge, the Exalted Rulers of six neighboring Lodges and visiting members representing nine other units of the Order in the southwest part of Ohio. After the initiation ceremonies, a banquet was held, at which all the visiting officers spoke.

### **Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Gives Dinner to State Association President**

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, held a banquet recently in honor of William T. Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association. The occasion was one which gathered together not only a number of the members of Bronx and nearby Lodges, and active officers of the State Association, but also brought about a reunion of many of the Association's former officers. The principal speech of the evening was by Mr. Phillips, who praised Bronx Lodge for its progress and its effort in behalf of the ideals of the Order. To this commendation Past Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly, of Bronx Lodge, responded with an expression of the esteem in which Mr. Phillips was held, and presented to him a gift, as a token of it.

### **Union Hill, N. J., Lodge Children's Clinic Has Treated 14,000**

In the seven years since its foundation, the Crippled Children's Clinic of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, has treated more than 14,000 cases for the alleviation or cure of deformities in underprivileged boys and girls. This was made public recently in a report issued by John M. Bussow, chairman of the original and the present committees. Since January, 1923, when the clinics were instituted, 333 of them have been held. Fifty-four operations have been performed and eighty-five casts and appliances have been provided. Cooperating with the Lodge regularly in this enterprise for relief have been Dr. A. Urevitz and the institution with which he is associated, the Hospital for Joint Diseases, in New York; and the police departments of Union City, West New York, Guttenberg, Weehawken, Secaucus, Cliffside and North Bergen, which have furnished transportation for the little patients. The Fidelity Guild likewise has rendered valuable assistance. A noteworthy occasion early in the history of the clinics was the

(Continued on page 67)



The bowling team of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351, which traveled 2,400 miles to play





- GDOM STUDIO

## The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

### Mr. Andrews Calls Upon Southern Lodges

**A**FTER the series of calls upon Lodges in and near New York City, which was reported in the February issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, the Grand Exalted Ruler, with Mrs. Andrews, returned to his home in Atlanta, Ga. He set out again just after the first of the year, in southern Florida. His first stop entailed literally a flying trip to call upon Key West Lodge, No. 551, in company with Colonel Robert A. Gordon, Past Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Exalted Ruler John Cavanagh, Secretary L. F. McCready, Past Exalted Ruler D. J. Heffernan and Henry Berg of Miami Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler flew by seaplane from Miami to Key West, arriving late in the afternoon. A delegation from Key West Lodge met him and his escort at the air station landing and conducted them to their hotel, where they were entertained until time for the meeting. Mr. Andrews's speech before the Lodge stimulated all who heard him to a high degree of enthusiasm. Briefer and subsequent talks by Mr. Cavanagh, Colonel Gordon, Mr. McCready and Judge Heffernan were cordially received. An event of the session was the vote to subscribe \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation. A smoker followed

the session. The Grand Exalted Ruler returned to Miami the next morning by plane.

For Fort Lauderdale Lodge, No. 1517, to which he journeyed from Miami on the evening of January 7, the Grand Exalted Ruler had an exceptional amount of praise. "In size, activity, and work accomplished," he said at the banquet in his honor at the Howard Hotel, before the meeting of the Lodge, "the Fort Lauderdale Elks Lodge is one of the outstanding chapters of the Benevolent Order in the entire United States." At this affair in his honor, Mr. Andrews and his delegations of escort from Miami, Lake Worth and West Palm Beach Lodges, were welcomed to Fort Lauderdale by Mayor Thomas E. Hoskins. Exalted Ruler Louis F. Maire, of Fort Lauderdale Lodge, was toastmaster of the occasion. Distinguished members of the Order present also were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edwin Baker, Harold Cole, President of the Florida State Elks Association; and Exalted Ruler John Cavanagh, of Miami Lodge.

The dinner was attended by a gathering of 150 Elks. At the meeting of the Lodge which followed, more than 400 were present.

Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews (left) at the dedication ceremonies at the Home of Ft. Pierce, Fla., Lodge No. 1520. The blimp Vigilant (below) as it carried the Grand Exalted Ruler over St. Petersburg, Fla., before his visit to the Elks of that city



JOHN LODWICK

In token of its being the day of Mr. Andrews's stay in Miami chosen for his visit to the Lodge there, the municipal authorities designated the following day, January 8, as Elks Day. East Flagler Street was decorated with flags, and electric lights, in colors, were strung across the thoroughfare. The Home of the Lodge, too, was gaily arrayed in bunting of purple and white, and flags. The meeting, an impressive part of which was the initiation of thirty-three candidates, was thrilled by the Grand Exalted Ruler's eulogy of the Order's readiness and wholeheartedness in giving and helping others. The Lodge voted later to appropriate \$1,000 as a contribution to the National Foundation. A second distinguished guest was Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener. A buffet supper, with excellent entertainment in the course of it, concluded the evening's events.

From Miami, the following evening, January 9, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his suite motored to the Home of West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352, where the members of that and of Lake Worth Lodge, No. 1530, welcomed the visitors at a banquet. The delegation of reception included Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edwin Baker, Secretary of the Florida State Elks Association; and Exalted Ruler J. E. Hardwick, of West Palm Beach Lodge. The Lake Worth Lodge harmonica band, a feature of the entertainment during dinner, was roundly applauded; and the uniformed patrol of the same Lodge, at the meeting later, provided a striking escort of honor to the Grand Exalted

(Continued on page 72)

## News of the State Associations

### Washington

**T**HE Washington State Elks Association, at its recent mid-winter meeting at the Home of Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, voted to establish the care and treatment of crippled children in the state as the principal objective of the Association. The program designed to carry out this resolution calls for a year-round application to this welfare work, culminating in a Crippled Children's Week. Other and contributory elements in the plan are a support of the orthopedic hospitals and a continued maintenance of the Crippled Children's Convalescent Home, a request that the Exalted Ruler of every member Lodge of the Association appoint a crippled children's committee to work in cooperation with the Association, and a suggestion that effort be made to enlist, as allies in the enterprise, women's organizations affiliated with the Elks. The plan was outlined in a series of resolutions presented by Past District Deputy A. W. Swanson, chairman of the Social

and Community Welfare Committee. Further business transacted at the meeting included approval of the award to Anacortes Lodge, No. 1204, of the next intersectional meeting of the Lodges. One of the principal speakers of the occasion was Walter F. Meier, Justice of the Grand Forum. The delegates were welcomed to Everett Lodge by its Exalted Ruler, Herbert P. Knudson; and were the guests later of the Lodge at a turkey dinner at the Monte Cristo Hotel.

### Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia

**T**HE officers and committee members of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association decided, at a meeting recently at the Home of Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, to hold the Association's annual three-day convention in August, at Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817. John B. Berger, President of the Association, presided

at the meeting, before which the delegates to it were the hosts at dinner of Wilmington Lodge and after which they were entertained by the Elks orchestra.

### Indiana

**F**RED C. CUNNINGHAM, of Martinsville, Ind., Lodge, No. 1349, President of the Indiana State Elks Association, announced at the recent mid-winter meeting of its officers, at the Home of Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13, the list of committee appointments for the Association for the coming year. The names of the chairmen of these committees follow: Social and Community Welfare, B. E. Stahl, Terre Haute Lodge, No. 86; Lapsation, Richard Burke, LaFayette Lodge, No. 143; Laws, Clyde Hunter, Gary Lodge, No. 1152; Distribution, L. E. Rinehart, Shelbyville Lodge, No. 457; Auditing, Frank Flanagan, Columbus Lodge, No. 37; Meeting of Association, Richard Burke; Credentials, W. W. Surrendorf, Logansport

(Continued on page 66)





ATLANTIC PHOTO SERVICE

*The interior of the world's largest auditorium, in Atlantic City, where the Grand Exalted Ruler will review the Grand Lodge convention parade*

# 1930 Grand Lodge Convention At Atlantic City

## Bulletin No. 3

**M**ANY and varied as are the allurements held out by Atlantic City to the mighty hosts that sweep down annually upon its gleaming shores, the smoothly functioning organization at work on the arrangements for the Sixty-sixth National Convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is reaching out and beyond these attractions in their efforts to make the 1930 Reunion of the Antlered Herd memorable and enjoyable.

To all Lodges and individual sportsmen affiliated with these Lodges are to be offered many valuable prizes in competitions now being arranged by the Convention Committee. These awards, which will be in the form of cash and trophies, are to be announced in subsequent issues of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The Convention Committee desires to impress upon every Lodge and every Lodge member the vital importance of arranging immediately for hotel accommodations. There are 1,200 hotels in Atlantic City, and among them are included the largest and most luxurious resort hotels in the land, but the Convention comes in July, when this health and pleasure resort begins to draw heavily upon the great human reservoir lying almost at its portals, and in order to make assurance doubly sure, no time should be lost in the important regard of hotel reservations.

Write for hotel accommodations to Convention Headquarters, at 122 South Virginia Avenue, and your communications will be accorded prompt and courteous attention.

Another important consideration lies in the absolute necessity that all Elks in attendance at the Convention be provided with paid-up cards. It is essential also that the wives, mothers and daughters of all members have them. No registration will be accepted from an Elk or his ladies, and no coupon books will be issued to them at the Sixty-sixth National Convention unless they provide incontrovertible proof that they are in good standing in their home Lodges.

For the guidance of Lodges and members thereof in preparing for the many competitive features of the Convention, there follows a digest of rules governing the various contests:

### Rules Governing Band Contest

No band will be eligible to compete in the contest unless each of its members has a B. P. O. Elks membership card, showing that all dues have been paid up to date, and they must be their own membership cards and signed with their own signatures.

Bands shall be divided into two classes, A and B respectively. Class A Bands to be composed of at least thirty-five musicians. Class B Bands to be composed of not less than twenty-five musicians.

No Atlantic City bands will be allowed to compete for prizes.

The position of each band in the contest will be decided by lot immediately before the contest.

Each band will be allowed to play a number of its own selection, not to consume more than five minutes of time, to be followed by the official contest number.

Judges will be competent and experienced band men, and are to be selected by the Grand Lodge Convention Contests Committee.

Points for rating on a basis of ten points for each of the following: 1—intonation, 2—tone, 3—tempo, 4—balance, 5—attack, 6—expression and phrasing, 7—instrumentation, 8—appearance, 9—leadership, 10—deportment.

Contest numbers: Class A: Overture—"1812"—Tchaikowsky. Class B: Overture—"Raymond"—Von Suppe. Arr. by Meyerelles. In the event of a tie, the two leading bands will play: Class A: Overture—"Mignon"—Thomas. Arr. by Tobanni. Class B: Overture—"Orpheus"—Offenbach. Arr. by Laurendeau.

Entry—Entry shall be made on a prescribed form to the Executive Secretary of the Grand Lodge Convention Committee, 122 South Virginia Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey, not later than June 28, 1930. Entries received after that date cannot be considered.

### Drill Team Contest Rules

The competitive drill for Elks Drill Corps will be held in a suitable place to be announced later.

The competition will take place on Wednesday at 2 P.M., July 8, 1930, during the Sixty-sixth Grand Lodge Convention.

Entry—Entry shall be made on a prescribed form to the Executive Secretary of the Grand Lodge Convention Committee, 122 South Virginia Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey, not later than June 28, 1930. Entries received after that date cannot be considered.

Teams—No team will be eligible to compete in the contest unless each of its members has a B. P. O. E. membership card showing that all dues have been paid up to date, and they must be their own membership cards and signed with their own signatures.

Class A. The Class A teams shall consist of more than twenty-four men, not including guides, file closers, and one leader.

Class B. The Class B teams shall consist of twenty-four men or less, not including guides, file closers, and one leader.

Order of Drill—The officer in charge of teams competing shall meet with the Drill-team Committee prior to the drill and draw for place. Captains of drill teams will not be permitted to visit with the judges prior to the contest.

Uniform and Equipment—The style and color of uniforms and kind of equipment carried shall be optional with each team, and the equipment may be omitted if desired.

Inspection—Each team shall be inspected on the grounds by the captain, supervised by the judges. The kind and style of inspection and formation used shall be optional with each captain, except that the time limit on same shall be five minutes. The judges shall not consider the expense of uniforms, but the presence or absence of equipment shall be credited for or against said team.

Length of Drill—Each shall be allowed fifteen minutes for drill, exclusive of inspection, commencing and ending at a signal from the judges, but the team will be allowed to complete an unfinished movement before leaving the field, without penalty.

Cadence—Cadence to be optional with each commanding officer, but must be uniform throughout the drill, to be checked at least three times during the drill by the timekeeper appointed for the purpose.

Style of Drill—The movements may be either  
(Continued on page 57)





## The Elks Magazine Purple and White Fleet

*Four New Viking Eights, the First to Leave Seattle April 28th, Will Travel Across The Continent Bearing a Message of Prosperity and Fraternal Good-Will, and Arrive in Atlantic City for the Opening of the 66th Grand Lodge Convention in July*

**P**LANs are rapidly nearing completion for THE ELKS MAGAZINE-Viking Prosperity Tour.

This epoch-making enterprise calls for a trip across the four continental highways of our country by the 1930 Purple and White Fleet of four motor cars, driven by members of THE ELKS MAGAZINE staff. The cars will start from Seattle, Wash., and other Western cities, and drive eastward, calling on the way upon Elks Lodges wherever possible, and spreading throughout the nation enthusiastic interest in the annual convention of the Order next July, at Atlantic City, N. J.

The tour, moreover, will present an opportunity to support the efforts of our President and his Cabinet in their efforts to stabilize business and spread confidence in the fundamental soundness of economic conditions. It will afford a means of disseminating faith and reassurance not only among the hundreds of thousands of the membership of the Order, but also among the millions who people the cities

through which the fleet of striking purple and white Viking cars will pass.

This is the second cruise of the Purple and White fleet. The first, undertaken last year, was so successful in every respect that its sponsors determined immediately thereafter to make it an annual event.

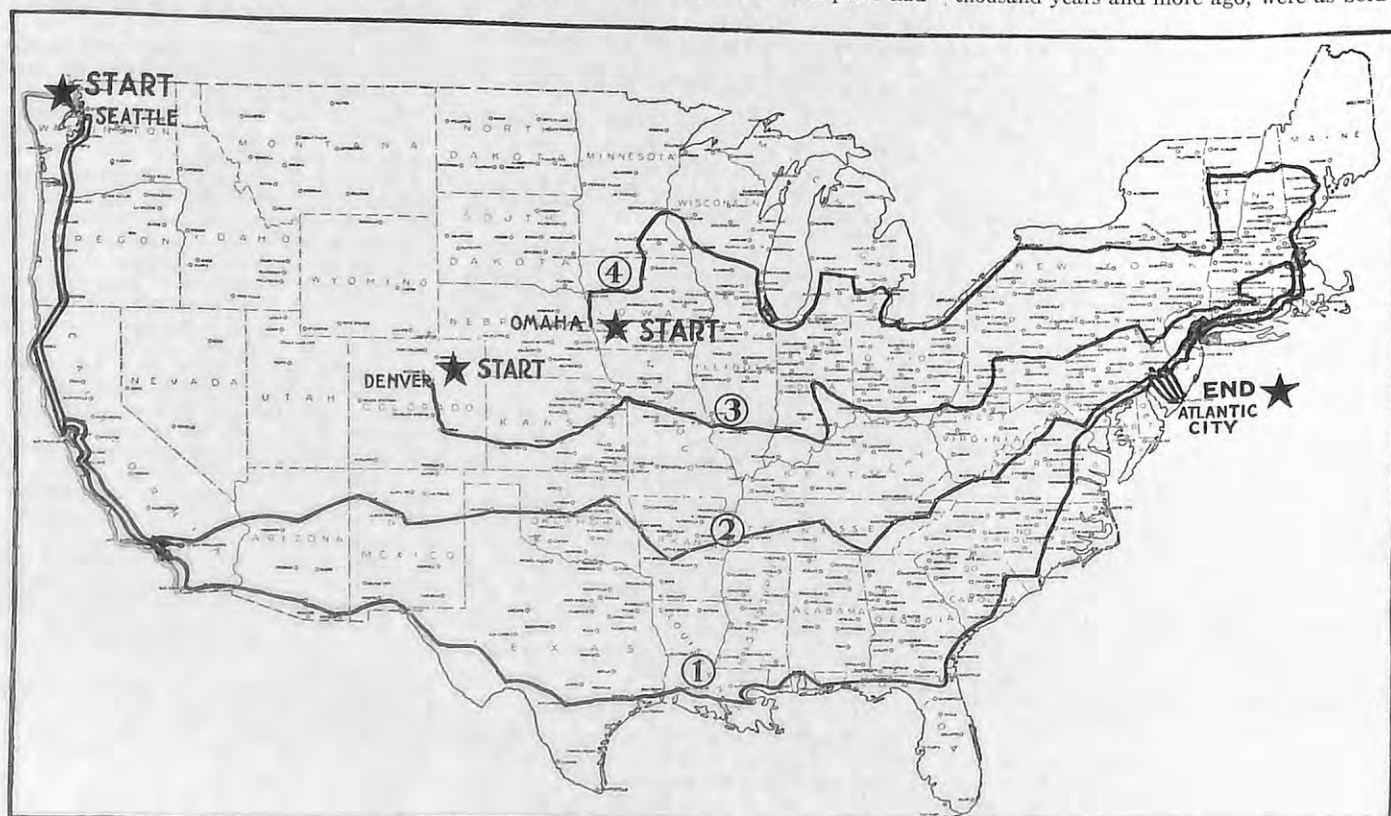
This year, as in 1929, these cars, emblematic of good-will and prosperity, will be driven by four members of THE ELKS MAGAZINE staff. The pilots will be thoroughly conversant with the plans for the 66th Grand Lodge Convention, and will, it is hoped, cement even more firmly the cordial relationship which has always existed between the Magazine and those to whose interests it is devoted, the members of the Order.

The organization of a nation-wide tour of this kind naturally requires months of thought and preparation, and the details to be handled are multitudinous. It was but a part of the working out of arrangements to map a schedule which would permit visits to the greatest possible number of Lodges. Equal care and pains had

to be given the consideration of the vehicles by which our representatives might make this long and grueling journey.

It was, therefore, necessary to select for transportation cars which, besides having those essential qualities of beauty and speed, had also the outstanding virtue of sturdiness. And, in addition to the requirements of utility, we felt that the very nature of the tour, its purpose and its mission, merited the use of motor cars which should reflect the very latest and finest in engineering and design. After months of study and investigation, our committee of research and trial unanimously selected the Viking Eight, the newest and most modern car produced by the Olds Motor Works, a unit of General Motors Corporation.

The name Viking was selected as the most appropriate for the new car from among more than 100 suggestions. The original Vikings, that magnificent race of Norsemen who ranged the Atlantic, from Greenland to Spain and America a thousand years and more ago, were as bold and







*The quartet of Viking Eights, which soon are to visit hundreds of Lodges in the course of their journey to Atlantic City, lined up before the General Motors Building in Detroit*

courageous a set of pioneers and conquerors as the world has ever known. They were the undisputed masters of the northern seas, and of much of Europe. In the bright lexicon of the Viking youth was one paramount quality—ruggedness. Of the Vikings, as of the Spartans, it is told that if a child appeared weak at birth it was left to die of exposure in the wilderness. Infants below the physical standards of the race might be born, but they were not allowed to live. Strength with these men of the north was an essential of existence, and from infancy onward they were trained for it.

The qualities of this now vanished race of Vikings are emphasized by those who are now bringing into being the new race of Viking motor cars. They must, before all else, stand up under the most severe strain. They must stand the test, of long, fast runs, of pulling through waxy mud, or jolting over the stoniest and most deeply rutted roads. They must meet the weather conditions of heat and cold, and the barometric variations of high and low altitudes.

**T**HIS new type of automobile has been almost universally discussed and its appearance looked forward to, for it represents the achievement, in the medium-priced field, of a car with a characteristic hitherto confined to and associated only with motors of the distinctly costly class. This characteristic, or feature, is the ninety-degree, V-type motor. It is found on cars of a more expensive sort made by the same company, but not until recently have its producers succeeded in devising means to include it in an automobile of moderate cost. The V-type motor, in banks of four cylinders, the two banks placed at right angles to each other, permits a shortening and, consequently, a rendering more rigid, of the crankshaft. As an engineering principle it has long been recognized as of unusual advantage. The difficulty has been to apply the principle in a car within the reach of the man who would rather not put too much money into one machine. The announcement, on the part of General Motors that a car offering this especial sturdiness of construction was soon to be produced, therefore aroused a widespread interest in it and a keen curiosity to view it.

It was consideration of these properties of the Viking Eight which prompted the representatives of THE ELKS MAGAZINE to seek a number of them for the arduous task of transcontinental travel. More expensive cars of course could have been utilized. But those in charge of the

organization of this year's tour in behalf of the Grand Lodge Convention felt that if they could find automobiles which at the same time would fulfill their needs and would prove in themselves of special interest to the many thousands of Elks to be encountered, because of the moderation of their cost, these machines would be better suited to the purpose than would more costly makes.

The tours of the member-cars of the Purple and White Fleet will this year be arranged somewhat differently from those last year. In 1929, it will be remembered, the four automobiles assembled in New York City and drove by their several routes, westward.

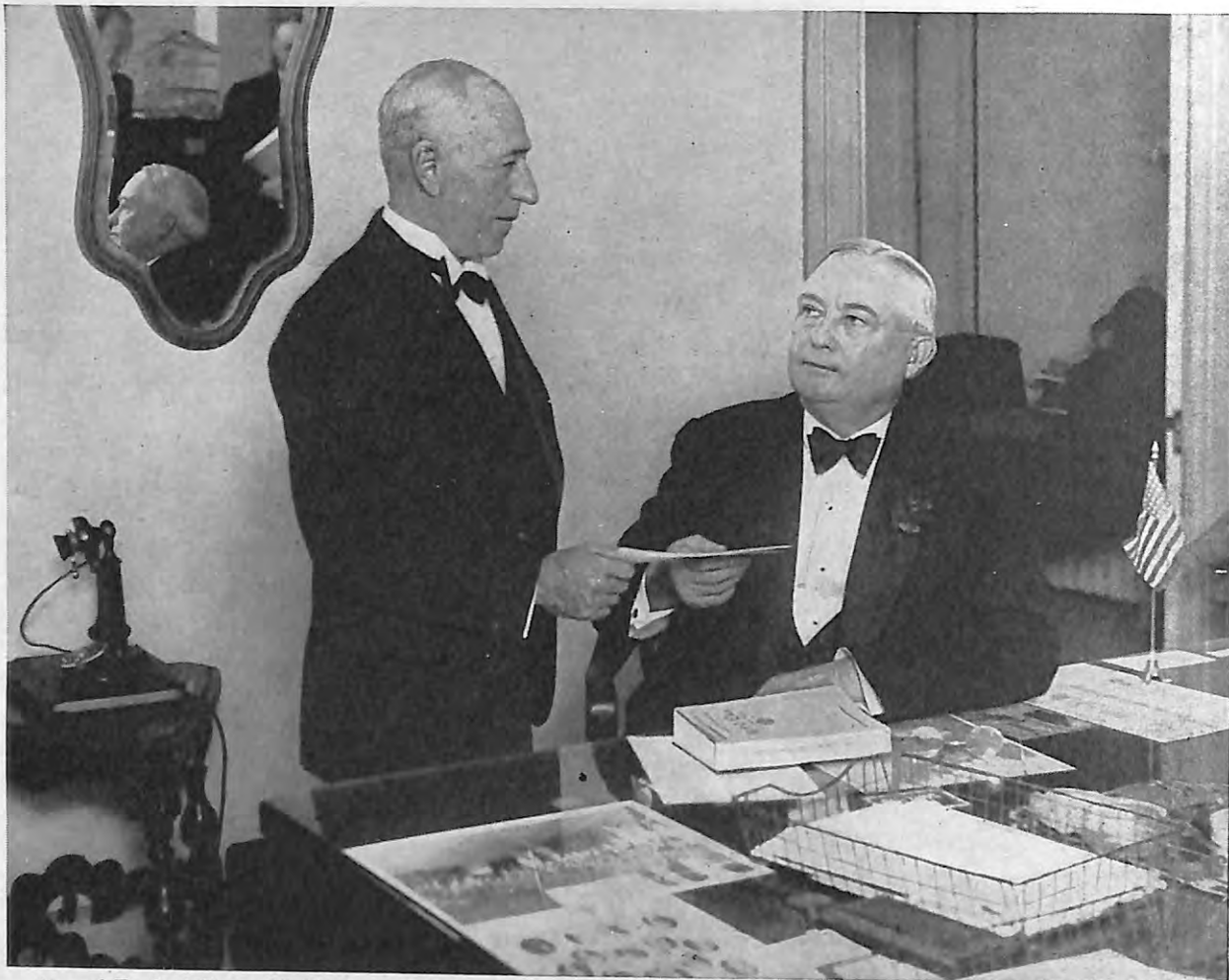
This year's tour of the Purple and White Fleet will, of course, be opposite in direction, inasmuch as the objective lies on the eastern instead of the western coast of the country.

The disposition of the cars at the outset of their tour will differ in another way than that of their direction from last year's. Whereas then all four began their journey from one city, this year the four will start from three different cities, arranging their schedules and starting times to make it possible for all to arrive in Atlantic City on the same day. Two of the four Viking Eights will, on April 28th, depart from Seattle, Washington; and a third will leave Denver, Colorado, for the eastern coast; and the fourth begins its trip along the northern-most route from Omaha, Nebraska. The reason for starting cars Nos. 3 and 4 from the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains is to allow them time to call upon the New England Lodges, which, last year, were not visited by the Purple and White Fleet.

The first leg of the journey that the two cars from Seattle will take will carry them south from that city as far as the scene of last year's convention, Los Angeles. This part of the trip they will make together. But at Los Angeles will come a parting of their ways. The first of the cars will, from that point, take the Old Trails route toward the east. This leads across Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, and so into New Orleans. From that point, skirting the Gulf coast, this car, No. 1, will proceed into Florida as far as Jacksonville and then strike northward, along the Atlantic seaboard, through South

Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia and the District of Columbia, and so on, through Philadelphia, to Atlantic City. The second of the cars from the extreme west will, from Los Angeles, go over the Santa Fe trail, paralleling for a good bit of the early part of its run the railroad route across Arizona and New Mexico. It will then pass into Oklahoma, cross the state into Arkansas, on a line leading through Little Rock, and so, through Tennessee, into northern Virginia to Washington, and from there proceed, as will its companion car, through Philadelphia to Atlantic City. The third car, departing from Denver, will take from there a northerly central route, which will carry it into Missouri at Kansas City and out of the state at St. Louis. From this city on the Mississippi, the way will lie through Louisville, Kentucky, and thence north to Indianapolis. After this the Viking will head southward to Cincinnati and along to Pittsburgh and so straight across Pennsylvania to northern New Jersey. It will not pass through New York City, but will traverse the Hudson by way of the Bear Mountain Bridge, then skirt the upper part of New York State into Connecticut, whence it will go to Boston and return from there, doubling in its tracks, to New York City. From that point it will run along the New Jersey coast road to Atlantic City. The fourth car, starting from Omaha, will take the northernmost route east. From the Nebraska city it will head upward toward Sioux City, Iowa, then north to Minneapolis and St. Paul, crossing the state of Wisconsin to Milwaukee and from there, along the shore line of Lake Michigan, proceed to Chicago. The way will lead north again from that city, rounding the toe of Lake Michigan and running into the interior of the State of Michigan as far as Grand Rapids. Thence the Viking will proceed into Detroit and, by way of the coast of Lake Erie, to Toledo and to Cleveland. It will enter New York State at a point near Buffalo and, after traveling along the upper margin of this division of the Union, penetrate into Vermont, going northward to Burlington, and into New Hampshire and so on to Maine as far as Bangor. After this the car will turn south and follow the New England coast line through Portland to Boston, where it will join Car No. 3 and accompany it on its return trip through Connecticut and Massachusetts to New York City and thence to Atlantic City. All four cars have arranged their schedules carefully to enable them to arrive in a group in time for the opening of the Convention.





Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews receiving from A. Feldman, member of Houston, Texas, Lodge, No. 151, a subscription of \$1,000 for an Honorary Founders' Certificate of the Elks National Foundation

# Elks National Foundation

## Bulletin

THE artist's drawing of the Honorary Founders' certificate of the Elks National Foundation has been completed, and is being studied by the Foundation Trustees. If approved, it will be etched on copper and printed on paper of superior quality so that it will be not only a certificate of honor, but also a beautiful picture symbolizing the noble purpose of the Foundation.

Thirty-three subordinate Lodges subscribed for Honorary Founders' certificates during the month of January—eleven of New York State, four of Massachusetts, four of Pennsylvania, and the balance spread throughout the country.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and the District Deputies of New York State have come to the assistance of the Foundation Trustees with such enthusiasm and energy that New York has taken the lead with 51 per cent. of its Lodges enrolled as subscribers for Honorary Founders' certificates.

The letters which come to this office indicate that the members of the Order are interested in the contest of the States for position in the honor list of the Foundation, and are studying the monthly bulletins in THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The percentages of Lodge enrollment of the leading States (having ten or more Lodges) are as follows: New York 51 per cent., Connecticut 46 per cent., Pennsylvania 21 per cent., Massachusetts 18 per cent., New Jersey 18 per cent., California 15 per cent., and Arizona 14 per cent.

It should not be overlooked that of the States and Territories having less than ten Lodges, Alaska shows 33 per cent. enrollment, and that of the other Lodges outside of the United States, all are enrolled except Hilo, Hawaii.

The reports of District Deputies give promise of favorable action by many Lodges before the end of the fiscal year, as a result of the work of committees appointed at the Lodge meeting at which the Elks National Foundation was made a special order of business. The Foundation Trustees urge the Past Exalted Rulers of each Lodge which is not a subscriber, to cooperate with the officers, so that ways and means may be devised to bring their Lodges into the honor roll of the Foundation.

The subscriptions and donations received during January follow:

	Annual Good Will Offering	Sub- scription	Payment
Arizona			
Phoenix, No. 335		\$1,000.00	\$100.00
California			
San Rafael, No. 1108		1,000.00	100.00
Edward S. King (Napa, No. 832)	\$10.00		10.00
Connecticut			
Norwalk, No. 709		1,000.00	100.00
Florida			
Key West, No. 551		1,000.00	100.00
Indiana			
Hartford City, No. 625		1,000.00	100.00
Hawaii			
Honolulu, No. 616		1,000.00	100.00
Iowa			
Dubuque, No. 297		200.00	20.00
Louisiana			
Edward Rightor (New Orleans, No. 30)		1,000.00	200.00
Maine			
Houlton, No. 835		1,000.00	100.00
Massachusetts			
Woburn, No. 908		1,000.00	100.00
Northampton, No. 997		1,000.00	100.00
Adams, No. 1335		1,000.00	100.00
Natick, No. 1425		1,000.00	100.00
Minnesota			
Rochester, No. 1091		1,000.00	100.00
Nevada			
Edwin L. Campbell (Reno, No. 597)	2.00		2.00

New Jersey		
Perth Amboy, No. 784		1,000.00 100.00
Harry J. Joslin (Atlantic City, No. 276)	1.00	1.00
New York		
Buffalo, No. 23		1,000.00 100.00
Rochester, No. 24		1,000.00 200.00
Utica, No. 33		1,000.00 100.00
Troy, No. 141		1,000.00 100.00
Saratoga, No. 161		1,000.00 100.00
Auburn, No. 474		1,000.00 100.00
Plattsburg, No. 621		1,000.00 200.00
Albion, No. 1006		1,000.00 100.00
Salamanca, No. 1025		1,000.00 100.00
Rome, No. 1268		1,000.00 100.00
Southampton, No. 1574		1,000.00 100.00
Elmer S. Herrick (Albany, No. 49)		100.00 100.00
Ohio		
Wilmington, No. 797		1,000.00 100.00
George W. Collins (Cincinnati, No. 5)	5.00	5.00
Pennsylvania		
Williamsport, No. 173		1,000.00 100.00
Sunbury, No. 267		1,000.00 100.00
Bellefonte, No. 1094		1,000.00 100.00
Sayre, No. 1148		1,000.00 100.00
Texas		
Pampa, No. 1573		27.50 27.50
West Virginia		
Joe Oires (Moundsville, No. 282)	5.00	5.00
Wisconsin		
Superior, No. 403		1,000.00 100.00
Rice Lake, No. 1441		1,000.00 100.00

Fraternally,

### ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

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 JOHN G. PRICE, *Secretary*  
 JAMES G. MCFARLAND, *Treasurer*  
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# VIKING EIGHT

## ELKS SELECT VIKING 8 FOR PROSPERITY TOUR

### Viking Selected for Transcontinental Run



R. P. Davidson, an executive of *The Elks Magazine*, and the four "Prosperity Tour" Vikings. Mr. Davidson and the four Viking convertible coupes are pictured in front of the General Motors Building, Detroit, immediately after the purchase was made.

### DEPENDABILITY IS BIG REASON

Cars to Make Strenuous Pre-  
Convention Run of  
36,000 Miles

The Viking Eight has been selected by the Grand Lodge, B.P.O.E., for the 1930 Elks Prosperity Tour. In view of the gruelling trans-continental trip which representatives of the Grand Lodge will make prior to the opening of the convention in Atlantic City, one of the principal requirements in choosing the official car was exceptional sturdiness and dependability.

Four Viking coupes, starting April 28, will traverse the United States, meeting every type of road and climatic condition as they make the swing from city to city. And they must be absolutely reliable, for they will operate on a rigid and inflexible schedule.

These needs were uppermost in the minds of the committee in selecting the car which should have this honor. They realized that the automobile of their choice must have in abundance six essential characteristics.

These six are: dependable stamina—power—speed—safety—ease of operation—riding comfort.

Their decision is evidence that the Viking Eight possesses to a high degree that enduring stamina which made famous the illustrious

(Continued on next page)



De luxe equipped Viking, similar to those purchased for the Elks-Viking Prosperity Tour. Upper left, Viking standard sedan



# Viking Eight Selected by Elks

## IS OFFICIAL CAR OF CONVENTION

(Continued from preceding page)

race for which it was named, the Vikings of old. Like these hardy explorers and conquerors, the Viking Eight had to pass the most rigid of tests in order to prove its right to bear the name. For three gruelling years, Viking was subjected to intensive trials on the General Motors Proving Ground



before pronouncement of its complete worthiness was made.

Speed, acceleration, and a tremendous reserve of power for emergencies are inbuilt in the 90-degree, V-type Viking engine. Like a rugged athlete, it is sturdy and compact. Its horizontal valve arrangement, combining utmost simplicity and positive action; its high-compression cylinder head, and its efficient cooling and lubrication systems contribute to simplicity, accessibility, efficiency, and an even flow of power.

Four-wheel, fully-enclosed, internal-expanding brakes; a heavy, cross trussed frame and low center of gravity provide roadability at all speeds that is almost uncanny, as well as exceptional safety.

Remarkable operating ease results from quick acting brakes and clutch—steering that is positive and yet responds to the lightest touch—and pick-up that is smooth and swift throughout the entire speed range. At the same time, luxurious bodies by Fisher; wide, deep-cushioned seats; long, flexible springs; and four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers contribute to restful riding comfort, hour after hour, over any road.

These important factors—and countless others—led to the final selection of the Viking Eight for the significant honor of official car of the B.P.O.E. at the 1930 Convention.

Both safety and driving comfort are enhanced in the new V-eight Viking by the use of rubber pads on brake and clutch pedals.

## New Advancements in Engine Design Introduced in Viking V-type Eight

### ELKS-VIKING RUN IS ENDURANCE TEST

In a few short weeks, the four "Prosperity Tour" Viking coupes will cover more than 36,000 miles, visiting most of the major cities in the United States, crossing every important mountain range, traveling over all kinds of roads in all kinds of weather—and, regardless of hardships or climatic conditions, maintaining a rigid and pre-arranged time schedule.

Only a remarkably dependable automobile could be called upon to accomplish such a task. Only a car which will deliver the finest type of

performance, with a tremendous reserve of speed and power, could be asked to adhere to such a schedule. Only a car which combines both restful riding and exceptional handling ease could be asked to carry representatives of the B.P.O.E. so many thousands of miles, day after day and week after week, and bring them fresh and untired to each destination.

The Viking Eight was selected for the 1930 pre-convention tour because it has so thoroughly demonstrated its ability to meet all these exacting requirements—to fulfill these severe demands—and to serve the B.P.O.E. to complete satisfaction.

### ELKS ARE INVITED TO SEE VIKING CARS

Cars exactly like the four Viking coupes which will soon begin the annual B.P.O.E. pre-convention tour are now on display in the showrooms of Oldsmobile-Viking dealers.

Elks are cordially invited to visit these showrooms and to inspect in detail the qualities of stamina and road performance which led to the selection of the Viking Eight as the B.P.O.E. official tour car for 1930.

When the Viking Eight was announced in March of 1929, experts and automotive critics immediately pronounced it a "significant step forward in fine car engineering."

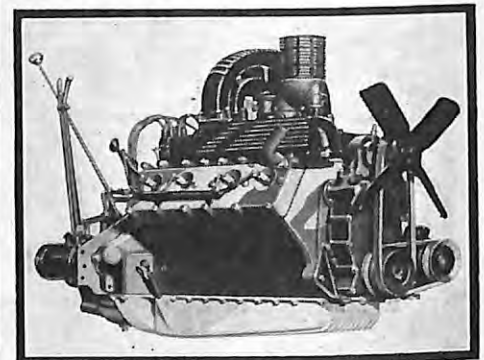
This endorsement was founded on two substantial facts: First, Viking's fundamentals of design were proved and sound—of known goodness; second, Viking's power plant incorporated important new features of engineering design.

Examination of Viking's engine features quickly proves that the enthusiasm of experts was fully justified.

Its 90-degree V-type eight-cylinder design is a marvel of precision and balance. Two banks of pistons are employed to propel a short, two-plane crankshaft. The result is smooth, highly concentrated power—because

power impulses in Viking's engine occur at precisely equal and over-lapping intervals—one at each quarter-turn of the crankshaft.

Many of the new features introduced in Viking are made possible by the entire cylinder block and crankcase being cast in one unit.



This advancement results in rigidity, accessibility, a new and highly efficient valve arrangement, and advanced cooling and lubrication.

Viking's unusual accessibility is one of its most pleasing features. The valve mechanism, for example, may be easily reached by lifting the two horizontal cover plates located on top of the engine. And the entirely new arrangement of the valves themselves indicates the most progressive sort of design, since it combines the fuel efficiency of the overhead location, with the quietness, simplicity, and rigidity of side-valve design.

Further advancements are seen in such features as down-draft manifold of an improved type; a positive-pressure gasoline pump; a manually-controlled carburetor heat device; thermostatically operated radiator shutters; a remarkably efficient lubricating system, with crankcase ventilation; a new precipitating trap system of oil cleaning; and water jacketing so extended as to keep cylinder walls, valves, valve stem guides, and combustion chambers at their most efficient operating temperature at all speeds, and under all driving conditions.

These features give some idea as to what a truly remarkable power plant this is. And these features, interpreted in terms of power, speed, smoothness, and dependability, explain why Viking is winning the favor of motor-wise buyers everywhere.

## Viking Conquers Rough Mountain Roads





# Desert Trip Proves Stamina

110° In the Shade—Below Sea Level—Viking Goes on



## FISHER BODIES ADD TO VIKING'S VALUE

One of the most significant terms that describe Viking's high quality and great value

is "Body by Fisher." Smart appearance—sparkling color combinations—luxurious upholstery and appointments—genuine all-day riding comfort . . . these desirable qualities are combined to make Viking's coachwork outstanding.

Body construction combines the advantages of wood and steel. A wood frame gives great strength and resiliency. Steel forgings and stampings provide the strongest type of reinforcement. Both contribute to the silence, sturdiness, and stamina of Viking's bodies.

A splendid example of the uncompromising quality identified with Viking's Fisher bodies is offered by Viking roof construction. Every roof is a separate assembly of sturdy roof rails, bows, and slats—securely mortised, glued, and screwed to the body framework—just as the roof of a house is fastened to the main structure. Every point in Viking's body that may be subject to stresses and strains in service is scientifically braced.

All of these features contribute to the superiority of Viking's coachwork. "Body by Fisher" is an important reason why Viking offers serviceability, dependability, and value to such an impressive degree.

## RESTFUL RIDING IS FEATURE OF VIKING

The comfortable riding qualities of the Viking Eight make it especially suitable for the long, difficult grind it will face on the Elks-Viking 36,000 mile Prosperity Tour.

Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, long, flexible springs, spacious interiors, and wide, deep-cushioned seats assure restful comfort on any roads.

And Viking's remarkable handling ease—its quick response to steering wheel, clutch, or brakes—makes it exceptionally easy to drive.

It goes without saying that the qualities of comfort and performance which make Viking the ideal car for the B.P.O.E. pre-convention tour are equally desirable to the average owner in his daily driving.



Illustration at top shows Viking four-door Sedan in Death Valley, 200 feet below sea level, during the pre-announcement test run. Lower picture shows Viking pulling through deep sand.

The Viking Eight is equipped with dual windshield wipers which keep the glass in front of the passenger clean, as well as that portion in front of the driver.

## VIKING CROSSES DEATH VALLEY

At no time during the 36,000 mile run of the Elks-Viking Prosperity Tour will more difficult driving conditions be encountered than were successfully surmounted by a Viking Eight during a pre-announcement test run last year. This car toured Death Valley, not only on the highways across this desolate waste but off the beaten trail as well.

A trip to the petrified forest was successfully negotiated; alkali sand formed no barrier to the Viking. Under the blazing sun the car descended far below sea level, disregarding the terrific temperatures. The same excellent performance was given by the Viking in its trip out of the valley and up and over the Sierras.

This ability of the Viking to meet all conditions augurs well for the success of the Elks-Viking Prosperity Tour.

## OWNERS EXPRESS PRAISE FOR VIKING

One of the best ways to judge a motor car is to seek the experience of those who know the car through actual ownership.

In the case of Viking, owner satisfaction is amply demonstrated by the many messages of approval which come to Olds Motor Works.

For instance, John T. Benesch, Architect, of Plainfield, N. J., writes, "For ease of handling, performance, and comfort, my Viking has more than lived up to my expectations."

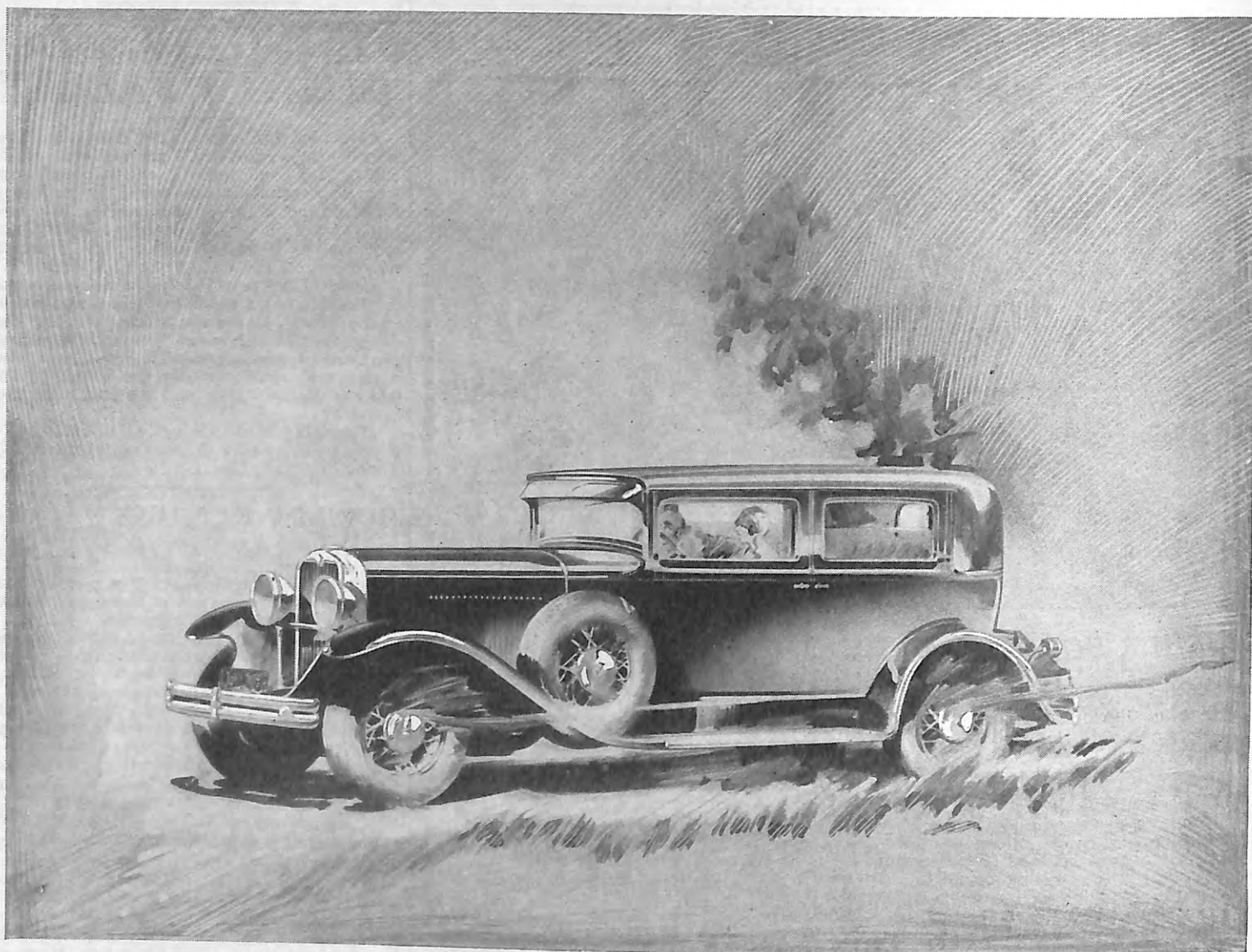
J. A. Scharfe, sales executive, of Hollywood, California, remarks, "After driving my Viking nearly 10,000 miles, visiting Big Bear, Yosemite, Paradise Valley, and touring the mountains of California, Oregon, and Wash-

ington, I am more enthusiastic about Viking performance than ever."

## Meeting Place of Elks at Atlantic City, N. J.







## Just One Question, Please . .

Before we say a word about the Viking Eight, we'd like to ask one question. . . . Have you ever driven a Viking? . . . If you have, there is no need to say more. You know what a car this is. . . . If not, there are some things you should know. That it is an advanced 90-degree, V-type eight, for example. That it develops a full 81-horsepower with pleasing smoothness. That its power flow is constant throughout the entire range of its abilities. . . . That whatever your speed, whatever your need, there is quick response to the throttle. That on any type of road, in any sort of traffic, there is ease

and nicety of handling that make driving a genuine pleasure. That full provision for comfort makes riding restful and relaxed for five miles or five hundred. . . . That this car has individuality—an appeal that wins lasting friendship from its owners. . . . But you can't know these advantages until you have experienced them. So we suggest that you visit the nearest Oldsmobile-Viking dealer—drive the Viking—and learn all these things yourself.

Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Michigan

**VIKING EIGHT**  
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



## The Pairing of the Queen

(Continued from page 23)

"Well, Ben," said Weinburg heartily, "I guess I could give you my congratulations already! My Stella told me how your Margery got herself engaged up with a perfessor from her boarding school. It was a pleasure I should hear it, Ben, I assure you. I am glad such happiness should come to you."

"Weinberg," cried Ben, "get away from here and leave me alone!"

"Sush, Ben!" Weinberg gloated. "Is that the way to talk when I come over to give up congratulations? Such a grand son-in-law to get! A perfessor which he is lucky if he gets a hundred dollars a month even. From now on, Ben, you would got to work even harder, because you would have to support two families instead of only one."

"Weinberg," Ben choked, "if you don't leave me alone here I would lose control of myself!"

Weinberg smiled easily. "You could lose it, Ben. When I say what I got to say, I would stop, and not before. Maybe you know by this time how I got away from you one of your best customers—Leftwitz & Leftwitz & Leftwitz of Indianapolis! Ha! I see you know it! Well, Ben Lowenstein, I am not yet done with you. Before I get through with you, you would got down on your knees to me and beg me please to let you make even a living! And that's all."

WEINBERG went back to his own table and ate with magnificent heartiness. Ben did not eat. He paid for his untouched meal and went out into the street, half-blind and shaking with rage.

"I should live to see this day!" he groaned. "Why didn't I die before I was born! How that low-life laughed at me, and I couldn't say a word even! I would kill myself, only I wouldn't give him the satisfaction."

When Ben returned to his office he found a stranger there awaiting him. The man might have been a new customer; but Ben was in no mood for civility. He seated himself in his swivel chair and grumbled:

"Well, mister, what do you want with me anyhow?"

The stranger smiled ingratiatingly and, unbidden, placed himself on the other chair, his brief case held between his feet.

"My dear sir," he began in a smooth voice, "have you any idea of the wonderful progress that has been made in the past few years in the art of bookbinding and publishing? Do you—"

"Ha!" Ben shouted. "Wait! Are you one of them low-life books agents?"

"Sir!" replied the man with dignity. "Do not be hasty! I am a publisher's representative. Your name was given to me as one of a select group which is concerned about the cultural progress of our generation."

"Is that so?" cried Ben. "Well, mister, then all I got to say is whoever give it to you is a liar!"

The man shook his head aggrievedly.

"Surely, sir, you are jesting! A gentleman of your station must certainly be alive to the artistic growth of—"

"I don't even know what you are talking about!" Ben interrupted. "So, please for a favor, get out from here before—"

Quickly, the man delved into his portfolio and brought to light a thick leather-bound volume which he held before Ben's eyes.

"A masterpiece of research, compilation and construction!" he said, speaking rapidly. "The finest grade of India paper, nine hundred and seventy-six pages, clear, beautiful type, bound in genuine Morocco leather! The world's greatest poetry, carefully selected by the world's greatest critics! From Arnold to Wordsworth—all in one beautiful, handy, inexpensive volume! The—"

Ben's hand closed about his onyx paperweight.

"Stop it, I tell you! Shut up and make a quick get-out from here! I don't want no book!" The man rose and moved away a little, where, if necessary, he could better duck the paperweight. He did not, however, stop talking.

"The impassioned lyrical word-songs of ten generations of poets! On every page a masterpiece! Ten years of cultural reading for the insignificant sum of three dollars!" He opened the book at random and, with one eye on his

victim, read with the other. "Listen! Fill your soul with the divine music of Rossetti:

"In a soft-complexioned sky,  
Fleeting rose and kindling gray,  
Have you seen Aurora fly  
At the break of day?"

He paused, having lost sight for a moment of Ben's right hand, and glanced cautiously in that direction. What he saw surprised and pleased him. Ben had relinquished his hold on the paperweight and was sitting forward in his chair. The empurpling wrath had fled his face, its place taken by an expression of deep interest. This sudden alteration quite disconcerted the book-agent. He had heard somewhere that line about music having charms to soothe the savage breast—or was it beast?—but that a fragment of Rossetti's could so rapidly soothe a skirt and blouse manufacturer was almost incredible! He recovered himself, however, in time to take advantage of this unexpected opportunity.

"Shall—shall I read on a bit further, sir?" he inquired.

Ben nodded silently. He was staring into space with his lips parted. The agent read on:

"So my maiden, so my plighted, may  
Blushing cheek and gleaming eye  
Lift to look my way."

Again he paused; and now Ben reached out his hand for the book.

"Who wrote this thing, mister?" he asked. "A feller by the name of Bloom?"

"Rossetti," answered the agent. "That is merely the first beautiful stanza of the poem called, 'Plighted Promise!'"

"I know what it is called all right," said Ben. The agent repeated himself. "Ah! You are familiar with it?"

"You should know!" Ben replied. "How much is this here book?"

"Three dollars."

Ben reached into his pocket and found three one-dollar bills.

"Here. Now please get out from here because I got work to do."

The agent pocketed the money and walked jauntily out of the office. It was his first sale on his first day as a book-agent, and he was firmly convinced that he was a master salesman.

LEFT alone with his purchase, Ben stared at the three-stanza poem entitled, "Plighted Promise." He raised his eyes and stared, then, at the wall above his desk. There danced Weinberg's triumphant leer. There resounded Weinberg's taunts. Some day, Weinberg had vowed, Ben would get down on his knees before him and plead for mercy. Some day. . .

Ben suddenly sat up straight in his chair. His lips were parted widely, as if he would literally devour inspiration, and a strange light gleamed in his eyes.

"By golly!" he breathed. "What I seen, I seen. What I heard, I heard. Positively, I know two and two when I see it."

For the next two hours he planned and plotted with the craftiness of desperation. He was still at it when Miss Josephs announced Mr. George Leftwitz. George was quite shameless in his young love.

"I called," he confessed, "to find out if your charming daughter has come home. You know, I am so very eager to meet her."

"Yes, I know it," said Ben cordially. "But she got herself delayed up there in the grajating exercises and she wouldn't be home yet for maybe a week. Wouldn't you still be here in New York a week from now?"

It was evident that George resolved then and there that he would be. His eyes rested hungrily on Margery's photograph.

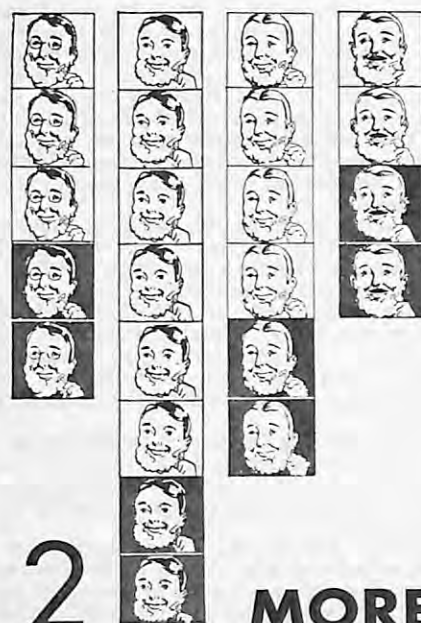
"Yes," he replied, "I'll be detained here for at least that long. And about that order, Mr. Lowenstein; I haven't communicated with my father about it, but I'm ready to take full responsibility. I have decided that I'll cancel the order with Weinberg and give it to you."

Ben shook his head slowly.

"No, George," he replied gently. "That you don't got to do at all. I assure you that I wouldn't look at you any different just because

(Continued on page 50)

The dark blocks represent the  
2 more good shaves you  
get with Mennen.



2 MORE  
Good Shaves  
from every blade!  
Jim Henry's Guarantee

NO matter how many shaves you now get, I absolutely guarantee that you will get two more shaves per blade (and I mean good ones) with Mennen Shaving Cream. Money back if I'm wrong.

And remember: any Mennen Shave *must* be good, when Mennen makes every razor cut well, longer. Your face *must* feel better after a Mennen Shave, when the lather helps the razor so much that the blade will do a good job again, and yet again.

Remember there are *two* kinds of Mennen Shaving Cream . . . Menthol-iced and Without Menthol. Both give you that clean, comfortable shave that millions of men know as the Mennen shave. Both creams build up a fine, quick lather in any water. The only difference is this: Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool tingle all its own. Both creams are delightfully Mennen . . . that's the main point. My guarantee covers them both.

Get a tube of Mennen, now. Use a new blade . . . then count the good shaves. Or, clip the coupon. I'll show you how well that razor of yours *can* shave, with Mennen.

Jim Henry  
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN  
SHAVING CREAMS

MENTHOL-ICED and  
WITHOUT MENTHOL



THE MENNEN CO.,  
Newark, N. J. Dept. E-2  
Jim Henry: Send me a tube of  
Mennen, Jim. I'll see for myself  
how many *more* good shaves I  
can get.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Send me Mennen Menthol-iced.  
☐ Send me Mennen without Menthol.



## The Pairing of the Queen

(Continued from page 49)

Weinberg gets this one little order. You would still be welcome by my house after my Margery comes home, anyways. Because I decided I couldn't cut my prices, and it would be foolish you should pay out more. Maybe," he added significantly, "by this time next year, you would always keep the business in the family, ain't it?"

You wouldn't believe that an ex-football player could blush; but George managed to do it. "I suppose you think I'm a romantic kid?" he smiled.

"Well," Ben shrugged, "so is my Margery." George held out his hand. "Shake, Mr. Lowenstein. You're a good sport. I think that we understand each other."

Ben shook. "It's all right, George," he said. "Now you go by Weinberg and make it a final the order. It's positively the right way. And just as soon as Margery comes home, I would telephone you the invitation for dinner at our house."

With this promise, George took his leave.

"So!" Ben murmured. "I have got ready already a fine cure for any busted heart. It would take the militia to drive him out of town, I bet you!"

For the next few days, Ben led what may be termed a double life. All day at his office and in the vicinity of his office, he presented the tragic picture of a man weighted down with sorrows. He avoided his friend, Sidney Soloman; he walked around with hunched shoulders and a groan always trembling on his lips.

But at home, he wore another mask. There he was the cheerful husband, the loving father sharing the betrothal joy of his daughter. When Horatius called, as he did each evening, Ben treated him cordially; and when, after three such evenings, Horatius found himself alone with Ben and formally requested the honor of Margery's hand in marriage, Ben replied:

"I know all about it, Bloom. Already my Margery told us the news. And all I could say is, who she likes, we like."

"Why, that's splendid!" said Horatius with a slight cough. "Splendid, indeed!"

"The only question is," added Ben, "about money. Could you make enough money being perfessor like that to took care of a extravagant girl like my Margery?"

"Well—" Horatius cleared his throat and thumbed a frayed buttonhole of his coat.

"FROM what you was telling me the other night," Ben went on, "I understand how you don't want to be such a perfessor all your life. I couldn't blame you, neither. You got idills. You would like to travel around in Europe and them places so you could enlarge your personality. Ain't it?"

"Why, yes," answered Horatius, still contemplating the buttonhole. "I feel that a few years of travel would be just the thing for Margery. And I was thinking—ahem—that if the marriage dowry were sufficient. . . ."

"Sure," agreed Ben. "But that is something we couldn't talk about here so good. Suppose we eat lunch together to-morrow, Bloom?"

Horatius raised shining eyes. "That would be splendid! Splendid, indeed!"

"All right, then, I tell you what you do. To-morrow at twelve o'clock you go by the L. & K. Restaurant. I'll write down for you the address where it is. I would reserve there a private booth, like they call it, where it would be strictly private for us. If you should get there before me, you would please go in Number Three and wait for me; because maybe something would happen which it would make me late."

"That would be splendid!" agreed Horatius, trying not to rub his hands together. "I'll surely be there."

It so happened that Ben was fifteen minutes late for the appointment at the L. & K. Restaurant. It may have been because he was closeted so long in his office with Miss Josephs, preparing a very important letter, and giving Miss Josephs definite instructions concerning its dispatch by messenger. It may have been for some other reason. At any rate, clothed in the gloom which had lately become habitual to him, he entered the noisy restaurant and, in lugubrious tones, asked a question of the genial head-waiter.

"Yes, he's here," was the reply. "He's waiting in Number Three."

Thereupon, Ben moved heavily down one of the aisles, passing a table at which sat Sam Weinberg. Weinberg looked up with a grin.

"Well, well," he declared, "if it ain't Ben Lowenstein! I hear you been looking sick lately, Ben. I don't blame you, I assure you!"

Ben stopped and looked down at his bitter foe. "Weinberg," he asked plaintively, "could I maybe talk to you for a minute?"

"Sure," Weinberg condescended. "I ain't so particular who I talk to, Ben."

"But not here," Ben trembled. "It's something I couldn't say here. Come with me a minute in a private room back there, because it is terrible important."

Weinberg's food had not yet been brought in. He beckoned to his waiter.

"Hold my order till I get back here, Fritz. I won't be long." He rose and looked at Ben. "All right, Lowenstein. If it's important, I'll listen to you."

Ben led the way to the closed-off stalls at the rear. He opened the door of Number Two; and a moment later the two men were in comparative privacy.

Weinberg drew a chair away from the table and seated himself. Ben remained standing.

"Well, Lowenstein," Weinberg said loftily, "say what you got to say. Because I am a busy man even if you ain't."

"It wouldn't take long," Ben began in a voice that throbbed with sheer misery. "It's about my old customer, Leftwitz & Leftwitz & Leftwitz of Indianapolis."

Weinberg interrupted with a loud laugh.

"Ha-ha! So it's about Leftwitz! What is the matter with Leftwitz, Ben? I didn't know how anything was the matter with them. I thought they was such a grand house, Ben, that to get them for a customer is a pretty good thing?"

"Weinberg," Ben fairly sobbed, "please for a favor, don't rub it into me that way! Don't have a heart in you which it is like a piece of stone! One by one you are taking away from me all the good customers which I got! Now it is Leftwitz; other times, it is somebody else. You take away from me my best designers and the best designs they could make up for me. You are rooning me, Weinberg!"

Weinberg's eyes were like two live coals in his head.

"So, Ben Lowenstein!" he cried. "You are beginning to whine! What did I told you already? Did I told you how you would some day come to me on your knees even and beg for a little mercy? Ain't it?"

"Shhh!" quivered Ben. "Not so loud, please, Weinberg! Out there I don't want them they should hear this! People out there, y'understand, I owe them money; and if they hear how you are rooning me, then they would positively finish me!"

"Phooee!" cried Weinberg in a louder tone. "They should finish you! They won't have to when I am through with you!"

With a cry, Ben dropped to his knees before his enemy.

"Listen, Weinberg, and have a heart in you! See; I am here on my knees in front of you! Right now I can't afford to be rooned! My daughter is got herself engaged with a feller which, while he ain't rich, he has got cultures and brilliant and idills. But it means I got to give up a fine dowry, Weinberg, to make my Margery happy; and all I could give, the way things is, would be maybe five to six hundred dollars. If you didn't take Leftwitz away from me, then I would get in cash from him thousands of dollars; and if you wouldn't suck my life from me, I could keep on giving more all the time. This way, I got nothing to give, and gradgilly you are rooning me! Couldn't you be even sorry, Weinberg?" Weinberg rose, spurning Ben with his foot.

"Sorry!" he cried. "Sorry! I should never got more sorrow than I got for you, Ben Lowenstein. At last have I got you where I want you, you low-life! I am not through with you yet, lemme tell you! I am just beginning. One by one would I take away every customer you got! And if you want to whine like a dawg, you could go ahead and whine like one, because for you I ain't got any heart at all. And that's all!"

"Ai!" Ben groaned. "Ai! Then I am practic'ly rooned!"

But Weinberg had opened the door and, with the stride of a conquering hero, was making his way back to his own table.

Ben rose, dusted off his knees, and walked to Room Number Three. The door stood open and Ben glanced within.

"Say!" Ben asked a passing waiter. "Where's the feller which he was waiting inside here?" "He left a minute ago," said the waiter. "I seen him go out and get into a taxicab."

Once again in his office, Ben summoned Miss Josephs.

"Did you send away the letter, Miss Josephs?"

She nodded efficiently. "Certainly, Mr. Lowenstein. And I told the boy to be sure and wait for the answer."

"And did it come back an answer?"

Miss Josephs handed Ben a large lavender envelope.

"Here it is."

Ben smiled his satisfaction.

"Get it open so it could be closed again afterwards, Miss Josephs," he directed. "And then send out for another messenger. As soon as I read it, I want it delivered to where it's addressed."

FOR a man who had so humbled himself before an enemy; who, from ignominious kneeling, still retained traces of dust on his knees, Ben was strangely filled with exuberance. There was the chance, however, that his elaborate plan had gone awry in some important particular; and when, at the close of the day, he let himself into his apartment, his heart was beating fast with anxiety.

As he walked down the long hallway, the first room he passed was Margery's; and when he saw that the door was tightly closed, and he heard muffled sounds of weeping within, he heaved a sigh of relief and passed on to his own bedroom where his wife awaited him.

"Ben!" she said in a loud whisper. "Close the door, because I got something to told you already!"

Ben closed the door.

"What's the matter here, Clara?" he inquired.

"Is the engagement busted?"

She regarded him with surprise. "How did you know it, Ben?"

"I thought I heard Margery crying in her room," he replied.

Mrs. Lowenstein stared. "And right away you knew why?"

"Never mind that, Clara," said Ben. "Just told me what happened."

"That's what happened," she returned excitedly. "The engagement got busted! At three o'clock this afternoon comes a letter from that low-life, Bloom; and in it he says how he feels like they are making a terrible mistake with getting married together, and it's better they don't see each other no more. Just what all he says, Ben, I couldn't remember it at all, because it was so long, and it even got po'try attached to it."

"I bet you," murmured Ben. "And it was full of idills."

"So now it is over, thank God!" she added. "And our Margery couldn't throw herself away on such a crazy man even if she wants to. But just the same, Ben, she has got a terrible busted heart, and I couldn't do nothing with her at all. For three hours she cries her eyes out. And she begs me I should send for her best friend, Stella Weinberg. When I try to get her on the 'phone, she ain't there."

Ben smiled. "No, Clara, she ain't there. And I am happy to hear it, lemme tell you!"

For a moment, Mrs. Lowenstein regarded her husband shrewdly. Then she placed both her hands on his shoulders and forced him to meet her eyes.

"Ben," she declared, "I don't know what it is here, but whatever it is, you got something behind it. I could see it by your face."

Ben grinned. "If I got it in my face, Clara dolling, it's no wonder. What I done, I am positively proud of myself."

"But what did you done?"

"Wait; I'm telling you. First, to-day I wrote a letter which I sent it by a messenger boy—"

"Ben! That's how it comes Margery's letter! Do you mean to told me. . . ."

"Why don't you let me say it, Clara!" Ben

(Continued on page 52)



# THE NEW DURANTS

It is already apparent that the new Durants represent a major contribution to better motoring.

In every detail they reflect the integrity, skill and experience of the veteran group of executives who now control Durant Motors, Inc.

They are ruggedly built and brilliant in action. They are far more comfortable than cars at this price have previously been. And the

lines are strikingly original and attractive.

Few, in fact, would have prophesied that Durant, or any other builder, could have produced, at Durant prices, a line of motor cars so luxurious, so roomy and so smart in line and design.

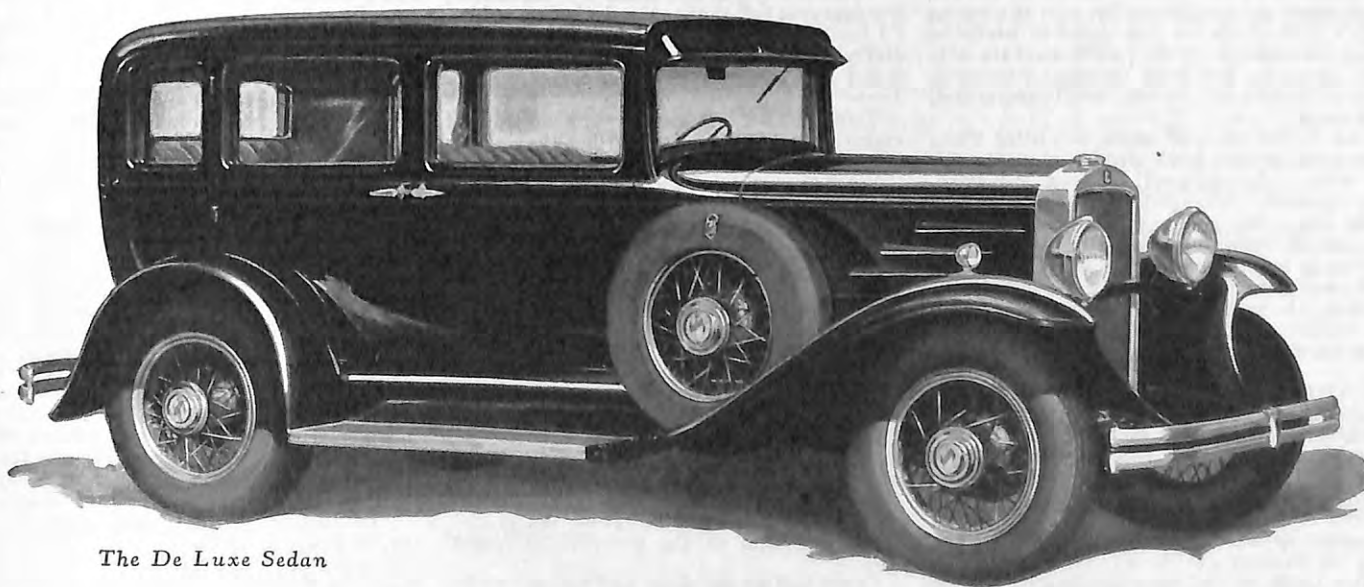
Durant has surpassed public expectation by expressing honest value and long life in terms of commanding performance and beauty.



DURANT MOTORS, INC., DETROIT, U. S. A.  
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APPEARANCE  
 PERFORMANCE  
 COMFORT  
 VALUE



*The De Luxe Sedan*

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



# The Pairing of the Queen

(Continued from page 50)

cried. "No; the letter which Margery got, I didn't send it. It was another letter, and here is a copy of it."

He reached into his pocket and withdrew the carbon copy of a typed letter. Mrs. Lowenstein switched on the lights and read it:

To Stella.

I looked and saw your eyes  
In the shadow of your hair  
As a traveller sees the stream  
In the shadow of the wood;  
And I said, "My faint heart sighs  
Ah, me! to linger there,  
To drink deep and to dream  
In that sweet solitude."

I looked and saw your love  
In the shadow of your heart,  
As a diver sees the pearl  
In the shadow of the sea;  
And I murmured, not above  
My breath, but all apart,—  
"Ah! you can love, true girl,  
And is your love for me?"

P.S.—It is all off with M. L. What do you say? Don't say a word to your father but send answer by messenger.

Mrs. Lowenstein looked up, her eyes wide with amazement.

"But what is this, Ben? How could you make up such po'try like this? And who did you send it to? And who signed it?"

Ben laughed. "Shush, so many questions all in a bunch. I sent it to Stella Weinberg, Clara, and nobody signed it because I couldn't make forgeries and go to jail with it. But it didn't need anybody to sign it, y'understand, because

anybody could see it come from that Horatius Bloom, especially, Stella could know it. And that's just what she thought, too!"

"How do you know she did, Ben?"

"Because," said Ben, "she answered right away by the same messenger boy, and first I seen what she wrote before I sent it on to Bloom. And what she said was, how happy she was to know how Bloom loved her instead of Margery, because all along she loves Bloom, y'understand. And she knew right away who was writing her because only Bloom could make up such grand po'try like that. And she wouldn't say nothing to her papa but would meet him anywheres he said, if he would right away telephone to her, and then they could elope off together."

He paused; and Mrs. Lowenstein sank into a nearby chair.

"But, Ben," she stammered, holding her whirling head between her hands, "how—how could you write down such grand po'try like that?"

Ben flourished his hand eloquently.

"Shush, Clara! I guess I could write down po'try the same way that crook Horatius Bloom writes it down! You'd be surprised what you could do for three dollars!"

"A poet!" breathed Clara, mentally toying with the most astounding detail of an astounding series of events. "My own husband is poet all of a sudden!"

For a moment there was silence; and Ben took advantage of it to secure the telephone directory and look up a number. But before he could use the telephone, his wife resumed her bombardment of questions.

"In my head everything is going around," she declared faintly. "What would Bloom say, for instance, when Stella shows him the letter which he didn't even write it at all?"

Ben prepared to dial his number. "He wouldn't said nothing, Clara, because even if he didn't know what everything was about, y'understand, still he would know how lucky he is. If I am rooned, and Weinberg is rooning me, then it must be Weinberg who has got the money, not me. If a Eyetalian by the name of Rossetti could help him with Margery, then he could let it help him with Stella also. Bloom is a business man, Clara, even if he has got idills!"

"I don't understand it!" she insisted.

Ben shrugged. "You don't got to understand it, neither. By this time, Stella Weinberg and Horatius Bloom must be eloped off together, and that low-life, Weinberg, knows about it. If he don't drop dead already with a busted blood-vessels, maybe he would realize that all he gets out of this business is one order from Leftwitz at cut prices without a profit even, and also a son-in-law with so many idills that he would got to support him all his life."

"In the meanwhile, Clara, did you forgot how our Margery is suffering with a busted heart? If you would keep quiet a minute, I would telephone to George Leftwitz, the only son of Mark Leftwitz of Indianapolis. I want to invite him here for dinner day after to-morrow. If she still has got a busted heart after seeing a grand, rich football player like George Leftwitz, then all I could do is try to find for her that Eyetalian feller by the name of Rossetti!"

## Seventh Son

(Continued from page 12)

looking worriedly at the girl, his half-psychic collie instinct telling him she was in sharp pain in spite of all her efforts to be brave. Now she said to him, slowly and distinctly:

"Master! Find Master! Quick!"

Well did Seventh Son know what was required of him. Again and again had Thais sent scribbled notes thus to her father, to different parts of the farm, when Milo's presence was required at the house. Off down the hill at top speed galloped the collie, vain at showing off this trick of his for the visitor of whom he had grown so fond. Out of sight, over the next ridge, his golden-buff body vanished, running at the speed known only to collie and to greyhound, of all dogs.

Then Callon stooped again and lifted Thais in his arms, setting forth afresh and picking his way with frightened caution down the steep, stony descent. The girl leaned back in his strong arms, her head against his breast. It was unexpectedly sweet to be carried like this by him; to feel the beat of his heart on her hot cheek, snuggling safely in his tender grasp. To the man, the pressure of her slim young body was rapture, despite the difficulty of carrying her so carefully down the rough slope.

AT THE bottom, he turned to the right, as she had directed, instead of climbing the hill ahead. A few moments of travel through the narrow ravine brought them to the edge of a meadow, at whose far side he could see the gray-white ribbon of highroad where he and she were to await the arrival of the cart. Callon was aware of a pang of chagrin that he was to carry her so short a distance farther.

They came to the fence dividing the ravine and the two hills from the meadow. Callon lifted her high over it, setting her softly on the grass on the far side while he vaulted over after her. Picking her up again, he prepared to start toward the highroad, a furlong away. Here in the lush meadow grass the going was due to be far easier. But a wholly unexpected happening delayed them. For, as he lifted her, he stumbled slightly. On the instant he recovered himself, even as her arms tightened involuntarily around his neck. The softly sudden pressure caused all the mischief.

Before he knew what he was doing, he had kissed the young lips so close to his own. Then, he paused, horrified at what he had done. She was hurt. She was in his power. And he had abused her trust in him, by kissing her. To his lips sprang a jumbled torrent of apology. To his amaze it shaped itself into the blurted words:

"Oh, girl of mine, I love you!"

"That is why you kissed me," she murmured, her dear eyes half-shut as they looked up at him. "I think you've always loved me, haven't you, Harry? I knew it always. Because—because a girl always knows it—when she cares, too. I—"

This time, her lips met his, with no trace of embarrassment, as he crushed her close to his heart.

When, presently, Callon resumed his short journey across the field toward the highway he walked on air. He was deliriously, drunkenly, happy. The girl's close-held weight was as a feather's.

"And I never knew!" he was declaring, dizzy with happiness. "I never even dared to dream that you might learn to care. I—"

"Nobody can learn to care, dear," she corrected him. "I didn't have to learn to—"

A gasp of swift horror broke in on her speech, a gasp half-muffled in the fast-approaching thunder of hoofs. Across the meadow toward them was galloping an enormous black-and-white Holstein bull.

"Oh, I forgot Mr. Vaile pastures him here in the autumn!" she cried, wriggling out of Callon's arms, and to the ground. "I forgot. He—"

Callon had set her down, and had sprung between her and the on-thundering ton of potential murder. At once he realized the situation. Alone, he might have sprinted in safety to the fence over which he had just lifted Thais, even though with an atomic part of a second to spare. With the girl in his arms, he could not possibly hope to. As ever in stark emergency, his brain worked fast.

Stooping, he ripped from her shoulders the pretty red knitted sweater she was wearing.

"As soon as he starts after me," he shouted, "crawl back to the fence. Get there, somehow."

Get over it, somehow. I'll hold him, as long as I can. Don't be frightened."

As he spoke, he had gathered the torn-off sweater in one hand and was darting forward into the very path of the charging monster.

The bull—one of the ugliest tempered as well as the most valuable in Preakness County—had been grazing truculently in the meadow when the glint of scarlet had caught his eye. He had pawed the dewy turf, working up his never-soundly-sleeping rage. Then he had charged.

A bull's successive charges are short, and are made with the eyes tight shut—two facts to which many a matador owes his life. As the Holstein opened his eyes and renewed his attack, he saw the woman no longer wore the red sweater, but that the man was running at him, waving the abhorrently wrath-provoking scarlet rag.

THE bull needed no second glimpse of that. The insult turned his normal wrath to crazy homicidal fury. Bellowing, he bore down toward Callon. The latter shifted his own direction, ever so little, barely eluding the raking short horns. The bull whizzed past him, with not a handbreadth to spare.

Halting and wheeling, he saw the woman still sitting on the ground, and he lowered his horns. But, immediately, the man with that maddening red cape was between them, shouting to her, and then running in a zigzag in the opposite direction and still waving tantalizingly the torn red sweater. The bull gave chase.

"To the fence!" yelled Callon, over his shoulder, at Thais, as the bull rushed blindly at him.

The girl was stirred from her brief daze by the agony in his voice. Belatedly, she began to crawl painfully on hands and knees toward the high barrier over which Callon so recently had lifted her. But, all at once, she came to a halt.

The bull had charged, full tilt, his horns parallel to the humpily uneven meadow grass. With a skill worthy a *diestro*, Harry Callon had sprung nimbly aside, as the vast bulk was all but upon him. Waving the red cloth, he had dashed off in the direction farthest from Thais.

The Holstein, missing his aim, had opened his eyes. Locating his yelling and red-rag-waving

(Continued on page 54)



# "Too Many Men are Burnt Out at 40"

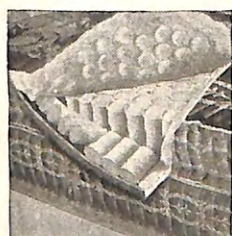
says WILLIAM W. MOUNTAIN

"SO many men go stale while they are actually still so young! Instead of having their best years before them, men who are very successful in their work must say despondently, 'I'll have to take things easy for awhile. I've been working too hard'.

"Men who are easily tired out, perhaps grouchy and weary before each work-day is over, cannot hope to continue the pace that modern business demands. And there is nothing more important than proper rest every night to keep men healthy, keenly alive, and continuously successful in business.

"To get the right kind of sleep should be everyone's first concern. Sleep that comes readily...that rests every muscle in the body. Sleep that stores energy for the next day's activities...that is always comfortable.

"Only on sleeping equipment of the highest quality can such sleep be had."



*Ace Open Coil Spring.* Sturdy, light weight, highly resilient, moderate cost. Its extra buoyancy comes from finely tempered wire coils, securely braced with small governor springs. Patented stabilizers prevent sidesway.

*Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring*... now in over a million homes, giving luxurious comfort. They may be purchased singly in shades to harmonize with room decorations. Note the small, pocketed coils in Beautyrest... Simmons' "inner coil" principle.



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WILLIAM WALLACE MOUNTAIN. Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the B. P. O. Elks, and President of the Mountain Varnish and Color Works Inc., of Toledo, Ohio. Former President of the Curtiss Aeroplane Company during the late war.

THE famous Beautyrest Mattress, the most advanced type of mattress you can own, is constructed on this scientific principle—the best sleep comes from even distribution of body weight...from buoyant support in every sleeping position.

Because Beautyrest cannot sag, cannot pack down into uncomfortable hollows and lumps... the body is completely rested during sleep.

Make it a point to test the Beautyrest... to let it demonstrate its superb qualities. At your Elks' Club you can sit on it... lie on it... actually *feel* the comfort it gives.

Buy it at your dealer's, for your own home. You can never estimate the dividends it will return to you... in comfort, health, and happiness.

In furniture and department stores—Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Ace Box Spring, \$42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, \$19.75; Deepsleep Mattress, \$19.95; Slumber King Spring, \$12. Look for the name "Simmons." Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



## Seventh Son

(Continued from page 52)

foe, he charged more ferociously than before. Callon bounded away in his chosen zigzag course. As he ran he glanced back to make certain Thais was on her way to the fence—yes, and to take what might well be his last look at the girl whose love he had just learned was his. For he knew well he could not hope to dodge indefinitely this bovine engine of annihilation that pursued him. Soon or late—

His toe caught in a hummock. To his face he sprawled, with a shock that drove the breath out of his lungs and half-stunned him—straight in the newly-charging Holstein's path.

The fight was over. The good fight. Now if only Thais could crawl to the fence before the bull should tire of goring and trampling him—

Athwart Callon's momentarily dulled vision flashed a meteorlike thing, golden buff in color, and traveling at the speed of an express train.

**SEVENTH SON** had galloped at breakneck speed to the Rhodesian Kennels. There, at the farmyard gate, he had been met by Milo Rhodes, who saw the glint of white paper tied to the dog's collar, and had unfastened and read it. His duty done, the collie cantered back to rejoin his two good human friends—one of whom had worried him by her evident pain—and to finish his happy morning walk with them. At the bottom of the ravine he had caught Callon's trail, and had followed it with entire ease through the wet grass to the meadow's edge. There he wriggled through the fence just in time to see his friend, Callon, lying helpless on the sward, and a giant black-and-white bull bearing down on him.

"Get him, Seventh Son!" shrilled Thais, in agony of soul, as she caught sight of the dog. "Oh, get him!"

The command was familiar. Thus had Milo Rhodes, fifty times, sent him to round up recalcitrant and uncatchable cattle. But now, there was real and terrible danger. Seventh Son could have seen that, for himself, even if the anguish in Thais's loved voice had not sent him furiously into action.

The Holstein was all but upon his helplessly prone victim, when he felt a horribly painful slash on his tender nostrils, as those nostrils were gripped by fire-hot jaws. A seventy-pound weight jerked viciously sidewise at his head.

The pain and the sharp leverage broke the bull's flying stride. It deflected his charge, if only by a matter of inches. Past Callon's body he rushed, the raking horns and the pronged hoofs missing it by a matter of inches.

Callon staggered to his feet as the bull wheeled. Between the man and the Holstein frisked the gallant young collie.

Seventh Son was having a beautiful time. He did not give the bull a chance, now, to launch himself fully into another charge, but was at him with a fanfare of barks and a lightning series of agonizing nose-nips; dodging the horn-thrusts and the hammering hoofs; darting under the heaving body and scoring therein a deep slash; reaching the bull's back in a scrambling leap and digging his white young teeth into the hip.

Then to earth again, slashing at the underbody, nipping the heels; biting the bloody nostrils; here and there and everywhere and nowhere at once, after the manner of a battling collie. To the bewildered Holstein the dog seemed to be a veritable pack of wolves surrounding and tearing at him.

Yet the bull whirled on this new assailant of his, savagely. He might as well have whirled

upon a hornet-nest. Seventh Son was following not only his own early training, but the ancestral instincts of a thousand generations of cattle-handling collies and the hunting instincts of a million farther distant wolf ancestors.

Once, a miscalculation of distance let one of the gouging horns touch him. Over and over rolled Seventh Son, a gash in his side and two ribs broken. But before the Holstein could take advantage of the chance blow the collie was up again and ravening to the assault.

After a minute more of the hopeless and confusing and anguishing warfare, the bull turned about, beaten, all the fight and murder-lust slashed out of him, and galloped bellowing to the farthest end of the meadow, Seventh Son in joyous and punitive chase.

"THE horn-hole in his side is only skin-deep," reported Callon, an hour later, at the Rhodes farm. "And I've strapped up the broken ribs. They'll knit, as firm as ever, in another two or three weeks, at most. But he can't go to the Tuxedo show, day after to-morrow. I won't exhibit a sick or hurt dog."

"Never mind, you glorious old Seventh Son!" consoled Thais, stooping from the couch where she lay, to pat the drowsily recumbent collie. "I'd rather have a live chum than a dead champion. . . . You saved Harry's life, you splendid buff hero! Just as he saved yours, when you were born. You and he are quits now. The account is even. He—"

"We're going to start a new account, Seventh Son and I," corrected Callon. "Your dad is going to give him to us, for a wedding present. He just told me so. I'd rather have him than every other wedding present in the world—except *you!*"

## The Sentimental Colonel

(Continued from page 15)

I talked with the Colonel while the field were on their way to the post. Telling him I fancied his entry to win, he said, "Son, I never felt more confident of winning a big race than I do of winning the one that is about to be run."

Blue Larkspur got away badly and was out-run for three-quarters of a mile, the speedy Jack High and Beacon Hill setting a terrific pace. As they turned into the stretch Blue Larkspur's chances appeared very slim. I glanced up at Colonel Bradley to see how he was "taking it." There wasn't a trace of worry on his dignified face. In fact, there was the hint of a smile on his lips.

When the field straightened out in the stretch Blue Larkspur began moving up. He came with a terrific rush, passing one after another of those in front of him. African and Jack High were running like a team. Fifty yards from the finish it didn't seem possible that the Bradley horse could get up. There was a slight opening between African and Jack High and into this Mack Garner guided Blue Larkspur. The three horses finished in a bunch. Nobody in the stands could tell which had won. Then up went the winning number and it was Blue Larkspur's. He had got up in the final stride to win by a scant nose. African took the place and Jack High, the favorite, was third. Colonel Bradley backed his judgment with a substantial wager and hit the price-makers a terrific wallop.

A few weeks later Blue Larkspur scored an easy triumph in the Belmont stakes, and in a race at Chicago beat practically the same horses that finished ahead of him in the Kentucky Derby. Before the summer was over he had redeemed himself in every way and established himself the best three-year-old of 1929.

When Behave Yourself and Black Servant finished one-two in the Kentucky Derby of 1921, Colonel Bradley fulfilled an ambition which he had nursed for many years—to have a pair of horses which he owned and bred finish first and second in the great American classic. In 1919 Commander J. K. L. Ross earned the honor of being the first horseman to have his entry finish one-two in the Derby, when his

Sir Barton and Billy Kelly carried off the honors, but the Canadian sportsman's pleasure was marred by the fact that he had bred neither of the two horses.

Soon after the victory of the Ross entry Colonel Bradley told the late James Rowe that the happiest day of his life would be the one on which his colors were carried by the horses which finished first and second in the Derby. That he would live to see that very feat accomplished on two different occasions was beyond his wildest dreams. After the 1921 victory, however, such an eventuality did not seem so impossible. In the spring of 1926 with Bubbling Over and Bagenbaggage showing such great form he realized that he stood a splendid chance of establishing a record which may never be equalled. He firmly believed that either of these thoroughbreds was capable of winning the much coveted honor and he decided to send them both after the prize, hoping to see them come home in first and second places.

Bagenbaggage and Boot to Boot had finished one-two in the Louisiana Derby earlier in the year, and he knew Bagenbaggage was ready for a great performance.

**EVERYBODY** in the South was pulling for Bradley not only to win the Derby that year, but to run one-two. A great many bets were made that he would take first and second money, but even the most optimistic turf followers hardly believed that he could duplicate the feat of 1921.

When the word was flashed across the country that May afternoon that Colonel Bradley's Bubbling Over and Bagenbaggage had taken first and second money in the Kentucky classic, Jimmy Davenport of the *Morning Telegraph*, recalling the many events in which the Bradley colors had been carried by the first and second horses, nicknamed the Colonel "One-Two Ed," a name which will cling to the popular Kentuckian as long as he lives.

This sentimental horseman has many qualities which endear him to followers of the American turf. In newspaper offices he has the reputation

of being "print shy." He is almost gruff in his refusals to talk with reporters who want to interview him about himself.

"Horses, yes. I'll talk horses to you night and day, but not for one second about myself," he told me when I went to see him at Baltimore in October.

Try to pin him down to answering a personal question and he is liable to get up and leave you if he can do so without positively being discourteous.

But Bradley's friends and admirers—and they are legion—are not so reticent. Turfmen who have been acquainted with him and his deeds since he first entered the racing game always are eager to relate some incident that serves to illustrate the Colonel's sportsmanship, generosity, geniality or other quality in his character.

It was Harry McCarty, widely known turf writer and son of the late "White Hat" McCarty, famous turf character, who told me of an incident in Bradley's life which illustrates the Colonel's deep and abiding faith in the men of the sporting world.

About ten years ago, according to McCarty, one of the biggest bookmakers in Louisville ran into a streak of bad luck. Day after day the punters hit his bankroll and hit it hard. Just when it was at the breaking point a gang of sharpshooters consummated the details of a plan to put over a long-shot at a winter track. When the bets began rolling in the Louisville layer believed the horse hadn't a chance to win. So sure was he that the punters had picked a cold one that he held most of the wagers, making no effort to bet any part of them with other bookmakers. The result of the race proved he had made an error in judgment. The horse won and paid six to one.

Taking stock of his assets the Louisville speculator discovered he was \$40,000 short of the amount necessary to settle his obligations. In the middle of his streak of ill luck he had borrowed every dollar he could from Louisville friends and had "hocked" his home, believing

(Continued on page 56)



# Directory of State Associations

## 1929—Presidents and Secretaries—1930

- Alabama**—President, E. J. McCrossin, Birmingham Lodge, No. 79. Secretary, H. M. Bagley, Birmingham Lodge. Annual meeting at Montgomery—date not decided.
- Arizona**—President, Victor J. Wager, Nogales Lodge, No. 1397. Secretary, Robert E. Lee, Nogales Lodge. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Arkansas**—President, Robert L. Smith, Russellville Lodge, No. 1213. Secretary, C. N. Ganner, Russellville Lodge. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- California**—President, Fred B. Mellman, Oakland Lodge, No. 171. Secretary, Richard C. Benbough, San Diego Lodge, No. 168. Annual meeting—Monterey, October 16, 17, 18.
- Colorado**—President, Byron Albert, Fort Collins Lodge, No. 804. Secretary, B. T. Poxson, Trinidad Lodge, No. 181. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Connecticut**—President, Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury Lodge, No. 120. Secretary, William Gleeson, Torrington Lodge, No. 372. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Delaware**—Affiliated with Maryland State Association.
- District of Columbia**—Affiliated with Maryland State Association.
- Florida**—President, Harold Colee, St. Augustine Lodge, No. 829. Secretary, J. Edwin Baker, West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352. Annual meeting at Fort Lauderdale, April 13, 14, 15, 16.
- Georgia**—President, Robert T. Williams, La Grange Lodge, No. 1084. Secretary, A. B. King, Columbus Lodge, No. 111. Annual meeting at Milledgeville, May 22, 23, 25.
- Idaho**—President, Dr. P. G. Flack, Boise Lodge, No. 310. Secretary, Harry J. Fox, Pocatello Lodge, No. 674. Annual meeting at Pocatello, in June.
- Illinois**—President, Harry C. Warner, Dixon Lodge, No. 779. Secretary, George W. Hasselman, La Salle Lodge, No. 584. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Indiana**—President, Fred C. Cunningham, Martinsville Lodge, No. 1349. Secretary, W. C. Groebl, Shelbyville Lodge, No. 457. Annual meeting at La Fayette, June 4, 5, 6.
- Iowa**—President, B. B. Hunter, Waterloo Lodge, No. 290. Secretary, Dr. Jesse Ward, Iowa City Lodge, 590. Annual meeting at Fort Dodge, in June.
- Kansas**—President, Frank McDonald, Lawrence Lodge, No. 595. Secretary, Mark W. Drehmer, Newton Lodge, No. 706. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Kentucky**—President, Edwin N. Williams, Henderson Lodge, No. 206. Secretary, R. H. Slack, Owensboro Lodge, No. 144. Annual meeting at Ashland, in June.
- Maine**—President, C. Dwight Stevens, Portland Lodge, No. 188. Secretary, Edward R. Twomey, Portland Lodge. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia**—President, John B. Berger, Baltimore Lodge, No. 7. Secretary, Charles R. Klosterman, Baltimore Lodge. Annual meeting at Salisbury, in August.
- Massachusetts**—President, Thomas J. Brady, Brookline Lodge, No. 886. Secretary, Jeremiah J. Hourin, Framingham Lodge No. 1264. Annual meeting on the Island of Oak Bluff, under the auspices of Middleboro Lodge, June 8, 9.
- Michigan**—President, William Dickson Brown, Saginaw Lodge, No. 47. Secretary, Edward E. Nolan, Lansing Lodge, No. 196. Annual meeting at Hancock, June 16, 17.
- Minnesota**—President, Charles F. Englin, Stillwater Lodge, No. 179. Secretary, Vincent C. Jenny, St. Paul Lodge, No. 59. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Mississippi**—President, W. Estopinal, Gulfport Lodge, No. 978. Secretary, Ben Wilkes, Greenville Lodge, No. 148. Annual meeting at Clarksdale, in July.
- Missouri**—President, Judge J. A. Hamilton, St. Louis Lodge, No. 9. Secretary, O. W. McVay, Trenton Lodge, No. 801. Annual meeting at Columbia, in July.
- Montana**—President, Charles T. Greg, Great Falls Lodge, No. 214. Secretary, W. F. Schnell, Kalispell Lodge, No. 725. Annual meeting at Virginia City—date not decided.
- Nebraska**—President, C. A. Laughlin, Grand Island Lodge, No. 604. Secretary, L. L. Turpin, Plattsmouth Lodge, No. 739. Annual meeting at York—date not decided.
- Nevada**—President, Harold Hale, Elko Lodge, No. 1472. Secretary, T. J. Monks, Elko. Annual meeting at Tonopah, September 12, 13.
- New Hampshire**—President, Frank J. Kelly, Concord Lodge, No. 1210. Secretary, John McInerney, Rochester Lodge, No. 1393. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- New Jersey**—President, Edgar T. Reed, Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784. Secretary, John A. Flood, Bayonne Lodge, No. 434. Annual meeting at Atlantic City, July 10, 11, 12, 13.
- New Mexico**—President, Joseph L. Regenberger, Albuquerque Lodge, No. 461. Secretary, Louis J. Benjamin, Albuquerque Lodge. Annual meeting at Las Vegas—date not decided.
- New York**—President, William T. Phillips, New York Lodge, No. 1. Secretary, Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346. Annual meeting at Niagara Falls, June 1, 2, 3, 4.
- North Carolina**—President, Norman A. Boren, Greensboro Lodge, No. 602. Secretary, Max Rawlins, Greensboro Lodge. Annual meeting at Durham or Greensboro, April or May.
- North Dakota**—President, William G. Owens, Williston Lodge, No. 1214. Secretary, George T. Richmond, Jamestown Lodge, No. 995. Annual meeting at Dickinson, in June.
- Ohio**—President, William G. Lambert, Cleveland Lodge, No. 18. Secretary, Harry D. Hale, Newark Lodge, No. 391. Annual meeting at Cedar Point, August 25, 26, 27, 28, 29.
- Oklahoma**—President, H. I. Aston, McAlester Lodge, No. 533. Secretary, L. F. Pfotenbauer, Oklahoma City Lodge, No. 417. Annual meeting at Sapulpa, September 1, 2.
- Oregon**—President, Perry O. DeLap, Klammath Falls Lodge, No. 1247. Secretary, A. W. Jones, Salem Lodge, No. 336. Annual meeting at Portland, date not decided.
- Pennsylvania**—President, Louis N. Goldsmith, Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2. Secretary, William S. Gould, Scranton Lodge, No. 123. Annual meeting at Reading, August 25.
- South Carolina**—President, E. M. Garner, Union Lodge, No. 1321. Secretary, D. W. Mullinax, Union Lodge. Annual meeting at Union, in May.
- South Dakota**—President, Carl H. Nelles, Madison Lodge, No. 1442. Secretary, William J. Mulvey, Sioux Falls Lodge, No. 262. Annual meeting at Sioux Falls, 1st or 2nd week in June.
- Tennessee**—Now being organized.
- Texas**—President, W. W. Bridgers, El Paso Lodge, No. 187. Secretary, T. B. Phillips, El Paso Lodge. Annual meeting at Del Rio, May 29, 30, 31, June 1.
- Utah**—President, W. F. Jensen, Logan Lodge, No. 1453. Secretary, B. P. Spry, Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Vermont**—President, Frank E. Robinson, Burlington Lodge, No. 916. Secretary, W. H. Eddington, Bennington Lodge, No. 567. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Virginia**—President, Cecil M. Robertson, Norfolk Lodge, No. 38. Secretary, H. E. Dyer, Roanoke Lodge, No. 197. Annual meeting at Hampton, in August.
- Washington**—President, Russell V. Mack, Aberdeen Lodge, No. 593. Secretary, Victor Zednick, Seattle Lodge, No. 92. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- West Virginia**—President, James D. Fleming, Parkersburg Lodge, No. 198. Secretary, Walter B. Wilson, Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482. Annual meeting—place and date not decided.
- Wisconsin**—President, Edward W. Mackey, Manitowoc Lodge, No. 687. Secretary, Theodore Benfey, Sheboygan Lodge, No. 299. Annual meeting at Racine, in August.



## The Sentimental Colonel

(Continued from page 54)



**Foot-Joy**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
"The Shoe that's Different"

**F**REEDOM from strain . . . fatigue . . . pain . . . depends not only on how well the shoe supports or fits the foot, as most people believe . . . but in how well the shoe supports the weight of your body. There is a difference. Change to Foot-Joy shoes. You'll instantly feel this difference. . . No twisting and turning of muscles and bones, no cramped toes, no rolling over of arches . . . because the foundation of Foot-Joy shoes supports your weight evenly and properly. Be comfortable . . . and smartly shod at the same time. Foot-Joy shoes are smart . . . and styled for all occasions. A step ahead of the mode is the sport shoe shown here. Ask your dealer to show it to you or send to us for colored illustrations showing styles for different types of men.

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

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.  
Established 1897

Dealers in most of the larger cities.  
In New York City at 4 East 44th Street.

Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . . (EMA)

that luck would change and that the percentage which bookmakers enjoy would pull him out.

He knew of course that he could "take the gate," as the saying goes, and refuse to pay. But he had an enviable record in the sporting world and wished to maintain it. He scurried hither and thither in Louisville from sundown until midnight trying to raise the necessary cash, but at midnight had succeeded in finding only \$10,000. He sat down in the lobby of the Seelbach Hotel to think it out. At three o'clock he arose, went to the telephone booth and put in a long distance call to Colonel Bradley at Palm Beach, Florida.

"Colonel," he said, when the connection was made, "I'm overboard for thirty thousand dollars. Will you pull me out?"

"When do you have to have the money?" asked Bradley.

"By noon to-day."

"At nine o'clock this morning I'll deposit thirty thousand cash to your credit in my bank here. Draw on it. Good-night and good luck!"

That noon, for the first time in his career, the Louisville bookmaker paid off by check, drawn on a Palm Beach bank.

**C**LOSE friends of Colonel Bradley estimate that he has more than a quarter of a million dollars outstanding in loans. This huge sum represents hundreds of advances made to owners of small stables for the purpose of shipping from one track to another, to pay feed bills, entrance fees et cetera, loans to aging bookmakers who are "slipping," former jockeys and trainers, and other followers of the Sport of Kings. It is said that he never refuses a loan to even the smallest fry in the game unless they have a bad reputation. These "advances" as a general rule are limited to \$100, but there is no rule against going back for a second touch.

"See Mose!" coming from Colonel Bradley following the request for a small loan, has come to be known on the American turf as a promise that if the person seeking the loan will see Mose Crossman, Bradley's betting commissioner, he will be given \$100.

Colonel Bradley believes that inherently all men are honest. None knows better than himself the glorious uncertainties of life on the turf. The pauper of to-day may be the high roller of to-morrow—and vice versa. Accordingly he is never surprised when he is repaid a loan of twenty or even thirty years' standing.

Because of his generosity, his knowledge of human nature, his keen and sympathetic understanding of the ordinary mortal's frailties, Bradley employees are among the most loyal in the world. To be on the Bradley payroll is the desire of nine-tenths of that colorful, carefree family of race followers which make up the rank and file of the American turf.

They know that Colonel Bradley has a theory that every man, woman and child in his huge establishment at Idle Hour Farm, eighty-odd miles from Lexington, contributes in one way or another to every victory that is credited to the green and white. He gives concrete evidence of belief in this theory whenever he wins a big stake. For instance, after the victory of Behave Yourself and Black Servant—his first Derby victory—Bradley was lavish with his gifts to employees. To Jockeys Thompson and Lyke, who wore the Bradley colors that day, he gave \$5,000 each. Further, he gave each and every one of his hundred employees at Idle Hour sums ranging from \$50 to \$500.

While there may be Bradley "cast-offs" in the equine world, there are few if any from his human family. When men and women grow old in the Bradley service they are treated as were the aged retainers of a more romantic age.

Years ago, when that grand old trainer, Clifford Hammond, died, he left a little daughter, Norma, to face the world alone. Colonel Bradley, who is inordinately fond of children, talked it over with his wife with the result that little Norma was adopted by the Bradleys. Making little Norma Hammond his ward turned out to be one of the most consoling acts of Bradley's life. When Mrs. Bradley, while on a tour of the

world, died suddenly at Shanghai, China, a few years ago, her last moments were spent in the arms of her adopted daughter, no blood relatives being present when the end came.

When Mrs. Bradley died the boys of the American turf lost the best friend they ever had. It was this charming and gracious woman who carried to a successful consummation Colonel Bradley's life-long desire to provide suitable club houses for the youth of the race track. Under her direction half a dozen community houses, called Bradley's Club House For Boys, were erected at as many race courses. Here, boys who work in the early mornings, exercising horses and doing the hundred and one things necessary around racing stables, now come to read, rest, play, study or be entertained. Each of the club houses is provided with reading rooms, shower baths, entertainment halls, pool rooms, lockers and other conveniences never before enjoyed by the lads who live with the thoroughbreds. Colonel Bradley and a few of his horsemen friends foot the bills, everything being free to the boys. The only requirement for membership is good conduct—and upon that the Colonel insists.

In line with this phase of Colonel Bradley's labors for the betterment of boys and girls is his Orphans' Race Meet held annually at Idle Hour Farm. Every November the Colonel conducts this one-day meet for the benefit of the orphans of Kentucky. He induces owners of the best horses in training to send some of their charges to Idle Hour by offering a \$5,000 prize for the main event of the day. Boxes in the grand stand which sell for \$50 for the day always are sold long in advance of the meet. Out of every dollar that is bet in the pari-mutuel machines a percentage is deducted for the orphans' fund, into which also goes the total gate receipts, fees from the concessionaries and private contributions. This "Charity Race Meet," as it has come to be known, Colonel Bradley always looks forward to with keen anticipation. When I went to see him at Baltimore last October he said, "Don't bother writing anything about me—write about the Orphans' meet. That will do some good."

Although generous to what might be considered a fault, Colonel Bradley has very definite ideas of human relations and human responsibilities. I doubt very much if he would by the gift of a dime encourage dissipation, laziness or shiftlessness. He is quick to resent anything that smacks of an imposition on himself or anybody else.

Not so long ago, I am told, he was waited upon by a committee from a church to which he had loaned a considerable sum of money. The committee arrived on the day that the interest on the loan was due. The spokesman of the church group, after informing the Colonel that they weren't prepared to pay the interest, said, "We think, Colonel, that you should cancel this debt."

Bradley banged the desk at which he sat, leaned forward and said, "This, sir, is a legitimate loan. The interest is due and I expect you to pay it. Furthermore, I expect you to pay off the principal when it is due!"

I do not know the sequel of this incident, but I have a feeling that the Colonel has not, or will not demand the "pound of flesh." He merely resented, at the time, the bald attempt on the part of others to dictate how he should dispense his benefactions.

Thirty-five years on the turf have helped Colonel Bradley evolve a philosophy of his own. This philosophy he voiced to a reporter friend—that is, an acquaintance—up at Saratoga last summer. Said he, "We can't make friends telling people our successes. Tell them how successful you are and you have their envy. Tell them about your misfortunes and you have their sympathy. And whenever you introduce a friend say, 'This is my friend of to-day.' Further one can't go, for no man born of woman who has reached the age of three score and ten ever made three friends."

I imagine, however, if he were to add an amendment to that statement it would be, "Unless they were of the equine world."





## 1930 Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City

(Continued from page 41)

military or fancy display, or both; and the choice, order and variety shall be optional with each team.

**Judges**—The judges to be not less than three commissioned officers of the United States Army. These officers are to be selected by the committee in charge of arrangements. A timekeeper will also be appointed and he will present his data to the judges at the finish of each drill.

**Promptness**—Want of promptness is a military offense and may be treated as an error. A drill corps may forfeit its place by reason of delay, and in such instance, shall drill after all other contestants.

**Percentages**—Awards will be made on the following points:

Points	Point Weight	Sub-Weight
1. Inspection	10%	Sizing, alertness, condition of uniforms and equipment.
2. Appearance	10%	General set-up, physique and carriage.
3. Cadence	10%	Maintenance of regularity.
4. Alignment and Distance	10%	Maintenance of alignment; regularity of distance.
5. Manual	10%	Snappiness and efficiency.
6. Commanding Officer	10%	Appearance, proper bearing position and alertness.
7. Drill	40%	Variety of movements, precision, attentiveness, alertness and efficiency.

The weight of points will be divided, by the judges, into ten; and deductions of one-tenth point weight made for each error. No other markings than those stated will be permitted, and the checking of percentages will be given careful consideration by the judges.

### Rules to Govern Elks 2nd National Golf Tournament for the John J. Doyle Perpetual Trophy

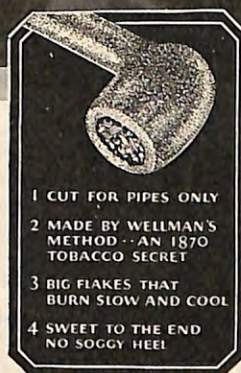
1. Trophy to be played for at annual convention meeting on date set by the Grand Lodge.
2. Trophy to be retained by Lodge winning it for a period of one year; and winner of the 54-hole gross score will be declared the Elks National Champion, and will be presented an exact replica of trophy, to be his personal possession.
3. All players must be bona fide members of the Lodges which they represent.
4. All National Championship contests shall be based on a medal score without handicap.
5. Fifty-four holes shall constitute a tournament and shall be played in three days.
6. No player will be eligible to win more than one trophy.
7. Play shall be over course or courses selected by the tournament committee.
8. Play shall be in twosomes, threesomes or foursomes, as tournament committee shall designate.
9. There is no limit to the number of entrants from each Lodge.
10. Players will be permitted to pick partners for opening 18-hole qualifying round. For the second round players will be drawn and assigned playing partners and starting time, excepting players who represent their respective Lodges on four-man teams. The 54 low-gross score of the tournament will be eligible to continue in the finals.
11. Any differences which may arise between contestants at any time shall be decided by three members of the tournament committee.
12. In case of a tie between two or more players an additional hole or holes must be played to determine the winner.
13. Host Lodge to present replica of perpetual trophy to the winner of the 54-hole medal tournament.
14. Lodge winning perpetual trophy is to insure it against loss by fire, theft, etc., insurance to be \$1,000 policy.
15. U. S. Golf Association Rules and Regulations will govern the contest except where conditions are such that modifications are necessary; however, they must be printed in pamphlet form and distributed in such a manner as properly to inform all contestants, prior to the beginning of the contest, of the exception.
16. Each player shall be required to furnish the Committee with a statement from the handicap Committee of his own Golf Club

(Continued on page 58)

# A cooler smoke in a drier pipe



"I wish I were a man!"



## The "indoor test"

SHOULDN'T a man's associates have something to say about what he puts into his pipe? Indoors, by crackling pine-logs and over work-a-day desks, Granger's *aroma* makes many a friend who never smoked a pipe in her life!

And its taste equals this fragrance—a rare virtue in tobacco. Wellman's 1870 method, our secret, "seals in" the full relish of fine old Kentucky Burley with all its delicacy and mellow flavor.

Its compact, handy, air-tight foil package, at ten cents, may well predispose you in Granger's favor right from the start.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

# GRANGER

## ROUGH CUT



...in more pipes  
every day!



## 1930 Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City

(Continued from page 57)

giving his handicap of June 1st, 1930, and certifying as to his amateur standing. All entries must be in the hands of the Golf Tournament Committee, 122 So. Virginia Ave., Atlantic City, New Jersey, by June 28, 1930.

17. Players not having handicap will be assigned same by Handicap Committee.

18. In the event that the city holding Grand Lodge Convention does not have a Golf Tournament, the John J. Doyle Perpetual Trophy is to be returned to Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, they to hold same until next Grand Lodge Convention.

### Rules to Govern Four-Man Team Contest

1. Teams of four men representing their respective Lodges of amateur standing are eligible to compete.

2. The contest shall be based on a medal score without handicap, 18 holes to be played Monday, July 7th, 18 holes Tuesday, July 8th. The team with the lowest aggregate medal score for the 36 holes will be considered the winner. In case of a tie between any two or more teams an additional hole or holes must be played to determine the winner.

3. The individual scores of the players competing in the four-man team contest will be recognized as scores in the perpetual trophy contest.

4. All rules and regulations of the John J. Doyle perpetual trophy apply to the four-man competition.

In addition to the John J. Doyle \$1,000 perpetual trophy, prizes will be awarded as follows:

Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, first 18 holes.

Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class second 18 holes.

Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, 36 holes.

Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, third 18 holes.

Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, 54 holes.

Winner of 54-hole gross score will be declared Champion.

Winner of 54-hole low net score will be Runner-up.

### Rules Governing National Trapshoot

The Sixth Annual Elks National Trapshoot will be held in Atlantic City during the 66th National Convention. The events and prizes are as follows:

#### Tuesday, July 8th—10 A. M.

100-16 yard—Elks National Championship, open to Elks only. Entrance \$3.00—optional extra—3 high gun trophies, upon conclusion of the above event.

Fifty pair double targets, Elks National Double Championship, open to all Elks and their ladies. Entrance \$3.00—optional extra—3 high gun trophies.

#### Wednesday, July 9th—10 A. M.

100-16 yard—Elks National Class Championship.

Four classes—two trophies each class. Entrance \$3.00—optional extra. Upon conclusion of the above event—

100-handicap—16—25 yards—Elks National Handicap. Entrance, \$10.00—\$7.00 to be put in purse and divided by high guns. Five high-gun trophies.

Faternally yours,

THE ATLANTIC CITY ELKS REUNION ASSOCIATION

HARRY BACHARACH, General Chairman,  
MONROE GOLDSTEIN, Executive Secretary.

## If Reading Were Illegal—

(Continued from page 16)

it with all of France weeping at his bier. His own country waited, bereft at its loss, for the battleship that carried his flag-draped coffin back to his native land.

Between those first and last chapters runs the vivid story of the man who, by a mere nod of his head, might have received the nomination for the Presidency—the man who refused to quit Paris when the Germans were but a few miles from its gates and almost all of the other embassies were removing to Bordeaux—the man who so famously fathered Lindbergh at the end of that star-like flight across the skies, in 1927—the man who, perhaps, has done more to make France our friend than any one else in all history.

Colonel Mott was Mr. Herrick's own appointed biographer and was left much first-hand material for the author to use, so that this is a very authentic and valuable piece of work; particularly so as a picture of Paris in war-time and the position that American diplomacy assumed in those troubled days.

One might wish that there were more glimpses of the secret Herrick, the man with his job laid aside and in communion with his own soul, but well may it be suggested that he never had time to lay his job aside, and that he communed with his own soul by means of innumerable acts of high-mindedness and extraordinary kindness.

Colonel Mott's book is an objective biography, brimful of international events, not merely theories; and with action more than with contemplation. But the huge heart of the great ambassador shows through, and all his gallant qualities are attested once more in these interesting pages.

As one might suppose, anecdotes flourish, for Herrick told a story with charm and gusto; and front-page names reappear in intimate and simple incidents. Such, just for example, as that night at Le Bourget, when a mob was going quite crazy about our flying hero, and a Frenchman politely drew up a chair and suggested that Lindbergh sit down. "Thank you," said, in all seriousness, the boy who had just flown the Atlantic, "I have been sitting."

### Hudson River Bracketed

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

A NEW novel by Edith Wharton, who has never relinquished her position as America's foremost novelist, must inevitably be regarded as an event.

In this case, the romance is, we must honestly conclude, not Mrs. Wharton's best, but it is so much better than almost anything that any one else is writing, that one can not afford not to read it.

Her hero is a young and rather raw mid-Westerner who comes to New York to make his name as a writer.

Now, we have been led to believe that writers—like college professors—make negligible heroes. One may be a button manufacturer or a financier, an actor, a chef, or a gunman, and make good as the headliner of a love story. Seldom, however, does an author dare use a writing-man as his leading character. I suppose all this is so because the public has been so villainously misled about the scribbling clan, or because the author himself can not write unprejudicedly about one of his own species.

However that may be, Mrs. Wharton has been very brave, and in "Hudson River Bracketed" she tells the story of Vance Weston, writer, and his bid for a place in the halls of fame.

Arriving in the East, the youth meets Halo Tarrant, a young woman of friendliness and culture, who has at hand all those opportunities and inheritances which Vance so desperately needs. She becomes a sort of mentor to the boy, one through whose eyes he beholds a life of beauty and leisure such as he had only remotely dreamed of.

All through this distinguished piece of work appear pictures of the bitter difference in the social life of its characters—pictures sharp with knowledge and sensitiveness.

Early in the tale, Vance marries a young country girl who by no chance speaks Halo's language, much less the language of Halo's husband, who, as the book progresses, has be-

When-  
ever  
you  
have a  
cough

use

**Beech-Nut  
BLACK  
Cough Drops**

A cough drop with  
an agreeable flavor

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.  
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Makers of  
BEECH-NUT

LEMON, LIME AND ORANGE DROPS



come the editor of a Review and the employer of Vance. Nor yet does she speak the language of the little literary circle which has welcomed Weston for his fresh viewpoint. In fact, the romance of Vance and his pitiful but still heroic Laura Lou is the story of complete frustration of sacrifice, of youth up against the barriers of absolute want, and of thwarted ambition.

Against this, on the other hand, is the warm understanding of Halo, and the luxurious world of some of her friends—a world that is epitomized in that brilliant scene where Vance, desperate, asks Mrs. Pulsifer to lend him two thousand dollars, and the recklessly rich woman, shocked at the word "poverty," gazes at him, uncomprehendingly, "across the desert of her vast possessions."

It is at such moments that all hats come off to Mrs. Wharton's art, an art that gets under the skin with a surgeon's knife.

The mature love of Halo and of Vance, after she has obtained her divorce and after poor little Laura Lou has bravely died, brings the novel to what, presumably, may be called a happy ending.

In so brief a review, it is impossible more than to hint at the depth of characterization, the amazing analysis, and the swift current of events which make "Hudson River Bracketed" so impressive a portrait of contemporary life.

### Look Homeward, Angel

By Thomas Wolfe. (Scribner's Sons, New York.)

UP IN New York University is the young instructor, Thomas Wolfe, whose first book has just been having decorations pinned upon its very manly bosom, it being hailed as one of the best literary performances of the year.

"Look Homeward, Angel," is a novel of magnificent proportions, depicting over twenty years of life in a large middle-class American family—the Gants of Altamont, a Southern resort town.

In the words of Mr. Wolfe, himself, the book has in it "sin and terror and darkness," but it has many other things as well. Above all, it has that hunger and thirst of the soul which, in Eugene, the youngest of the Gants, takes voice in his cry to—or rather *against*—his mother: "... but I shall get me some beauty, I shall get me some order out of this jungle of my life. I shall find my way out of it yet, though it takes me twenty years more—alone."

The story of this sometimes savage, sometimes deeply touching family, is of such scope, such honesty, such mental robustness, such rich comprehension of the human emotions—good and evil, that no few sentences here can give you any idea of the inexhaustible panorama of life that it spreads forth.

One gets, occasionally, the sense that it has been almost over-written . . . nothing left to the imagination . . . no word left unsaid to ring louder than all the thousands that have been written. But, all in all, it is a fine, closely-woven piece of work, promising great things from its writer in the future.

### The Sea Devil's Fo'c'sle

By Lowell Thomas. (Doubleday-Doran, New York.)

NOW we come to a gay and rather roistering collection of sea yarns and such, recounted by Mr. Thomas from things told him by Count Luckner, commander of the *Seeadler*, the German mystery ship that destroyed 500,000 tons of Allied shipping, made hundreds of prisoners, and never took a life.

The author has preserved the Count's quaint phraseology in his arrangement of these tales, and what a fellow he makes the jolly "raider," by Joe!

At thirteen, he ran away from his father's castle and signed as cabin boy on the Russian full-rigged ship *Niobe*, where he had to eat the scraps left by the sailors on the table of the fo'c'sle . . . he saw the King of Denmark lying dead upon a slab in a morgue—a great scandal that was long kept from the world . . . once he drew, by magic, an old red handkerchief out of the coat-tail pocket of the King of Italy . . . once he held a porter's job at the Hotel Majestic, in New York, and had to polish up the brass door-knobs all day long . . . and what he doesn't know about windjammers, monkeys, (Continued on page 60)



## HER LONGEST WALK IS FROM CURB TO CAR... YET SHE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

SHE simply lives behind the wheel of her car. Her friends say that if the front door were a bit wider, she'd park her auto in the living room and save herself walking at all.

Yet for all her sole-saving habit she has a most bothersome case of the ringworm infection commonly called "Athlete's Foot"! And she doesn't know what the little rash-like eruption of tiny blisters between her toes\* means.

How many millions of Americans share this girl's affliction and, like her, wonder what it is!

### \*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,\* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been

### \*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 toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop 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.

## Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED  
SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR  
ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS,  
CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.

tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply everywhere. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire Nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds "It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time." And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

### It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it kills the ringworm germ.

This will be good news to the many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for distress signals\* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." Don't be fooled by mild symptoms. Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is persistent. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with i-t-c-h-i-n-g—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of any one of these distress signals\* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.

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.



# Lonely Hearts



**W**ILBERT has a heart of gold. Will no one tell him what's the matter—why girls turn pale, and gracious matrons freeze at his approach? Yes, *we* will. This has gone far enough. Get a new pipe, Wilbert, and break it in gently, thoughtfully, with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. When the curling wisps of its fragrance surround you, everything will be changed, Wilbert.

## How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Hint No. 3) To make your pipe sweet from top to heel, smoke *all* the pipe load when you break it in, or fill the bowl half full the first few times so that the heel, and not merely the top, will be broken in. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 70.



**SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH**  
Smoking Tobacco

It's milder



# If Reading Were Illegal—

(Continued from page 59)

sailors, girl stowaways, and those strange wise cats that love to stand watch at night with their particular sailor chums, wouldn't be worth tying up in an old handkerchief and throwing overboard!

As you can see, here is stuff that is rare and ripe, and it should be taken with thanks that there is left in the world so brawny and simple a soul as this titled seaman, who has a Ph.D. to tack onto his name when he cares to, but who uses that only when his spelling plays him false or his grammar has fallen by the wayside, and then as a sort of counterbalance.

## Babes in the Woods

By Michael Arlen. (Doubleday-Doran, Garden City, N. Y.)

**C**OULD anything in the world be in greater contrast to Luckner's simple, almost beguiling, manner of relating a great story, than the sophisticated style used by Mr. Michael Arlen (he of "The Green Hat") in the telling of these gossamer studies of "high life"!

We all persist in calling them gossamer, these delightful glimpses of the folk who trail along the Riviera and up into the smart snows of St. Moritz, but under their sophistication and wit there is always a bit of philosophy that grips, a sweetness that steals out, almost shamefacedly.

This collection of short stories is not Arlen at his best, by a long shot, but there is, happily, much of that charm which is his alone. There is, for your delight, the story of the three men who fell in love with the same girl, and who were so darned gentlemanly about it. And then there is the pathetic account of the young chap who idealized a lady who turned out to be forty-five—fancy that! And we must not forget the tale of Priscilla, whose hand the author held for two hours and five minutes at one sitting!

Such material, in the light of monumental affairs like "Look Homeward, Angel," is mere goldfish food, but we must confess that we enjoyed the book to the last drop.

## Lone Tree

By Harry Leon Wilson. (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York.)

**B**EN CARCROSS, a bit over sixty, the owner of the Lone Tree Ranch, and the possessor of other property which disgorges oil at a terrific rate, eventually lands in a New York hospital—the surprised victim of a misbehaving appendix.

To his rescue come two nurses: one, a young person of no sense whatever, but the owner of as snappy a "line" as has graced a book in many a literary moon; the other is afflicted with a maternal complex and haunts the baby ward in her free moments. Also at the hospital are an

aviator who has been cracked up, and a young highbrow who has his points.

The hand of fate contrives to unite this oddly assorted cast in a deliriously funny comedy. Any one who can read it without laughing aloud is requested to write in to this department and state his case. We will be glad to see if anything can be done for such a person.

Ben's heart has no limits. He practically adopts the whole crew and totes them across the continent to his loved Lone Tree, and even conspires, with Doyle, the motherly nurse, to kidnap one of the hospital babies—since she's so set on having one to tuck under her arm.

It is easy to see why this book has caught the popular fancy. Each of us has a dream laid away in our hearts of how utterly delectable it would be (by means of oil gushers and our natural kindly instincts) to play Santa Claus like this—to give to a group of charming people their hearts' desires—to be the god in the machine. From such a thesis, Mr. Wilson has spun a yarn in his best vein. He is again the Wilson of "Ruggles of Red Gap," and of "The Man From Home," the famous play which he wrote in collaboration with Booth Tarkington, and in which William Hodge starred practically around the world.

If you know some one who is suffering from the blues, in heaven's name send him "Lone Tree" to-day.

## Marines and Others

By John W. Thomason, Captain, U. S. Marine Corps. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

**M**ARINES in Richmond during the Civil War—Marines in France—China—Texas—Nicaragua—the Air Patrol. These husky fighting gentlemen furnish Captain Thomason with those activities and heart-throbs which are the proper ingredients for fiction.

A series of short, sharp, pungent soldier-adventures, illustrated with a lavish scattering of drawings by this doubly gifted author.

## Joe Pete

By Florence E. McClinchey. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

**M**ISS MCCLINCHEY is a voice crying in the wilderness on behalf of the Ojibway Indians of Northern Michigan. Her "Joe Pete" is the story of their tragic, sordid lives, and resolves itself mainly upon a neglected but still superb Indian lad and his miserable mother. This novel, which is really a brief against our care of the red man, is not for the impressionable young reader, but for the thoughtful older person who can, despite such conditions as the author describes, still see some hope for these poor people.

(Continued on page 80)

# The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 33)

He drew a deep breath. "A year ago Dr. Slade examined him and found both his lungs badly affected with tuberculosis. He gave him less than a year to live and less than a month if deprived of the drug. It would probably have been more humane to have let him die—but he was my brother. I suppose you'll think that I'm a sentimental fool, but I decided that if I could do anything to make what little there remained of life to him less horrible, I'd do it."

"I think nothing of the kind, Mr. Sadler," Paul said earnestly. "The quality of pity is more ethical than so-called morals. In your position I'd have done exactly the same. When your brother informed me that Miss Gloyne was interested in him and was trying to take him off the drug gradually, he was merely protecting her, wasn't he?"

"Yes, of course."

"In view of what I learned from you this evening about Dr. Slade's connection with the matter, I assume that you got the drug through him?"

"Miss Gloyne did. She took the matter off

my hands a year ago after the Doctor's examination of my brother. It seems useless to deny it since you already know that—and a great many other things," he added.

Paul nodded.

"I'm not going to pry into your private affairs. As you say, I've gathered a good many things from your brother, and from other sources. I'm merely curious to know why, in view of your feelings for the dead woman, you didn't come forward at her death? It would have saved us a lot of running in circles."

Sadler shrugged his shoulders.

"You could hardly expect me to be interested in the problems of the police," he replied.

"I didn't, but how did you know that it was to develop into a problem, Mr. Sadler? We ourselves had no such inkling at first."

"I knew nothing of the matter until my brother came and told me the evening after you had talked with him," Sadler replied. "We decided that nothing could be gained by my coming forward."

"I see! Were you at home on the night of the murder?"



The other mocked him with his dark, fathomless eyes.

"That's where you have me, Lieutenant Ames. I wasn't. And I have no alibi. I went to Atlantic Highlands in the afternoon for relief from the heat, returning on the ten-thirty boat that night. I got back to The Nottingham sometime between eleven o'clock and midnight. I saw no one that knew me, which is unfortunate for me under the circumstances, but hardly remarkable since I'm a comparative stranger in New York. Had I known that I was to be under suspicion of murder I should have made it a point to scrape acquaintance with a stranger or two that could have identified me."

Paul smiled deprecatingly.

"Did you visit Miss Gloyne often?" he asked.

"I've been in her apartment on only one occasion," Sadler replied.

"Lately?"

"No, a long time ago—shortly after she moved here in nineteen twenty-six."

"But you saw her at other places, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Frequently?"

"Quite frequently. She was a reader, you know, a very talented one," he added with a loyalty that was pathetic. I went to her readings fairly regularly."

"At the Harners?"

"There and at other places."

"The Harners were mutual friends?"

Sadler's lips curled faintly.

"Not at all. I went there for Miss Gloyne's sake."

"Mr. Sadler, what were your observations—if any—in regard to the friendship that existed between Mr. Harner and Miss Gloyne?" Paul asked.

Our visitor regarded my husband stonily.

"Aren't you asking a rather unfair question in view of what you already know about my past feelings for Miss Gloyne?" he demanded.

"Your regard for the Harners was not very friendly, then?" Paul prompted.

Sadler's face was sphinx-like.

"Mrs. Harner is an estimable woman," he said. "Her husband is the type of man who thinks that money can buy anything."

Paul nodded.

"I understand. Mrs. Harner has disappeared, Mr. Sadler. The District Attorney is inclined to believe that she had something to do with the murder of Miss Gloyne."

For the first time during the entire interview our visitor's face showed emotion. I noted, too, the sudden whiteness of the knuckles of his small, shapely hands clutching the arms of his chair.

"You—you're crazy!" he flung out. "It's—preposterous," he amended lamely.

#### CHAPTER VIII

PAUL remained silent for some moments.

"Do you know where Dr. Slade performed the face-lifting operation on Miss Gloyne?" he asked presently.

The skin of Sadler's own face was stretched to transparency until two little red spots appeared at the points of the cheek bones.

"Here in New York," he said shortly. The straining of his small, tightly clenched hands seemed to communicate itself to the muscles of his throat.

"Dr. Slade was a beauty specialist in those days then?" Paul inquired.

"Yes," Sadler replied.

"The operation was successful, it seemed," Paul remarked musingly. "My first impression of Miss Gloyne was that of a woman under thirty."

Sadler's chest rose under a deep intake of breath.

"It was a most marvelous change," he said in a low voice. "She seemed to—to have become a girl again. I could hardly believe it!" He flung his hand out. "But as you say, you've seen for yourself."

"Did Mr. Harner know her before this operation was performed?" Paul asked gently.

"NO, he didn't!" Sadler retorted with sudden vehemence. "If he had suspected her real age, he's never have bothered with her! The vulture!"

"Do you think he may have had a motive for killing her?" Paul asked.

(Continued on page 62)



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## The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 61)

Sadler leaned back in his chair. He considered at length before replying. It was plain that a struggle between hatred and truth was going on in his mind.

"No!" he said emphatically, but with an obvious effort. "He wouldn't have had the courage."

"You knew Billy Brennan, her former husband, of course?"

"I've met him," Sadler shook his head. "Brennan's a rotter, but he never was in love with her to begin with. The only reason he married her was because she wouldn't go with him any other way. His act is playing here in New York at the moment, I believe. An interview with him would satisfy you without a doubt."

"I know," said Paul. "He's at the uptown playhouse near here. I didn't want to go and see him until I had talked with you."

Sadler relaxed in his seat once more.

"If you have done with me I should like to go," he said, "I have some letters to write—"

Paul smiled.

"Since you were my visitor I couldn't very well ask you to go. I was waiting for the suggestion to come from yourself." He arose and held out his hand. "Will you accept my apology before you leave for what I did this evening?"

Sadler acceded, but without enthusiasm.

"Good night," he said and was gone.

Captain Rice came from his place of hiding with a smile.

"I've never heard two people insult each other so completely and satisfactorily in my life. That's where you college men have it all over the rest of us," he added with a sigh.

"What did you think of him, Captain?" Paul wanted to know.

"I think he knows a lot more than he lets on. Boy, but he was stuck on that woman! How do they get that way! Imagine a man of his caliber following a dumb Dora like that around the world for twenty-odd years! No fool like a *damn* fool—begging your pardon, Mrs. Ames." He dropped into the chair vacated by Sadler. "I'll post a man to watch his hotel the first thing in the morning and see what we can get on him. He looks phony to me."

"What makes you think so, Captain?"

"Don't know. Just a hunch, I guess. He may not have done the job, but he knows something, or my name's not John Rice." He drew a sheet of paper and a pencil from his pocket, wrote something on the sheet, then sat studying it in silence for some moments.

"I've jotted down everybody connected with the case here, Lieutenant. I added this Billy Brennan, her former husband, to the list, just now. I don't know yet where he comes in, but time will tell," He cleared his throat.

"Lulu Reed, the colored maid, is of course first on the list since she was the one to discover the body. I've checked up on her. She's a hard-working woman left with a brood of pickaninnies to support. Her husband was killed in the railroad yards about the time she came to work for Miss Gloyne in nineteen twenty-six. She has two other customers for whom she worked. Both testified to her dependability. I'm letting her out arbitrarily."

"Now then there's Dr. Slade. In the first place he gives us what looks an iron-clad alibi, and in the second place he owns this house and would therefore not be likely to pull a murder here unless he had a very strong motive. He may or may not have had one. We haven't been able to dig one up, unless his connection with the dope ring is it. Of course, I don't like that alibi of his any better than you do, Ames, but it's there and it'll take a lot of hammering to break it. Dr. Burke is ready to go on the stand and risk his reputation on the fact that Miss Gloyne was killed between ten and eleven. So Slade is out—for the present at least."

"Number three is Harner. Here we have a man with plenty of motive and certainly with more than plenty of opportunity. We know that he's a liar. His second yarn about sitting in that closet for two hours sounds fairly plausible, but it may as easily be a fairy tale as his first one about having spent the evening on the roof. He also tried to put the blame on another

—Thyme—which may or may not be construed as guilt. We know that he was insanely jealous of the dead woman, and I don't consider it unlikely that he might have had a key to her apartment. All in all, I've listed him as a first-class possibility."

"As to Mrs. Harner, she seems to fall into that line-up too. She was jealous of her husband to the point of desperation. She calls this house on the telephone and comes here—or at least we're reasonably sure she did—in plenty of time to have done the job. We don't know when she left, but that's unimportant. She disappears immediately following the murder and then calls her husband up, or has some other person do it, if you like. She may of course have a perfectly good motive for hiding—a motive that has nothing to do with the murder, but it certainly looks—not so good."

"Thyme is next on the list. He had the opportunity, but no motive so far as I've been able to discover. Free, the artist, comes under that heading too. Plenty of opportunity, but no known motive. Then there's the Sadlers. William, the hop-head, might have had a motive if Miss Gloyne had held out on him. We know from Miss Baum's statement that he quarreled with her once because she was late in getting home to give him his drug. But, as you remarked, Lieutenant, he was too far gone to have planned and executed so cleverly constructed a crime. He'd have run amok and have left the apartment looking like a slaughter-house. The brother, Neal, might have had a strong motive. He was still in love with Miss Gloyne, furiously jealous of Harner, and he has no alibi of any sort, which classes him with the Harners as to opportunity. However, he's a deep one. He might spring something on us in court that'd make us look like fools. These guys with no alibis are dynamite for a prosecutor to monkey with. I'll see what I can get on him in the next few days."

"Now, Lieutenant, there's that Sutherland girl. On the face of it she had no opportunity since she apparently arrived here after Miss Gloyne had been killed. But Miss Baum might have been a little off in the time element. She certainly had the motive, no matter what you and Mr. McLaughlin may think. I'm figuring that she realized she had struck a bad bargain with the woman over the use of the apartment for her love affair with Free. She may have caught them at his studio pulling a Sappho act while he was painting her. At any rate, we know that she knew that Miss Gloyne was gunning for her man, and unless I'm mistaken she was not the sort of girl to stand by and watch another woman walk off with her private property. She was in such an all-fired hurry, too, to get over here the night of the murder that she didn't even take time to get into street togs. The yarn about her father may be straight goods, and so may the story about her dropping the receiver in the telephone booth and bolting when she saw the headlines in the paper, but it may also be a superior brand of—prune-juice. I'm inclined to list her in column one with the Harners."

He paused.

"Here's the grand result:

"Opportunity and Motive: Harner, Mrs. Harner, Neal Sadler and Miss Sutherland."

"Opportunity without known motive: Thyme and Free."

"Motive without apparent Opportunity: Dr. Slade and William Sadler."

"Unknown quantity: Billy Brennan, her former husband."

"How does that strike you, Lieutenant?"

"Very well," Paul replied, "but you've left out one possibility—Miss Elsie Thrasher, in the apartment directly above Miss Gloyne's. She had an even better opportunity than Free. He'd at least have to be let in by the woman herself or have had a key. Miss Thrasher could have gone down the fire-escape even more easily than Thyme."

"Sure—certainly," the Captain agreed, "but so could anyone else in the house. If we're going to look for the murderer among the three hundred tenants, I wish somebody'd hand me a fine-meshed screen. It's going to be more than a picnic to check up on all of them individually."



"Well," said Paul, "there's one thing upon which Harner and Thyme agreed. They both spoke of her having said something about a work of art, but the most significant thing is that Thyme talked with her on the telephone at nine-thirty. We know that she was alive then, and that she was murdered a short time after that conversation. The murderer must have left by the way of the fire-escape or Harner would have seen him from his spying place in the closet."

"Providing you eliminate all the persons I've jotted down in this list with the exception of Brennan, her former husband," Rice interjected. "Of course, there's always the possibility with a woman of her type that an old sweetheart we know nothing about showed up."

He arose.

"I must be on my way. Just thought I'd drop in and tell you about that telephone call from Mrs. Harner. I'll report to Mr. McLaughlin in the morning."

"He'll be here at ten," Paul replied. "I called him this evening when I found out that William Sadler had left town."

"All right, Lieutenant, I'll drop over then. Goodnight, Mrs. Ames."

JUST as we were finishing breakfast the next morning Harner called up and asked for an interview. Paul agreed to see him at ten-thirty. McLaughlin was late, so he and the contractor arrived almost simultaneously. Harner was visibly agitated. He dropped into the chair facing the District Attorney like a sack of meal. His small heavy-lidded eyes were bloodshot, and his jowls sagged like two inverted question marks.

"I wanted to tell you that the woman who called me yesterday was not my wife!" he ejected stertorously, "and I haven't any idea of who it could have been!"

"Probably some friend of hers," McLaughlin said.

"But I'm certain that I'd never heard the voice before!" Harner objected. "Mr. McLaughlin," he said desperately, "have you no news—are you keeping anything from me?"

"We are not," the District Attorney replied. "Have you any reason for believing that your wife knew about your intended visit with Miss Gloyne?"

"No—I'm sure she didn't. When I called her at Montauk I told her that I was detained in town by business until the following day," he added, looking at his small, pudgy feet.

"It's evident that she questioned this statement of yours. What other reason could she have had for coming into town and calling this house on the telephone?"

"You mean that she came here to spy on me?" The question was shaded with a spurious air of incredulity. It was obvious that Mr. Harner had come to this conclusion not very recently, much as he tried to impress us with the contrary.

"Well," said McLaughlin, "it seems not—improbable."

"You persist in thinking that she—did this thing?" Harner pressed.

"That doesn't seem improbable, either," the District Attorney replied wearily.

Harner said nothing for some time, then he leaned over the arm of his chair and assuming a confidential air, said:

"There's something I forgot to tell you the other night when I was here. Perhaps it will make you change your mind when you hear it."

"What?" McLaughlin queried. His manner was negligent, but I caught a flash in his gray eyes that might have been curiosity or just plain ire.

"When I was sitting in the closet I saw a woman go up to the fifth floor and go to Miss Gloyne's apartment," the contractor said in a voice that was intended to sound mysterious.

"Yes? What time was that?"

"It must have been nearly eleven o'clock—just before Mr. Thyme came down from the, er—roof."

"Did you know this woman?" McLaughlin asked carelessly.

"Yes, sir. It was a Miss Eleanor Sutherland, the daughter of Mr. Randolph Sutherland in West End Avenue. I have her address right here." He drew a slip of paper from his vest pocket and handed it to McLaughlin, who went

(Continued on page 64)

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## The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 63)

through the business of reading it, then laid it down on the table at his elbow.

"What makes you think that she went to Miss Gloyne's apartment?" he wanted to know.

Again the contractor dropped his eyes to his diminutive spats-enclosed pedal extremities.

"I went up the one flight of stairs to see if Miss Gloyne would let her in. There's a turn in the hall at her door, you know, but I saw part of Miss Sutherland's pink evening wrap. She was speaking with someone in a whisper, then she disappeared and I heard a door close."

"I see. You knew of her acquaintance with Miss Gloyne?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you forgot to tell us this the other night?" McLaughlin prompted. "You have a singularly elastic memory, Mr. Harner! Are you sure there's nothing else you've forgotten?"

"Ye—yes—no," said the contractor in a small, faint voice.

AT THE ringing of the buzzer, Paul arose. It was Captain Rice. With him was another man, a tall, lanky individual with a face so thin and emaciated that it seemed to be made up of planes of skin stretched over bones. His manner was at once apologetic and mysterious. We learned from Captain Rice's introduction that the stranger's name was Lancaster. He took the chair offered him by Paul while Rice explained.

"This gentleman has an apartment in the house next door. His windows face Miss Gloyne's on the same floor." He turned to his charge. "Tell the District Attorney what you told me downstairs, Mr. Lancaster."

The stranger seemed to unlimber himself mentally as well as physically by adjusting his long, lean limbs in the upholstery of the chair.

"Well, sir, I suppose I ought to have come and told you sooner," he began, as one prefacing and extended oratorio, "but I didn't want to be taken for one of those cranks that always show up in murder cases with a song-and-dance story, so I kept putting it off. But, after reading today's paper, I decided that I better come over and tell you. I was asking the girl downstairs about Lieutenant Ames who, the paper said, lived in the house, when this gentleman," he indicated Captain Rice, "came up, and the girl introduced me to him."

McLaughlin leaned back in his chair and let the man ramble on.

"Well, I was sitting at my window the night of the murder, getting a bit of fresh air, when I heard a voice talking loud and excitedly in the apartment across the ally where this actress woman was murdered." He paused. "I don't want you gentlemen to think that I'm a peeping Tom, but one of her window shades was up a few inches, and I was startled by the loudness of the voice. It was a woman's. I couldn't see her and I couldn't hear what she was saying, but she was crying out as if she was being hurt, and there was a man sitting in a chair a few feet from the window. I could only see the lower part of his body and all I can tell you is that he wore a light gray suit and tan oxfords and white gloves, but I saw something else!" He ran his bony hand over his eyes as if to brush away a vision. "Another man was crouching on the fire-escape outside the window looking in under the shade. He remained there for at least two or three minutes. I couldn't see his face, but he was a short man, as near as I could tell, and he wore a cap and a white shirt, but no tie. I'm sure of that, because the white shirt was the only thing that showed up plainly in the darkness."

"Yes, Mr. Lancaster!" McLaughlin urged, as the man paused again. "What else did you see?"

"Well," our visitor resumed, "my phone rang just then and I went to answer it. I talked with my party for only about a minute, but when I got back to the window the man on the fire-escape had gone, and the voice had stopped. The chair in which the man had been sitting was vacant. I didn't hear any more sounds after that and when I looked over ten or fifteen minutes later, the shade had been pulled down."

"You don't know whether the man on the fire-escape went up or down?" McLaughlin asked.

"No, sir. I think the ringing of my telephone

frightened him. It rings very loud and my window was open, you know."

McLaughlin's thin lips were compressed with disappointment.

"What time did this take place?" he wanted to know.

"It must have been about ten or a little after. I went out to get an ice cream soda at the corner drug store after a bit. The clock over the soda fountain said twenty minutes past ten and I set my watch by it."

"Did you return immediately?" the District Attorney asked.

"Yes, sir. I went straight home and to bed."

"Did you hear or see anything further from the apartment across the way?"

"No, not a sound, but the lights were still burning."

McLaughlin's gray eyes contemplated our visitor at length.

"It's extremely unfortunate that you didn't come forward sooner with this information, Mr. Lancaster," he said. "I assume you're aware that your course amounts to criminal negligence?"

"No, sir, I didn't. If I had thought so, I'd most certainly have kept still about it. After all, it was none of my affair."

"Laws, Mr. Lancaster, were made for the protection of society, which means you and me. When such laws are violated, it becomes our affair as beneficiaries under them to aid in the bringing to justice the person responsible for such violation," McLaughlin replied with more severity than usual. "How else do you expect to be permitted to live in peace and decency? Are you a permanent resident of the house next door?"

"I own it," our visitor replied. "I occupy the top floor and rent the four lower ones."

"In that event I shan't hold you as a material witness, much as you deserve to be held, but I may state that you've come perilously near laying yourself liable to detention by your actions. That'll be all, sir."

"One moment, Mr. Lancaster," Paul said. "You stated that the man you saw seated in the chair was wearing white gloves. Are you sure of that?"

"Positive. I could see his hands distinctly as they rested on the arms of his chair."

McLaughlin was looking at my husband.

"I never saw a man wear white gloves in twenty years except at a funeral," he remarked.

We all looked at one another. McLaughlin himself seemed startled at his own observation. Paul relieved the tension with a wave of his hand at Lancaster, indicating that the interview was over.

The door had hardly closed upon our visitor when Harner, who had been listening to this recital with bulging eyes, burst out:

"There you are! Does that satisfy you that my wife had nothing to do with it?"

"It doesn't satisfy me at all, Mr. Harner," McLaughlin snapped, "and nothing else will until she comes forward with a reasonable story as to her sudden disappearance."

"But Lancaster said that it was a man he saw in Miss Gloyne's room and on the fire-escape!" the contractor cried.

"Yes, I know! Have you anything else to tell us? If not, I'd suggest that this interview is ended."

Harner arose without a word and picked up his derby and stick. As he started for the door, Paul said:

"Mr. Harner, why did you call Mr. Thyme on the telephone at his hotel on the night of the murder, after you had followed him out of this house?"

Instead of replying, the contractor jerked the door open and flung himself out of it, slamming it behind him.

"A nice rattlesnake to be harboring in one's bosom," McLaughlin remarked. "So long as he thought he was getting Thyme into trouble he kept his mouth shut about having seen the girl. Let's have Slade up, Lieutenant. He ought to be ready to talk after all we have on him."

"I'll go down and get him," Captain Rice said.

"I like the way every new move tangles up this case," the District Attorney remarked, when



the Captain had gone on his errand. "The deeper we go, the deeper it gets. I'm almost tempted to wish that you'd let 'em bury the woman peacefully in the first place, Ames. I'll need to have my own face lifted by the time I'm ready to go before a jury."

"I'm inclined to believe that we'll never get that far with it," Paul retorted slowly.

McLaughlin glanced up sharply.

"You mean that we'll never solve it? God, Ames, we've got to. Our hides won't be worth tanning if we don't!"

"I don't mean that we won't solve it, Major," Paul replied, "I merely meant that we'd never be able to bring the murderer before the bar."

"And why, may I ask? It's pretty clear that one of those two men Lancaster told us about are in on it—perhaps both of them."

"Perhaps. But who are they? Of the one in the chair, we have the not very definite description that he wore tan oxfords and a light gray suit and white gloves. At this time of the year, I imagine that there are something like a million men in New York addicted to this combination—with the exception of the gloves. As to the fellow on the fire-escape, we only know that he was short and wore a soft white shirt without a tie, and a cap. Not very helpful. The physical description fits Harner, but the raiment is all wrong. Imagine fastidious Rufus without a cravat and derby!"

"The man in the room might have been Thyme," McLaughlin said.

"Yes, of course," Paul agreed, "no doubt he owns a light gray suit and a pair of tan oxfords, but white gloves! No, Major—never Thyme! They might, of course, have been light yellow pigskin—probably they were—but Thyme would not have kept them on in the presence of a lady."

"Unless he put them on to avoid leaving finger prints," McLaughlin reminded my husband.

"That's a thought!" Paul ejaculated. "But I hear the elevator stopping. Let's see what mine host has to say for himself."

Dr. Slade looked like a man who had come to the end of his rope. He didn't wait for the District Attorney to begin questioning him when he was seated.

"YOU'VE got the goods on me, gentlemen," he said, "but before you condemn me I'd like to make the statement that I was never at any time connected with the drug ring. I know that you'll find it hard to believe and it will require a lot of explaining, but it is nevertheless a fact."

"We shall be glad to listen to any explanation you have to offer," McLaughlin assured him.

"Thank you," the physician said. "In the first place, I told you certain, er—untruths because I thought it necessary to do so for my own protection. As they did not affect the murder of Miss Gloyne either way, I saw no reason why I should not do so. I refer to the face-lifting operation I performed upon Miss Gloyne three years ago. I had been in that profession some five or six years earlier and had performed a similar one on one of her friends at that time. About three years ago Miss Gloyne asked me to do it for her. I told her that I had abandoned that practice and that I was trying to live it down as a legitimate practitioner, but Miss Gloyne was insistent that I perform the operation upon her. I may state here—without pride—that I had been more than successful in that profession. Miss Gloyne knew this and used every means—legitimate and otherwise—to persuade me to operate on her. In short she intimated that if I didn't comply with her demand my clients might hear of my former profession."

"She had just moved into the house and had taken a three-year lease on the apartment, so she was in a position to do me a great deal of injury. I agreed to her demand."

"About a year ago she brought me as a patient Mr. William Sadler, the deaf mute. I found that the man was in the last stages of consumption, and a hopeless drug addict. I advised her that if the drug were denied the man, he'd live less than a month. It was true, but unfortunate for me. She then prevailed upon me to secure the drug for her—using veiled threats as before."

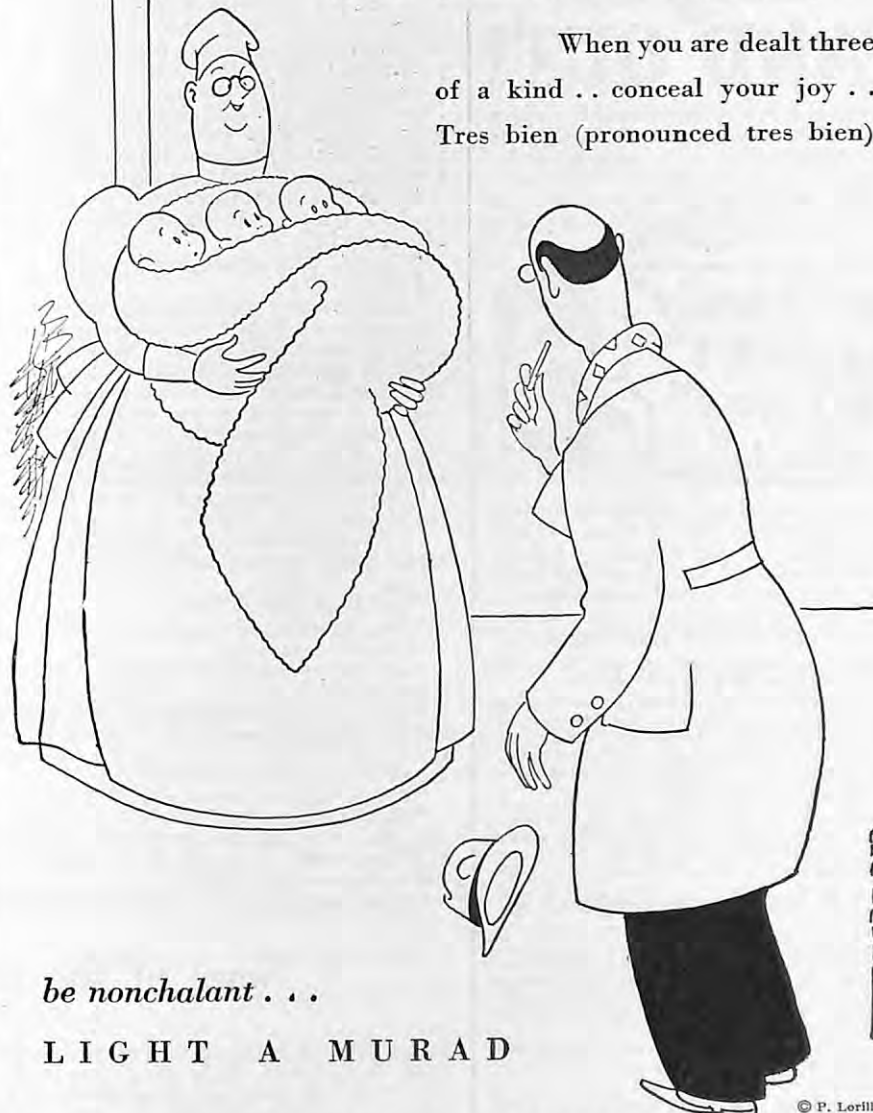
"Well, I was afraid to get it through the regular channels as the man's daily requirements

(Continued on page 66)

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**"He don't"**  
**"You was"**  
**"I ain't"**



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# The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 65)

were very large—some eighteen to twenty grains per day—so I got in touch with certain persons who were in a position to secure it for me."

He paused and flung out his long arms. "I want to tell you gentlemen here that I never profited one cent on these transactions. I let Miss Gloyne have it at cost to me, but from what I learned from Mr. Neal Sadler last night—it appears he furnished the money—it seems that she told him that I was charging her the grossly exorbitant price he had been paying her for it. It is not a nice thing to say about a person who's dead, but it is the truth, and that is what you're after, isn't it?"

"Correct," said McLaughlin fervently.

Paul smiled.

"And the reason you were so anxious to make friends with me, Doctor, was because you knew that I was an officer of the law?" he asked.

"Well, yes, that and because I liked you." He returned Paul's smile with a sad one of his own. "It may interest you to know that if Mrs. Ames had given me the Police Department instead of the War Department as reference, I'd not have rented the apartment to her."

"Under the circumstances I should hardly have blamed you," Paul replied.

"Did you know the Sadlers before Miss Gloyne moved here?" McLaughlin asked.

"No."

"Met them through her?"

"Yes. I met Mr. Neal Sadler at the Harners—at one of her readings."

"You knew then of his sentimental attachment for her?"

"Yes, it was common property. She treated him very shabbily, but he didn't seem to resent it. It was a rather pathetic case, if I may say. We all felt sorry for Mr. Neal."

"Did he visit the woman often?"

"He's never been in the house to my knowledge, sir. In fact Miss Gloyne remarked once that she couldn't be bothered with him. She was a—hard woman, sir."

"So it would appear," McLaughlin replied

drily. "Did you know of Harner's infatuation for her?"

"Yes—I knew," the physician admitted reluctantly.

"How did his wife seem to take it? Did you observe any enmity between the two women?"

"Mrs. Harner took it—very badly. One could hardly blame her, sir. Her husband forced her to receive Miss Gloyne in her home, knowing all the time that she was doing her best to wreck it. In my opinion she would have done so in a very short time if this thing hadn't happened. I believe that Mrs. Harner was considering suing for a divorce."

"Do you think that Miss Gloyne was accepting money from Harner?"

"That I have no means of knowing, but I'd consider it not unlikely. She was not above suggesting commissions from me for having sent me patients."

"Did you ever pay her such commissions?"

"No, sir—I did not. When I refused to be party to such an unethical procedure she grew very angry; but after a while she became friendly again when she saw that I was determined."

"Dr. Slade," McLaughlin said, "I suppose you realize that you're put yourself in an extremely bad light by your actions?"

"Yes, sir. I've no excuse to offer beyond the fact that I was trying to live down my past. Am I under arrest for violating the narcotic law?"

The District Attorney looked at him levelly.

"No, I shan't order you arrested, Doctor—at least not for the present. I may even go so far as to neglect reporting you to the narcotic squad. Understand, I said I *may*! You've been indiscreet—grossly so—but I believe in letting sleeping dogs lie where a man is trying to live down his past. That's all, Doctor."

Slade arose. His heavy face was almost pathetic with gratitude.

"Thank you, sir," he said meekly, and left.

(To be concluded)

# News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 40)

Lodge, No. 66; Relations with other Associations, W. C. Groeb, Shelbyville Lodge; Invitation, Fred C. Cunningham; Resolutions, M. C. Thornton, New Albany Lodge, No. 270; Grand Lodge, Joseph T. Fanning, Indianapolis Lodge; Transportation, Fred C. Cunningham; Ritualistic, Fred Ardner, Bluffton Lodge, No. 796; Advisory, Warren G. Sayre, Wabash Lodge, No. 471. Further business of the meeting included the discussion of plans for the annual meeting of the Association, to take place at LaFayette, June 4, 5 and 6; and of arrangements for the special trains and other details having to do with the attendance of Indiana Elks at the Grand Lodge Session in Atlantic City next July.

## Pennsylvania

PAST EXALTED RULERS C. C. Merrill and F. Brewster Wickersham, of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, were appointed recently to committees in the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. Mr. Merrill was named chairman of the State Association Committee and Mr. Wickersham a member of the Law Committee.

## Massachusetts

MANY members from various Lodges of Massachusetts were present for the monthly meeting of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, which was held at Haverhill, Mass., Lodge, No. 165. The visiting delegates were welcomed by Exalted Ruler Elmer P. Miett, of that Lodge. Past Grand Tiler Thomas Brady of Brookline Lodge, No. 886, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, presided. Among those who spoke were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; Past Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, of Boston Lodge, No. 10, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Frank B. Twitchell, of

Massachusetts, Central, and Raymond V. McNamara, of Massachusetts, Northeast. The officers of the Association decided at the meeting to accept the invitation of Middleboro Lodge, No. 1274, to hold the annual convention at Oak Bluff on June 8 and 9.

## California

AT a meeting of the California State Elks Association, which took place recently at Oakland Lodge, No. 171, and which was presided over by President Fred B. Mellmann, it was decided that this year's State Association Convention would be held in Monterey on October 16, 17 and 18.

## New York

TROY, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, has endorsed, and is furthering, the candidacy of Dr. J. Edward Gallico, for the office of President of the New York State Elks Association. Dr. Gallico is a Past Exalted Ruler of Troy Lodge, and a member of the Board of Trustees of the State Association.

## Georgia

THE Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association were the guests, a short time ago of La Grange, Ga., Lodge, No. 1084. The Committee met to discuss appropriations for the annual Elks charity program. Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews was present at the meeting and spoke on charities. Robert T. Williams, President of the Georgia State Elks Association and Past Exalted Ruler of La Grange Lodge, presided. Mayor H. C. Fincher, of La Grange, a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, also addressed the meeting. At the executive conference the erection of a hospital for crippled children at Warm Springs, Ga., was discussed. The next Association meeting is scheduled for May 22-24 at Milledgeville.



## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 39)

visit to one of Dr. Adolph Lorenz, the world-famous Viennese surgeon, who upon that occasion prescribed treatment for forty-one children.

### District Deputy Bromley Pays Visit to Denver, Colo., Lodge

At a large gathering of members of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George G. Bromley, of Colorado, Central, was entertained recently during his official visit. In his address Mr. Bromley expressed himself as pleased with the condition of the Lodge and voiced appreciation of the enthusiasm of his reception. An excellent program of entertainment completed a pleasant evening.

### Portland, Ore., Lodge Honors District Deputy Lonergan on Official Visit

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, of Oregon, North, recently paid his official visit to Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, of which he is Past Exalted Ruler. The members were much impressed with Mr. Lonergan's eloquent talk. This followed a successful initiatory ceremony when a class of twenty candidates was inducted into the Order. A delicious buffet luncheon was served after the meeting had adjourned.

### San Pedro, Calif., Lodge Officially Visited by District Deputy

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Hal Reynolds, California, South Central, made his official visit to San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, on a recent tour of his district. He witnessed the initiatory work performed by the officers of San Pedro Lodge with the new candidates. In the message he conveyed from the Grand Lodge, he laid stress upon that fundamental principle of the Order, charity.

### Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge Gives Aid To Boy Lost in Wilds

Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1551, played recently the rôle of benefactor to a young man from Atlanta, Ga., who ran away from his home to seek adventure in Alaska. Wingfield Woolf, aged eighteen, a resident of Atlanta, left his home without funds, bummed and begged his way to Alaska, where he became lost somewhere in the wilds near Fairbanks. When he was found, his condition was serious, and he was immediately brought into Fairbanks. Here Fairbanks Lodge, with the aid of the Red Cross and the Episcopal Mission, advanced sufficient money for young Woolf's return to Atlanta.

### District Deputy Commends Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge on Four Counts

Commendation of both the conduct of ceremonies and the performance of the Drill Team of Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge, No. 411, was expressed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leo J. LaFlam, of West Virginia, North, when he made his official visit there a short time ago. Mr. LaFlam remarked favorably, too, upon the business condition of the Lodge his inspection had disclosed, and upon the manner of its management of social affairs.

### Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge Honors Long Service of William E. Hendrich

In recognition of his quarter-century of service to the Order in general and to Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, in particular, the members of that Lodge presented to William E. Hendrich a short time ago an especially designed crystal desk set. Mr. Hendrich, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, a Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, Past President of the Indiana State Elks Association and Past Exalted Ruler of Terre Haute Lodge, was for twenty-five years chairman of the Glenn Orphans' Home Christmas Party, an annual event sponsored by the Elks. An inscription to this effect, together with other statements of

(Continued on page 68)



Illustration shows an example of polished and hammered Rock of Ages

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ARE PACKED IN  
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

Mr. Hendrich's devotion to the Order, is engraved on the desk set.

### Fort Wayne, Ind., Elks Enthusiastic When District Deputy Calls

An enthusiastic meeting of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, was that coincident with the official visitation recently of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Burke, of Indiana, North Central. The Lodge session was followed by a chicken-pie supper. At the conclusion of the affair it was arranged that Mr. Burke would come again to the Lodge, this time informally, during the forthcoming celebration of the opening of its new golf course.

### "A. Charles Stewart Night" Fills Home of Cumberland, Md., Lodge

Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, dedicated a recent meeting to Grand Trustee A. Charles Stewart. In his honor the event was designated "A. Charles Stewart Night" and the group of initiates "The A. Charles Stewart Grand Trustee Class." As further evidence of esteem, members of Cumberland Lodge and of the Grand Trustee's own Lodge, Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, spoke in praise of Mr. Stewart; and Past Exalted Ruler D. L. Sloan, of Cumberland Lodge, presented to the guest of honor a gift in token of its members' affection and admiration for him. In response, addressing the largest gathering of Elks ever to assemble in the Home of Cumberland Lodge, Mr. Stewart expressed his appreciation of the testimonial meeting and asserted that he had never before seen the ritualistic ceremony more ably conducted.

### Two Lodges Escort District Deputy to Rutherford, N. J., Lodge

Delegations from both his own Lodge, Passaic, N. J., Lodge, No. 387, and from Lyndhurst Lodge, No. 1505, formed an escort of honor to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter J. Gallagher when he paid an official visit recently to Rutherford Lodge, No. 547. Speeches during the meeting by the District Deputy and by the Exalted Rulers of the two neighboring Lodges represented were warmly received. After the Lodge session, a supper and entertainment, by professionals and by members of Passaic Lodge, were provided.

### Athletes Honored at Dinner Given by Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, was host to seventy-six athletes of the victorious football and track teams of the Curtis High School recently at a testimonial dinner held in the Home. Also present were the coaches of the teams and the principal of the High School. Past Exalted Ruler Frank J. Crystal was toastmaster and, in an address to the guests of the Lodge, he complimented the young athletes upon their victories and wished them success in their battles with life after graduation. When the dinner and addresses were over, a dance was held in the ballroom, especially decorated for the occasion.

### District Deputy Whitlock Visits His Own, Salisbury, N. C., Lodge

Upon the occasion of his official visitation of his own Lodge, Salisbury, N. C., Lodge, No. 699, a short time ago, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul W. Whitlock, of North Carolina, West, was honored by the attendance of a large number of members. The meeting was noteworthy, too, for the inspiring nature of the address, the principal one of the evening, given his fellow Lodge members by Mr. Whitlock. Supper and a program of musical entertainment completed the evening's events.

### Price, Utah, Lodge Reports Doubling Membership Since Its Institution

Price, Utah, Lodge, No. 1550, reports that it has more than doubled its membership in the eight months since its institution. When it was

first organized there were enrolled fifty-one members. To-day it has a membership of one hundred and seven. Price Lodge also states that it has purchased uniforms for the Carbon, Utah County, Elks Band at a cost of about \$700.

### District Deputy's Visit to Nutley, N. J., Lodge Draws Exceptional Attendance

Delegations from his own Lodge, Summit, N. J., Lodge, No. 1246, and from a number of others within his jurisdiction accompanied District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George G. Faulkenburg, of New Jersey, Northwest, when he paid an official visit a short time ago to Nutley Lodge, No. 1290. After the initiation of candidates, witnessed by a gathering of Elks which taxed the accommodations of the Lodge room to capacity, the District Deputy praised the manner in which the ceremonies had been conducted. A supper in the Home followed the meeting.

### Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Awards Football Prize to Best Player

The annual football award, offered by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, to "the most valuable player," was presented, recently to this year's winner, Leonard J. Morgan, half-back on the Pasadena High School football team. The award, in the form of an engraved gold football, has, ever since its institution as a custom, been eagerly worked for every season by the members of school-boy elevens.

### District Deputy Reynolds Officially Visits His Home Lodge

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, was honored recently by the official visit of its member, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Hal Reynolds, California, South Central. To hear Mr. Reynolds's address, thirteen of the Lodge's twenty-three Past Exalted Rulers were in attendance.

### Oak Park, Ill., Lodge Second Degree Team Scores Success

The second degree team of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, in the charge of Exalted Ruler Frank P. White, made a trip recently to Waukegan, Ill., Lodge, No. 702, and performed there. Prior to the opening of the meeting, the twenty-five members of Oak Park Lodge were entertained at dinner.

### District Deputy Cantwell Pays Visits To His Home Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard A. Cantwell, of Massachusetts, West, returned to his home Lodge, Worcester, Mass., No. 243, a short time ago for his official visit. He was assisted by a suite of more than fifty, including District Deputies, Past Exalted Rulers and a host of visiting members. Many old-timers returned for the occasion. The event marked the final visitation of the District Deputy for the Western section of Massachusetts.

### Ceremonial at Sandusky, O., Lodge Impresses Throng of Visitors

After witnessing a recent ritualistic ceremonial conducted by Sandusky, O., Lodge, No. 285, a number of visiting Elks at the meeting invited the officers who served to perform similar functions at neighboring Lodges. The stations were filled entirely by Past Exalted Rulers of Sandusky Lodge, and a vested choir and special settings provided musical and pictorial backgrounds for the exercises. Before the meeting the two hundred or more members of the Order present gathered at dinner; and later, at the conclusion of the Lodge session, enjoyed a buffet supper and a program of entertainment by professional vaudeville performers. In attendance at the meeting and the social session, besides the members of Sandusky Lodge, were Elks from Elyria, Bellevue, Norwalk, Willard and Lorain Lodges.



### District Deputy Robbins Makes Official Visit to Freehold, N. J., Lodge

Elks of Freehold, N. J., Lodge, No. 1454, were honored recently by the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leo Robbins, of New Jersey, South. The District Deputy and his delegation of members from Lakewood Lodge, No. 1432, dined with the officers and the house committee of Freehold Lodge. After his official inspection of the Lodge, District Deputy Robbins spoke favorably of its condition and management.

### Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Plans To Have A New Home

Plans for a five-story building with a 125-foot tower were presented for approval to Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, at a recent meeting. The building will have a banquet hall and ballroom on the second floor, with space to accommodate four hundred couples. The third floor, with a twenty-four-foot ceiling and six hundred permanent opera chairs, will be used as the Lodge room. A tower will rise two full stories above this.

### Denver, Colo., Lodge's All-Star Football Game Earns \$2,500

Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, in cooperation with the Denver Post, earned \$2,500 for the Elks' charity fund from the Rocky Mountain Conference—North Central Conference football game held a few weeks ago in the stadium of Denver University. Although a heavy snowfall came the night before the contest, 12,000 spectators turned out. The North Central Conference team, coached by Jack West, head coach at the University of North Dakota, defeated the eleven of the Rocky Mountain Conference, coached by the University of Utah's head coach, Isaac Armstrong, by a score of 13 to 6.

### Greensboro, N. C., Lodge Member Extends Charity to Friendless Dead

A unique type of charity has been quietly practiced for over twenty years by a member of Greensboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 602. It was disclosed recently that Max T. Payne, a member of Greensboro Lodge, has been defraying the funeral and burial expenses of persons who died in Greensboro without friends or money. Mr. Payne has provided two family plots and has arranged for nineteen burials.

### Many Notables Greet District Deputy at Bessemer, Ala., Lodge

Bessemer, Ala., Lodge, No. 721, received an official visit a short time ago from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ben Mendelsohn, of Alabama, North. Among the many distinguished Elks from neighboring cities to witness this splendidly attended meeting were Past Grand Inner Guard Edward J. McCrossin, President of the Alabama State Elks Association; P. L. Plemons, Second Vice-President, and H. M. Bagley, Secretary of the Association. District Deputy Mendelsohn was accompanied by several members of his own Lodge, Birmingham, No. 79. Many interesting speeches were made by the noted guests before the excellent turkey dinner was served. Bessemer Lodge accepted an invitation from Birmingham Lodge to be present at the forthcoming official visit of District Deputy Mendelsohn there.

### District Deputy Starkweather Officially Visits Douglas, Ariz., Lodge

Douglas, Ariz., Lodge, No. 955, received recently an official visit from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. H. Starkweather, Arizona, South. The large number of members in attendance for the occasion heard, before the Lodge session, a musical program furnished by the local Boy Scout Band, which is sponsored by the Lodge. Following the meeting an oyster supper was served in the club rooms.

### Veterans of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge Form Life Members Club

Members in good standing in Birmingham, (Continued on page 70)

# Win \$3,500.00

Many persons won from \$1800.00 to \$4245.00 each in our last offers by our unique advertising plan. A boy only fifteen years old won \$900.00. A man between sixty and seventy years old, unable to get work, with doctor and household bills to pay, won \$4245.00. A woman was surprised to win \$2500.00. Every age or sex has an equal chance to WIN. In next three or four months we will award thousands of dollars to fortunate men and women who solve our puzzles and win our prizes. Here's our latest one:

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Act quick. Be prompt. It pays. If you solve this puzzle correctly, I will send Certificate which will be good for \$625.00 if you are prompt and win first prize, making your first prize \$3500.00.

**NO MORE PUZZLES TO SOLVE.** Any man, woman, boy or girl in the U. S. A.—it doesn't matter who or what you are or where you live—except residents of Chicago, Illinois, and former major prize winners. 25 of the people who take up this offer are going to win these wonderful prizes. Be one of them. Just send the numbers of the twin flyers. Send no money, but be prompt!

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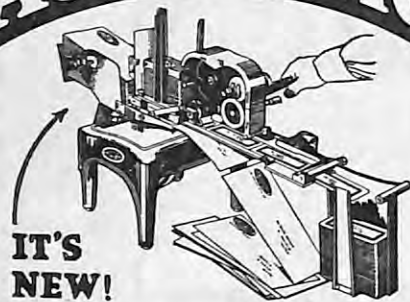
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

Ala., Lodge, No. 79, for twenty-five years or more, organized recently a Life Members Club. The occasion was celebrated with a banquet at the Bankhead Hotel. Eligibility to the club is automatic with the award of a life membership in the Lodge, which in turn calls for a record standing. The originator of the idea, Herbert J. Baum, has been an Elk for only eighteen years. He could not qualify as a member, but was an honor guest at the banquet. Others were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ben Mendelsohn, of Alabama, North; Exalted Ruler Thomas Irwin Dennis, and L. W. Friedman, fraternal editor of the Birmingham *News-Age-Herald*, both of Birmingham Lodge, and G. D. Riley, of Memphis, Tenn., Lodge, No. 27. Officers elected were: President, Edward J. McCrossin, who acted as toastmaster at the banquet; First Vice-President, J. W. Perkins; Second Vice-President, Dan A. Hogan; Third Vice-President, Gus Rotholtz; Fourth Vice-President, T. Leonard Hobart; Secretary and Treasurer, J. W. O'Neill; and Assistant Secretary, Harry W. English. The club numbers sixty members in all.

### 1,200 Elks Welcome District Deputy Reynolds at Long Beach, Calif.

The Lodge room of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, was filled to capacity when 1,200 Elks gathered at a meeting recently to welcome royally District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Hal Reynolds, of California, South Central, on the occasion of his official visit there. The Elks Drum and Bugle Corps of Long Beach Lodge, this year's champion corps of the Order, enlivened the affair with its excellent music, and was most heartily applauded by the enthusiastic audience. Mr. Reynolds spoke of the fine charitable and fraternal records of the Lodge. The officers and trustees of Long Beach Lodge decided at the meeting to issue an invitation to the California State Elks Association to hold its meeting there in 1931. Among the many other notables present was Past Grand Esquire P. P. Christensen of Chicago.

### District Deputy Johnstone Pays Official Visit to Duluth, Minn., Lodge

Duluth, Minn., Lodge, No. 133, at a recent meeting held in its home, welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. R. Johnstone, of Minnesota, North, upon the occasion of his official visit. A large attendance of members of the local Lodge and visiting Lodges from other cities made the event one of particular interest. After Mr. Johnstone had talked to the meeting on current affairs of the Order, including the accomplishments of the Minnesota State Elks Association, he witnessed the initiation of a good-sized class of candidates. The degree work was smoothly and gracefully conducted by Past Exalted Ruler E. W. Stevens.

### Past Exalted Rulers Greet District Deputy to Marysville, Calif., Lodge

Ten Past Exalted Rulers of Marysville, Calif., Lodge, No. 783, welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter W. Shipley, of California, North, when he visited there officially a short time ago. In company with Mr. Shipley came a delegation from his own Lodge, Oroville Lodge, No. 1484, including W. T. Baldwin, of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge. The District Deputy commended the Marysville Elks upon the soundness of their financial affairs, their dignity in exemplifying ceremonies, the beauty of their new Home and, in particular, the success of their stimulation of attendance through the holding of monthly dinners.

### Clifton, N. J., Lodge Quadruples Membership in Nine Months

Clifton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1569, has, since its institution in July, 1929, more than quadrupled its membership. The institution of the Lodge was celebrated recently by the charter members, numbering sixty-five. They paraded through the streets of Clifton attended by members of the New Jersey State Elks Association and

neighboring Lodges. At the present time, about nine months after its charter-day celebration, Clifton Lodge has an enrollment of 275 members. The Lodge has already paid off a portion of its financial debt, and is now looking ahead to a successful future.

### Large Reception for District Deputy Treadway at Home Lodge

More than one hundred members of Uhrichsville, O., Lodge, No. 424, warmly received District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. R. Treadway, of Ohio, Southeast, on his recent official visit to his Home Lodge. Attending the banquet was a splendid representation of officers and members of neighboring Lodges, including Coshocton Lodge, No. 376; New Philadelphia Lodge, No. 510; Wellsville Lodge, No. 1040; and Newcomerstown Lodge, No. 1555. Interesting addresses were delivered by Mr. Treadway and by Howard Robinson, Past Exalted Ruler of Coshocton Lodge and Trustee of the Ohio State Elks Association. Following the initiatory ceremony, conducted most impressively by Past Exalted Ruler R. H. Exley, of Uhrichsville Lodge, the meeting adjourned into another room, where a program of vocal music was exceedingly well rendered by members of the Lodge.

### Cliffside Park and Hoboken, N. J., Elks Visited by District Deputy

In honor of two official visits of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter J. Gallagher, of New Jersey, Northeast, one to Cliffside Park Lodge, No. 1502, and another to Hoboken Lodge, No. 74, members of his Lodge, Union Hill, No. 1357, including the Vice-President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, Harry McGill, attended both meetings.

### Fort Dodge, Ia., Lodge Reports Disappearance of Member

Fort Dodge, Ia., Lodge, No. 306, is asking for information regarding the disappearance of a member, Walter H. Thompson. Mr. Thompson's membership number is 1423. He was last seen leaving Fort Dodge in a Buick car, at 10 o'clock in the morning of January 6, 1930. Fort Dodge Lodge has sent out the following full description of Mr. Thompson: Height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 180 pounds; age, 47 years; light complexion, bald, slightly bow-legged, deformed left thumb-nail, drooping left eyelid; sometimes wears dark horn-rimmed glasses. He has a scar on his left knee and he wore at the time of his disappearance a dark-blue, striped business suit, a dark-blue overcoat, dark-gray Fedora hat, high black shoes. He carries a Hamilton watch, case No. 0209443. Mr. Thompson is, besides an Elk, a member of the Lions Club. The Buick car was located in Des Moines, on January 9. It is believed that the missing man has suffered a lapse of memory.

### Championship League Team of Ohio To Perform at Columbus Lodge

When the championship for the most perfectly performing ritualistic team in the State of Ohio has been decided upon by inter-district contests, that team will exemplify the ritual at the Home of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, on March 30. The candidates for this class are to be selected, one from each of the 86 Lodges in the State, and will be known as the "Brotherly Love Class." Arrangements are already being made by Columbus Lodge to entertain and provide for the largest gathering ever to attend an initiation there.

### Omaha, Neb., Elks Conduct Funeral Of Mayor James C. Dahlman

The officers of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, conducted recently the funeral and burial services of James C. Dahlman, a member of the Lodge, and mayor of the city for twenty-one years. The funeral service, held in the Council Chamber of the City Hall, was given according to the Elks Ritual, as was later the service at the grave in the Elks Rest in Forest Lawn Ceme-



tery. The entire city mourned the death of Mayor Dahlman. During the twenty-four hours that his body lay in state in the City Hall, 50,000 persons passed to view it.

### District Deputy Visits Westerly and Providence, R. I., Lodges

Unusually large attendance marked the meetings of Westerly, R. I., Lodge, No. 678, and Providence Lodge, No. 14, on the occasion of the visitations there recently of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John M. O'Connell, of Rhode Island. When the District Deputy called upon the Westerly Elks, of which he is one, he was accompanied by a delegation of honor from Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 430. At Providence Lodge Dr. O'Connell was escorted to the meeting by that Lodge's drill team and a banquet was given for him after the close of the official session.

### District Deputy Attends Birthday Dinner of Oxnard, Calif., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Hal Reynolds, of California, South Central, attended a recent Birthday Dinner at Oxnard, Calif., Lodge, No. 1443, arranged to be held on the evening of his official visitation there. These dinners are a custom with Oxnard Lodge of two years' standing. They derive their name from the fact that each month of the year the members whose birthdays fall within the month are hosts to the rest of the members. Two hundred and fifty Oxnard Elks were present at the dinner at which the District Deputy was.

### District Deputy Greeted by Son, Exalted Ruler of La Fayette, Ind., Lodge

On his official visit to La Fayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Burke, of Indiana, North Central, was greeted by his son, Thomas Burke, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. District Deputy Burke made his official inspection and witnessed the initiation of a class of twelve candidates. A chicken luncheon was served later.

### New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge Accepts Trusteeship of Hospital

New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, has accepted, as trustee, the management of a hospital, in that city, formerly privately owned and operated. Official transfer of title was recently accomplished at an informal gathering upon the lawn of the hospital, at which time speeches were made by the new trustees when the property was presented to them. The institution will have modern improvements and will be rechristened "Community Hospital."

### Secretary of Labor Davis Speaks When Etna, Pa., Elks Dedicate Home

Twelve hundred members of Etna, Pa., Lodge, No. 932, attended the ceremonies recently incident to the dedication of the Lodge's new Home. The exercises were directed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Brown, of Pennsylvania, Southwest. U. S. Secretary of Labor James J. Davis made the principal speech of the occasion. A buffet luncheon followed the dedication, which was held in the afternoon. In the evening a program of boxing and vaudeville attractions was presented. This Home of Etna Lodge was acquired last fall from a manufacturing concern which, a few years before, built the structure at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars. Designed expressly for club purposes, it affords its present occupants bowling alleys, a swimming pool, a dining-room, a lounge, a library and an auditorium accommodating 2,000 persons. These are on the floors above the first, where a bank is located.

### Mrs. Ralph Hagan Dies In Los Angeles

Mrs. Ralph Hagan, wife of Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees Dr. Ralph Hagan, died in Los Angeles, Calif., on Sunday, January 26, of a heart ailment from which she had suffered for a number of years. At the funeral services, Michael F. Shannon, Past Exalted Ruler of Los Angeles Lodge and a well-known

Elk, delivered an address of eulogy. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, on behalf of the entire Order, extends to Dr. Hagan its deepest condolence and sympathy.

### Henry A. Guenther Installed as Grand Trustee

At impressive services in the Home of his Lodge, Newark, N. J., No. 21, Henry A. Guenther, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, noted throughout the east for his devoted work in behalf of the Order, was installed as Grand Trustee by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning. Mr. Guenther will fill the unexpired term of Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, whose death in office was reported in last month's issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Mr. Fanning, introduced by Exalted Ruler Frank A. Hahl, was assisted in the conduct of the ceremonies by the following well-known New Jersey Elks: Grand Exquire Harry Bacharach, occupying his own station; as Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Thomas F. Macksey; as Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, Fletcher L. Fritts; as Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, John H. Cose; as Grand Treasurer, Francis P. Boland; as Grand Secretary, Edgar T. Reed; as Grand Chaplain, Francis V. Dobbins; as Grand Inner Guard, W. J. Lysons; as Grand Trustees, Walter S. Marder, Edward Hodeker, Eugene J. Sheridan and Nicholas Albano.

Mr. Fanning, before returning the gavel to Exalted Ruler Hahl, took occasion to speak highly of the manifold activities of Newark Lodge, and to congratulate New Jersey Elks in general upon their high standing.

Following the installation ceremonies a regular meeting of the Lodge was held and a large class of candidates initiated. A splendid attendance of officers and members from all over New Jersey made the occasion doubly auspicious.

### Alameda, Calif., Lodge Entertains Famous Baseball Players

Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, enjoyed the annual baseball night held in the Home recently and which proved to be a most successful affair. Many well-known big-league players were there, including Dick Bartell, infielder of the Pittsburgh Pirates, who is a member of Alameda Lodge. Among others were Cal Ewing, a member of Oakland Lodge, No. 171, and former owner of the Oakland Baseball team and now a member of the National Board of Baseball Arbitration; and Lefty O'Doul, of the Philadelphia Nationals, leading slugger of the National League.

### Annual Grand Ball Given by San Francisco Lodge a Success

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, took part in two interesting events lately. The Annual Grand Ball, attended by more than 1,500 members and their guests was held at the Fairmont Hotel. It was considered the most successful ball in the history of the Lodge. A supper was served at midnight, followed by a dance. The second event took place a few days later when approximately 200 members, the drill team and glee club of the Lodge visited San Mateo Lodge, No. 1112. Initiation ceremonies were conducted by the officers of San Francisco Lodge.

### Article Upon Welfare Activities of The Elks in Red Cross Magazine

In the February, 1930, issue of the Red Cross Courier there appears an interesting and comprehensive article on "The Welfare Activities of the Elks," by Past Grand Exalted Ruler, James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Good-of-the-Order Committee. In the article Mr. Nicholson cites several of the charity activities undertaken by the Order and describes its fine work during the World War.

### Widow of Past Grand Secretary Arthur C. Moreland Dies

Mrs. Sadie R. Moreland, widow of Arthur C. Moreland, Grand Secretary of the Order for ten years, 1881-90, died at her home in New York City on February 3, in her seventy-third year.

(Continued on page 72)

## New INVENTION CUTS TIRE COSTS in HALF



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Up to \$40  
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An Ohio genius has found an amazing way to give motorists double mileage for each dollar annually spent on automobile tires. This opens an opportunity for salesmen to make up to \$20 a day on only 3 sales.

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# Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

Prior to the death of Mr. Moreland in 1915, Mrs. Moreland was for a long period a regular attendant at Grand Lodge conventions, accompanying her distinguished husband who, following an accident, spent the last twenty years of his life in total blindness.

## News of the Order From Far and Near

The Elks Concert Orchestra recently organized by San Jose, Calif., Lodge, has arranged to give three concerts during the coming season at theatres in that city. Two of these will be of a popular nature. The third will be a symphony concert.

Columbus, O., Lodge initiated a short time ago Jack Cannon, guard of the Notre Dame football team and all-American choice for that position. A banquet in his honor, at which he was presented with a life-membership card, followed.

Three recent indications of the vitality and enthusiasm of Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge, were fraternal visits, by its members, to both Towson and Baltimore Lodges, and the fact, made known a short time ago, that Havre de Grace Lodge has doubled its membership within the last six months.

For the benefit of the Crippled Children's Fund of Washington, N. J., Lodge, the minstrel company of Morristown Lodge gave not long ago a performance at the Home of Washington

Lodge. The cast of Morristown members was augmented by a few of the Washington Elks. Members of both units of the Order attended almost in a body, making of the affair something approaching an inter-Lodge visit.

Washington, D. C., Lodge, organized recently a bowling team. It made its debut in competition a short time ago by journeying to Annapolis, Md., Lodge for a match game.

In response to an invitation from Newton, N. J., Lodge, the officers of Dover Lodge journeyed there recently to conduct initiation ceremonies.

At a luncheon recently at the Home of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, commended Arthur Bishop, a member of New Brunswick Lodge, for his gift of an endowment fund of \$25,000 to the cause of treating crippled children within the jurisdiction of the Lodge. A report of this gift appeared in the February issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Berkeley, Calif., Lodge entertained members of Alameda Calif., Lodge a short time ago and by inviting Berkeley Lodge to its Home.

There was an unusually large attendance at Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge recently when District Deputy Francis V. Dobbins made his

official visit. He was accompanied by a delegation from Rahway, N. J., Lodge.

A banquet and vaudeville program for the members of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge was arranged recently for the celebration of its fifteenth anniversary.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge will celebrate its one-thousandth session on March 20th. The Lodge has been in existence for almost twenty-seven years.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge has issued an invitation to all its members who can play instruments to report for rehearsal for band practice. Freeport Elks hope to form a band of fifty pieces.

Grand Forks, N.D., Lodge sponsored recently a concert by the Grand Forks Community Music Association.

Tacoma, Wash., Lodge has made arrangements with the local broadcasting station to have the Elks Band on the air once a month for the benefit of shut-ins.

Sweetwater, Texas, Lodge recently received an official visit from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry A. Logsdon, of Texas, West.

Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge celebrated its fifth anniversary recently when 160 members gathered at the Home and enjoyed a chicken-pie dinner provided by the ladies of Dennis Rebekah Lodge.

# Visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 40)

Ruler. Present at the Lodge session was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harold Colee, President of the Florida State Elks Association; and delegations from Fort Pierce, Fort Lauderdale and Lake Worth Lodges.

Tuesday began Mr. Andrews's journey northward. The evening of that day he arrived at Fort Pierce Lodge, No. 1520, to officiate in the ceremonies of dedicating its new Home. To the members of Fort Pierce Lodge and the more than fifty Elks from neighboring Lodges, the Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. Chapman, of Florida, East. After congratulating the Fort Pierce Elks upon the beauty and comfort of their new Home, Mr. Andrews urged them always to strive to place the Lodge in the position of leader in affairs relating to the welfare of the community. In addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, District Deputy Chapman, J. Edwin Baker, Secretary of the Florida State Elks Association; L. F. McCready, Secretary of Miami Lodge; Exalted Ruler Leslie L. Anderson, of Cocoa Lodge; and Past Exalted Ruler J. L. Reed, Sr., of Tampa Lodge, also spoke, and impressively. The evening concluded with an informal gathering in the lounge rooms of the Home.

To welcome Mr. Andrews to Arcadia Lodge, No. 1524, where a joint meeting of its members and those of Sebring Lodge, No. 1529, was to be held at noon, January 15, a delegation representing both units of the Order drove to Fort Pierce and escorted him and his suite to Arcadia. The party was met at the eastern outskirts of the city by a group of other members and conducted to the Arcadia House. There the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a midday banquet, attended not only by Elks but also by members of the Lions and of the Kiwanis Club. Those accompanying the Grand Exalted Ruler to Arcadia included Exalted Ruler G. M. Austin, of Arcadia Lodge; E. M. Wharton, Member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; Florence J. Schrader, Secretary to Mr. Andrews; and Past Exalted Ruler Reed, of Tampa Lodge.

At the Whitfield Country Club, accessible to both Sarasota Lodge, No. 1519, and Bradenton Lodge, No. 1511, the members of these two Lodges, together with their wives, assembled in the evening at a banquet in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. He was welcomed officially by a committee headed by John F. Burket, Past Exalted Ruler of Sarasota Lodge and a friend of

Mr. Andrews's for a score of years. Exalted Ruler Lloyd M. Hicks of Bradenton Lodge served as toastmaster during the festivities.

The following morning, at Bradenton, a delegation of Elks from St. Petersburg Lodge, No. 1224, and Clearwater Lodge, No. 1525, met Mr. Andrews to conduct him on his trip northward to St. Petersburg. The Grand Exalted Ruler, his escort and the committee of greeting, arrived in St. Petersburg just before noon. The official party was welcomed to the city by Mayor Arthur M. Thompson and, after a brief interval of rest, the Grand Exalted Ruler was conducted to the Albert Whitted airport. From there he went for a trip over St. Petersburg in the blimp Vigilant, and after his return to the ground and a brief time at luncheon, he was driven to the Largo fair grounds and there addressed a large throng. So strenuous was this program, one of unremitting activity during both the morning and afternoon, that Mr. Andrews begged, on the score of fatigue and the necessity of resting for his speech at the Elks auditorium later in the evening, to be excused from the dinner in his honor at the Don Ce-Sar Hotel. He was represented, however, by members of his suite. Exalted Rulers A. L. Cusson, Jr., of St. Petersburg Lodge, and Paul F. Randolph, of Clearwater Lodge, were the official hosts of the occasion. The affair was informal and brief, and immediately thereafter its participants repaired to the auditorium in the Home of St. Petersburg Lodge to hear the Grand Exalted Ruler speak.

Still forging north, the Grand Exalted Ruler, in company with Mr. Wharton, Mr. Fernandez and Mr. Schrader, traveled on the morning of the 17th to Tampa, arriving about noon. At a luncheon, at El Passaje restaurant, in his honor, arranged by the members of Tampa Lodge, No. 708, he was welcomed by Past Exalted Ruler K. I. McKay, Mayor of the city; Exalted Ruler Lovick B. Sparkman and a special committee delegated to greet him.

The demands of his schedule permitted the Grand Exalted Ruler to pause at Lakeland Lodge, No. 1291, only an hour. At Tampa, shortly after noon of the 17th, a delegation of Lakeland Elks met him and escorted him to the Home of Lakeland Lodge. The arrival was at four o'clock. There a majority of the entire membership of the Lodge was on hand to greet Mr. Andrews. At five o'clock the Grand Exalted Ruler and his official party left for Orlando.

An official escort composed of a squad of motorcycle police and fifty automobiles met Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews as he approached Orlando. A delegation of Elks representing Orlando Lodge, No. 1079, and a number of other Lodges in central Florida conducted him and his suite to the San Juan hotel where a banquet was given in his honor. At the Home of the Lodge, later in the evening, 200 members of the Order waited to welcome him. Mr. Andrews's speech at the meeting proved stirring; and the enthusiasm of the occasion was augmented further by talks by District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers L. F. Chapman, of Florida, East; and James J. Fernandez, of Florida, West.

For all that the Grand Exalted Ruler's stay at Cocoa Lodge, No. 1532, was necessarily brief, it was compact with event. Mr. Andrews and his party were met, at midday, January 18, five miles from the city and escorted to the hotel for luncheon, after which a committee headed by Exalted Ruler L. L. Anderson conducted the Grand Exalted Ruler to the new and recently dedicated Home of Cocoa Lodge. The open meeting at which Mr. Andrews spoke after his inspection of the Home was noteworthy for its attendance.

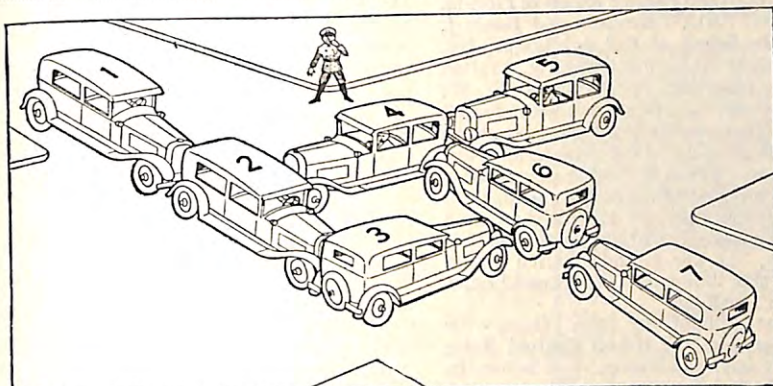
The Grand Exalted Ruler's party, joined now by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. Chapman, of Florida, East, were met in Cocoa by Exalted Ruler J. A. Rogero, of New Smyrna Lodge, No. 1557, and F. F. Bristley, President of the New Smyrna Chamber of Commerce, as an escort of honor. The party arrived in New Smyrna late in the afternoon and was entertained at dinner in Mr. Bristley's home. At the meeting of New Smyrna Lodge in the evening, a hundred members were in attendance to welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler. He was introduced by District Deputy Chapman. A buffet supper followed the meeting. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his escort left late in the evening for Daytona.

In deference to the fact that the next day, the 20th, was a Sunday and that the Grand Exalted Ruler might have a measure of the benefit of it as a day of rest, the members of Daytona Lodge, No. 1141, whom he visited then, made a point of not making their arrangements for his reception ceremonies. Sunday evening he, and his escort were delightfully entertained at an informal but thoroughly enjoyable dinner at the Clarendon Hotel. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz and Exalted Ruler J. Frank

(Continued on page 74)



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## Visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 72)

Isaac, Secretary George F. Crouch and Past Exalted Ruler E. L. Thompson, of Daytona Lodge, greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler and his suite. An additional and distinguished member of this was Past Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter, of Hartford, Conn., Lodge, No. 19. Mr. Andrews, suffering from a cold, asked not to be called upon to speak.

From Daytona, where he spent the previous night, the Grand Exalted Ruler motored the next day to DeLand. With him were all three District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of Florida, L. F. Chapman, Frank Thompson and James J. Fernandez. In behalf of DeLand Lodge, No. 1463, the visitors were welcomed by Exalted Ruler Curtis Lindstrom, and Mayor E. W. Brown, for the city, likewise made a short speech of greeting. The occasion was a banquet at the Hotel Putnam. Elks from Sanford, New Smyrna, Daytona Beach and other points nearby, besides a preponderance of the members of DeLand Lodge, were present to hear the Grand Exalted Ruler speak. Brief talks by the District Deputies who, like the Grand Exalted Ruler, voiced approval of the conduct of DeLand Lodge, concluded the speaking.

A reception committee from Gainesville Lodge, No. 990, met the Grand Exalted Ruler early the next day, January 21, just before he and his delegation of escort entered that city. After an afternoon tour of the principal points of local interest, including a visit to the University of Florida, the members of Gainesville Lodge, joined by those of Palatka Lodge, No. 1232, and Ocala Lodge, No. 286, provided, both before the meeting and afterward, an especially elaborate and enjoyable program of entertainment. The affair was held at the Lodge Home.

The greeting of the members of St. Augustine Lodge, No. 829, to the Grand Exalted Ruler took the form of a luncheon at the Hotel Bennett. Mr. Andrews, Mrs. Andrews and his official party arrived a short time after noon, January 22. In his speech to the fifty Elks gathered together in his honor, the Grand Exalted Ruler moved his hearers to a sustained outburst of applause. His talk was followed by briefer addresses by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees Edward W. Cotter, Member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee and David Sholtz, President of the Florida Chamber of Commerce. Senator A. M. Taylor, Past Exalted Ruler of St. Augustine Lodge, introduced all the speakers. Harold Colee, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and President of the Florida State Elks Association, presented all the other Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge to Mr. Andrews at the conclusion of the address. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party left by motor in the afternoon for Jacksonville.

The visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler to Jacksonville Lodge, No. 221, was one of the most brilliant of his tour of the State. At the county line, as he and his party motored north from St. Augustine, a delegation of Jacksonville Elks met and escorted him to the George Washington Hotel. There, in the evening, a banquet was held in his honor, attended by Governor L. G. Hardman, of Georgia, and by Mayor John T. Alsop, Jr., of Jacksonville, as well as by the members of Mr. Andrews's suite, Grand Secretary J. E. Masters, Harold Colee, President of the Florida State Elks Association, and the present and former officers of Jacksonville Lodge and virtually all its members. Cheers and applause were prolonged both during and after Mr. Andrews's speech. Others of note to give addresses at the dinner were Governor Hardman, Mayor Alsop, who acted as toastmaster; and James T. Daniels, head of the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank E. Thompson acted as chief of Mr. Andrews's escort. The distinguished visitors were welcomed in behalf of Jacksonville Lodge by Exalted Ruler W. T. McDaniel. At the Lodge Home, following the banquet, a meeting was held, and thereafter a short program of entertainment. At the meeting Mr. Andrews spoke again, this time more briefly and of matters pertaining more strictly to the Order.

When the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived at noon, January 23, in Lake City, he found the streets decorated with flags in honor of his

presence. He and Mrs. Andrews, together with the members of his official party, were welcomed at the station by a committee comprising Mayor M. L. Plympton, Chief of Police John F. Baker, Sheriff W. B. Douglass, Exalted Ruler L. G. Brannon, of Lake City Lodge, No. 893; and Dr. H. C. Von Dahm, of the United States Veterans' Hospital. After luncheon at the Blanche Hotel, both the guests and their hosts motored to the Veterans' Hospital for a tour of inspection and cheer. They dined there later as the guests of Dr. Von Dahm and the members of his staff. While Mr. Andrews was thus engaged, Mrs. Andrews was the principal guest at a dinner, at the Hotel Blanche, tendered by the members of the Emblem Club, a women's organization. After his sojourn at the hospital, Mr. Andrews was conducted upon a visit of inspection to the Lakeview Country Club, which Lake City Lodge is planning to purchase. Later, at the meeting at the Home of Lake City Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler declared that in percentage, Lake City Lodge's membership surpassed that of any other Lodge in the Order. Senator W. W. Phillips introduced Mr. Andrews. A social session and a banquet intervened between the closing of the Lodge session and the departure of Mr. Andrews, by train, later that evening, for Mobile.

At Milton the following morning a delegation of members of Pensacola Lodge, No. 497, boarded the Grand Exalted Ruler's train and accompanied him as far as their home city. At the station there Mayor Harvey Bayliss and other Pensacola Elks greeted Mr. Andrews in the name of the Lodge and presented to Mrs. Andrews a large bouquet of flowers. This meeting with the members of Pensacola Lodge was limited by the stay of the train at the station.

A WELCOMING committee, headed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph F. Bullock, and a host of members of Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, met Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, Mrs. Andrews and his party of escort at the station when his train arrived there a little after one o'clock the afternoon of January 24. The visitors were conducted first to the Home of Mobile Lodge, where a brief reception was held. Luncheon followed immediately thereafter, Mr. Andrews being entertained at the Cawthon Hotel by the members of the Lodge. Mrs. Andrews was the guest of the ladies' welcoming committee, of which Mrs. C. Q. Carman, wife of the Exalted Ruler of Mobile Lodge, was chairman. At the affair in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mayor Harry T. Hartwell extended the greetings of the city and Past Exalted Ruler Edward J. Grove those of the Lodge. Exalted Ruler Carman was toastmaster. Mr. Andrews congratulated Mobile Lodge upon the quality of its membership and its charitable achievements. Other speakers were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and J. H. Webb, Mobile county attorney. After luncheon the entire party, joined by Mrs. Andrews and her hostesses, were taken on a tour of the city's points of interest. The visitors left by train late in the afternoon.

New Orleans greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler with one of the most spectacular demonstrations of welcome ever accorded a visitor. The train bearing Mr. Andrews, Mrs. Andrews and the members of his official party, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, arrived at half-past eight o'clock, Friday evening, January 24. The advent of the head of the Order marked the climax of the activities of that day which, by official proclamation, Acting Mayor T. Sammes Walmsley had designated as Elks' Day. This was a part of a three-day devotion, on the part of the city of New Orleans, to the cause of raising funds to help New Orleans Lodge, No. 30, to diminish the mortgage on its Home. An account of this enterprise is given elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine. When the Grand Exalted Ruler stepped from the train he found himself confronted with a crowd which jammed every foot of the platform. At the same time there arose a prodigious and mingled din of fire sirens, bells, locomotive and steamboat whistles, band music and cheering from the throats of waiting thousands of people. Mr. Andrews was both astounded and visibly moved by this greeting.



To the head of the reception committee, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, now Exalted Ruler of New Orleans Lodge, No. 30, he said, "What's all this racket about." It required several moments for Colonel Sullivan to convince the Grand Exalted Ruler that it was the city's welcome to him, and not some sort of riot. After the first greeting and the boom and flash of news photographers' lights, Mr. Andrews was escorted to a waiting automobile. This quickly swung into the line of a long and colorful procession which proceeded into Canal Street in the direction of Elks' Place. At its head, to clear the way, rode a squad of motorcycle police, followed by a company of colored marchers, some with faces shrouded in white cowls, and all holding aloft flaring gasoline torches and sticks of red fire. Next in line came a squad of motorcycle police and a company of police on foot. Six bands followed these. In order, they were the American Legion Band, the Fire Department Band, the Police Band, the Illinois Central Band, the Louisiana Jockey Club Band, and the Boys' and Girls' Playground Band. Behind the musicians came the automobiles bearing the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party and the reception committee; and in the rear of these a host of Elks, from both New Orleans and other Lodges and a company of Antlers, junior Elks. The procession held in all more than a thousand persons. With the dense throngs standing along its line of march and with the added illumination of the White Way lights, it made a sight comparable in brilliance to the celebrated yearly carnival in the Louisiana metropolis.

At the Elks Home, gaily decorated with yellow and purple lights, the parade came to a halt. The several bands formed into a unit and played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the doors of the Home opened to welcome its distinguished visitors. There followed a reception in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Addresses of welcome were made by Chief Justice Charles A. O'Neill, of the Louisiana Supreme Court; Judge Rufus E. Foster, of the Federal Circuit Court; Judge W. W. Westerfield of the State Court of Appeal; Exalted Ruler Sullivan, Acting Mayor Walmsley and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor. In responding to these, Mr. Andrews expressed his pleasure at being present, his thanks for the greeting accorded him and his gratitude, in behalf of the Order, for the wholehearted and widespread support manifested by the entire city of New Orleans of the cause of assisting the Lodge of Elks there to clear its Home of debt.

To mitigate the effects of the strain of the strenuous evening before, and to prepare for the lengthy occupations of the next day, Sunday, the Grand Exalted Ruler spent Saturday, the twenty-fifth, quietly. The morning was devoted to a tour of the city and the harbor and the afternoon to attending the races at the Fair Grounds. In the evening Mr. Andrews was the guest of honor at a stag dinner tendered by the members of New Orleans Lodge, at Kelly's Ritz.

The following morning, Sunday, the Grand Exalted Ruler, together with Mrs. Andrews and his official escort, attended the Elks Horse Show, held under the auspices of the New Orleans Bridle Club at the Fair Grounds. In the afternoon he witnessed the race meeting there for the benefit of New Orleans Lodge. One of the feature events of the day, the fourth race, at six furlongs, was named in honor of him, the Walter P. Andrews. In the course of the afternoon, between races, both the Grand Exalted Ruler and Exalted Ruler Sullivan addressed the crowd of 20,000 through loudspeakers. They expressed their thanks, for the Order and the Lodge, of the public's response.

Late the following afternoon, Monday the twenty-seventh, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Montgomery, Ala. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas E. Martin, of Alabama, South, headed the committee which greeted him and his party in behalf of Montgomery Lodge, No. 596. From the station Mr. Andrews was escorted to the Whitely Hotel and early in the evening was the guest of honor at a dinner at the Standard Country Club. Thereafter he was received at the meeting of Montgomery Lodge. Judge Leon McCord, of the Montgomery County Circuit Court, introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler to the large assemblage of Elks which included not only members of Montgomery Lodge but a numerous delegation of visitors from Bessemer Lodge, No. 721.

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## Money in Airplane Stocks

By Paul Tomlinson

"THERE certainly seems to me to be a future for airplanes," said the caller. "There are more and more of them being built all the time, more and more freight and mail are being carried by them, and more and more passengers."

"Undoubtedly," said the banker.

"If there is a future for airplanes there must be a future for airplane stocks."

"Sound reasoning," smiled the banker.

"It has always seemed to me," the caller continued, "that one of the best ways to make money is to get in on the ground floor of some big new industry, to buy the stock when it is cheap, and then as the industry develops and expands the profits will be really worth while."

"It has been done," said the banker.

"Can't it be done in the airplane industry?" "Very possibly. What airplane stock would you buy?"

"Well," said the caller, "I'm not quite sure, but there are plenty of them available. Look at the money people made in automobile stocks."

"Yes," said the banker, "a good many men have made themselves rich as a result of investments in automobile stocks."

The caller's eyes glistened. "Now airplanes come along to make more men rich. I shouldn't mind being one of them."

"It would be nice," said the banker slowly. "Do you know how many corporations were formed in this country to manufacture and sell motor cars? I suppose there was scarcely one of them that didn't offer stock to the public."

"How many?"

"About sixteen hundred."

"Whew," exclaimed the caller, "I had no idea there were so many."

"Do you know how many there are today?" The caller began to look worried. "Tell me," he said.

"Less than fifty."

"What happened to all the others?"

The banker shrugged his shoulders. "Ask the people who bought their stock," he said.

"Of course," he continued. "They didn't all fail. Many of the little fellows were taken over or bought out by the big ones, and there have been consolidations of groups of companies into a single large concern. Action of that sort frequently made money for all parties concerned. The fact remains, however, that there are less than 3 per cent. as many motor car companies in the country to-day as have been incorporated."

"The moral is, I suppose," said the caller looking rather crestfallen, "that only a small percentage of the airplane companies now in existence will be in existence some years from now."

"That is what usually happens," observed the banker.

"But the industry will prosper."

"I have no doubt of that. The automobile industry certainly has prospered, and its output has reached a total of five million or more cars a year, but there are less than fifty companies producing them all. It's quite probable that in the airplane business history will repeat itself,

and more and more planes will be manufactured and sold by fewer and fewer companies. In other words the fact that an industry is prosperous or has a prosperous future is no guarantee that everyone engaging in that industry is going to prosper."

"You're discouraging," said the caller.

"Possibly," the banker admitted. "Still there is no use dreaming rosy dreams that may never come true. You can't rush in with your eyes shut, and buy stocks blindly if you expect to make money out of them, you know. The airplane industry as I see it really is still in the experimental stage, and I don't believe it is possible for anyone to predict with certainty just what lines it will follow eventually. In other words, and if I am right, airplane stocks are pretty speculative."

"But some of the companies now in the business will undoubtedly be successful, and make money for the stockholders."

"Yes," said the banker. "Which ones are they?"

"Well," said the caller, "some of them are a good deal bigger than others, and are pretty strong financially. I should think they were the ones to watch."

"Surely. If you're going to buy stocks try to buy the best."

"You know," the banker continued, "you're only one of thousands who want to buy airplane stocks and get rich. This country has gone ahead so fast, and produced so many fortunes out of new industries that it is only natural we all should want to be in on the next opportunity. Railroads made a lot of millionaires, automobiles have done the same, so has radio, and the telephone, and chemistry, and any quantity of scientific discoveries and inventions. Many people feel that the best chance offered now is the airplane."

"Isn't it possible they may be right?"

"Yes, but let's look at the situation cold-bloodedly. We've been talking about automobiles, and comparing motor cars with airplanes. Do you honestly believe that airplanes will ever be as popular or as common as motor cars?"

The caller hesitated. "Perhaps not," he said.

"I CAN'T think so myself," said the banker.

"Besides, it is also true that the real money in the automobile industry has been made in the past dozen years or so; a lot of it was lost in the early stages. The airplane industry is now developed to a point comparable roughly to where the automobile business was twenty years ago, and a good many people who bought automobile stocks in nineteen-ten wish they hadn't. If the airplane industry hasn't got the possibilities that the motor-car business had the chances are still greater against the investor."

"This is a scientific age," said the caller. "Who knows what may be done with airplanes?"

"I don't, for one," laughed the banker. "Of course this is a scientific age as you say. On the other hand it isn't an age of miracles, though I believe there are people who think so."



"Well, some of the things that have been accomplished do seem miraculous."

"Indeed they do, and I suppose it is natural that after what we have seen done we should think there is no limit to what can be done. I am not sure, though, that we aren't liable to be over-optimistic or over-enthusiastic about what science can accomplish. Perhaps I'm too much of a conservative myself."

"Well," said the caller, "airplanes carry a lot of passengers nowadays, and mail, and express, and freight."

"Yes," agreed the bankers, "they do. Understand me, I am not arguing against airplanes or the airplane industry. Great progress has been made and undoubtedly will continue to be made. I am merely trying to look at the situation from the point of view of the investor. The number of passengers carried by airplane is, after all, only an infinitesimal part of the number carried by other means. Mail, of course, is quite a factor, but I really don't think express and freight amount to a great deal as yet; airplane freight, you know, is about a hundred times more expensive than railroad freight, and when there is such a disparity in cost there can't be very keen competition."

"I suppose not. I still believe, though, that the man who buys the right airplane stocks will make a lot of money."

"I think so, too," said the banker, "but how do you decide on the right ones? There are a good many different kinds, you know. Some companies make planes, some make engines, some do both, some have been formed to finance the manufacturers, some make only parts and accessories, some are only engaged in transportation. You see there is quite a variety. Then, of course, there are holding companies which buy and hold airplane stocks, but are not actively engaged in the industry itself. There are many companies in each field. Which field would you select, and which companies in the field?"

"Pretty hard to say."

"THERE'S another point to consider," the banker continued. "The airplane industry is a comparatively new one, and by far the largest percentage of the companies engaged in it are very new indeed. Did you ever hear that according to the statistics only one out of every seven new companies formed, succeeds? If this holds true in the airplane industry, about 87 per cent. of the airplane companies now in existence are going to fail. You will have only 13 per cent. in your favor; in gambling parlance a seven to one bet against you, and the fact that a company doesn't fail doesn't mean that it will be a success. As a matter of fact, it may be that in a new industry the mortality of new companies may be higher than usual."

"But look at the money people made who bought telephone stock when it first came out," said the caller. "The telephone was certainly an experiment in those days, much more of a one than airplanes are now."

"Yes," smiled the banker, "but because a certain telephone stock became very valuable is scarcely a good reason for expecting airplane stocks to emulate its example. The two can't be compared. Besides, the possible users of telephones slightly outnumber the potential patrons of airplanes. You know that telephone stock

(Continued on page 78)

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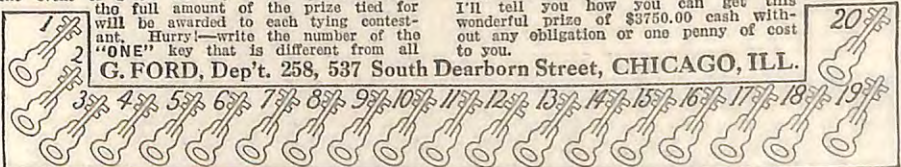
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## Money in Airplane Stocks

(Continued from page 77)

has cost the people of this country a lot of money."

"How do you mean?" demanded the caller in surprise. "How could it cost them money when it increased so much in value?"

"For this reason," said the banker. "Salesmen peddling stock have been going around the country ever since that happened saying, 'Look here, you know what that telephone stock did and how much money people made who bought it. Why shouldn't you buy some of this stock and get rich too?'"

"Implying that it would go up the same way?"

"Practically. Of course such reasoning is faulty; one might as well argue that because an airplane has made a speed of over three hundred miles an hour a horse can trot a mile in a minute and three-quarters. Investors often believe that sort of talk, though. Lots of them are awful suckers."

"You think I'm one to want to buy airplane stocks, don't you?"

"Not at all. It shows you've been thinking, and that is always a hopeful sign in investors. In theory, too, your idea is a good one, and for all I know you might hit it just right and really make a lot of money. I am merely trying to point out that it is not as easy as it seems at first glance, and that picking the winners is a complicated proceeding."

"But there will be winners."

"I believe there will. It doesn't seem to me, though, that the industry has quite found itself as yet; it hasn't been shaken down, so to speak. One of these days the people in it will know definitely just what it can or cannot do, and then they will be in a position to lay their plans, and proceed to develop them with confidence. Production will be standardized the way it is in the automobile business, and the companies

that are strong financially and are capably managed will be successful. Some show promise now; perhaps they will live up to this promise."

"Some airplane stocks are already worth considerably more than they were," said the caller.

"That's true," said the banker, "but I shouldn't worry about all the bargains being gone. You can console yourself with the thought that the most money in the automobile industry was not made in the early stages of its development; as I said a few moments ago the biggest fortunes have been accumulated in the last dozen years, after a long period of experimentation, the weeding out of the weak concerns, and the building up of the strong ones."

"No harm in waiting, then, you think?"

"I feel that way. Of course you may have to pay considerably more for certain stocks later than you would now, but on the other hand you will know more about them, you will have more definite assurance of their value, and the risks you assume will be correspondingly less. My own feeling is that it's better to lose paper profits than real money."

"One hates to think of what he might have had, though," laughed the caller.

"Yes, that's human nature. On the other hand it's pleasant to think of what you might have lost, and didn't. Here's a suggestion for you. Make a list of the airplane stocks you would like to buy, together with the number of shares of each, and put it away for five or ten years. Then take it out and count up the gains and losses, and see where you would have been. I guarantee the results will make you want to shed tears."

"Of sorrow or joy?"

"If we only knew," said the banker with a laugh.

## Underground Heroes

(Continued from page 29)

Washington to take charge and handle the expedition, and George S. McCaa, chief of an instruction unit of the bureau at Pittsburgh, was one of the party. For these men, mine disasters are not merely horrible experiences with which humanity is afflicted. They are occurrences that can be classified and for each classification they hold within their skulls remedies learned in a lifetime of experience just as every good physician knows what has been the most effective treatment for scarlet fever, measles, broken legs, burns and other accidental injuries and diseases. Fighting a metal mine fire is one of the most highly technical jobs in the world and here was a squad of the most notable specialists in the science of underground fire-fighting ever assembled for such service.

Did these men adjust their inhuman masks, snatch up canary bird cages, stretchers and other encumbrances immediately to dash into the depths of the mine upon arrival? Not at all. This business of fighting fires underground is quite different from such work on the surface when red-shirted firemen and motorized apparatus, signaled by screaming sirens, approach a burning building, with extension ladders, nets and high-pressure hose streams.

Nothing would have been gained by a headlong plunge into the 100 miles of the Hollinger mine tunnels. The first step was to study mine maps in conference with officials of the mine; to discover from those officials just what was the situation. Where was the fire? How many men were believed to be trapped underground?

Thirty-nine men were still underground. Thirteen, it was discovered, had been rescued the day before by miners, aided by volunteers, who had come on a special train from Toronto, bearing gas masks and fire-fighting equipment loaned by the mayor of that city. Further exploration had been impossible because gas masks are no help in atmosphere deficient in oxygen. There was no longer any hope that men still lived within the mine. Beyond question all were dead, but their bodies could be recovered and the fire could be extinguished. Indeed, if it was not soon extinguished there

would occur within its depths a frightful explosion. Flames were known to be sweeping along the corridor that led to the powder magazine, packed with dynamite.

It was eight o'clock Sunday morning, just one hour and forty minutes after the arrival, that the crew of the mine rescue car, accompanied by most of the mine officials, some Ontario inspectors and a few other Hollinger men, all wearing the United States breathing appliances, entered the mine.

They found themselves, in short order, stumbling along a smoke-filled tunnel. Because of the special breathing appliances they could live, but they could not see in the smoke. There was only one way to deal with the situation. The mine atmosphere had to be cleared of the blinding smoke that blocked all recovery operations. To accomplish this, old tricks were resorted to at once. Canvas screens were erected at strategic points and then began a shrewd manipulation of the air currents. The powerful air compressors used in the mine to provide ventilation, were kept going, with the special purpose of covering the advance of the fire fighters with a barrage of fresh air. The general objective was the fire area, but the powder magazine was of first importance. Three and a half hours after the group entered the mine that Sunday morning this place was reached and it was then a bare 300 feet from the nearest of the naked flames sweeping along the corridor. There the first bodies were found, those of two workmen who had died at their posts, died because the fire had either poisoned the air or consumed all of the oxygen.

For two hours no effort was made to remove those stark sentinels because there was need of every available scrap of human energy to isolate the magazine from the source of fire and smoke. It was after five in the afternoon before the almost exhausted crew and the Canadians reached the fire center and it was nearly seven before two streams of water were at last directed on the fire from long lines of hose. By midnight, after ten awful hours, the fire was receding.

All Sunday night the work continued; all Monday and Monday night and part of Tues-



day, before the task was finished. So thoroughly had the mine passages been cleared of noxious gases and fumes by Monday that nearly all the work of recovering bodies was performed in fresh air. But the rescuers continued to wear oxygen breathing apparatus and gas masks chiefly as a precautionary measure. They were also guarded by another device of caution. Sometimes, as weary men stumbled along the corridors, bent with the weight of sagging stretchers, thin, musical notes beat against their ears. The feeble yellow glow of cap lamps was enough like daylight to fill with song the throats of the mine-car canaries that had been taken underground in their cages.

To miners accustomed by years of dread to the utter impossibility of living in a mine robbed of its oxygen by a fire, those special lungs of Car No. 3 were a revelation, a kind of miracle of science which is still discussed with awe. Most miners now look forward to a time when every mine, as a matter of course, will provide for all its workers underground a similar machine, as ships provide life preservers for every member of the company.

Until that day dawns, however, it would seem that the least any mine operator could do would be to provide a few of these mechanical lungs for the immediate use of rescuers. Even that measure of protection is probably a long way from fulfillment. As it happens, there are certain mines in the country that are equipped with every possible appliance, while many others have only those which they are required to have by laws. Every disaster underground, however, brings that day nearer when the special devices now carried in the mine rescue cars will be a part of the standard equipment of all mines. As it is, when there is a bad mine accident very often nothing can be done for men entombed alive until a mine rescue car arrives, and there are only ten cars. Accidents, too, have a perverse tendency to occur in bunches.

Only about a year ago the newspapers in a single day carried word of four major mine disasters. At the end of four days there had been entered on the rolls of those who have died in mine accidents a fresh total of 223 names. In a coal mine at Mather, Pa., an explosion had transformed the families of 195 miners into widows and orphans; another explosion in the depths of a coal mine at Bluefields, West Virginia, had killed seventeen men; seven others had died frightfully in a mine at Harlan, Ky., and four men had been crushed beneath tons of rock and ore in a cave-in far down a shaft sunk into copper deposits at Kimberly, Nevada. When this happened, all Americans were shocked, but few realized that the total of deaths in those four accidents was only slightly greater than the normal total during any month of operation of the mines of the nation.

At the Mather mine the night shift was just going into the workings and the day shift men were leaving, when the explosion came. There were dinner buckets on the arms of the men who had just stepped from the cage into the wide corridor of the main entry. They had taken but a few steps when they felt a rush of air against their faces. A moment later there was a blast of air that knocked them down.

The same blast of air knocked down hundreds of others. Some of them never got up. A coal mine explosion drives through the black passageways with something like the directed force of an exploded charge of powder in a cannon. The terrible breath of this explosion was expelled up the shaft with a machine-crippling force.

At once men on the surface prepared to effect such rescues as might be possible; but without extraordinary tools little is possible immediately after a coal mine explosion. As frantic women and tearful, wide-eyed children began to cluster in a tragic group about the mouth of the mine, calls were being sent out by telephone and telegraph for the nearest mine rescue cars.

In the early morning the crowd of women, showing grief-stricken faces under their shawls, were still waiting in misery for men they would never see alive again, when a railroad engine backed a strange looking railway car onto a siding near the mouth of the mine. Lettered on its side was this legend:

"Bureau of Mines  
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Here was something to inspire the fading  
(Continued on page 80)

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# Underground Heroes

(Continued from page 79)

hopes of the saddened watchers at the pit mouth. Hasty conferences followed in which the men of the Rescue Car pored over maps shoulder to shoulder with officials of the mine company and mine inspectors of the state of Pennsylvania. Then from the car came a weird-looking line of men suggesting in their fantastic garb a delirious artist's conception of a visitation from Mars.

Strange looking snouts of corrugated, flexible pipe extended from their faces to heavy tanks on their backs; their eyes were made monstrous by goggles; and all were clinging in the fashion of mountain climbers to a length of rope. Other instruments in shiny cases were secured to their belts, and as if to give a final touch to the outlandish appearance, of the visitors some of them carried small cages containing canary birds.

These men walked boldly into the poisoned atmosphere of the Mather mine and began their rescue work. Were they braver than other men who had been on the scene from the first? Not at all. Many miners had risked their lives in an effort to save the lives of men disabled by the explosion or by the after damp that came in its wake. There is an abundance of courage in every mining community. What is needed is special equipment and specialized wisdom. These the crew of the mine rescue car had to a degree not possible to ordinary miners.

Soon after they entered they began to bring out limp bodies that were seized upon with heart-rending cries by the bereft families as soon as they were identified. Indeed, the rescuers did better than this, for they succeeded in bringing out of the mine some men who were not dead. These were volunteers who had gone, in spite of the risk, into the foul passageways to try to save other lives, and had themselves collapsed.

In some coal mines there are stairways from level to level; carefully guarded, air tight units preserved against the possibility of contamination by bad atmosphere. Some of the volunteer rescuers had made use of these sanctuaries to descend into the mine. As they rushed down these staircases, knowing they were abandoning safety for extreme peril, they had heard cries for help. They had traced those cries into one

debris-strewn tunnel where they found a man pinned to the tracks of the tiny railway by heavy timbers and great chunks of rock and coal fallen from the roof. Frantically, they had uncovered him. He was dead. Then they found another who was alive but unconscious. With him they fled back into the comparative safety of the stairway.

Thus a very few lives were saved. But suppose the knowledge and equipment housed in the rescue car had been available from the moment it was realized on the surface that there had been an explosion. In that case many lives might have been saved. Time is everything on such occasions, and that is one of the reasons why the government's chief effort in mine rescue work is expended in training the miners themselves and in encouraging the employers of miners to provide up-to-date rescue equipment.

Each year about 40,000 men are being trained in the use of mine appliances for life saving, and since the Bureau of Mines was established in 1913, over 400,000 men have received scientific instruction in underground life saving. They are being taught not only what to do when an accident happens, but how to avoid accidents.

For example, in the carefully protected mine at Mather, what had caused the explosion? The official decision was that the Mather explosion probably originated by ignition of methane by an electric arc from a non permissible storage battery locomotive and that coal dust aided in the extension or propagation of the explosion. Not so many years ago such explosions were mysterious affairs, regarded as unaccountable. Grain elevators blew up from time to time with a force that suggested that a ton of dynamite had exploded. Similar devastating explosions wrecked other kinds of industrial plants, sugar mills, paper mills as well as coal mines. At last, scientists found the answer in dust. The dust of any combustible substance is readily inflammable.

An exposed flame or even a spark is sufficient under the right conditions to cause a blast as frightful as the explosion of a huge bomb. In a coal mine the effect is even more dreadful because of the confinement. It is likely that in the Mather mine the flame from the explosive

gas ignited by the short circuit had flared along the corridor as if following a powder train until it came to a near-by tunnel where there was rich food for an explosion, the food in this case being finely divided coal dust.

Probably a similar cause was responsible for the explosion at Bluefields, West Virginia. Fortunately, though, these kinds of accidents are no longer of such frequent occurrence. In mills, dust is disposed of before it accumulates in dangerous quantities. In mines, since it is not practical to dispose of the dust it may be made innocuous by being diluted with dust that is not combustible. Dust is fought with dust. Pulverized rock is blown onto walls, floors and ceilings of mine corridors in such quantity that the inflammable content of any accumulation is always less than forty-five per cent of the total.

Knowledge of this sort of prevention method is of incalculable value in mine safety work; and this is the kind of knowledge with which mine operators are being indoctrinated. Fortunately, the individual mine official rarely encounters more than one or two disasters in a lifetime; yet, this very fact leaves him more or less inexperienced and confused when some dreadful emergency arises. Each year now about 1,000 superintendents, foremen, fire bosses, shot firers and inspectors are being given courses of training that require from five to ten days' time. In these courses they are not only taught how to organize their forces into mine rescue crews, but how to restore ventilation after an explosion, methods of barricading, the use of gas masks and oxygen breathing apparatus, as well as numerous devices and methods applicable to the unusual conditions found in mines after a fire or an explosion.

In these intensive courses the students are given the benefit of teachings distilled out of grim tragedies that have destroyed tens of thousands of lives in years past. But these as well as the shorter courses in which the miners themselves are taught by the Federal Government how to conduct themselves in the midst of danger, would be largely wasted energy if it were not for the fact that there are heroes underground. What the government is trying to do is to make their heroism intelligent.

## If Reading Were Illegal—

(Continued from page 60)

### GARDEN BOOKS, AND SUCH *Garden Making and Keeping*

By Hugh Findlay. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y.)

TODAY'S methods for tomorrow's results. If you have a little place in the country and long to be a gardener of the newer school, this is the book for you.

### *Practical Gardens*

By Hugh Findlay. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

THE author, who is now conducting gardening courses at Columbia University, assures us that the road to success lies through a garden, an orchard, and a berry patch. His advice on how to make all these grow and pay for themselves is invaluable.

### *Flowers and Ferns and Their Haunts*

By Mabel Osgood Wright. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

A FASCINATING companion for those long walks in woods and fields to which all of us are already looking forward.

### *The Cultivated Evergreens*

By L. H. Bailey. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

ANYONE who owns a place in the country—from a mansion on a hill to a rough camp in the woods—knows the beautifying value of evergreens. This book, which is used as an

authoritative handbook in agricultural colleges, is brimful of expert advice and wisdom.

### *Poultry Breeding and Management*

By James Dryden. (Orange Judd Pub. Co., New York.)

HOW about trying to stretch the family income by becoming a successful poultryman (even on a small scale) this coming summer? Mr. Dryden's book touches every phase of practical poultry culture.

### *American Fruits*

By Samuel Fraser. (Orange Judd Pub. Co., New York.)

A SIMPLY written text and guide book for ambitious growers, or for the man or woman with one precious apple tree in the back yard. Tells you how to raise fruits successfully and profitably. Teachers and students find this volume exceptionally useful.

### *Garden Books, Old and New*

Compiled by Mary Evans. (Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, Philadelphia, Pa.)

THE author has weeded-out, classified and annotated the best of the garden books, thus suggesting a wealth of material to the gardener.

### *The Bird Book*

By Charles P. Schoffner. (Richard Manson, New York.)

A PRICELESS book for bird-lovers. If you want the meadowlarks, the tanagers, the orioles, the starlings and the thrush brothers to spend the summer with you on the "little old place," the five hundred questions asked and answered in this volume will tell you how to lure them to your garden.

### THE CHATTER BOX

The Tiger of France, in "The Life of Georges Clemenceau: As told by himself to his Secretary, Jean Martel" (Longmans, Green & Co.,) speaks his mind:

About Americans: "I want to speak to them as one speaks to grown men. Nobody has ever done that yet . . . You can never speak too well of the Americans. What an example of living, of will, of courage! But why must they be so pleased with themselves?"

About religion: "One day you will see me becoming a believer, just to show you how God ought to be loved."

About the War: "It was idiotic, mad, but there was something . . . a little . . . magnificent about it. The times we are now living in are base."

An unfinished manuscript by Sir Walter Scott entitled "The Siege of Malta," has just come to light after lying locked-up at Abbotsford for over a hundred years. As the year 1932 will see the centenary of Scott's death, it is to be hoped that this valuable literary treasure may then be published as a tribute to the great author of the Waverley Novels.





## They call him "No Poosh"

**H**E LOOKS as able as the other three—yet he is contributing nothing more than freight to the efforts of his fellows.

This sluggard of the section gang is like the fourth quart so often found in a gallon of ordinary motor oil—a quart that looks as good as the other three, but contributes little or nothing to the lubrication of your motor.

It is a quart that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of oil—a quart of waste.

But you never get this quart of waste in a gallon of Quaker State—for Quaker State Motor Oil is not refined like ordinary oils. It is *super-refined*—a process that removes the quart of waste that ordinary refining leaves in. In its place you get a quart of the finest *lubricant*.

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