

The Elks

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

20 CENTS A COPY

Magazine

APRIL, 1930



J. F.
-KERNAN-

In This Issue:

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD has an article for everyone on NATIONAL PROSPERITY

"I take the Rest Cure Every Night"

says HARRY BACHARACH



"I FEEL sorry for my friends when they tell me, 'I'm always tired, can just about get through with my day's work. I'll have to quit for awhile, take a vacation. I certainly need a rest.'"

"Instead of looking forward to vacation-time for a pleasant change, they must plan for physical recuperation!"

"It is so much easier, more profitable, and certainly more healthful to take a *natural* rest cure *every* night."

"Proper sleep gives me the rest I need . . . all year 'round. My vacation is a pleasure trip, not a convalescence. And in business the man who is alert, who has vigorous health, has a far greater chance for success than his neighbor who is always tired, often irritable, many days absent from his work."

"Restful sleep is a boon to health. It is essential to happiness. To my tired friends I always recommend the mattress I have in my own home . . . the Simmons 'Beautyrest'."

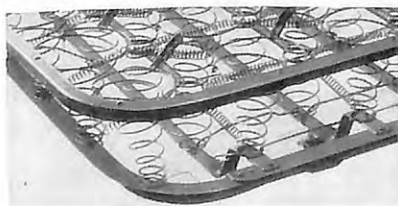
* * *

THE "inner coil" construction that makes Beautyrest so different from other mattresses and gives it such luxurious comfort is the result of scientific research. Within the Beautyrest are hundreds of small coils, each encased in a cloth pocket. The thick

A former Mayor of Atlantic City, Mr. Bacharach is now a member of the Public Service Commission of New Jersey. He is also Grand Esquire of the B. P. O. Elks this year.



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring . . . the perfect sleeping combination for nights of restful comfort. Each can be purchased separately, in shades to harmonize with bedroom decorations. Note the individually pocketed coils in Beautyrest . . . the advanced type of construction perfected by Simmons.



Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring — unboxed, light weight, low priced. Smooth-finished border protects your sheets. Its extra buoyancy comes from finely tempered wire coils, securely braced with small governor springs. Patented stabilizers prevent sidesway.

layers of clean, new cotton felt which cover the highly resilient springs make Beautyrest the most advanced product you can purchase.

And it will stand any test you give it. Let it demonstrate its great comfort and strength. Sit on it . . . lie on it . . . feel it! Beautyrest cannot sag . . . cannot pack or become lumpy . . . it is truly *built for sleep*.

Try this mattress at your Elks' Club. Ask the opinion of people who have slept on the Beautyrest.

Buy it at your dealer's for your own home. You deserve this superb comfort . . . *every night*.

In furniture and department stores—Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Ace Box Spring \$42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, \$19.75; Deepsleep Mattress, \$23.00; Slumber King Spring, \$12. Rocky Mountain Region and West slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." Simmons Company New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

SIMMONS

BEDS, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES
AND BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE



Bearing the Burdens of Industry



International Trucks include the $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton Special Delivery; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; Speed Trucks, $1\frac{1}{4}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$, 2 and 3-ton; and Heavy-Duty Trucks to 5-ton. Company-owned branches at 178 points and dealers everywhere have the line on their display floors for convenient inspection. Catalogs on request.

Day-in, day-out, through year after year, International Trucks shoulder their share of the burdens of industry. They deliver the utmost in profit miles and profit-tons to their owners, in all lines of business all over the world—from the merchant who operates a single truck to a single institution that has more than 2,000 faithful Internationals in its service. *Pedigreed performance* it might be called, for these trucks are the product of a quarter of a century of progress in actual truck manufacture and they reflect almost a full century of Harvester engineering experience. There is an International built for your job and eager to prove it on your job at any place and time you say, and without obligation.

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

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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

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



Volume Eight
Number Eleven

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Features for April, 1930

- | | |
|---|--|
| Business Gets Back to Business, an article by William G. Shepherd 7 | Bad Boy, a brilliant character sketch by George Creel 27 |
| <i>Cartoons by Clive Weed</i> | <i>Illustrations by Bob Dean</i> |
| Soft Answer, a short, short story by F. R. Buckley 10 | "Butch" Cassidy, an article by Arthur Chapman 30 |
| <i>Illustrations by Sam Brown</i> | <i>Illustrations by Charles Johnson Post</i> |
| Make Way for the Books, reviews by Claire Wallace Flynn 12 | Editorial 34 |
| <i>Drawing by George Shanks</i> | The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits 36 |
| Behind the Footlights 13 | News of the State Associations 36 |
| The Last Fare, a story by Stanley Jones . . 16 | 1930 Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City 37 |
| <i>Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers</i> | <i>Bulletin No. 4</i> |
| Hey, Taxi! a pictorial spread 20-21 | Elks National Foundation Bulletin 38 |
| The Gloyne Murder—Part V, a mystery novel by Carl Clausen 22 | The Elks Magazine Purple and White Fleet, by Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director 39 |
| <i>Illustrations by G. Patrick Nelson</i> | Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Order 40 |
| Boze, of Bartlett's Corners, the autobiography of a houn' dawg by Robert S. Lemmon 26 | The Importance of Marketability, an article by Paul Tomlinson 74 |
| <i>Illustrations by Herman Palmer</i> | |

Cover Design by J. F. Kernan

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

Published Under the Direction of the Grand Lodge by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

Joseph T. Fanning,
Editor and Executive Director

Bruce McClure
Managing Editor

Charles S. Hart
Business Manager

50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

The Elks Magazine is published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U. S. A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y. Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and

Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and member's number; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please also notify your Lodge secretary of change, and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of changes to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, at address above.

Copyright, 1930, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America



How, after 12 years' hard work as a railroad brakeman, I got into real estate, and now make more in a month than I used to make in a year.

By L. C. CLARKE
(Address furnished on request)

FOR TWELVE YEARS I was a brakeman on the Mohawk Division of the New York Central.

During that time my wages averaged exactly \$638.40 a year.

Then I got started in the real estate business, and during the past year I made one sale that gave me a commission of \$4,500, which is more than I made on the railroad in seven years of hard work.

And I don't feel that I have done anything wonderful—anything the other fellow can't do if he will. I simply got into the right kind of business—a business of big opportunities—a business where big money is made.

You—who are reading these words—can do what I have done if you have a mind to. You don't need education, experience, or influence. I didn't have any of these things.

I had to leave school when I was thirteen, so I had mighty little education. I had no real estate experience. I never earned more than just enough to keep me out of the poorhouse, so I had no capital. And, as for influence, where would a \$50-a-month brakeman get any?

And you don't have to go to a big town to succeed. I am located in a little New York State town of only 3,000 population.

Of course, I am pretty enthusiastic about the real estate business. I think it's the greatest business in the world. It has more advantages and bigger opportunities than any other business I know of. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is almost unlimited in its possibilities—about ten million properties are always on the market. It is easy to learn. The business can't grow smaller—it keeps getting bigger as population increases. And you can get started in the business right at home in your spare time. When I realize that I have an independent, enjoyable business of my own, a good home, two automobiles, and every convenience and

comfort a sane man could want, I sometimes find it hard to believe that I'm the same fellow that put in twelve long years of hard work as a railroad brakeman.

And I'm not the only one who has taken advantage of this wonderful business opportunity and pulled himself out of the rut of routine work. Chas. F. Worthen, formerly a salesman, did, and he made \$8,500 in 17 weeks. H. G. Stewart made \$14,400 in less than six months. Anthony C. Maurell made \$4,133 in 3 months. M. J. Stokes, a Pennsylvania man, made \$900 in three months, just in his spare time. H. J. Dwillard, of Michigan, was fitted to hold the position of Sales Manager of the largest contractors' and builders' real estate department in his city.

Now, if you are kicking about what I used to kick about—long hours, hard work and poor pay—if you want to get into a business where you can have the biggest kind of an opportunity to make good—simply send your name and address to President, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. DD-33, 205 East 42 Street, New York, and they will send you *without cost or obligation*, a copy of their free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

In five minutes after you start reading this fascinating book, you will agree with me that you have at last struck the best business opportunity that ever came your way—an opportunity to learn a splendid money-making business and get started—right at home—in your spare time—in a safe, sound, independent business of your own.

So get busy, if you want to grab something big. If you are ambitious to make something of yourself—get ahead—make more money—this is one chance you can't afford to let slip out of your grasp. It costs you nothing to find out what there is in this for you. You take no risk. So, mail the coupon at once. Take my word for it, you will never regret the day you sent for this free book. And some day you may do just what I did—put through a deal that will put more money in your bank account than you ever saw in one pile before.

I Made \$4,500 in One Sale

Mail Coupon



for FREE Book

President, AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, Inc.
(Business Established, 1917—Authorized Capital \$500,000.)
Dept. DD-33, 205 East 42 Street, New York

Send me—without cost or obligation—your new, free, illustrated book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

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

Grand Lodge Officers and Committees 1929-1930

Grand Exalted Ruler—

Walter P. Andrews, Atlanta, Ga., No. 78, Healey Building.

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight—

William Conklin, Englewood, N. J., No. 1157, Englewood Title Guarantee & Trust Company.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight—

Frank J. McMichael, Gary, Ind., No. 1152, 500 Broadway.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight—

E. A. Moody, Houston, Tex., No. 151, P. O. Box 1323.

Grand Secretary—

J. E. Masters (Charleroi, Pa., No. 494), Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, 2750 Lake View Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Grand Treasurer—

Lloyd Maxwell (Marshalltown, Ia., No. 312), 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Grand Forum—

Andrew J. Casey, Chief Justice, (Newburyport, Mass., No. 909), Lawyers Building, 11 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
Walter F. Meier, Seattle, Wash., No. 92, 842-846 Henry Building.
Floyd E. Thompson (Moline, Ill., No. 556), 11 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
Dwight E. Campbell (Aberdeen, S. D., No. 1046), State Capitol, Pierre, S. D.
Arthur S. Tompkins (Haverstraw, N. Y., No. 877), Supreme Court Chambers, Nyack, N. Y.

Board of Grand Trustees—

Clyde Jennings, Chairman, Lynchburg, Va., No. 321.
A. Charles Stewart, Vice Chairman, Frostburg, Md., No. 470, 7 West Union St.
Ralph Hagan, Secretary, Los Angeles, Calif., No. 99, 520 West Seventh St.
John K. Burch, Approving Member, Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48, 210 Division Ave., South.
Henry A. Guenther, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.

National Memorial Headquarters Commission—

John K. Tener, Chairman (Charleroi, Pa., No. 494), Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Director, (Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13), 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Fred Harper, Lynchburg, Va., No. 321.
Bruce A. Campbell, East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664, First National Bank Building.
William M. Abbott, San Francisco, Cal., No. 3, 58 Sutter Street.
Rush L. Holland (Colorado Springs, Colo., No. 309), Metropolitan Bank Building, Washington, D. C.
Frank L. Rain, Fairbury, Neb., No. 1203.
William W. Mountain (Flint, Mich., No. 222), Tremainsville and Upton Aves., West Toledo, Ohio.
Walter P. Andrews, Grand Exalted Ruler (ex officio), Atlanta, Ga., No. 78, Healey Building.

Committee on Judiciary—

John R. Coen, Chairman, Sterling, Colo., No. 1336.
E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, Mass., No. 10, Ames Building.
George F. Corcoran, York, Neb., No. 1024.
James T. Hallinan (Queens Borough, N. Y., No. 878), 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.
William H. Beck, Jr., Griffin, Ga., No. 1207.

Grand Tiler—

R. W. Jones, Pocatello, Ida., No. 674, P. O. Box 1000.

Grand Inner Guard—

J. P. Gribbin, Gallup, N. M., No. 1440, First and Logan Ave.

Grand Chaplain—

Rev. Dr. John Dysart (Jamestown, N. Y., No. 263), St. Paul's Parish House, Flint, Mich.

Grand Esquire—

Harry Bacharach, Atlantic City, N. J., No. 276.

Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler—

S. John Connolly (Beverly, Mass., No. 1309), Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Pardon Commissioner—

William J. Conway (Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., No. 693), State House, Madison, Wis.

Good of the Order Committee—

James R. Nicholson, Chairman (Springfield, Mass., No. 61), Elks Club, Milwaukee, Wis.
Carroll Smith, St. Louis, Mo., No. 9, suite 306, Humboldt Building.
W. T. Baldwin, Oroville, Cal., No. 1484.
Sam Stern, Fargo, N. D., No. 260.
E. M. Wharton, Greenville, S. C., No. 858.

Elks National Foundation Trustees—

John F. Malley, Chairman (Springfield, Mass., No. 61), 15 State Street, Boston, Mass.
Raymond Benjamin, Vice-Chairman (Napa, Cal., No. 832), 512 DeYoung Building, San Francisco, Cal.
John G. Price, Secretary, Columbus, Ohio, No. 37, 66 East Broad St.
James G. McFarland, Treasurer, Watertown, S. D., No. 838.
Charles E. Pickett, Waterloo, Ia., No. 290, Pioneer National Bank Building.
Edward Rightor, New Orleans, La., No. 30, 1010 Canal-Commercial Bldg.
Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2, Cumberland at Broad Street.

Ritualistic Committee—

W. C. Robertson, Chairman, Minneapolis, Minn., No. 44, Care Minneapolis Star.
David Sholtz (Daytona, Fla., No. 1141), Daytona Beach, Fla.
J. C. Dallenbach, Champaign, Ill., No. 398.
Geo. Crane, Aberdeen, S. D., No. 1046.
Geo. W. Denton, Gloversville, N. Y., No. 226.

Committee on Credentials—

Charles C. Bradley, Chairman, Portland, Ore., No. 142, 349 Washington St.
William R. Fletcher, Joliet, Ill., No. 296.
John C. Hampton, Muncie, Ind., No. 245.
Chas. E. Woodlock, Naugatuck, Conn., No. 967.
Chas. C. Farrell, Jr., New Orleans, La., No. 30.

State Association Committee—

Robert S. Barrett, Chairman, Alexandria, Va., No. 758.
D. Curtis Gano, Rochester, N. Y., No. 24.
John J. Doyle, Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99.

Auditing Committee—

Frank P. McAdams, Chairman, Watertown, Wis., No. 666.
Richard M. Davies (Panama Canal Zone, No. 1414), Balboa Heights, C. Z.
Simon J. Friedman, Grafton, W. Va., No. 308.

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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

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

All of MAUPASSANT'S Matchless Tales in One Beautiful Book

Less than an inch
and a half
thick
More than
1000 pages

All in
ONE
Volume

222 Stories *Exactly Translated from the French!*

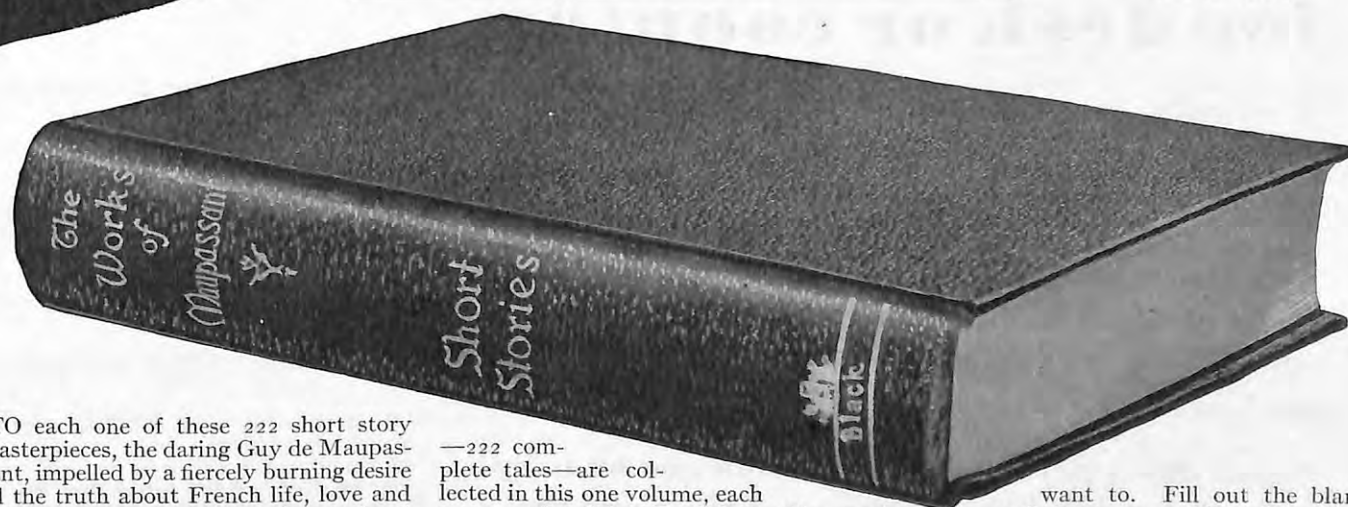
Love	Letter Found on a Corpse	Woman's Wiles
Virtue!	In His Sweetheart's Livery	Room No. Eleven
Virtue in the Ballet	Bed No. 29	A Queer Night in Paris
The Venus of Braniza	Fecundity	The Diamond Necklace
The Love of Long Ago	In the Wood	The Sequel to a Divorce
A Mesalliance	Am I Insane?	A Dead Woman's Secret
The Rendezvous	Words of Love	Graveyard Sirens
Under the Yoke	The Charm Dispelled	The Mad Woman
Mademoiselle	A Fashionable Woman	Forbidden Fruit
A Passion	The Diary of a Madman	The Impolite Sex
The Dual	A Way to Wealth	The Artist's Wife
Moonlight	Waiter, a Bock!	In the Moonlight
The Bed	Margot's Tapers	Was it a Dream?
The Devil	One Phase of Love	The Conservatory
Ball-of-Fat	A Strange Fancy	Love's Awakening
Magnetism	The Wedding Night	The New Sensation
A Wife's Confession	A Little Waif	Mother and Son! !
The Story of a Farm Girl	Useless Beauty	The Farmer's Wife
		The Carter's Wench

And 167 more!

Now only
\$2⁹⁸



WALTER J. BLACK, Inc.
171 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.



INTO each one of these 222 short story masterpieces, the daring Guy de Maupassant, impelled by a fiercely burning desire to tell the truth about French life, love and wickedness, has packed enough emotional action to serve an ordinary writer for a lifetime. Now all of these pagan, frank and immortal tales have been collected within the covers of a single, beautiful book no more than an inch and a half thick. It is bound in gold-stamped, Morocco-grained cloth, printed in large type on the finest thin paper.

Literary Jewels Beyond Price

No other writer before or since has ever given you such stories. No other man has ever pictured French love, hate and passion so accurately and clearly.

Every short story Maupassant ever wrote

—222 complete tales—are collected in this one volume, each one translated into English word for word from the original French, complete, authentic and unabridged for only \$2.98. Never, before this book was made, had the world known such a bargain in entertainment. Never before had such a tremendous Maupassant library been offered within the covers of a single handsome volume.

Read It FREE!

The coupon in the corner of this page is NOT an order for this book. It is a request to examine it for one week free! You need NEVER buy it unless you

want to. Fill out the blank and mail it at once. We will send a copy of *Maupassant* to you. At the end of a week decide if you want it in your library for all time and then either return the book at our expense or send only \$2.98 in full payment. You can not lose! Mail the coupon at once.

WALTER J. BLACK, Inc. (Dept. 1054)
171 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Send me for free examination your new one-volume edition of Guy de Maupassant's Complete Short Stories, 1,000 thin-paper pages printed in large, clear type; Morocco-grained cloth binding, stamped in gold. I will either return book at your expense or send you \$2.98 in full payment within one week.

Name.....

Address.....

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

"Build A One Volume Library"

\$ **80** *Only*

DELIVERED U. S. A.
EASY TERMS



Burroughs Portable for desk or counter

A sturdy, easily operated, adding machine that will add cash sales, audit sales tickets, prove ledger postings, write bank deposit slips, check bank balances, take inventory, take trial balances—and handle many other figuring jobs. It is a standard Burroughs machine, carrying the regular Burroughs guarantee and backed by our own nationwide service.

Small down payment and the balance on easy terms can readily be arranged if so desired.

Write for further information,
free trial or demonstration.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6704 SECOND BOULEVARD / / DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Consider These Features

1. Light in weight—easily carried.
2. Requires only 9" x 13 1/4" desk space—or little more than an ordinary letterhead.
3. Standard visible keyboard. The simplest, fastest, most easily operated keyboard ever designed.
4. Prints ciphers and punctuation automatically.
5. Listing and totaling capacity of 9,999.99.
6. Control keys and non-print lever can be used without moving the hand from the handle.
7. Stationary carriage built for roll paper or forms up to 3 7/8" wide.
8. Designed to handle rapid addition and multiplication.

Burroughs

It was a high standard of living set-back, not a hard-times panic



Changing Business Conditions Are Preceded by Clear and Infallible Signs. Do You Know What They Are, and How to Read Them?

Business Gets Back To Business

By William G. Shepherd

Cartoons by Clive Weed

THE old-fashioned remedy for an earache was hot sweet oil poured into the ear.

"Don't ever give that treatment to your children again," a modern surgeon ordered a young mother.

"Why, my mother did it," said the mother. "And it eases the pain."

"Yes," said the ear surgeon grimly, "but the oil hides the symptoms so that I can't see them."

What a lot of hot oil was suddenly poured over our injuries just after the stock-market crash of last autumn! Floods of writers and speakers and radio talkers spread it on. "It's all right! Nothing bad has happened! A stock-market crash doesn't mean business trouble!" These were the chief lines of their theme song.

But, with that crash seven months behind us, most of this dangerous gelatinous mass of what our slangsters call "hooley," "blah," or "haywire," has long since been scraped away so that not only business men but the ordinary man on the street is able to get an idea of what really happened and how well we stood the bang.

I emphasize this seven months because time is the most important element in recovery from any injury. We can't hurry time, but we can grasp an intense satisfaction out of the fact that seven months of time-cure has already been applied. Indeed, more than seven months has elapsed since the first symptoms of our financial measles appeared.

"It wasn't the stock-market crash," the highest of the high experts say today, "that was the beginning of our trouble. That came in October and November, but the real trouble began quietly in June, with business easing off, here and there, all over the country."

So twelve months, at least, of the "time cure" lie behind us. And that very fact brings us at least one year nearer than many of us have stopped to realize to a return to that full-blast prosperity which was the wonder of the nations.

Sweet oil, hiding symptoms of the increasing trouble, was used in plenty long before the stock-market crashed. Indeed, it was only the mighty rattling down of the stock price structure that brought to public knowledge a condition that many financiers had been considering with dread and worry for many weeks.

That trouble of last autumn and winter didn't come suddenly, by any means, for the insiders in finance.

And, by the same token, recovery after a jar like that doesn't come suddenly. Recovery has early signs which the experts in finance readily recognize. The business man who wisely reads the signs after a depression gets started at full blast earlier than the fellow who doesn't know them. That's why, after every depression, they point to this or that "man who made a million in the last panic."

Every business man and merchant ought to know what these early signs are. They're

very simple—if you know them. I've secured a list of them from the National Industrial Conference Board, an organization of many of the country's greater business concerns, and from other experts.

The accepted No. 1 symptom of recovery, and it is of national significance, is "increase of general building in the metropolitan area of New York, which includes part of New Jersey." And this isn't a New Yorker's boast. It's an old-time symptom that has always gone with every recovery from our various financial illnesses.

It's too long a story to tell *why* this is always a sign of returning good times. But it's such a sure sign, to those who are weather wise in finances, that one of these experts said to me recently:

"You can put it down that this increase in building throughout the entire country generally comes from five to seven months after interest rates on money first began to ease off."

May I remark that "interest rates" began really to "ease off" last October? No expert can promise anything, of course, but, by the old formulas of recoveries, increased building in the metropolitan area of New York ought to be well on the way soon; it usually leads off in a general building boom throughout the country.

Symptom No. 2 you can search for in your newspaper every week. It concerns business failures. When you see them begin to decrease over the previous week or month you may reasonably expect that the weak business organizations have been weeded out. If you're a small business man or a merchant, it will then be time for you also to begin to get ready for better times. And, by the way, it isn't the number of individual business failures that counts for so much; it's the total quantity of liabilities involved. And don't try to compare them with the smaller number of failures of 1929, a freak year in all business records for any known nation up to its time.

If the number of failures is high, it's a



But what home, these days, unless it be girl-less, has a daughter that does not insist on "going to business," helping to carry the burden?

sign that shaky little fellows are failing, even when the total liabilities are comparatively low. When you have fewer failures, in number, with higher total liabilities, the signs are bad. You may be sure that it is the bigger fellows who are in trouble. As early as last January this figure showed a turn for the better. The average failure in December was for \$33,110; in January it had fallen to \$22,176. In February it hung around \$22,600, but the total liabilities had fallen off ten million dollars from the month of January.

The third thing to watch is the number of business incorporations. It's at the tag end of hard times, when prices are low and unversed business men are over-cautious and hesitant, that men who read the signs aright daringly start new business ventures. The man who has been watching the signals and who has noted that building, beginning on Manhattan Island, has increased, has seen total liabilities of failures and perhaps even numbers of failures decreasing, will now be getting ready to jump into the business arena with new ideas and new plans. Any business man knows that it takes some time—perhaps weeks—to go through the process of getting a company legally organized and incorporated, and more weeks to get it into full business operations. That's why increase in the number of incorporations, which is reported, locally and nationally, in every good newspaper, is one of our early symptoms of recovery, and comes far ahead of full recovery.

Any merchant and his family will understand why Health Symptom No. 4 is important. He has only to look at his own shelves to realize this. Watch for the reports on commodity stocks. That item shows how many goods, articles, or items of various sorts have been made, but not sold.

This Good Health Symptom, Number 4, is really, for the merchant or the distributor, almost Symptom Number 1. If he sees in his newspaper that the supply of commodity stocks is increasing, he may know either that other merchants are not buying, or that manufacturers are overproducing.

When a merchant sees that the supply of commodity stocks is going down in quantity, he may take this as a sign that consumption is increasing, or that production

has eased off. In either case, it's a sign for the better.

Now, watch for the reports of freight-car loadings. The railroads give out the totals, weekly, and it's reasonable to count this record as Symptom No. 5. Turn back to the business pages of your newspaper on the day that it prints this weekly item and you'll see three items in the little paragraph. One will say that "weekly car loadings" have either increased or decreased. That item is not the most important of the three. "Miscellaneous car loadings"—that's important. So also is the item called "less than carload lots." "L. C. L." is the technical identification.

In these two items you have the movement of fairly small orders for retail consumption. When "L. C. L." and "miscellaneous loadings" rise, weekly, it's a very good sign that workmen are going back to their jobs, that

payday is bringing more and perhaps fatter envelopes and that people are beginning to go more frequently to the stores and carry home larger bundles.

There are other technical symptoms—a long list of them—but those I have given are the simple ones that any newspaper reader can follow.

One outstanding fact, looking backward, with all the "hokey" brushed away, is that our economic trouble was due to "overprosperity," if these experts and economists will allow laymen to coin a phrase.

It was a high-standard-of-living setback, not a hard-times panic. And one is not playing with words when he says this.

This was a twentieth century, model 1930, crisis; we were cushioned against the full shock better than we have ever been in any other crisis.

Cold figures will show what I mean. For instance, in other panics—say in 1907, or 1893—wages had been so low that only bread, fuel, housing and clothing (say, just a bare living) could be bought with a wage dollar. A man on salary or wages didn't have any choice as to what he'd spend his dollar for; necessity drove him. By the time he had bought necessities, his whole wage dollar was gone.

But, as early as 1914, with wages rising, our American wage dollar began to have more in it than just a living. "Sundries," as the experts say, began to appear in it. After the average American had bought the food, fuel, housing and clothing that he needed, he still had twenty cents to spend for "sundries"; that is, for things that he didn't actually need.

This margin for "sundries" has been constantly growing. It's a cushion against the privation of "hard times." The spender, instead of using his twenty cents on things he doesn't need, may actually spend it to help relatives less lucky with their employment than he. What used to be "optional buying," for him, with that twenty cents, he may turn into "necessity buying" for others who have been thrown into dependence on him. We may thank high wages for that margin. And, also, speaking of high wages, we shall probably find a high wage scale will turn unemployed into paying consumers much more quickly than did the low wage scales, as of other years.

This will shorten the time of our convalescence.

Another cushion against the full shock of a hard fall was undoubtedly the fact that over a million more of our daughters than in earlier years, working in offices and in the professions, have been helping more or less to carry family burdens.

There was a time when the whole family, of five persons, leaned on dad's salary or wages. This was the case back in 1907. When dad lost his job, hope as well as money departed from that home. But what home, these days, unless it be girl-less, has a daughter that does not insist on "going to business"? Sons help, as well, in difficult times in a home, but the daughter is a new ally of father, in slack times. Cold as are these figures of the number of "females"

WHEN the editors of The Elks Magazine asked Mr. Shepherd to gather material for this article, they also asked a number of the business leaders of the country to express their opinions of the present state of affairs and of the outlook for the future. Of the many replies received we quote excerpts from a few:

The future of the radio industry is bright with promise. It has reached a stage of comparative stabilization.

*General J. G. Harbord,
Chairman of the Board, R. C. A.*

Our studies indicate there will be a revival of business in the last six months of 1930, and that it will continue through 1931.

*Fred W. Sargent,
President, Chicago & North Western Ry. Co.*

In some industries conditions are not as bright as they might be, while in others

that statistical reports indicate as having taken employment within the past twenty years, nevertheless they cannot hide the fact that daughter is now well prepared to help father carry the load, when his own carrying power is decreased, or temporarily lost.

Another cushion we have never had before, to any extent, is the borrowing value, in a pinch, of life insurance policies, for life insurance has increased almost as rapidly as the motor-car business in recent years. The insurance companies hold nineteen billion dollars of the public money. Many a family finds, in these policies, a means of tiding over in a tight pinch.

What a cushion the savings accounts of some fourteen millions of us have been, not only for the individuals themselves, but for general business! We've never before, in any other depression, ever had a similar bulwark. Back in 1907, when many savings banks refused to give money to depositors, except in small sums, there were only eight and a half million savings accounts.

The average 1907 depositor had only \$429, but the average 1929 savings bank depositor had \$744. What's more, there are no more banks to-day than there were then; which means, of course, that the average 1907 bank was a weaker institution than the 1929 average bank. Some financial experts have worried about the fact that our savings bank accounts show depletion. Of course they do. The dollars that are taken from them become fast-moving dollars in retail trade where they are most needed.

Another cushion is the building loan sys-

tem. Only two million people were members of building loan organizations in 1907; their average investment, against which they could borrow, was only \$406. To-day, almost twelve millions of us are able to borrow, if necessary, against an average individual equity of \$668.

These borrowed dollars help to keep the wheels moving. They help to keep men and women in jobs. They prevent a considerable reduction in our number of consumers.

There was a time when our banking structure was not as strong as it is now.

Indeed, there was a time, when one man alone, Jay Gould, almost pulled it down and nearly cornered the actual gold of the country, just as some men have almost cornered a season's crop of wheat. The banks were helpless against him; he was so powerful

things are progressing real well. All in all, the outlook seems to me to be encouraging
Captain Robert Dollar,
Managing Director, Dollar Steamship Lines.

Fundamentally our industrial condition cannot be held back long, but it is likely to take some little time to readjust itself.
Nicholas Murray Butler,
President, Columbia University.

The chief requirements for the present situation are patience, a clear conception of the case, conservative production and sustained and effective contact with the public.
Stanley Resor,
President, J. Walter Thompson Company.

In the fields in which the Department of the Interior is most interested, we are conscious of steady progress and confidence.
Ray Lyman Wilbur,
U. S. Secretary of the Interior.

Our foreign trade continues to mount in a very gratifying manner; and shipyards will be increasingly busy on new construction.
E. C. Plummer,
Vice-Chairman, U. S. Shipping Board.

that he was able practically to reach into their very strong boxes and seize their gold supply.

It was only the Government at Washington, itself, that came to their rescue. Gould, single-handed, brought hard times to the entire country.

By the time of the 1907 panic, we had grown so strong that no single man could have brought on any economic disaster, in an effort to gain personal control of the banking system.

But we were not so strong that we did not have to depend on one man, almost single-handed, to help the country out of its depression. In his library, at his home in Madison Avenue, at Thirty-fourth Street, in New York City, J. Pierpont Morgan, master of finance, gave instructions on one certain evening to other financiers, which they meekly accepted and carried out.

This year of 1930 finds our financial system a stronger thing than a one-man affair. Great banking systems worked together, to help cushion the blow.

In Washington, there is the Federal Reserve Bank, which has taken the fixing of interest rates and the control of credits out of the hands of private individuals and put the responsibility therefor onto the shoulders of the Government itself.

To the man without a job, to the merchant who has failed, this depression has been grim enough. Figures, aside from those that show him how to glean rays of hope, don't mean much to him, perhaps.

"So the only war you've ever seen," said a famous British war correspondent to an

American reporter, who had gone over to cover the Great War, "was the revolution in Mexico?"

"That's right," said the American journalist. "But it may surprise you to know that you could be killed just as dead in that revolution as in this big war."

But the fact of the matter is that we were better prepared for the trouble, both as individuals and as a nation, than we have ever been before, for a crisis of similar nature.

All of our preparation, unconscious as it may have been, serves not only to soften the jolt but to shorten the recovery.

There is a science of economics, as definite as any other; we know far more about it now than we did twenty years ago. We'll know far more about it in the future than we do now.

Perhaps, as Waddill Catchings, the banker-economist, has suggested, we may even some day have a Government board in Washington that will keep in touch with every town, county, city, hamlet, State, or other political division within our country that has any public work to be done, so that, in times of depression, instead of in times of rushing prosperity, and in competition with private business, our city, county, State and Federal Government, will be able to find hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of work for men to do.

This will prevent cutting off large consumption. And it is consumption that makes the country go.

Perhaps, even non-employment insurance, similar to insurance against death, with no notable drain on any one but the future beneficiary himself and his family, may find a place in our business system. Such insurance money, spent over counters at the right time, would help to keep industry going, and other men in jobs.

We'll do something more about this business of depressions than we have done; be sure of that.

One man alone, many years ago, almost pulled our banking structure down. To-day such predatory action is impossible

This present event will only serve to drive us to create more and better cushions against financial shock.

One of our American youths, just turned twenty-one, opened a printing office in one of our towns, once upon a time.

He needed encouragement, being new to the town, but an old citizen, named Samuel Mickle, stopped at his door one day.

Here's about the way the conversation went:

"Are you the young fellow who's starting this shop?"

"Yes. I'm making a try at it."

"You can't succeed. You'll lose everything you've put into your business."

"Why?"

"Why, this town is sinking. Half the people are bankrupt. Don't let all the new buildings, and the increases in rent fool you. It's the new buildings, the improvements and the higher rents that will ruin us."

And then the old gentleman piled on a mass of details that left the young man almost melancholy.

"Had I known Samuel Mickle before I engaged in business, probably I never should have done so," said the young printer, fifty years later.

Mickle continued to live in this "decaying" city. He refused for many years to even buy a home there, because the whole town was on the down grade.

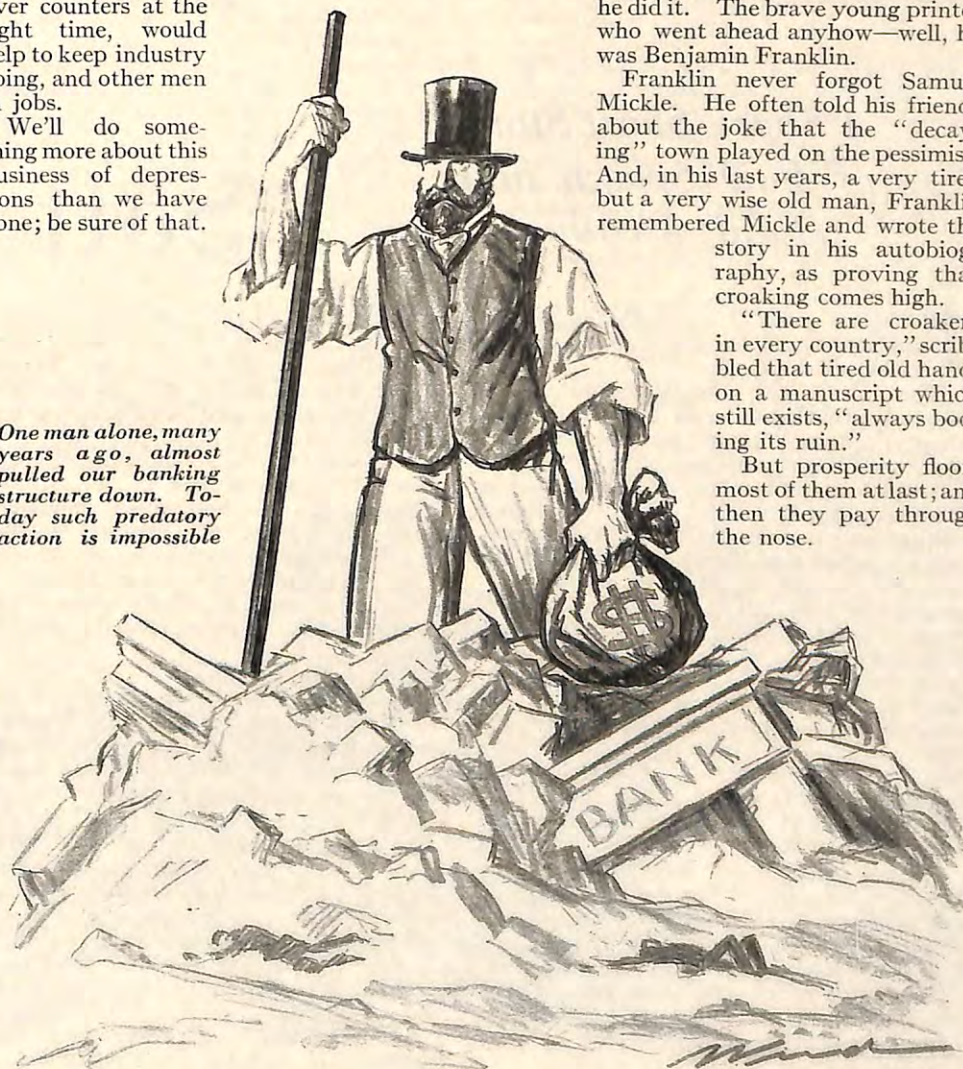
"But at last," said the printer in later years, "I had the pleasure of seeing Samuel Mickle give five times as much for a home as he might have bought it for when he first began his croaking."

Philadelphia: that was the town about which old man Mickle did his croaking, and it was two hundred years ago that he did it. The brave young printer who went ahead anyhow—well, he was Benjamin Franklin.

Franklin never forgot Samuel Mickle. He often told his friends about the joke that the "decaying" town played on the pessimist. And, in his last years, a very tired but a very wise old man, Franklin remembered Mickle and wrote the story in his autobiography, as proving that croaking comes high.

"There are croakers in every country," scribbled that tired old hand, on a manuscript which still exists, "always boding its ruin."

But prosperity floors most of them at last; and then they pay through the nose.





The small man and the large clung together, while the captain seemed to plead with his inferior for the lives of the Minerva's crew

A Short, Short Story of Fair Speech and Foul Weather

By F. R. Buckley

Illustrated by Sam Brown

Soft Answer

IT WAS Captain Thomas Welford's first command and, as the bo'sun said, he looked it.

The bo'sun said other things also: sociological, genealogical, and biological things about Captain Welford, whereof the tenth part would bar any magazine from the mails, but which aroused unbounded enthusiasm in the crew. Not that Mr. Carks (as he himself pointed out) was unreasonable. He was prepared to admit that the captain's birth in the first place might be condoned as an unfortunate mistake; but in the raising of him, when it had become apparent that he must have sandy hair, knock-knees, and invisible eyebrows, Mr. Carks held the senior Welfords to have shown deliberate malice. In their further sending of their son to sea, when it would have been so simple to drown him in warm water or put him in a home, the bo'sun discerned an actual conspiracy against himself, that crew and all such men as earned their living in deep waters.

"Thirty years," said the speaker, striking the personal note, "I've follered the sea, man and boy. I've had some o' the damndest skippers that ever set foot on a bridge; but anyhow, all before this one was *men*. They wasn't twenty-two years old, attenerate, nor they hadn't borrowed their breast-bones off some poor sufferin' pigeon; an' they

Copyright, 1930, by F. R. Buckley.

put pipestems in their mouths, instead of usin' them for arms an' legs. Also if any of 'em did feel like havin' fancy hair, he went all the way an' had it red. A man could take orders off them an' not feel he was losin' all his self-respect."

"He said 'please' to me this forenoon," observed a quartermaster.

Mr. Carks spat and raised smouldering eyes to the bridge. The captain was there, his insignificant head showing over the dodger at a level with the pilot's breast pocket.

"I dunno," said an elderly sailor. "Once I sailed with a feller that looked mighty like him—"

"Had he got pink eyes?"

"I did remember," said the elderly man, brushing tobacco crumbs from his knees and glancing at the bridge. "But whatever color they was, there was a *look* in 'em."

"An' you're gonna tell me Tommy's got it, too?"

"I ain't goin' to tell you nothing," said the elderly man calmly. "What'd be the use?"

Mr. Carks feigned absorption.

"An' what a voice!" he recommenced. "What'll he do in a gale of wind, my God—write us letters? Well—Lord have mercy on us, what I say. An' on him, too, if he gets frisky."

But it is hard for a shipmaster to avoid friskiness; or at least, what might be con-

sidered friskiness by such a crew as Captain Welford had drawn, under the circumstances obtaining. One of these circumstances was the *Diana* herself. Though Captain Welford did not know it, she was constitutionally unable to stay steady on a course, which led to unpleasantness with the whole force of helmsmen. Then again she was so built that any attempt to buck a head sea resulted instantly in the flooding of both forecastles, an event which confirmed the crew's opinion of the captain's ability. Furthermore, she was an ancient vessel, neglected as such by her last four or five commanders, so that all hands were kept busier than they cared to be. In the interval of unreasonably fine weather between Tuskar and the thirtieth degree of west longitude the bo'sun, for example, found himself called upon to re-rig all the falls, during which work he smashed his thumb and added loathing to his contempt for Captain Welford. And since he communicated his emotions to his subordinates who were chipping, polishing and holystoning when they would have preferred to be doing other things, naturally men addressed by the captain began to fail to hear until the second repetition and, responding, sometimes to omit the word "sir." And the captain, raised in the shadow of the Shipping Acts and a belief in salvation by seamanship

alone, let them get away with it. He brooded in his cabin, before a mirror which gave him no comfort whatever, and failed to discover any remedy he was competent to apply.

BUT the voyage was to New York and the month was January, so that his brooding could not last forever. The fine weather died, the sun retired behind low-hanging clouds of dark grey, the wind rose, and on the wings of the wind came sleet from the cold northwest. The *Diana*, her captain an ice-sheathed statue on her bridge, rose sluggishly to seas that towered above her bows and, with wildly-flapping propeller, plunged abysmally out of sight into their troughs. This she did for forty-eight hours, while liner passengers at drawing-room windows asked stewards whether she was sinking; and then she turned south to the assistance of a ship that proved to be sinking indeed. This was the *Minerva*, her sister in the ragged ship-family of Messrs. Boone and Given; and she had not sent out the conventional three dashes, three dots, and three dashes, which would have called nearer vessels to her aid. She wanted help, but only such help as would not charge her salvage and land her captain unrecommended on the beach; in other words, help from another Boone and Given ship. So that though her Number 1 hatch was stove and her boiler-room flooded until half the fires were out, she merely inquired how (as per code) Captain Welford's garden grew, and prepared to chance developments in the twenty-four hours which must elapse before his arrival.

Actually, unobtrusive Mr. Welford cut down this time to eighteen hours, at no more cost than the starting of two or three dozen rivets; but even so, the *Minerva* had long since passed beyond hope of salvage. She was swept clear of everything movable from forepeak to taffrail; she was heavily down by the head, and she had a list which threatened at any moment to roll her under. There remained but one thing to do—take the men off her, if even this should prove possible in the gathering dusk; and as a prelude to a try at it, Captain Welford ordered the lowering of his lifeboat Number 2.

The second mate, who suffered from boils and a wife, said he would just as soon take charge as not, but it appeared, after he had been absent from the bridge a few minutes, that the crew, headed by the bo'sun, had other views. To make a long and obscene story short, they refused to volunteer.

"You mean—they won't man that boat?" asked Captain Welford, blinking eyelashes now made visible by ice.

"That's what *they* seem to mean," said the second mate with relief. "An' you can't force 'em, sir. Not in a sea like this."

"They figurin' on defyin' me?"

"Tain't that, sir. They

think the sea's too high, 'n it would be suicide."

"When I've called for volunteers, they figure—?"

"Yes, sir."

The captain turned and through the spindrift surveyed the staggering *Minerva*.

Now her wireless-house was gone. Somebody was trying to light a tar-barrel on the boat-deck.

"Send the bo'sun up here."

"I tried to, sir. He wouldn't come."

"Then I'll—" said Captain Welford fragmentarily and went to the bridge-ladder oblivious of the mate's advice to take a gun.

The crew, gathered just aft of the bridge-house, had its mind made up and there was nothing in Mr. Welford's arrival to shake its determination to disoblige him. His nose was red, in the first place; and in the second, a piece of ice spilled him off the fourth step of the ladder into the arms of Mr. Carks, the bo'sun, so that the small man and the large clung together, commonly supported by a stanchion, while the captain seemed to plead with his inferior for the lives of the *Minerva's* crew. Several times, and with joy, the on-lookers saw Mr. Carks open his mouth as though to interrupt these importunities; and as often close it again as if to await a more decisive moment. They expected that at last he would shove his officer violently and disrespectfully away; and after some time he did so.

But what he did next was entirely unexpected. Advancing suddenly on his supporters and grabbing half-a-dozen of them by various parts of the anatomy, Mr. Carks compelled them to launch a boat. He then used his fists and feet on two others until they consented to get in and row; and finally he got into the boat himself and—assisted by oil and the bringing of the *Diana* around to windward—personally rescued the *Minerva's* men. They jumped from the stern of the sinking ship while the boat swung dizzily on the pooping seas; and one of them landed on the neck of Mr. Carks, who accordingly came aboard unconscious as well

as frost-bitten. He had, in addition to concussion of the brain, two fractures of the collar-bone and a broken left arm which, confining him to a spare cabin on the boat-deck, deprived the crew of any opportunity to ask him what the devil he meant by it.

But even aside from his injuries, Mr. Carks seemed inclined to taciturnity on this score. It was not until after the eighth beer in a Brooklyn speakeasy that even his best friend, by profession the cook, could get any satisfaction out of him.

"You said you wouldn't launch that boat even if he pulled a gun on you," remonstrated Mr. Legg. "It ain't like you to go back on your word like that."

Mr. Carks looked slightly uncomfortable. He sipped and cleared his throat.

"Well, Alf, I tell you. I despised the old man, an' that's why I said what I did. An' I was goin' to stick to it—I wasn't goin' to risk my life for any white-faced little swab like him; an' then he came down an' spoke to me on the deck, like you saw. But you couldn't hear what he said, Alf, I never was so surprised in my life. 'You,' he says to me, 'you herrin'-guttled, yellow-livered, web-footed, gutter-dragged-up son of a Mar-seilles coochy-guide, you,' he says, 'you dirty-mannered, bottle-nosed blot on a Port Said slum—'"

THE bo'sun took another sip and nodded at his companion's widening eyes.

"Yes, an'—'you bow-legged, murderin', jelly-spined coward that'd let your own mother drown before you'd risk your filthy dog's hide when you're told to,' he says, 'you greasy-fingered, tar-pot-nuzzling baboon; you get that boat launched before I kick your lungs up to where your brain ought to be.'"

"That, o' course, wasn't the whole of it, Alf. I'm just givin' you the general line o' thought. There was other figgers o' speech he used I can't remember entirely clear. But they was much to the same effect."

Mr. Carks took a long drink, put down his glass and spread his hand in deprecation.

"If he'd come down with a revolver or any-thing, I'd have slung him over the side like I said. But I meantersay," argued Mr. Carks reasonably, "what was I goin' to do when he spoke me so fair?"

"Well, Alf, I tell you. I despised the old man, an' that's why I said what I did. An' I was goin' to stick to it"

"You said you wouldn't launch that boat even if he pulled a gun on you," remonstrated Mr. Legg.





Make Way for the Books

All Our Yesterdays

By H. M. Tomlinson. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A FEW weeks ago, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson steamed into New York Harbor from England—a serene, pleasant, with-drawing man, puffing a stubby pipe, and come to visit his son and his numerous loyal friends.

The son is connected with an American publishing house and is going to become an American citizen. He took his father calmly, despite the enthusiastic literary furor that was being raised hereabouts.

The friends were forbidden (by Mr. Tomlinson) to give parties to show him off, or to otherwise advertise him as a "lion."

Mr. Tomlinson didn't think that he'd done anything to deserve a fuss—and, besides, he isn't that kind of a chap.

But this unique modesty has had no effect in dimming the bright light that falls upon his latest, and best book, "All Our Yesterdays," nor can it dampen our enthusiastic admiration for his talent. "All Our Yesterdays" is a rare and tremendously moving tale and we urge you to read it, at once.

It is a semi-autobiographical novel with the hero, as you might surmise, never obtruding himself upon the pages. It is a faithful, searching, and dramatic picture of English life from the days of the Boer War to the present, and its scenes shift from the Thames waterfront to newspaper-offices in Fleet Street; from a jungle outpost in the Orient to Ireland—to France—to the trenches. This is a large canvas, but not too large for Mr. Tomlinson, whom we have come to know as a writer of growing distinction and strength through his "Galleon's Reach," his "The Sea and The Jungle," and that much earlier and very captivating volume of essays, "Old Junk."

This new novel is the record of a man who watches the hurricane of 1914 form in Europe's sky, who is dimly conscious as he goes about his business that his youth and his life are menaced by the strange things happening to Empires—that millions of his unsuspecting fellow creatures are being made ready to be drawn into the vortex—that Peace is about to be "shot in the head by a madman."

Still, through all this slowly changing world, the hero (one must call him that, however much he pushes other characters to the fore in his pages) takes life as best he can, abstracting from it, by reason of his awareness to everything around him, a little more richness and value than appear on the surface.

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Illustrated by George Shanks

The chapters, as one thinks back upon the book, separate themselves into gorgeously colored pictures. For instance—that launching of the battleship at the very beginning of the narrative; could anything be finer or more filled with the essence of man's giant power over matter and at the same moment his childlike clinging to old superstitions! The ship ought to be christened with wine . . . "She's got to have her drink. Someone will get hurt if she doesn't." And someone does.

The description of Maynard's trip into an eastern jungle, to deliver some stores for a friend who is in need of help in his work of medical research, is a masterpiece. The silent threat of the tropic forests and rivers is appalling . . . there is a storm that tightens the nerves even to read about it . . . the everlasting poison of the white man's hates and politics penetrating even into the heart of the wilderness is horrifying.

Here is superb writing, as superb as the later chapters where the book moves on into the War—chapters which people are claiming are the best things that Tomlinson has ever done.

With much to say, born of much feeling and a deep knowledge of human loves and passions, Mr. Tomlinson takes his way through his new volume, leaving behind with the reader the feeling of having been in extraordinary company.

Weighing life dispassionately, the author ends on a note of quiet hope and warning: "Only that day dawns to which we are awake."

Young Man of Manhattan

By Katharine Brush. (Farrar & Rinehart, New York.)

A ROMANCE of modern America which gets off on the very first page, like a speed boat answering the crack of a starter's pistol.

It begins in a drenching rain-storm with a young sports writer trudging back to town the night Tunney first beat Dempsey. Also trudging back through the torrent goes Ann Vaughn, who does the movie column and special stories for the Chronicle-Press. Here they meet—almost as two drowned people might meet beneath the sea; but Miss Brush does a thorough job in drying them up and warming their hearts, and at the end of five days we behold Toby married to Ann, and the author well launched on a sophisticated

and prancing tale that fairly carries you away.

Two such turbulent, alive and rather heart-breaking youngsters as Toby McLean and his Ann have not emerged from a popular novel in many a day. They take their places immediately among the portraits of contemporary heroes and heroines—true 1930 models with their conflicting careers, their clever talk and their heady rush through life. They are eternal youth and romance—the sort of thing that the world has always searched for between the covers of books to tinge its own dull days with glamor.

"Young Man of Manhattan" may, in spots, make one wish that Miss Brush had not even momentarily abandoned the high pattern that she followed in her short stories; had not, in fact, dashed her yarn off in so popular, so hit-'em-in-the-eye style. Still, had she not, she might never so truthfully have caught the spirit of the hurried lives and loves that she writes about. The book is not literature, but it is a perfectly corking story. Read it.

Crime in Ink

By Claire Cavalho and Boyden Sparks. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

ONE day in 1896, a distinguished looking man waited, with his tiny daughter beside him, for the luncheon he had ordered in an obscure French restaurant in New York.

Idly he picked up a French newspaper, *Le Matin*, in which he saw a facsimile of a piece of writing. He gave a sharp exclamation, and, to the horror of his hungry little girl and the whole restaurant management, bolted from the place to his office where he dictated a letter to a tragic woman in France whose husband, having been "found guilty" of treason, had already served two years on Devil's Island, the French convict hell.

The woman was Madame Dreyfus, and the man who wrote to her, offering his services on her husband's behalf in the high spirit of a crusader, was David Cavalho—one of the greatest handwriting experts that ever lived; a man who hunted criminals "by means of their pen tracks as a woodsman follows the footprints of the game he chases." He was a master detective, and his name is connected with some of the most thrilling and important criminal cases in the annals of our courts.

His daughter, who was in his confidence, has collaborated in the writing of this book which covers the most startling events of his career, and it is interesting to note that

(Continued on page 78)



A Scene from "The Green Pastures"

THIS fable by Marc Connelly is clean out of the usual category of plays. With an insight and deep understanding of the Negro mind and heart that makes you catch your breath, he has told the story of the Old Testament as these grandchildren of Africa have moulded it to their needs. There is about it a

perfect simplicity that makes it unforgettably moving. As for acting, the producers have proved what a wealth of talent lies latent among our Negro players by the almost miraculous perfection of their cast. Pictured here is the story of Cain and Abel, with Richard B. Harrison as the saddened Creator—E. R. B.

PHOTOS BY
VANDAMM

Speed, humor and good looks, three prime requisites of a good musical comedy, are to be found in "Flying High," a new piece from the shop of that hard-working trio DeSylva, Brown and Henderson. This is an aviation play, and hero, villain and comedian share the common bond of air madness. Above are Pearl Osgood, and Kate Smith listening in on Bert Lahr's broadcast of how he broke the endurance record for solo flight. The breaking of that record was all a gorgeous and ridiculous accident, but the preliminaries provided Mr. Lahr with one of his most outrageously funny scenes



Matrimonial complications and cross-purposes in Westchester and other outlying parts, hardly promise much novelty in the way of plot, yet George Abbott and S. K. Lauren have written so deftly the rôles of the father and young son in their new play (George Abbott and Edwin Phillips above) that "Those We Love" has a poignancy and charm rare enough of achievement. Young Phillips is easily the most engaging and capable juvenile we have seen in a long time, and George Abbott was a good actor long before anyone knew he was a good playwright



Fred and Dorothy Stone (left) are back again. This time in a piece called "Ripples" which is billed as a musical extravaganza. There is a new Stone daughter in the show too, Paula, and the eldest scion of another large theatrical family, Eddie Foy, Jr., who gives promise of developing into a fine comedian one of these days. The play is handsome to look at and amusing to listen to, and as you might expect, it has a lot of corking good dancing from an all-Stone show

Both Paris and New York have put the stamp of approval on "Topaze," the comedy adapted by Benn W. Levy from the French of Marcel Pagnol. It has an exceptionally good first act and smart, bright dialogue. Its most distinguished feature, however, is the quality of the acting of the trio pictured at the right: first and foremost Frank Morgan as the timid schoolmaster who first becomes the dupe and then the master of a group of financial swindlers; Phoebe Foster, lovely and alluring; and Hubert Druce as an engaging old scamp

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



VANDAMM

Ruth Draper (left) needs no introduction to audiences who return each season to enjoy her inimitable character sketches. Single handed she can and does dominate the stage and people it with droll or tragic figures in quite bewildering succession. The picture here is from a new creation recently added to her repertoire, "Opening the Bazaar." It ranks with her best work



NICHOLAS MURAY

Below, a king and a few cabinet ministers from Mr. George Bernard Shaw's latest extravaganza "The Apple Cart." The time is the future and England is facing an internal crisis. The king, urbane and crafty in his nominal rôle of a mere figure-head, out-manuevers and out-argues his cabinet as only a Shavian king could. It is brilliant fooling that will delight your mind and rouse your mirth, and the Theatre Guild has done the right thing by it in the way of players. Starting with his majesty and touching off the high lights, there are Tom Powers, Ernest Cossart, Claude Rains, George Graham, John Dunn and Helen Westley



VANDAMM

The Last Fare

By Stanley Jones

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers



"**W**HOA UP," grunted Tom Campbell, easing over to the curb beside the blazing whiteness of the lunch-room. He tugged on the emergency, snapped off the headlights and his bent, spare form emerged from behind the wheel of the taxi.

"There," he said, removing his cap and running stiffened fingers through his thick gray thatch. As always, when he got out, he cast a quizzical, solicitous glance at the spick-and-span old car, and lightly touched the windshield, or the hood, with a reassuring hand. A habit of Tom's, engendered from years of association with horses. You wouldn't leave a horse to stand without a word, would you? Well, then . . .

They used to make all manner of fun of this propensity, the other cab drivers. Rough fun, but founded in good-nature, for they all liked Tom. Even the newest and wildest of the "cowboys"; youngsters like Izzy Kaplan and Luigi Triano, who delighted to squeeze a hack through the eye of a needle at forty per. They called him "Old Tod Sloan," after the famous jockey who was one of Tom's idols. They were forever hanging old feed-bags on his radiator cap, or draping tattered horse-blankets hilariously around the hood.

"That's all right—to hell with you!" Tom used to swear. Good-naturedly, save when an especially wracking twelve-hour trick in bad weather had whipped up the twinges in his back. Then he would hobble at them, his blazing blue eyes a battle flag, and they would skip nimbly out of the reach of everything save the blistering sulphur of his Scotch-Irish tongue. Jeering, but a little bit awed, nonetheless, for Tom was an earnest man who believed that anything worth doing at all was worth doing well.

Now, turning from one last look at his car, he stuffed his leather mittens into his overcoat pocket and pushed into the steamy warmth of the lunch-room.

"Hi, Tom," grinned Nick Skopas, waving a soiled cotton glove from his place at the griddle. "Shut the door, eh—the wind she blow sawdust."

"Don't I always shut it?" demanded Tom, blinking in the glare. He stamped up to the tiled counter, unbuttoning his coat. "Hell, I'm not one of these gorillas who was brought up in a barn."

Chairs scraped warningly, but his friends, the Messrs. Paddy Lynch and Leo Kroitz, did not rise to the implication. So, after a moment, Tom edged up to their table with his mug of steaming coffee.

"I'm sick to death of this game," Paddy was announcing, his voice bitter with Irish

disgust. "Ten years ago, a man could work eight hours and make a living—now you've got to put in twelve or fourteen and what does it get you?"

"It gets you abuse," said Leo, mouth puckered in his round, German face as he blew aggrievedly on his cup. "It gets you indigestion from sitting cramped all day. It gets you gas in the lungs and dirt in the eyes. Me, I wish to hell I was a bricklayer."

The three lapsed into a moody silence as understanding friends may do when the spirit moves. Outside, the brisk November wind caught bits of soiled papers and whisked them aloft. Past the winking electric signs—up and up until they vanished in the dark skeleton of the elevated which ran across the hard brilliance of the stars like some shadowy Jacob's Ladder. The hoarse insistence of a newsboy at his corner stand at length penetrated the preoccupation of the three. Paddy Lynch nudged Kroitz.

"I heard 'Blackbird' won the sweepstakes out at Belmont," he remarked.

"That's right," Leo dug a shiny spoon into his cup custard. "That skate of Tom's is still running. They're all scared he's going to die of starvation before he gets back to the paddock."

"Who, 'Silver Threads'?" demanded Tom truculently. "Say, you guys never picked a winner in your lives! Why, that horse has it on the rest of the field like a blanket! I picked him the minute I saw him cross the track. He's got—"

"He's got *nothin'*," interrupted Paddy, kicking Leo under the table. "The paper says he's yellow as a duck's foot. A lot of suckers got trimmed on him. Take a look for yourself."

"I will!"

When the door swung to on Tom's excited exit, the pair broke into raucous squawks. Nick, deftly cracking an egg on a skillet, shook his chef's cap at them.

"He's crazy on the horse, Tom, eh? Where he get so crazy?"

"Groom," said Paddy, reaching for the toothpicks. "He used to be head groom—like his old man before him—for some rich guy who had a big stable up in Westchester. He oughtn't to have left, if you ask me."

"Well," said Leo, "I haven't heard anybody askin' you, yet. How about it, Nick?"

Nick, the politic, showed his teeth in a wolfish grin and swung from the dangerous reefs of personalities back to the original subject.

"Tom, he's drive a horse hansom here for long time, yes?"

"One of the last to give in to th' machine



age which is crushin' us all," nodded Paddy sententiously. "Had a fine horse, too. Named 'Bess'—a big chestnut who could do everything but read a book. Tom used to groom her till she shone like satin in the sunlight. They was a great pair, wit' the harness flashin' and the old hansom painted up fit to kill and Tom on the box wit' his topper and long bottle-green coat. You know," Paddy leaned forward after a glance at the door, "he calls his hack 'Bess,' when he thinks nobody is listenin'. Talks to the damn thing like it was alive! I've heard him, eh, Dutch?"

"**SURE.**" Kroitz nodded solemn confirmation. "Me, too, lots of times. Give you a funny feelin', don't it? That old roller-skate of mine," he glowered out at the battered conveyance by the curb, "don't inspire no love in my bosom, believe me! I'd give it away for twenty bucks!"

"Me, too," said Paddy. "Catch me foolin' around that mousetrap of mine the way Tom does!"

"Still," observed Nick, with a covert wink, "Tom—he never break down in Brooklyn, middle of da night, eh?"

"A-ah, shut up!" bleated Paddy, unhappily reminded of a recent unfortunate incident. Leo smiled, when a chilly draft preceded the return of Tom Campbell, flourishing his extra.

"Here's your 'Blackbird,'" he snorted,



Love of Horses Was His Weakness—and His Salvation

Tom Campbell tossed back his mop of thick gray hair and pulled on his cap. "I'm through, all right," he said

smoothing out the paper on the white-topped table. "Fifth in a field of six! And who won? Take a look!"

"Silver Threads," read Paddy, simulating honest surprise. "Well, whadda you think of that, Dutch? We musta been misinformed, for once."

"We?" queried Mr. Kroitz, treacherously. "I didn't say nothing about who won, did I, Tom? I didn't have any dope."

"You never have, on *anything*," said Tom, devouring the summaries. "But if you had of, you'd have been as far off as that harp was."

"Oh, yah?" grunted Leo, and produced a worn briar, which he proceeded to pack and light. When he had it going like a blast furnace he buttoned up his sheepskin tight under his second chin, sighed, and stood up.

"Well," he remarked scornfully, "*some* of us has got to work for a livin'."

When he had rolled out, a stuttering motor cough announcing his departure, Paddy Lynch cast aside his well-chewed toothpick and shoved back his chair. For a second he stood staring down at the hunched, intent shoulders of Tom Campbell.

"How's it goin', Tom?" he said abruptly, trying to make it casual.

"Huh?" said Tom, recalling his mind with an effort from the world of pounding hoofs and creaking leather. He turned to look up at Paddy, and as he did so a sudden shaft of pain contracted his thin face. "Oh, not much better, I don't think. Cold weather seems to get in after I sit for a couple of hours. I ain't tellin' the world," with a wry smile, "but the old man ain't what he used to be."

"G'wan," said Paddy, pulling on his soiled gauntlets, "don't tell *me*. You like this racket, or you'da quit it years ago."

Tom shook his head and traced small circles on the glaring expanse of table. "No, you're way off there," he said, wrinkling his forehead with the effort of making himself clear. "I don't hate it the way you, and Dutch, and lots of others do, maybe. You fellows don't like the hours, or the abuse you get, or the cheap skates who ride the clock for a buck and slip you a dime. Those things don't make so much difference to me, somehow."

"Well," demanded Paddy (though he knew very well), "what does, then?"

Tom looked up, head on one side in the curious way he had when confronted with a

problem. "It's the flesh-and-blood of it I miss, I guess. And the country. When you have horses around you, you don't seem to need anything else. People annoy you, and you can't get 'em to change, or teach 'em things, the way you can a smart horse. Their minds are all made up—"

"Sure, the dumb ones, like the Dutchman, maybe. But—"

"I like to work with live things," continued Tom, unconscious of interruption. "To see 'em come on a little, day by day, and to know you and look for you."

"You ought to have got married," said Paddy, jerking at the visor of his cap and screwing down the corners of his mouth. "Ask me—wit' five kids. They come on too damn fast. The flat is like Coney Island."

Tom shook his head. "No, it ain't that. Kids are too smart for you. An' they don't think about anything except themselves, Paddy. They get over needin' you too soon. But a horse—like that old Bess—there's something that sticks with you! Remember how she used to stomp the minute she'd hear me comin', eh?"

Paddy grinned. "An' wiggle her lip for sugar!"

"Sure." Under the memory Tom Campbell's face drained of worry and the gray etchings of fatigue. He sat up straighter, the blue eyes reminiscent under the heather tufts of brows. And as he talked to the

little Irishman, his hands—square, capable, workmanlike hands—rose and dipped and flourished in an enthusiasm as rare as it was wholehearted.

PADDY sat down after a time, for the hour was late and he had had a good fifteen-dollar day as it was. And Nick, after he had slid coffee and doughnuts across the counter to a yawning motorman, came over and sat down, too, leaning his arms on the table. Under their sympathetic interest, or perhaps because he had been in the grip of one of those seizures of frustration which recur to men who live alone, Tom Campbell expanded on the theme closest to his heart.

"It ain't livin', the way we do here," he said earnestly, and tamped the table with his fingertips. "Just sloggin' around through the dust and the rain, day in, day out. You fellows are different from me, I guess. I'm older—I was raised outdoors, where the ground is ground, even in winter, and not all pavement. You fellows are born to the city, and don't know anything else."

"That fits me," admitted Paddy. "What's more, I like it. Gees, once when I was a kid some o' these settlement guys made the old man send me up to a camp in the mountains for a month. I damn near died, it was so lonesome."

"Sure, that's it," nodded Tom seriously.

DUDLEY
GROVER
SUMMERS

"It all depends on what you're used to, and on what you want. But say, you'd have liked this place where I used to work. It was—it was," he groped through his meager stock of adjectives, "well, beautiful. You never seen anything like it, on the level."

"What she like, Tom?" demanded Nick the practical. "She beeg place?"

"Big?" Tom's voice was proudly tender. "Say, you could drop Central Park in it and never know it was there, Nick. Honest, you never saw such a place: woods, and fields, and miles of bridle paths. Belonged to a man named Stedman, who made his jack in oil. A hard man," Tom's face clouded for a second, "but he loved horses, even though he'd never bet on 'em, even his own. He was death on gambling. And he sure had the horses! Gad, how we used to sweep the track in the old days. Even over to Cuba we used to go."

"GEES," said Paddy enviously. "That's one place I'd sure like to see before I get my final summons. Jim Balch—you know, feller who drives the green sedan—he used to run a book down there, and he says Havana is the nuts."

Tom nodded. "Sure, but this place up-state had everything. Even separate stables for the kids' ponies. I used to saddle 'em up before breakfast, three of 'em, and lead 'em around to the front door for young Bill and Charlie and Eleanor. Then I'd get on my hunter and off we'd go for an hour of it, with the cool morning air in your lungs and rabbits scuttling hell-bent across the roads."

"Gees," said Paddy again. "That's the stuff for kids, all right."

"You said it. And I taught 'em to ride, from the time their fat little legs could grip a saddle. Maybe," Tom looked at the two half-apologetically, "maybe I've got a snapshot of 'em, 'less I've lost it, or wore it out."

"Le's see her," commanded Nick, leaning eagerly forward.

Under the blazing cafeteria lights, Tom Campbell tugged out a fat wallet of brown leather, worn and dog-eared. Snapped off the thick elastic, and pawed through a soiled collection of receipts, cards and old letters. At last.

"Here," he cried, and singled out two colored postals. Nick and Paddy hunched over, their shoulders touching, as Tom smoothed the first with anxious fingers. "That's Bill, on the black pony. Then Charlie, and Eleanor on the white one. This was taken down at one of the judging rings, just before a show, and the photographer liked it so much he made it up into post-cards."

"Good-lookin' kids," nodded Paddy. "How much is a pony, Tom, anyway?"

Tom tapped the black pony with the pit of his pipe. "This one cost two thousand. The others were a little under that."

"Holy cat!" gasped Paddy piously. "Why, that's as much as a new cab! If I had tha—"

"Sure," said Tom, a trifle sadly. "If I had that, or half o' that, I'd get caught up on my back payments and tell the cab company to take a jump out the window. God, how they hound a man!"

Paddy nudged Nick and grinned. "If you had that, you big faker, you'd break your neck racin' over to lay it on 'Silver Threads,' or 'The Blimp,' or some other goat that'd lose it for you the next time he ran."

"That's right," nodded Nick, so vigorously that the white balloon of his cap

tugged and billowed.

"You always support those book-maker instead of those cab-maker, Tom."

"The hell I do," denied Tom virtuously. But under their accusing gaze a sheepish grin finally quirked the corners of his mouth and he hastened to supplant the postal with the next. "Now there," he said, and despite him a note of longing sifted through the casual air, "is a place."

"I'll tell the world," breathed Paddy, squinting his bright fox-terrier eyes.

It stood on a hill dominating the lower crests in all directions, a spacious, carefully planned house of gray stone, with tall wooden pillars rising two stories above the broad southern veranda. Behind, in the valley, were rows and rows of stables, the exercise grounds, meadows, and rich pasture-land. The stables were half stone and half timber, characteristic of the farm-buildings which Tom had known as a boy, the stone in its natural color and the roofs and upper stories painted white.

The great, rambling house was partly hidden by the flaming clumps of horse-chestnut and maple trees. And the fields—rolling as far as the eye could see—were marked with borders of Lombardy poplars. In a thicket of gracious willows on the left stood a prim little spring-house. Patches of cedars shadowed the tawny grass, and all the rusty hillsides were barred with



"Good Lord!" gasped Tom Campbell, freezing rigidly in mid-motion. His lips echoed the words soundlessly, and remained parted

the bright lines of white-washed fences.

"From that hill," said Tom, as the three devoured the picture, "you could see, over the trees, the blue water of the Sound, and little white sailboats tippin' under the breeze. And the smells—gee, it's funny how you miss some smells all your life, isn't it? You don't realize it till you get a whiff, somewhere else, that snaps a whole picture back in front of you. I got one yesterday afternoon, rollin' down Third Avenue, under the L, and in spite of all the noise and dirt in the world."

"What you smell, Tom?" inquired Nick. "Horses, eh?"

"Uh-uh. Christmas trees—little pines some ginney had stacked up in front of his store for two bits a throw. Before I realized it I pulled over to the curb and just sat there, sniffin' like an old dog. And with that fresh piney smell come back all the others I used to love out at this place. Salt and weed-pollen. Mud of the tide flats, tar and fresh-cut woods, sweet-grass and flowers and that cool mornin' smell in the country that you just can't put into words."

"Gees," said Paddy Lynch, after a plaintive interval, "cut it out, will you Tom?"

"THAT'S right," affirmed Nick, smiting the table. "Here we just get use to smell grease and gas-lene and dust—now you try to make us unhappy, eh?"

"No," said Tom, as Nick rose to wait on a customer, "I just make myself unhappy, an' all for nothin', too." He looked once more at the postal, an intense nostalgia clouding the deep-set eyes, then thrust it abruptly back into the dog-eared wallet and got to his feet. Paddy looked up, surprised.

"What's the hurry, Tom? Ain't you through for the night?"

Tom Campbell tossed back his mop of thick gray hair and pulled on his cap. "I'm through, all right," he said, an unaccustomed acid of bitterness in his voice. "A man's through when he makes a damn fool of himself once too often, Paddy, and don't



you forget it. G'night."

The little Irishman, puzzled and distressed, watched Tom Campbell stump forlornly out into the windswept street. Shivered in mute companionship as Tom flipped up his collar against the chill fingers of the November night. Smiled with an understanding indulgence as the tall figure inclined, like a gaunt, solicitous crane, over the polished head-lamps which caught the blazing lights from Nick Skopas' winking sign.

"Hey, Nick," he called. "Take a look at the boy. He's goin' to kiss the damn ole bus right on the radiator."

They watched, grinning, for Tom Campbell to turn and give his invariable wave before churning off. But this time he just cranked old Bess, angled slowly in behind the wheel and rolled off into the night.

THEY did not see Tom Campbell again for over a week, until the calendar had slipped past November and into the nerve-tautening atmosphere of Christmas. Then Paddy and Leo got anxious.

"I'm goin' to take a run up to West Seventy-fift' an' see what's eatin' the old jockey," announced Paddy one bitter afternoon.

"Good," mumbled Leo, brushing the crumbs of vanishing cruller from his sweater. "I follow you. But don't go too fast, or this old squash of mine she fall to pieces."

Inquiry at the rather soiled red brick apartment elicited some light from Mrs. Hennigan.

"Sure," she averred, laying aside her broom for the moment, "he's been sick, has Mr. Campbell. Sick is the word, though you'd get no hint of it from the likes of him. I've had me hands full—what with tryin' to get him to eat a bit, and keepin' his door locked so's them collection agents couldn't pester the life out of him."

"You mean them guys from the Lavender Cab?" inquired Paddy.

Mrs. Hennigan snorted and thrust a stray lock of red hair back into momentary order beneath her dusting cap. "Wolfs they are," she said scornfully. "So many wolfs—but I told 'em a thing or two. They won't be back."

"Gee," said Paddy, and looked at Leo. "Maybe they'll just grab his bus and—"

"Not them," said Mrs. Hennigan composedly. "I thought o' that, too, and had my oldest boy—that's Pete, the mechanic—run down and take it out to his garage, way uptown, and hide it away till Mr. Campbell could get out again."

"Has he gone?"

"Yes, he started yesterday, though he ought to have stayed in longer. I guess he had to make some money—though it'd be the last thing on earth he'd admit."

Paddy and Leo nodded solemnly. "That's a fact, too. Here we are, the two best friends the boy's got. Ready to lend him any amount," said Paddy, with a magnificent Celtic gesture, "any amount!"

"Up to fifty dollars," amended Leo, his inherent caution asserting itself despite his sincerity in the cause.

"Well," sighed Mrs. Hennigan, as the doorbell pealed, "I'm sure you'll be seeing him either tonight or tomorrow, then. Why don't you drop in here and surprise him?"

"Good," said Paddy, opening the door. "We'll do that little thing—that bird can't go hermit on us an' get away wit' it, heh, Dutch?"

Yet, even at that precise moment, the Fate which winks at the best-laid plans of emperors and cab-drivers was taking Tom Campbell in hand.

Still looking a trifle drawn, he had delivered a lady to the obsequious care of a doorman at a hotel uptown and had parked for a moment on a side street just off Broadway. He was on a corner, from which strategic point he was easily accessible to prospects from both thoroughfares.

Tom had descended from old Bess, and

was whacking his arms across his chest and beating his mittened hands together against the penetrating cold. Tapping his feet on the sidewalk, first one, then the other, as chilled people tap, the world over. Standing in the same spot and trying to divide his interest between prospective fares and the pink and green racing forms which peeped and fluttered at him from the rack of an adjacent newsstand.

Suddenly, from afar up Broadway, rose a muffled clamor. Shouts, indistinct yelling, and the mounting staccato of a powerful motor. Tom turned his head. People paused, uncertain, then hurried to the curb and craned their necks.

"What is it?" they demanded. "Accident? Somebody hurt?"

Then, while the tumult swelled louder, a dark blue limousine broke out of the welter of approaching traffic and roared into the clear. It swerved, recklessly, to avoid a car that was leaving the curb, with an accompaniment of sharp, backfiring reports. Tom, who had climbed behind the wheel, could see little dark figures scurrying into doorways. The big car leveled out like a blind greyhound.

"Holy cat!" exclaimed the man. "The lights changed—good-night!"

Even so. The green light overhanging the intersection a block away had winked into a Cyclop's eye of forbidding ruby. Crosstown traffic began to flow, sluggishly. Tom rose up, staring.

"That bird can't stop—he's tight! Or crazy!"

The blue meteor swept around two cars, tilting perilously, missed a third by inches, and swooped for the crossing. And just at this moment, when Tom was starting to back up in order to be clear of any possible danger, out meandered one of the strange sights which make New York City traffic the annoying picturesque kaleidoscope that it is.

An old U. S. Mail wagon, driven by one of the ancients who habitually occupy the seat of such conveyances. Haltingly drawn by as superannuated a white horse as ever slogged one tired hoof in front of another. Heedless alike of impatient blasts from behind and of the rocketing blue car streaking in from the side. Just clop-clopping wearily along, intent on nothing at all.

"GOOD Lord!" gasped Tom Campbell, freezing rigidly in mid-motion.

His lips echoed the words, soundlessly, and remained parted, while the color left his face. On all sides, faces wore similar expressions—strained intentness and a desire to look away without the motive power to do so. The awful fascination of impending calamity.

It was over in a second.

The driver of the speeding car, at the last moment, might have swerved at the curb and cleared the poor beast entirely. But apparently figuring that the weight of the car and its terrific momentum were more than enough to break through, he ducked his head and stepped on it.

The left fender struck the white horse on the front legs, felling it like a pole-axed steer. Toppling, its head rebounded from the side of the car with a dull and sickening boom. Then it sprawled, horribly, and set up that shrill screaming which penetrates the very marrow of every human being.

That scream—the distilled essence of anguished, dumb emotion—lashed Tom Campbell into a blind and berserk fury. It is entirely likely that he could have seen

(Continued on page 58)



A bearded Sikh directing in Shanghai



What could be smarter for a lady's South African shopping tour than this racy rickshaw and dressy Zulu boy?



This veteran of the Battle of the Marne, with true Gallic gallantry, still runs the Paris streets



The conveyance above may not break any speed laws in the streets of Amber, India, but still it will get you there



The two gentlemen of the hilly island of Madeira, above, are the only collision insurance you need worry about carrying there



This Zulu traffic cop has great dignity, a mean eye, and a big stick



For a trip through the interior of China you can take a rig like the one below—or you can use your own two legs

Hey, Taxi!

—and here's what you will get if you travel this summer. Believe it or not, you would be just as safe in any of these queer craft as you are in the old family carry-all on Main Street.



A gentle-looking London Bobby



If you are lucky enough to visit the Ould Sod be sure to give this jaunting car a try



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM
ZWING GALLOWAY

"O, Sole Mio," sings the gay gondolier, and dreams of becoming another Caruso, as he plies the waters of the Grand Canal of Venice in Italy



A snappy member of the Bombay, India, traffic squad

An East African equivalent of a motor-cycle escort is the gentleman with the rifle, who clears the road of lions and other such obstructors of traffic on jungle highways

A Dark Cloud of Death Surrounds the Solution

The Gloyne Murder

By Carl Clausen

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

Part V

WHEN the door had closed upon the physician, McLaughlin said:

"It's beginning to look like Mrs. Harner got some one to help her with this job." He paused. "I'm going to ask Thyme to put off his European trip. That roof garden is not so innocent as he would like us to believe."

"You think Mrs. Harner is the murderer then?" Paul asked.

"I don't think it, Ames, I know it!" the District Attorney retorted succinctly. "By the way, I went down to the Riverside Bank and Trust Company yesterday afternoon and had a little chat with them. I found that, so far as they knew, Miss Gloyne had no resources of any kind. Her account was, they said, drawn down to less than the balance required for checking accounts; further than that, it had been in this precarious shape almost continually. That checks up with my opinion of Rufus Harner. He didn't appear to me to be the soul of generosity exactly. She had a safe deposit box there which I'm getting an order from the court to open. We may find something in it to help us. But the one thing that's important, Lieutenant, is to find Mrs. Harner."

"I agree with you about that, Major," Paul replied.

"Well, that's something at any rate!" the other rejoined with his customary tartness. He turned to Rice. "Let me see that chart you made again, Captain."

Rice drew the sheets of paper from his pocket and handed them to the District Attorney. McLaughlin studied them in silence for some moments.

"Pretty good," he admitted grudgingly, "but you're all wrong on the Sutherland girl. She got there too late. I'd stake my reputation on Dr. Burke's report. Besides, we're not going to catch the murderer on paper." He arose. "I'm going down to see Judge Harley about the order to open her safe deposit box. If anything turns up, you boys can find me in the office after two o'clock."

He nodded to all of us and left.

"I'll be off, too," Captain Rice announced, picking up his hat. "I'm checking up on Free." He smiled mysteriously at Paul. "I posted a man to watch Thyme's hotel. He reported that he saw Free go in there last night around eight o'clock, and that he and Thyme came out together fifteen minutes later, and walked as far as Columbus Circle and parted there."

Copyright, 1930, by Carl Clausen



"You mean that I'm under suspicion of having killed Miss Gloyne during my absence at Coney Island?" she asked

"Well—well," said Paul. As the Captain took himself off, my husband winked at me. "What is it now?" I asked when we were alone.

"Oh, nothing—merely that I furnished the motive power for Free's call on Thyme. If you'll remember, I mentioned casually to our artist friend that Thyme probably saw Miss Sutherland on our celebrated roof. What'll you bet that Thyme suddenly remembers that he *did* see some one on the roof and that the person was Miss Eleanor Sutherland?"

"I should think you'd have a higher opinion of Mr. Thyme than that!" I rejoined, heatedly.

"It is precisely because I have a high opinion of him that I think he'll lie like a gentleman, Petey dear," Paul replied.

Some half an hour later, when I went into my husband's room to tell him that lunch was on the table, I found him dressed in overalls and bending over a small black piece of stone with his magnifying glass.

"Take a look at this little stranger, Pete," he said, handing me the glass.

I focused the lens on the object. Imbedded in the fragment I saw what looked like an insect. I didn't think it was much different from the large and healthy cockroaches with which I had done daily battle with a squirt gun in our former apartment, and told him so. He took the glass from my fingers with an injured air.

"It's a *dalamania silenurus*, Devonian Age, upper Heidelberg limestone," he said loftily. "A most rare and unusual specimen, and, for your information, roughly about two million years old."

"Thank Heaven, one bug acquired in your travels is permanently dead," said I,

"but why the plumber's regalia?" I added with a look at the overalls.

"Because I'm going to be a plumber for half an hour or so this afternoon, Miss Saucy. In other words, I'm going to invade the Thrasher

apartment with a large monkey-wrench and a unionized expression. But first of all I'm going to kiss you where it'll do the most good."

Which he proceeded to do and then carried me to the table and dropped me into the chair opposite his own.

"SOME day when the Nobel Prize is awarded your husband for Fossil Research, you'll say: I was married to him once!" he mocked.

"Well," I retorted sweetly, "wasn't that sufficient?"

When I was putting my hat on an hour or so later for a forage among the Broadway stores in quest of supper material, Paul returned from his visit to the Thrasher apartment. I could see by his expression that he was both worried and puzzled.

"Had quite an experience," he said, dropping the wrench on the hearth and lighting a cigarette. "I rang Miss Thrasher's bell and received no answer, so I went up to the roof and climbed down the fire-escape on the chance that she had left one

"I'm not making any threats, but it'll be greatly to your interest if you'll answer my questions without unnecessary circumlocutions"



My feminine curiosity was aroused.

of the windows open. She had, but when I proceeded to crawl through it, I was greeted by a frightened exclamation. Miss Thrasher was sitting near the open window reading. I apologized and explained that as I had rung the bell without getting an answer I had thought that she was out. Her statement that she was hard of hearing didn't sound good to me, but I apologized some more, and when I told her that the plumbing lines on that side of the house were out of order, she gave me permission to go into the bathroom.

"I fiddled around there for fifteen or twenty minutes with the door open, so I could keep an eye on her through the crack but she remained seated by the window, reading. Only once did she show any agitation—when I dropped the wrench on the tile floor just to see what would happen. It made her jump almost out of the chair, so she wasn't so hard of hearing as she would have liked me to believe. There seemed to be nothing amiss in the apartment as far as I could tell. I got a good view of the bedroom as I passed through the hall. Everything seemed straight and above-board. Nevertheless, there's something phony, as Captain Rice would have said, about that woman. The bell wasn't out of order, for I tried it as I went out, somewhat to the lady's annoyance." He took several long puffs on his cigarette. "It was evident that she didn't want any one to come into the apartment and it's up to me to find out why."

person is Miss Elsie Thrasher? I don't remember ever having seen her."

"Just your ordinary spinster of uncertain age. Mouse-colored hair, sallow complexion, and inclined to dumpiness. I believe her eyes were blue or gray—at any rate, light. Where are you going?"

I explained.

"Suppose we eat dinner out this evening, and then take in a—vaudeville show afterwards," he said.

"A vaudeville show!" I exclaimed. If there's one thing Paul abhors it is trained seals, acrobats, and sobby sopranos.

"Ye-ah," he replied shamelessly, "there's one here in the neighborhood, I believe."

"Oh, I see! The one at which Billy Brennan and his act is playing!" I replied.

Paul nodded.

"The one thing I like about you, Pete darling, is the chain-lightning way with which your old bean works. Do you think you can endure two hours of enforced entertainment in the interest of your husband's profession?"

"What I've endured already in that direction—but it's been sweet pain, old dear."

He reached out his hand and pulled me down on his lap. What happened for the next sixty seconds is no mere reader's business, but when he put me back on my feet again, he looked more like an Indian than ever, and the war paint was mine.

The Uptown Playhouse was not more than six or seven blocks from our house. We timed ourselves to get there after the picture had been run and the specialty acts were

beginning. After we had sat through three soporific offerings, the automatic placards announced The Bouncing Brennans. Evidently our quarry had taken unto himself another life

partner. The two appeared from either side of the wings in white tights. I'm no admirer of obvious brute strength. Muscles that ripple under the skin always make me think of squirming pythons in cages, and I've never had a penchant for men who can toss their wives twelve feet into the air and catch them by the heels on their upturned palms, or pirouette with them suspended from their teeth by a leather strap. I refuse to believe that such husbands are safe in a modern flat with Grand Rapids furniture.

From any standard, including the Scandinavian, Bill Brennan was a plug-ugly. As he bounced the frail little woman about on his powerful chest and torso, you felt that the treatment was continued without audience before and after the show. In their way they were clever,

I suppose, and their grand finale was quite breath-taking—also suggestive, considering why we were there.

A rope ladder was let down from above. The woman climbed up this to the horizontal bar from which it was suspended. Raising herself to her feet on the bar, she stood poised for a moment, then at the rumbling of the drum in the orchestra, dived head first with extended arms, but Brennan caught her right enough on his own rigid arms and raised her high into the air after recovering from the impact.

I GLANCED at Paul, straining forward in his seat. I knew what was going on in his mind.

"A little thing like a fire-escape suspended fifteen feet from the ground wouldn't bother that discus thrower," I whispered.

Instead of replying, he pulled his watch out and looked at it.

"Nine thirty-five," he said in a low voice. "Let's go back-stage and call on Bouncing Billy and his lady friend."

We found no difficulty in gaining admission on Paul's badge. After waiting in the wings to give them time to change, we knocked on their dressing-room door. Brennan's face, still smeared with half-removed make-up, appeared in the opening. He subjected the two of us to a choleric scrutiny in the half-light.

"What you want?" he demanded gruffly.

Paul stated his business. At the mention of Miss Gloyne's name the man scowled darkly. The woman was standing before a small mirror staring curiously at us through the half-open door.

"It's a couple of dicks come to see me about Dora," Brennan said over his shoulder to her. He opened the door wider, but not much wider. "All right," he growled, "come in."

The woman gave me what is known as



"the once over." She had no doubt been pretty at one time, but now at close range and without her make-up what had been petite was merely pathetic. It was evident that another season or two and vaudeville would know the Bouncing Brennans no more.

The acrobat found two collapsible chairs for us and took another himself.

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

"Nothing much, Mr. Brennan," Paul replied conciliatingly. "I just thought that as her former husband you might be able to help us in our investigation."

"I don't know nothing about it—nothing at all!" the man retorted flatly, "and what's more, I ain't interested in her no more," he added with one eye on the present incumbent powdering her nose at the mirror, a look that suggested that the deceased had been the bone of contention between himself and Mrs. Brennan, number two, at odd moments.

"I hardly expected you to be," Paul

"I don't know nothing about it—nothing at all!" the man retorted flatly, "and what's more, I ain't interested in her no more," he added with one eye on the present incumbent, powdering her nose

assured him, "but you won't mind answering a few questions about her, will you?"

"If I can," the man replied without enthusiasm.

"I take it that she was your professional partner while she was your wife?"

"Sure she was! And it was lucky for me I canned her when I did, or I'd have been in the hospital with a busted spine long ago. She was the awkwardest hooper that ever played the subway circuit. That woman could spill herself in more ways than a dump car! I was carrying my arm in a sling about half the time she was with me. You've gotter know your center of gravity in this business, Mister! She carried hers in her feet!"

"Yes, of course," Paul concurred. "Have you seen anything of her since you were divorced?"

"Seen anything of her?" Brennan retorted. "Too much to suit me! She was always hanging around the stage door whining for her alimony if I was a day or two late."

"I see. You've been paying her alimony all these years?"

"Sure I have. Fifteen dollars a week! Dirty trick of the judge to soak me like that. He don't know what I went through with that woman. But there ain't no justice in this country. She just went up there and made eyes at him and gave him a lot of hooley about me having enticed her away from home and he believed her. Enticed her! Paugh! She was so crazy to get away from that jay town, she'd have run off with a blanket-stiff!"

"When did you see her last, Mr. Brennan?"

"Two days before she was croaked. She come for her—pension, as usual!" our charming host spat out.

"Have you ever been to her apartment?"

"Who, me? Not so you could notice it!"

This again with one eye furtively on the woman at the mirror.

"But you know where it is, don't you?"

"Sure. Ye-ah, I know where it is, all right!" He glowered at Paul. "You ain't fixin' to frame me for this?" he demanded angrily, then added as if struck by a sudden idea.

"Maybe you think I croaked her so's I wouldn't have to fork out that fifteen no more. Well, think again! I wouldn't have croaked her for fifty!" he finished virtuously.

"I'm sure you wouldn't, Mr. Brennan," Paul replied with his most soothing smile. "I suppose you knew the Sadlers, William and Neal?"

"I knew Neal. And I guess he remembers me, too!" the acrobat said with a snort. "I handed him a coupla shiners and a busted jaw when he got fresh with me over her the time I shook her. She'd been playing him for a sucker off and on for twenty years. I guess she got about all there was to get so she went after another sugar daddy. They tell me he's got a wad that'd choke a giraffe. If you should ask me, he's the one that did for her. She hooked the wrong sucker that time."

"You know who he is?" Paul asked.

"SURE I do. His name's Harner. Big Butter and Egg man with a swell joint on Riverside Drive. I'll bet she threatened to spill the beans to his wife and tried to stick him up for a million to keep her mouth shut. It was getting to be pretty near her last chance. She wasn't no spring chicken no more, if she did fool him with that face-lifting stunt of hers."

My eyes strayed to his ugly, threatening figure sprawled in the chair with his thumbs hooked into his suspenders. He had not deigned it necessary to put his coat on, considering, no doubt, that a female detective was not entitled to any such courtesy, but I noted that his trousers were light gray and that he wore ox-blood oxfords. Also that on a peg behind him there hung a very light gray coat to match the trousers. Too, he was the sort of person one might expect to wear gloves of exotic color.

"Were the Sadlers well-to-do?" Paul asked as if to sidetrack the interest from our Rufus.

"Ye-ah— They were pretty well heeled. The old man run a brass foundry in Duray. Leading citizen, all right, but I guess the boys went through it. Bill went across during the war and came back all shot up. Last time I heard of him he was in a snow-bird sanitarium taking the cure. Neal was foreman in the foundry until he started chasing Dora all over the country."

Paul aroise.

"I want to thank you for the frank and—unreserved manner in which you've answered my questions, Mr. Brennan. I hope we haven't kept you and Mrs. Brennan from anything you had planned."

"That's all right," the acrobat replied with an elephantine show of graciousness, "we wasn't going no place except to walk home."

"Oh, you live near here?"

"Sure, around the corner and over two blocks."

"May I take your address, so that if anything comes up and I want to see you, I can call there rather than bother you here at the theatre again?" Paul asked, pulling out his pencil and note-book.

"Sure." Brennan gave his street number and Paul jotted it down.

When we had gained the street, he said:

"What d'you think of him, Pete?"

"My vocabulary's too limited," said I.

"He certainly had a motive. Fifteen dollars a week is no small sum stretched over a lifetime. He's been paying it for something like twenty years with a fair prospect of having to continue it another twenty unless she had married again, and I don't think Rufus Harner is the marrying kind. Besides, Brennan tried to blame it on another, and that, as you've taught me, is always a bad sign. His act, too, is over in plenty of time to have got to her apartment before ten o'clock, and a fire-escape fifteen feet from the ground would not be any serious obstacle to one of his acrobatic proclivities."

"Yes," Paul agreed after a pause, "he's a possibility, all right."

"More than a possibility, I'd say. I suppose you noted that he wore a light-gray suit and tan oxfords?"

Paul nodded.

"That's the only weak link in your argument, Pete. Paraphrasing a certain line of slang nearly a decade old—Everybody's Doing It at this time of the year."

"Perhaps," I agreed, "but as a badge of innocence, it's not very convincing."

"Maybe not, but again, friend Brennan is not the sort of person who'd wear gloves in mid-July."

"Unless he wanted to avoid leaving fingerprints, as Mr. McLaughlin said," I retorted.

We were surprised to find Mr. Thyme waiting for us in the lobby when we returned. He arose and came toward us with a troubled mien.

"I've been waiting for you for nearly two hours, Lieutenant," he said. "May I come up for a moment? There's something I'd like to discuss with you."

"Certainly, come right up," Paul replied.

When we were seated, the actor said:

"Mr. McLaughlin called me on the telephone this afternoon and informed me that he was obliged to ask me to cancel my reservations on the boat."

Paul was silent for some moments. I could see that he was more than troubled.

"Have you done so already?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact, I haven't," Thyme confessed. "I decided to make one final appeal to him through you. It's going to be very serious for me if my name is mixed up with this affair. I think you can imagine how very, very serious it will be."

"Suppose you do nothing about the cancellation until tomorrow evening when we have our dinner engagement with you," Paul said. "I don't want you to think that I'm going against the orders of the District Attorney," he added, "but certain things, of which he's not yet aware, have occurred. I can, of course, give you no absolute guarantee, but I'm reasonably sure that you'll be permitted to leave."

Thyme looked relieved. He regarded my husband with a grateful look.

"Lieutenant Ames," he said, "there's something I neglected to tell you when I was here before. You'll remember that I stated that I saw

no one I knew while I was sitting in the swing on the roof the night of the murder. I wish to amend that statement slightly. I believe I did see some one with whom I had a slight acquaintance. The matter had slipped my mind at the inquiry the other night, but since then it occurred to me that one of the persons who came up to the roof during that hour and a half was Miss Eleanor Sutherland. I didn't actually see her come up—possibly my head was turned at the moment, but I remember seeing a lady in a rose-colored wrap and evening gown standing at the parapet looking off toward the river a few minutes before I left. As I recall now, the way Miss Sutherland was dressed, I'm convinced that it was she." He dropped his eyes to the ferrule of his stick. "I wondered if the neglect to tell you this is the reason for Mr. McLaughlin's decision to detain me."

"WELL, no," said Paul, "I don't think so. You couldn't be expected to recognize a chance acquaintance under those conditions. By the way, are you acquainted with Mr. William Brennan, Miss Gloyne's former husband?"

"No. I didn't know she had been married." The actor sat tracing the pattern in the rug with the ferrule. "Is he involved in it?" he asked.

"I haven't yet determined," Paul replied.

"I see. Well, I'll run along." He arose and bowed to me. "Good-night, Mrs. Ames. I'm looking forward to our little dinner to-morrow night—that is, unless Lieutenant Ames sees fit to terminate it with my arrest," he added with a half-quizzical, half-worried smile at my husband.

Paul shook hands with him.

"I promise you that I shall leave my hand-cuffs at home, Mr. Thyme," he retorted banteringly. "Suppose you go about completing your plans as if nothing had happened."

The actor held my husband's hand longer than was strictly necessary.

"You've been most decent to me, Lieutenant," he said a little huskily. "Good-night."

"Well, Pete," said Paul after he had gone, "did Mr. Roland Thyme come a cropper off his pedestal?"

"You know very well he didn't," I retorted.

Paul smiled softly.

(Continued on page 48)



Boze, of Bartlett's Corners

The Autobiography of a Houn' Dawg

I DUNNO why it is thet the city folks comin' up here to the Corners in the summer allus seem to think I'm a kind o' joke. The minute they git off'n the train an' see me layin' in the road on the shady side o' the Old Man's flivver they start in a-sniggerin' an' passin' fool remarks 'bout my looks.

To hear 'em, ye'd think they'd never seed a real houn' dog afore, let alone knowed how many things he hes on his mind. If they hed, they'd mebbe show some respect for him an' his standin' in the neighborhood. But they don't even take the trouble to ask some-buddy—only for the smart aleck thet hollered to the Old Man one day, right there beside the car:

"Say, Pop, is that a huntin' dog?"

Somehow he didn't quite know how to take it when the Old Man looked at him steady for a minute without lettin' up on his quid an' then answered, slow-like:

"Wal, young feller, he's purty fair at ketchin' fleas."

He ain't a bad pardner, the Old Man—not quite so spry as when I first knowed him, ten year ago, but still an' all he's a right good hunter an' feeds me reg'lar 'most every day. Take it by an' large, him an' me git along all right.

I warn't only a young pup when he swapped a new headstall an' a box o' black-powder shells to git me off'n Sime Otis, over t'other side o' the Mounting—me thet's a son of Ed Boswell's Trailer out'n Old Belle, the best she-one on foxes thet Sime ever hed. Not so much of a pup to look at, neither, I guess, for I was borned last o' the litter an' was sort o' poorly, whut with its bein' winter an' hevin' worms an' all. But the Old Man hed hunted with Trailer many's the time an' he seed thet I hed the same markin's purty near exact, so he says to Sime:

"I GUESS I might think o' gittin' thet leetlest one off'n ye, Sime, an try to sort o' fix him up. He ain't worth much, bein' the runt o' the litter, but I calc'late mebbe I'd give ye a good snaffle-bit for him."

Wal, they hed consid'able dickerin' 'bout it, but finally the Old Man took me off home in his buggy an' fixed me a piece o' hoss blanket to lay on back o' the kitchen stove an' give me some turrible bitter stuff thet like to ripped the insides out'n me whiles it was a-killin' the worms, an' fed me up with hot stew an' rice an' purty soon I begun to feel some better. Eltie (thet's his wife), she 'lowed as how she didn't want no more scrotch'n dogs loafin' 'round her house an' wouldn't hear to it nohow only for me bein' a measly puppy an' the weather still cold, so soon's spring come the Old Man took an' chained me to an empty m'lasse's barr'l layin' by the corner o' the woodshed, an' thet's where I've lived, year in, year out, ever since.



Sometimes, when I git to thinkin' back onto them days, they seem mighty far away. I was young, ye see

By Robert S. Lemmon

Illustrated by Herman Palmer

First-off, I reckon, I yelped consid'able, but nobuddy paid no 'tention, so I took to sayin' less an' thinkin' more. Come summer, I knowed thet livin' was a mighty solemn thing, whut with fleas an' hitchin' chains an' bein' alone from one meal time to the next with nothin' to do only sleep an' figger. An' the more I figgered the less I could make out'n it, so after whiles I sort o' made up my mind thet 'twarn't no use anyhow an' thet a dog was meant to hev wrinkles into his face an' let his ears hang way down because it warn't worth while holdin' 'em up.

Wal, as I was sayin', it come summer—b'ilin' hot days an' nights thet didn't seem like they'd ever git over with. It was like livin' in Eltie's bake-oven Thanksgivin' mornin', with nobuddy thinkin' to baste ye. Half the time the grub in my pan'd go sour 'fore I got round to the notion of eatin' it, I was thet done up an' no-'count feelin'.

Then, leetle by leetle, things begun to change, sort of. Daytimes they warn't no better, but soon's the sun went down there'd come a diff'rent feelin' into the air, kind o' like it was a leetle cooler. Come full dark, woods crickets begun to chirp—more an' more of 'em every night, till I couldn't scarcely hear the rats gnawin' the feed barr'l in the barn, the bugs made such a racket. I'd lay there in the dust in front o' the woodshed an' listen an' scrotch, scrotch an' listen, for somehow the fiddlin' an' sawin' of all them millions o' crickets, an' the shadders o' the trees in the moonlight, an' the damp thet come crawlin' in from the woods after midnight was sort o' makin' me stir 'round inside.

I calc'late it was mebbe the middle of August when them queer kind o' ructions in my blood come to a head, like. I was settin' by my barr'l, listenin' to them bugs zizzin' in the trees an' watchin' the moon sailin' along so ca'm an' yeller an' wonderin' this an' thet, when a leetle breeze started moochin' through the three big spruces out front o' the house.

'Twarn't nothin' special in the way of a wind—I'd heard a hunderd like it afore. But somehow, that night, it fixed me. It was so sort o' sad an' lonesome an' it brung so many idees o' things way off in the woods whut I didn't know nothin' 'bout, thet I felt mis'rabler an' oneasier than ever an'—wal, the first thing I knowed my nose was p'inted towards the sky an' I was lettin' go every feelin' I hed in the first real howl thet ever come out'n me.

Lookin' back onto it now, it really warn't such a bad try for a pup. I guess ye could hev heard it nigh onto a mile—an' it sure got results. The echoes hedn't no more'n started to come back from the Mounting when the winder in the bedroom flew up an' Eltie's head poked out like an old gray woodchuck's.

"Shet up, you Boze!" she squalls. "Wakin' everybuddy up with your dratted howlin'! Ain't you—" I kind o' slinked down, not knowin' but whut she was goin' to scale a chunk o' kindlin' at me, an' then I could hear the Old Man takin' a hand:

"LEAVE him be, Ma. A houn' dog's got to prove he's a houn' dog, ain't he?" "But I tell ye it means somebuddy's died—"

"Shucks! It means he's beginnin' to know whut he's for—thet's whut! His huntin' blood is a-startin' to het up. Thet pup's got old Trailer's voice an' he's just tryin' it. I'll be takin' him out huntin', purty soon."

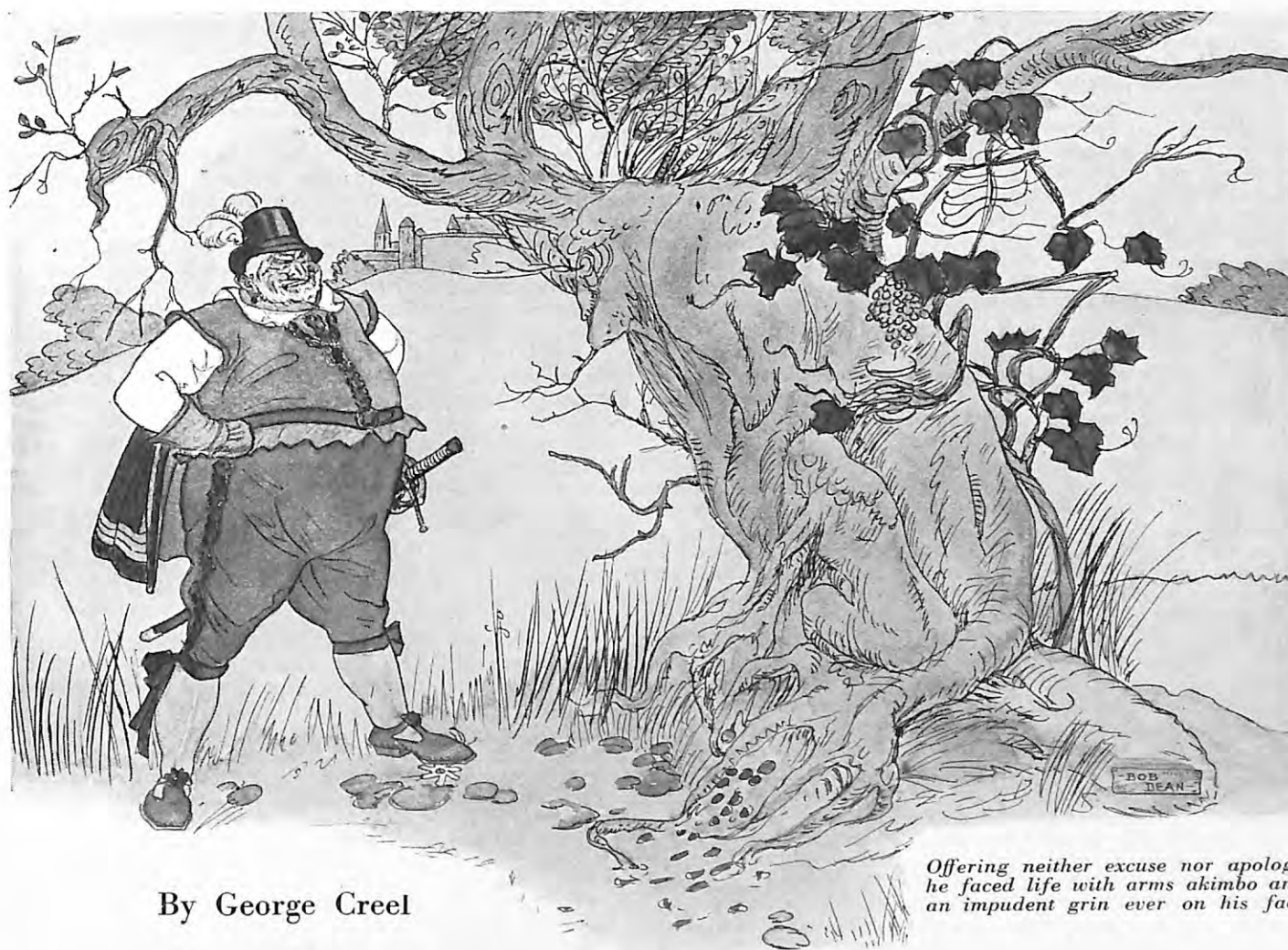
I guess they must've went back to sleep, then, for I didn't hear no more. But I warn't takin' no chances, so I corked up my feelin's ag'in an' just layed quiet, an' after whiles the roosters begun to crow an' the sky got a snitch lighter in the east an' purty soon I ketched a leetle snooze myself.

It was 'way after sun-up when I come to—the slammin' o' the back door must've woke me up as the Old Man come out'n the house. He brung me an' extry big plate o' vittles an' stood watchin' me sort o' thoughtful whiles I throwed it inside o' me.

"Kind o' spindlin'," he says to hisself, "but o' course he ain't near got his growth yet. I'll see if Jem can bring his Nell over for a run to-night—she'll l'arn him." An' with thet he picked up the empty pan an' went back into the house.

If I'd knowed whut them words was a-goin' to lead to I wouldn't hev been so pesky low-sperited all day.

I'd seed Jem Holloway couple times afore,
(Continued on page 79)



By George Creel

*Offering neither excuse nor apology
he faced life with arms akimbo and
an impudent grin ever on his face*

Bad Boy

*The Life, Loves and Battles of
Francisco de Carbajal*

Illustrated by Bob Dean

DRAW near, all you who boast of feeling young at fifty, bragging loudly of successful struggle against old age, and listen to the story of Francisco de Carbajal, a dashing blade of eighty-four who could outdrink, outride and outfight any cavalier among the *conquistadores* of Peru and, while barred from climbing a lady's balcony by his weight, ranked second to none in the open courts of love. To make it all the more amazing, he was not aided at any stage by science or scientists. Born B.C. (Before Calories), Francisco knew nothing whatsoever of proteins, carbohydrates or vitamins, while war, women and wine were ever his sole conception of a balanced ration.

An incredible creature, this mountainous demoniac old man who moved his two hundred and fifty pounds with the swift tirelessness of a tiger; an inhuman devil, richly deserving to be loathed, yet, despite his crimes, his lusts and his cruelties, he compels a sneaking fondness, a certain shame-faced admiration. Never was one so frankly what he was, offering neither excuse nor apology, and facing life with arms akimbo and an impudent grin. If he gave no mercy, at least he did not ask it; and at the last, when they struck off his head, he died with a jibe on his lips, jeering alike at God and man.

What a youth he must have had—fighting in the Italian wars under Gonsalvo de Cordoba, the Great Captain; and Pedro Navarro, that prince of engineers—killing, pillaging and loving with the Olympian

zest that was his birthright. Fortunes were won and wasted, for he was ever a gambler, glutton and spendthrift, and at seventy-two we see the battered veteran gaily crossing the seas to Mexico, hopeful of a chance at the treasure of the Aztecs. Cortes and his companions, however, had left little worth the picking, and quickly seeing that the cream had all been skimmed, Carbajal took ship for Peru.

Ah, there was the country for a young man with his way to make! Had not the Inca, vainly trying to buy his freedom, filled a room with gold and jewels? Hernando de Soto, from one tomb alone, had carried a tub of emeralds, the very smallest larger than a pigeon's egg, and common soldiers scorned to have their horses shod with anything but silver. At very thought of it, the scarred old campaigner smacked his lips and dreamed ecstatically of new profligacies.

The Pizarros disdained the recruit at first, jeering him both for his years and his fat, but when the natives rose in sudden revolt, it was Carbajal who won the victories and led the cruel pursuits; nor were his services less important when Francisco Pizarro waged treacherous war against Almagro, his life-long friend and full partner in the conquest of Peru. Rewarded with rich estates and many silver mines, the veteran let out a vasty chuckle that shook the mountain

sides, and settled down to a life of ease and enjoyment. After many long, lean years, wealth was his again, and with a thousand slaves to call him master, he trained his hounds to hunt down native women, and each morning killed a score of llamas that he might breakfast on the brains.

Alas, Almagro's friends stabbed Pizarro in his palace at Lima, and raised the banner of revolt; a new governor called upon the loyal, and Carbajal, with many a curse, was forced to put on armor and leave his mines and comely Inca wenches. In the day on which a great and decisive battle raged, there was a moment when the royal forces broke before the rebel charge, and it was old Francisco who changed defeat to victory. Throwing off helmet and cuirass, leaving only a cotton shirt to cover the huge body, he lifted his bull voice in a bellow that rang above the cannon fire:

"COWARDS! Swine! Look at me! Am I not twice as good a mark as any damned one of you? Come on!"

More soft years followed, but another governor arrived from Spain in 1544, a pompous ass named Blasco Nunez, bearing a set of laws designed to curb the power of the *conquistadores*, and bitter was the anger of the cavaliers. Had they not endured the dangers and hardships of conquest? Were they to sit idle while the King, lolling at his ease in Madrid, stripped them of everything but their scars? Loudest of all was Gonzalo

Pizarro—youngest, handsomest and most dashing of the three brothers—and when he took a rebellious stand at Cuzco, a thousand swords flashed at his back.

Francisco de Carbajal's, however, was not among them. At first hint of the new laws he had packed a mule train with his riches and slipped down to the seashore, hunting a ship for Spain. Fighting was well enough with fortune to win, but now that he owned gold bars and many emeralds, the lads might have the blows. Only eighty, with virtually his whole life before him, he licked his lips at thought of the pleasures that his wealth would buy in gay Madrid. Unhappily, he found the ports all closed and, thus forced to make a choice, the veteran decided to cast his lot with Pizarro.

In Cuzco there was much anxious debate over the next step, but the fierce old man soon cursed away their doubts and fears. Rebellion, he sneered, was not a minuet where one advanced and retreated, bowed and scraped, but a grim business that called for boldness and audacity. Boldly seizing the public moneys and the King's artillery, he equipped and disciplined the rebels and persuaded Gonzalo to take the road to Lima. They came before the capital to find that a band of officials had deposed Blasco Nunez, and Pizarro was asked to give loyalty to a brand-new government, but while others hesitated, Carbajal booted the messenger out of camp.

"AFTER having shaken the tree," he jeered, "would you let others pick the plums? Leave this to a man who learned his trade under the Great Captain."

Riding into the city with only a handful of soldiers, he spurred his horse through the palace doors, cursed the new government into surrender, roared orders and then ate steadily for several happy hours. His appetite appeased, he searched from house to house for those cautious cavaliers who had deserted on the march from Cuzco, hanging them, one by one, slowly and pleasurably, and when a noble protested that he was of high rank, the old scoundrel clapped him on the back, and agreed that he did indeed deserve special favor.

"Pizarro may blame me for my softness," he purred, "but damned if you shall not have the privilege of selecting your tree."

Dashing Gonzalo entered Lima the next morning, took oath as Governor and Captain General of Peru, and occupied the palace still stained with his brother's blood. Again there was much troubled peering into the future, and many made proposals to send the King such splendid gifts, such smoothly worded explanations that he would pardon their rebellion, but Carbajal laughed them down. "You fools," he said, "about the only vindication we can expect is from our pikes and muskets. If you are so eager to get rid of money, spend it on arms. God knows we are going to need them." True words, for soon came word that Blasco Nunez had escaped and was gathering men in the north.

"Squeeze this pimple before it swells into a boil," urged Carbajal, and marched with Pizarro against the royalists. At Truxillo he picked a choice band of hard riders and began the first of those savage pursuits that were to earn him his title, "Demon of the Andes." For eight hundred miles he followed the fugitives, hounding them across deserts and through bleak Andean passes, sleeping and eating in

the saddle and never quitting until the wretched Nunez and his staggering wretches stood at bay in far Popayan.

When the main army came up at last, the tireless old man left Gonzalo to slaughter the royalists at his leisure—a task that was carried out according to schedule—and rode fifteen hundred miles to La Plata, where one Diego Centeno had dared to fly the banner of the King. They fled before him, hiding in the icy fastness of the Andes, but Carbajal would not be shaken off, hanging to the trail with a demoniac tenacity that maddened both pursuers and pursued. There were days when his own men, crazed by exhaustion, turned on him with drawn swords, but he cuffed them back to their saddles and chuckled that he himself had not yet begun to ride.

SOMETIMES Carbajal paused to hang the wretched, crawling creatures that he overtook, but for the most part he leaned from his horse and killed them with his sword. Only when they were over the Andes and saw the sea, and when no two of Centeno's command remained together, did the Demon halt and decide to call it a day. Back in Lima he drank a cask of wine on hearing that Blasco Nunez had been properly murdered, and, after congratulating Gonzalo on the admirable act, proceeded to counsel the youth as to his future course.

"Have done with your indecisions," he said, "and quit this silly business of pretending allegiance to the King. You have seized his money, defied his laws and killed his viceroy. You cannot go back nor can you stand still. Forward, my boy! Forward! Declare yourself King of Peru—Gonzalo the First—bind every man to you by ties of self-interest, and win the friendship of the natives by marrying one of these Inca princesses. Out of my own experience I can recommend them highly."

When Pizarro turned away from the bold proposal, hopeful that Charles the Fifth would yet grant him pardon and confirm him in the office that he had seized by force of arms, Carbajal laughed at him for a fool. "The King will never rest until he has laid you by the heels," he prophesied, and then went back to his mines, softly humming a song that was now to be often on his lips:

"The wind blows the hair off my head, mother;
Two at a time it blows them away."

For once the shrewd old warrior was wrong, for while Charles burned with a furious desire to punish the rebels, he had had no fighting men to spare for the job. For another thing his avaricious soul

longed for the gold and silver of Peru, and so, after much bitter thought, he decided to swallow his pride. True, he sent Pedro de la Gasca as Governor, refusing to let Pizarro hold the office, but the gaunt churchman was given the power to promise a general amnesty with full pardon for all rebels and confirmation in their possessions. Old Carbajal, rushing up from La Plata, begged Gonzalo to take advantage of the offer.

"Before God," he cried, "I did not dream of such luck. Much as I love money, I would pave Gasca's way to Lima with silver bars. Do you think your rascals will stay true when they hear that the King is gracious enough to forgive and forget? Better a live subject than a dead Captain General, Gonzalo, my lad. Accept pardon now, for if Gasca gains strength he may withdraw it."

"No," swore Pizarro, always cautious when he should have been audacious, and boldest when caution was his need. "I will not bend my knee to this accursed priest."

"Then I will be a fool with you," said Carbajal resignedly. "Anyway, I have had eighty-two years of a fairly full life, so what's the odds?"

WELL for Gonzalo Pizarro had he followed his refusal by an order for the arrest and execution of the new Governor, for from Panama adroit Gasca filled the land with his announcements of the King's mercy. The fleet and the troops at the isthmus eventually yielded to his persuasions, swearing fresh allegiance to the King, and as the black-robed viceroy sailed up the coast, Benalcazar came down from the north to join him, while in the south, indomitable Diego Centeno emerged from hiding and raised men for the capture of Cuzco. Panic swept Pizarro's following, and as man after man slipped out of Lima to join the enemy Carbajal sang constantly,

"The wind blows the hair off my head, mother;
Two at a time it blows them away."

Sniffing battle, the undaunted old war horse rose to even greater heights of superhuman endurance than when he had pursued Blasco Nunez and Centeno. No one saw him sleep as he drilled his troops, made powder, forged pikes and cannon, rode the mountains, gathered supplies and furnished courage to the faint-hearted. Desertions multiplied, however, and soon, seeing that it would be fatal to stand a siege in Lima, Carbajal urged a retreat to Chile, where the outcast, reckless and discontented could be gathered for a later campaign.

"Centeno holds the southern passes," he said, "but he's a chuckle-head. If he does not outnumber us more than three to one, I will make him tuck his tail between his legs."

Pizarro agreed, but when the two forces—royalists and rebels—faced each other on the mountain plains of Huarina, Centeno ordered a Te Deum, for he had a thousand men to Pizarro's four hundred and eighty. And as he watched his cavalry sweep the enemy horsemen before them, and saw dismounted Gonzalo fighting furiously for his life, a shout of victory tore his throat. But neither the triumphant Centeno nor Pizarro, mad with the consciousness of defeat, had taken thought of Francisco de Carbajal, a man old in war when both leaders were still at the breast.

The wise veteran, in command of the arquebusiers and pikemen, had picked out an





Old Carbajal, invincibly wicked, abated no whit of his insolence and unconcern. They walked by his side, begging him to repent his sins, but he died shouting his favorite song

fense. By now he was eighty-four, but with a furious energy that never flagged, he manufactured munitions, gathered supplies, rode the mountains, tore down bridges that spanned the rivers, and strove fiercely to wake the rebel cavaliers to their danger. It was in vain, however, that he begged for troops with which to guard the passes, for Pizarro felt that it was enough to have destroyed the bridges, and all jibed at the ancient as an alarmist.

All the while Gasca, the indomitable churchman, marched against Cuzco with an army of two thousand. At their head—a host in himself—was Pedro Valdivia, the conqueror of Chile, and a fighting man who had learned his

impregnable position in advance of the battle. At each man's side were three loaded muskets, and with many a curse he drove home the order that under no circumstances must they charge or change their stand. This done, a series of skillful feints, finally induced the enemy infantry to attack, and as he watched their rush, a grin of sheer enjoyment added new seams to Carbajal's scarred face.

"Not a shot," he cautioned, "until I give the word, and then aim at their bellies."

The first volley, fired pointblank, halted the charge and, snatching the extra guns, Carbajal's men poured in a second, quickly followed by a third and fourth. Centeno, turning from the rout of Pizarro's cavalry, saw his own infantry in flight, and raced at once to repair the damage, but the pikemen, grounding their butts as they knelt, met the horses with steel points, while the arquebusiers, now massed at the back, directed a destructive fire full into the struggling mass.

Vainly the frantic Centeno whirled for an attack on the rear, but Carbajal spun his men, and again the assault met pikes and deadly musket fire. Seeing the welter of death and confusion before him, the ancient roared the order to advance—"charge and no quarter"—and into the thick of the panic-stricken mass he led his savage troops. Up and down the plain he rode, master of an

inhuman hunt, dashing out brains with his huge mace, and when night fell, one-half of Centeno's army lay dead on the field, and the rest were flying for their lives.

"*Jesu!*" breathed Pizarro, as he stood beside his bloody captain. "What a victory!"

Drunk with the glory and wonder of it, the rebels marched to Cuzco, and taking the city without a blow, gave themselves over to high revelry. Only Carbajal had the sense to see that Huarina was not the end of the campaign, but the beginning. It was his counsel to lay the city waste so that Gasca would find only ruins when he came.

"We are lost if we let him pen us behind walls," urged the veteran. "In the mountains we can make common cause with the natives, and choose our own good time to fall upon the priest. Stay here, let Gasca repeat his offer of pardon for all, and you will not have a man left."

Pizarro turned a deaf ear to arguments and entreaties, and humming his mournful ditty, Carbajal took up the burden of de-

trade in the Italian wars along with Carbajal. Marching forward with the same furious speed that marked the campaigns of old Francisco, Valdivia threw swinging bridges across the swift Apurimac, and when Pizarro's dawdling soldiers finally reached the spot, they found Gasca's army in possession of the pass.

"Fools! Fools!" raged Carbajal. "Had you given me the men when I asked for them, I would have brought you back the priest's shaved head. Now you are lost!"

Moving feverishly when it was too late, Gonzalo led his men out of Cuzco, and took strong ground in a lovely valley, a stream at his front, his rear against the mountain wall. At his back were nine hundred fighting men, bravest and most reckless of the *conquistadores*, but the usual battle joy was not in

(Continued on page 58)



Soldiers were firing through the open gate and from other vantage points outside the wall. The battle became a siege

"Butch" Cassidy

By Arthur Chapman

Illustrated by Charles Johnson Post

"THE coolest, cleverest and most dangerous outlaw of the age."

Such is the brief characterization of "Butch" Cassidy in the records of one of this country's great detective organizations. Cassidy was head of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang, sometimes known as the Wild Bunch and again as the Train Robbers' Syndicate. For upwards of fifteen years he and his allies robbed banks, held up trains, helped themselves at will from cattle herds, and generally flouted the law in every state in the Rocky Mountain region. When cornered, they generally shot their way to freedom. No less than thirty murders, mostly of peace officers, are charged against these outlaws, excluding Cassidy, whose killings, so far as known, were limited to those which resulted from a final battle for life in a foreign land.

Like a small boy with a passion for stirring up hornets' nests, "Butch" Cassidy struck here and there in the West. When he figured the air was getting dangerously full of hornets, he transferred his operations in banditry to South America. There, for several years, he carried on successfully, while his former companions in this country were being run down and killed or captured, one by one.

Mystery has heretofore surrounded the closing years of "Butch" Cassidy's career in South America. It was known that he levied tribute in true Wild West fashion, holding up railway shipments of treasure,

robbing banks, and swooping down on pack trains that carried mine remittances in the lonely Andes. Several South American countries lodged vigorous protests with the Department of State against this Americano who was at his old trick of stirring up hornets' nests.

Then came word that "Butch" Cassidy and his pal of the Hole-in-the-Wall days, Harry Longabaugh, "the Sundance Kid," had been killed. Various stories of the slaying of these bandit leaders came out of the wild interior of South America, but authentic details were lacking. Official Washington was content to know that no more protests were being received on account of this former cowboy who had organized the most dreaded gang of outlaws since the days of the James Brothers. So were the detectives who had unavailingly trailed Cassidy over the greater part of two continents.

It is likely that the dramatic circumstances of "Butch" Cassidy's death would have remained much longer in oblivion if it had not been for inquiries painstakingly pursued by men who had known him in South America, not as a bandit but as a sociable, trustworthy fellow, who was "on the square" with those to whom he had taken a liking. Cassidy, during his years in South America, had at various times found employment at the mines or on construction

work. As packmaster and treasure guard he had filled positions which involved danger to himself, and, when he felt that confidence had been reposed in him, he never betrayed his trust. He made friends, even among those who knew him to be a bandit. When it was learned that Cassidy had been killed, some of these friends went to considerable trouble to get at the facts. Through Mr. Percy A. Seibert, now an attorney at Santiago, Chile, who, as mine manager, had given employment to Cassidy, the writer of this article is able to relate the circumstances of the bandit's last fight and also to give some personal details of his life as told by the outlaw leader himself.

WITH regard to his family, "Butch" Cassidy always maintained silence. According to the posters which were broadcast, offering large rewards for his capture, his real name was George Parker. In the early '90s, as a mere "kid," he was a cowboy in southern Utah. He took part in his first train holdup, so he told Mr. Seibert, when he was fifteen years old. A venture in live-stock rustling in those early days must have been disastrous, for the Wyoming penitentiary records show that George Parker, alias "Butch" Cassidy, was sentenced for cattle stealing but had served only a part of his time when he was pardoned—perhaps on account of his youth.

Southern Utah, in common with Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado, was ranged by the Black Jack gang of train robbers. This

gang, under the leadership of Tom Ketchum, otherwise Black Jack, would scatter after a holdup and find hideouts at lonely ranches far removed from the scene of the crime. It was in this way, no doubt, that the cowboy, Cassidy, first mingled with train robbers. In later years Black Jack and the stockily built, square-jawed young cowpuncher, who had been tried out in minor capacities, were to combine in putting train robbery into the realm of "big business."

Before this combination came about, "Butch" Cassidy had drifted north, as far as Wyoming, where he became associated with even more desperate companions than Black Jack's crew—men who were to form the nucleus of the dreaded Hole-in-the-Wall gang, or Wild Bunch.

THE leader of "Butch's" new companions was "Flat Nosed George" Curry, a notorious cattle rustler who had moved from Nebraska to Wyoming and who was carrying on his illegal branding-iron work in the vast plains region stretching eastward from the Big Horns. With "Flat Nosed George" were the three Logan brothers, John, Lonny and Harvey, who had been born in Kentucky and brought up by an aunt at Dodson, Mo. When the Logan brothers appeared in Wyoming they took the name of Curry, and for a long time it was thought that "Flat Nosed George" was a member of the family. John Logan, the eldest brother, took up a ranch, which was used as a "cover" for rustling activities. Harvey Logan, a rosy-cheeked, good-looking youth, was the "baby" of the family. Later he was to be held personally accountable for at least one-third of the killings charged against the Hole-in-the-Wall gang.

While "Flat Nosed George," the Logans and "Butch" Cassidy were carrying on their cattle rustling, they discovered the advantages of a retreat known as the Hole-in-the-Wall among the foothills of the Big Horns at the headwaters of Powder River. Cattle on the plains could be stolen and brought to this retreat, where brands might be changed at leisure. The settlers were either rustlers themselves, or were so cowed by the predominating element that they did not dare lodge complaints. The Hole-in-the-Wall was an ideal hiding place, being isolated and easily guarded. In later years it was to be turned into a citadel of defense.

"Butch" Cassidy was openly dissatisfied with cattle rustling as "too slow." He went on farther West and looked over the field with the idea of promoting larger and better-paying crimes. During his absence "Flat Nosed George" and the Logan boys moved to the Little Rockies in Montana, a range of mountains between the Missouri River and the Canadian line, west of the Bad Lands. They made their headquarters at Landusky, the metropolis of this region which then sheltered many other cattle rustlers and all-round bad men. Here the Logans precipitated a major crime on their own account—a crime which put a price on the

youthful Harvey Logan's head and established him permanently as an outlaw, to be remorselessly hunted down.

Pike Landusky, a pioneer settler who had been honored by having a town named for him, and W. H. Winters, a wealthy cattleman, were not inclined to let the Logans help themselves to their herds. Winters had a warrant issued, charging John Logan with cattle stealing. The three brothers swore they would take Winters' life at their first meeting. Being a man of good nerve, Winters refused to go into hiding. Instead, he "heeled" himself. When he and the Logans met there was a fight, in which John Logan was killed. The only witness to the fight was Pike Landusky, and it was chiefly on his testimony that Winters was acquitted.

Lonny and Harvey Logan found it convenient to disappear temporarily, but swore to avenge themselves, not only upon Winters but upon Pike Landusky. Their opportunity for at least a partial revenge came when Landusky gave a party at his home. It was a typical country dance, with the neighbors for miles around in attendance. When the dance was at its height, Lonny and Harvey Logan "crashed" the party. With them were several rough-looking characters, all unbidden guests.

With drawn revolvers the Logans lined the merry-makers against the wall. Then Harvey Logan fired bullet after bullet into old Pike Landusky, who fell to the floor dying.

"Tell Winters he is next," was Harvey Logan's message from the saddle, as he and his retainers rode away.

Detectives traced the Logan brothers to their old home at Dodson, Mo. Officers surrounded the house. There was a fight, in which Lonny Logan was shot through the head and killed, but Harvey made his escape. The last surviving member of the Logan trio made his way back to Wyoming, where "Flat Nosed George," in the guise of an honest homesteader, was again at his old trade of cattle rustling.

"Butch" Cassidy had come back to "Flat Nosed George's," primed for more daring adventures. In spite of their temperamental differences, so far as bloodshed was concerned, he and Harvey Logan "hit it off" admirably. Cassidy believed in generalship, and was loath to take human life, whereas Logan seemed to delight in shedding human blood and would go far out of his way and wait for years to avenge a fancied wrong.

AMONG other cattle rustlers and outlaws at "Flat Nosed George's" ranch was Harry Longabaugh, a young fellow known as "the Sundance Kid," doubtless for the reason that he had been jailed at Sundance, Wyo., for the misappropriation of some steers. Longabaugh was something of Harvey Logan's type, daring to an extreme, but sullen and slow to make friends, and welcoming bloodshed as one of the major excitements of outlawry. In spite of the radical differences in their ideas, Cassidy, Logan and Longabaugh formed a coalition which was to make trouble break out in a good many places on the map.

This trio was backed up by other reckless spirits, whose achievements in crime must have brought pride to the heart of "Flat Nosed George," who had piloted most of them through the primary grade of cattle rustling. Among them were Ben Kilpatrick, "the tall Texan," Bill Carver, Camilla Hanks, Bob Lee, Bill McGinnis, alias Elza Lay, Dave Atkins, Bill Cruzan and Tom O'Day. Some of these men had been with Black Jack and Cassidy in train robberies in the Southwest. All of them were good shots, excellent horsemen, and familiar with the mountain regions of the West—otherwise they never would have been admitted to the Wild Bunch.

Tom ("Peep") O'Day came near wrecking the first venture in bank robbery. Cassidy had made plans to rob the Butte County Bank at Belle Fourche, S. D. O'Day was to be sent ahead as lookout. He was an easy-going Irishman, who, like many another small rancher of his kind, was leaning rather heavily on his neighbors' herds for sustenance.

The outlaws rode out of the Hole-in-the-Wall and made their way to Belle Fourche, where they camped just outside of town. "Peep" O'Day was sent ahead, according to program. It was a hot day, late in June, 1897, and, as he rode into town, the bandit tyro saw a sign, "The First Chance." Possibly with the idea of bracing up his nerve, he went into the saloon. After several drinks he propped his chair against the wall and went to sleep.

Master Outlaw of the Dreaded "Hole-in-the-Wall Gang," He Met a Bad, but Gallant, End in South America



Cassidy and his followers, among whom were Logan and Longabaugh, waited on the outskirts of town for Tom's signal. None came. Finally, tired of waiting, the gang swung into the saddle and clattered into town and up to the bank. While one member of the gang stood guard over the horses, Cassidy and the others entered the bank and held up the cashier. With \$30,000 in loot, the bank robbers got into their saddles and started out of town. Armed citizens were swarming out of stores, and shots were being fired, but all of the gang escaped—all but "Peep" O'Day.

BEFUDDLED by drink and only partially aroused by the shots, the bandits' lookout started from the saloon, remembering that he had important duties to perform. He tried to mount his pony, but could not get into the saddle. He was thrown into jail, accused of being an accessory to the crime, but a lenient jury let him go. He went back to cattle rustling, but did even that so badly that he was convicted and served a long term in the Wyoming penitentiary.

Cassidy, Longabaugh and Logan were arrested in the Little Rockies soon after the Belle Fourche holdup. They were lodged in jail at Deadwood, but one morning they caught the jailer, bound him, and made their escape, going back to the Hole-in-the-Wall.

From their citadel in the Big Horns the gang now made a number of successful sorties. A Union Pacific train was stopped at Wilcox, Wyo., and the engineer was compelled to uncouple the baggage and express cars and run them across the Wilcox bridge. The bandits, led by Cassidy, proceeded to blow up the express safe with dynamite, securing about \$8,000. "Flat Nosed George" Curry took part in this holdup, as did Longabaugh, Logan and the latter's cousin, Bob Lee, who was captured some months later at Cripple Creek and sentenced to ten years in the Wyoming penitentiary.

Making their way northward across the Laramie range to their retreat in the Big Horns, the outlaws three days later were intercepted by a posse under Sheriff Hazen of Converse County. A battle ensued, the bandits taking shelter behind rocks and trees. The fight ended when Harvey Logan shot and killed Sheriff Hazen. The spirit of revenge was so strong in Logan that a few months later he killed John Tyler, sheriff of Moab, Utah, and Sam Jenkins, acting deputy, because they had been members of the posse which trailed the Hole-in-the-Wall gang after the Wilcox train robbery.

Bank holdups and train robberies now succeeded each other rapidly, and in widely separated places. "Butch" Cassidy led the holdup of a bank at Winnemucca, Nev., securing about \$30,000. This robbery was

staged in daylight, in true Wild Western fashion.

Again planning a surprise attack at a distant point, Cassidy and his followers raided the town of Montpelier, Idaho, and successfully held up another bank. They eluded pursuit and divided \$32,000 in gold as a result of this raid.

The Union Pacific was again held up, this time at Tipton, Wyo. As in the Wilcox robbery, the engineer was compelled to pull the express car ahead, after it had been detached from the rest of the train. While this robbery did not net the outlaws as much as the previous holdup, it alarmed the railroad officials. The ease with which the gang was holding up trains and making a "get-away" led to the formation of a special, outlaw-hunting detachment for the sole purpose of pursuing the Hole-in-the-Wall

NEWSPAPER readers will remember the wide publicity that attended Burt McConnell's back-to-the-stone-age experiment in the Quebec woods a few months ago. "Blazing the Backward Trail," to appear in an early issue, will give you a first hand account of some of the amazing and gruelling experiences of this man, of whom Vilhjalmur Stefansson said, "If there is any civilized man able to bury himself in the wilderness, without a single accoutrement of civilization, and come out healthy and better than ever before, it is Burt McConnell."

train robbers. A corps of gun-fighters was maintained at Cheyenne, ready for instant duty. A baggage car, fitted up as an arsenal, and into which horses could be loaded in a few minutes, was kept in readiness to carry this bandit-hunting force to the scene of any holdup along the line.

AFTER every holdup the gang would scatter for awhile. Sometimes they would go to the Southwest and cooperate with Black Jack. In this way the combined gangs of outlaws became known as the Train Robbers' Syndicate. A system of hideouts was established from the Hole-in-the-Wall to the Henry Mountains and the Blue Mountains of Utah. Ranchmen all along the Rockies were forced to supply fresh mounts if any members of the gang found themselves hard pressed. Furthermore it is known that some ranchmen were compelled to act as bankers. Rather than carry large quantities of stolen gold, after a division of loot, "Butch" Cassidy and other members of the gang would often leave a sack of money with a ranchman, with the understanding that it was to be given up when called for. No one among these unwilling custodians failed to "deliver" on demand, as it was understood that death would be the penalty for "throwing down" the Wild Bunch.

During one of these periods of frenzied but unavailing search on the part of the authorities, "Butch" Cassidy and Harry Longabaugh rode up to a ranch in southwestern Wyoming and asked for something

to eat. Western hospitality would not admit of anyone being turned away, so the aged ranch woman, who was alone on the place, began preparing a meal.

"Butch" Cassidy, strolling around to the back of the cabin, noticed a few chickens running about in a wire enclosure. The ranch woman ran out at the sound of a shot. One of her precious chickens had fallen, decapitated. Another shot, and another headless chicken.

The woman berated Cassidy soundly, but he fired twice more, and each time a chicken's head was shot off. It was wonderful marksmanship, which the ranch woman was in no mood to appreciate.

"We don't want bacon to-day," said "Butch" with a grin. "Will this pay for chicken all around?"

To the ranch woman's amazement her rough looking visitor put his hand in his pocket and drew it forth filled with gold pieces. Counting out four of them, he dropped them into the apron of the astonished woman—twenty dollars for each chicken that had been killed! The money was part of the proceeds of a bank robbery which the Wild Bunch had just staged.

Harvey Logan, Cassidy's dreaded lieutenant, had none of his chief's good-nature and easy-going ways. Logan was still nursing his hatred for Winters, whom he considered responsible for the killing of John Logan. So, between the holdups which were now being rapidly carried on by the gang, Harvey Logan slipped away to the Little Rockies and shot down Winters, without giving him a chance to fight. Logan made his escape, after assassinating Winters, and rejoined his outlaw companions.

WITH characteristic cunning, the Hole-in-the-Wall leader struck at another railroad. The Great Northern Express was held up, near Wagner, Mont. In this holdup a brakeman was wounded. The robbers demolished the safe in the express car, securing \$65,000 in unsigned currency, which was being shipped to the First National Bank at Helena.

"Butch" Cassidy recognized the danger in circulating this unsigned currency. It was inevitable that any forged signatures would be quickly traced and would give the authorities a clew as to the whereabouts of members of the gang. Another cause of uneasiness was the general circulation of a photograph, for which the leading members of the gang had posed in jest. The picture was taken at Fort Worth, Texas, where several of the gang had gathered, following the Winnemucca holdup. In the course of a friendly scuffle, one of the felt hats belonging to a member of the gang had been destroyed. This led to retaliation, and the "rough house" became general, not a hat being left intact. All the outlaws adjourned to a hat store, and one of them, as a joke, tried on a derby. Then came the suggestion that they all buy "iron hats" and have a group photograph taken. This idea was carried out, but it was not long before the picture was in the hands of the authorities. This photograph was the indirect means of the trailing down of Carver and gave much trouble to the gang generally.

Other things were causing Cassidy uneasiness. The Black Jack gang had suddenly been broken up, depriving the Hole-in-the-Wall outlaws of support in the Southwest. Black Jack Ketchum, trying the daring experiment of holding up Colorado and Southern trains three times at the same spot, met disaster near Folsom, N. M. Black Jack ran afoul of a plucky conductor who shot the bandit's arm off in the course of





The Hole-in-the-Wall gang. Standing, left to right, Bill Carver and Harvey Logan. Sitting, Harry Longabaugh, known as the "Sundance Kid"; Ben Kilpatrick, "the tall Texan," and "Butch" Cassidy. This photograph, posed in jest, was the cause of much trouble to the outlaws

a duel in the dark. A posse engaged the rest of the gang in a desperate battle. Sheriff Farr, of Walsenburg, Colo., was killed but the outlaws, suffered heavily. Sam Ketchum, Black Jack's brother, was killed, several other outlaws were captured, and the gang was no more.

Realizing that the net was closing in, "Butch" Cassidy went to South America, Longabaugh joining him in Buenos Aires. With Longabaugh was a woman known as Etta Place. So far as known she is the only woman who ever played a part in any of the activities of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang.

Not having any liking for possible conflict with the police in a big city, the bandits left Buenos Aires and went to Chubut, in Southern Argentina. With the booty acquired from their last holdup in the States, they bought a fertile ranch and proceeded to raise and purchase cattle, which they drove over into Chile and sold at a good profit.

Unfortunately for this venture in "going straight," so Cassidy afterward informed Mr. Seibert, a former deputy sheriff from one of the Western states had located in the same region, and had started ranching. He recognized Cassidy and Longabaugh, and no doubt with the intention of collecting the large rewards that were offered for their capture, informed the authorities.

Cassidy and Longabaugh had sources of information in the United States, and they were "tipped off" by cable that detectives were on the way to Argentina. Cassidy lost no time in going to Chile, where he had influential acquaintances, and sold the Argentine ranch to Chilean investors. Then he returned to Southern Argentina and took up anew a career of banditry which soon had South America aghast.

At the outset, several banks were held up in Wild Western fashion. "Butch" Cassidy would get the "lay of the land," and, when his plans were perfected, the bank would be held up and the bandits would be well on their way to some rendezvous in the wilderness before effective pursuit could be organized.

One of Cassidy's cleverest strokes in eluding pursuit was to organize a relay of saddle horses, stationed several miles from the scene of the holdup. After escaping with

their loot, the bandits would ride at top speed for the place where this relay was stationed. By the time they reached the horse relay, their mounts would be exhausted. So would the horses of their pursuers. Leaping to the saddles on their fresh mounts, the bandits would have no difficulty in finally shaking off pursuit.

IN THEIR first bank holdup in Southern Argentina, Etta Place, the woman who had gone to South America with Longabaugh, played an actual part. In this holdup, Cassidy and Longabaugh also had the assistance of an outlaw from the States, who went under the name of Dey. The Argentine police and populace had organized pursuit in an extraordinarily short time. In fact Cassidy afterward said that in all his experience he had never been so closely trailed. Apparently it was going to be impossible for the bandits to reach the relay of horses before they were overtaken. Telling the others to go on, Cassidy stopped his horse and dismounted. Longabaugh and Dey followed instructions, while Cassidy waited until the posse came up. He winged one man as a warning, and then shot two horses. Not considering it possible that one man would make such a determined stand against them, and believing that the bandits had come up with reinforcements, the posse halted. Then, at another warning shot from Cassidy, the entire force turned and took the back trail. Cassidy rejoined his companions, who had come up with the horse relay, which had been guarded by the woman. Mounted on fresh horses, all four escaped. Cassidy went to Buenos Aires, Longabaugh and the woman went to Antofagasta, Chile, and Dey to Bolivia.

While South America contained many soldiers of fortune, who were ready for almost any hazardous and shady job, apparently Cassidy and Longabaugh found it difficult to organize as they had done in the States. At any rate, none of their South American lieutenants stayed with them very long.

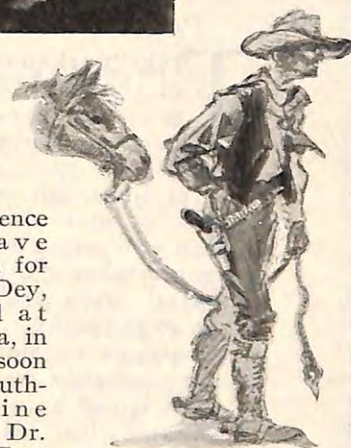
One experience seems to have been enough for the so-called Dey, who arrived at Oruru, Bolivia, in May, 1906, soon after the Southern Argentine bank holdup. Dr. Lovelace, of Texas, and Mr. Seibert happened to be in the hotel when Dey arrived. The newcomer was a handsome, athletic young fellow, of striking personal appearance—apparently a typical Western ranchman. He did not know much Spanish, and Mr. Seibert assisted him in arranging for a room. In the course of conversation Dey brought out a small handbag which seemed to be filled with pounds sterling in gold. In answer to some jesting remark about the value of his handbag, Dey replied:

"The Lord has treated me very generously lately."

The next day the stranger was not in the hotel, and it was feared that he might have been robbed and killed. Inquiries were made at hotels, lodging houses and the police station, but at noon Dey turned up with the remark that he had been seeing the night life of Oruru. Dr. Lovelace was going to La Paz, Bolivia, by the fast Concord stage line which was then owned by the enterprising Scotchman, James K. Hutcheon, and the stranger went along. He then left for Peru, but was back in La Paz a few months later, after which he gave it out that he was leaving for the States. It was not learned for a considerable time afterward that the stranger was "wanted" for a share in the Southern Argentine bank holdup.

Cassidy and Longabaugh made it a practice to secure employment, far from the scene of their latest holdup, while they looked over the field and studied the possibilities for another robbery. They were of

(Continued on page 60)





EDITORIAL

PATRIOTISM AND WORLD PEACE

THE "parliament of man" and the "federation of the world" are no longer the mere high sounding phrases of a dreaming poet. The bard is nearer to becoming a prophet today than he has ever been since first he penned his immortal lines; for world peace lies closer to the hearts of men than ever before in all history. There are more serious minded people, and a larger number of influential organizations, actively engaged upon the promotion of that objective than ever before. And the nations of the world are now contemplating that happy condition as at last reasonably practical of attainment.

This is not only because the horrors and sacrifices and dire losses of the World War have shocked men into the realization of the prohibitive cost of modern warfare. It is largely because the different peoples of the world have come to know each other better and to understand each other better. They have become world minded. They no longer think exclusively in terms of selfish nationalism. They recognize a mutuality of interest in all problems affecting any nation's welfare.

And this in turn is but the expression of the changed attitude of the individual. He is no longer provincial. He recognizes that his neighbor is not only the acquaintance who lives in the same block, nor the fellow citizen of the same City, State or County, but every one within the range of his helpfulness and his influence.

Patriotism is no less pure, no less sincere. But it is more intelligent. It is more unselfish. It regards national obligations as no less important to be observed than national rights are to be maintained. And organizations such as ours have played no small part in bringing this about.

The spirit of true fraternity is essentially all-embracing. The brotherhood of man means something to a real Elk. It is not merely an empty expression. And while his Americanism is as much a matter of pride as ever, and his love of Country as much a part of his very life, yet that pride and that love prompt the desire that his

Country should also recognize the great human relationship and all it implies. That is the truest and most exalted patriotism.

Men may differ sharply as to the best methods to pursue in seeking to establish permanent world peace, which is a *sine qua non* of true human brotherhood; but all agree that it is something not only to be hoped for, but ardently striven for, with an abiding confidence. Elks will recognize this truly patriotic purpose as born of the realization of the great truth that is inscribed above the portal of our stately Memorial Building in Chicago, and which is so strikingly portrayed in its wonderful frieze: "The triumphs of peace endure; the triumphs of war perish."

NOT A ONE MAN JOB

IT HAS often been said that the "running" of a subordinate Lodge is a "one man job." The idea suggested is that the Exalted Ruler, by virtue of his office and authority, is that one man. This is not the fact; and it is quite unfair, to that official and the whole membership alike, for such an impression to be entertained. No single person, in any of the offices, can effectively conduct the activities of any Lodge, however small, without the sincere cooperation and assistance of his official associates and of the lay members as well. Every Past Exalted Ruler can testify to this fact from his own experience.

But it is true, and it is an important fact to be realized, that the Exalted Ruler is the one officer to whom the Lodge looks for real leadership. In the final analysis that is the peculiar qualification which his election presupposes. And if he fails properly to assume that leadership and earnestly and intelligently to guide and supervise the affairs of the Lodge, there is a general break-down of the whole administrative machinery; and the Lodge merely drifts. It is this that is really meant by speaking of it as a one man job.

The newly elected Exalted Rulers should have a very sincere pride in their elevation to the chief official station. A high compliment is implied which is naturally gratifying. But there should



Decorations in dry-point by Ralph L. Boyer

be no misunderstanding of the accompanying responsibility. It involves something more than the mere passive performance of the routine duties. It calls for intelligent initiative, for energetic, interested, enthusiastic personal activity, for militant leadership.

Those who firmly grasp the torch of progress that has been thus placed in their hands, and who carry it forward with courage and faith, will find that it burns brighter with every onward step; that its light will attract to their sides the very best of their associates, eager to help, proud to follow true leaders. But those who listlessly stand and watch the torch as it burns, will find that its flame grows constantly dimmer as they falter and hesitate; and soon they will be quite alone with a mere charred stick in their hands, not an inspiring symbol.

No, the administration of Lodge affairs is not a one man job. But it is remarkable what one man, as Exalted Ruler, can do, along with his associates whose aid he attracts and inspires, if he will but truly lead.

BETTER PARADES

THE New Jersey State Elks Association is to be commended for its declared purpose to improve the character of the public parades held under its auspices. And the Committee which has been appointed to promote this desired end is to be congratulated upon the prompt and vigorous manner in which it has undertaken the performance of its duties. It is earnestly to be hoped that the object in view may be effectively accomplished, for the action of the Association is itself proof that a real need for improvement exists. The example thus set might well be followed throughout the Order, for the conditions sought to be remedied are all too general.

An Elk parade, whether it be that of a subordinate Lodge, of a State Association, or of the Grand Lodge, is a voluntary public display. Its purpose, primarily, is to present an attractive and convincing exhibit of the strength, the spirit and the fine personnel of the organization. The public is thus invited, and has therefore the right, to form its estimate of the Order, in some measure, from the character of that exhibit. It follows

that those in charge of it, as well as the participants, should guard carefully against conduct or conditions that might create an unfavorable impression; and that the whole Order has a very definite interest in every such event.

This applies not merely to individual conduct which is in itself reprehensible. It is conceded that rigid rules should be promulgated, and strictly enforced, to prevent such conduct on all such occasions. But it also applies to whatever circumstance of deportment or appearance that tends to detract from the dignity and impressiveness which alone can create the desired effect.

Smoking in line during the progress of the parade, waving at spectators, shouting at friends on the side lines or in the reviewing stands, joking and horseplay among the marchers, should be definitely prohibited. Such conduct, while it may not be especially offensive, does not comport with the true spirit of the display. For the same reason individuals whose only claims to attention are their grotesque costumes or personal peculiarities should not be permitted to appear.

Groups of members, without distinctive uniforms, and marching without regard to orderly arrangement, add nothing to any parade, however numerous such groups may be. Undecorated automobiles or other vehicles, except those provided for officials and others having proper claim to place in the procession, should likewise be eliminated.

Of course it is not essential that every unit should be a trained and elaborately costumed drill corps, nor that the parade should be limited to expensive and ornate floats, bands, and marchers preserving a strictly military formation. Nor is it desirable that undue solemnity be maintained. An Elk parade is neither a military review nor a funeral procession. But each unit should have some distinctive uniformity of appearance; and it should maintain some semblance of orderly movement. And its members should observe the accepted rules of decorum.

If those desiring to enter a parade are not willing to conform to such reasonable requirements, they should be excluded. The remaining participants will take part with a finer *esprit*. And it is only thus that we can be assured of better parades.



GENERAL STUDIO

Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews presents to Exalted Ruler William J. Dalton, of Norwood, Mass., Lodge, No. 1124, the trophy emblematic of the ritualistic championship of Massachusetts, donated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, who stands between Mr. Andrews and Mr. Dalton. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters is seen at the extreme left

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

Mr. Andrews Calls Upon Northeastern Lodges

NOTE:

During the last of his visits in February, at the Home of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews was taken ill with bronchial pneumonia, from which, as this issue of the Magazine goes to press, he was happily reported greatly improved and on the way to recovery. His physicians thought it inadvisable, however, for Mr. Andrews to undertake any further strenuous traveling, and ordered an extended rest in Florida until he is again in robust health. The Grand Exalted Ruler, therefore, was forced to forego making the visits arranged for the month of March. The schedule arranged for Mr. Andrews was, however, carried out by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, who was accompanied on many of the visits by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper. A list of these Lodges, together with the dates upon which Mr. Masters and Mr. Harper visited them, will be found at the end of this article.

DURING the month of February, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews visited a number of Lodges in New Jersey, New York and the New England States, completing his tour with a call upon the Elks in Philadelphia. In several instances these visits coincided with events within the Lodges of unusual importance. Hackensack, N. J., Lodge, No. 658, entertained the head of the Order upon the occasion of the dedication of its new Home; Camden Lodge, No. 293, welcomed him during the observance of its thirty-fifth anniversary; New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, greeted him as the guest of honor at a banquet commemorating the sixty-second anniversary of the foundation of itself and of the Order; and at Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, he was paid a similar tribute at the annual dinner of the Massachusetts State Elks Association.

About noon, February 10, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived by ferry in New Jersey, and was

met at the Edgewater dock by motorcycle policemen delegated by Chief of Police Siccaldi, of Hackensack, to escort him to Englewood, where, at the home of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin, he was given a luncheon. Late in the afternoon, a delegation of officers of Hackensack Lodge called for Mr. Andrews in Englewood and formed a suite of honor to conduct him to their new Home. There a thousand or more Elks were gathered, the number comprising not only members of Hackensack and other New Jersey units of the Order, but also many from Lodges as distant as Middletown, N. Y. Dinner preceded the official session. Among the guests were, in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Conklin, Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Past Grand Trustee A. T. Holley, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Peter J. Gallagher and Francis V. Dobbins; Edgar T. Reed, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; William T. Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association; Harry McGill, a Vice-President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Chief of Police Siccaldi and County Clerk James W. Mercer, who was one of the sponsors of Hackensack Lodge at the time of its institution. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning accompanied Mr. Andrews to the luncheon at the home of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Conklin and to Hackensack. Dedictory exercises followed the banquet, with Exalted Ruler S. T. Hubbard, of Hackensack Lodge, presiding until the Grand Exalted Ruler took charge. Speakers, besides Mr. Andrews, were Grand Trustee Guenther, State Association Presidents Reed and Phillips and State Association Vice-President McGill. After the ceremonies of dedication a buffet supper was served and opportunity afforded for all present to inspect the new Home.

A little after noon, on Tuesday, the 11th, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Camden for a visit to coincide with the thirty-fifth anniversary Celebration of the Lodge there. He was welcomed at the station by Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Exalted Ruler William H. Iszard, of Camden Lodge, No. 293, and by Commissioner of Public Works Frank B. Hanna, acting for Mayor Price in behalf of the city. There followed a short sojourn at the Walt Whitman Hotel, where Mr. Andrews took a brief rest and held an impromptu reception, before being conducted on a tour of the city. The delegation of Elks escorting him to view the principal points of interest, the several mammoth manufacturing plants of Camden, its shipyards and, finally, a part of its suburbs, filled twenty automobiles. In the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at the anniversary banquet in the Lodge Home,

(Continued on page 75)

News of the State Associations

Massachusetts

EIGHT hundred Elks, their number comprising Grand Lodge officers, both past and present, and a host of other members prominent in the Order, gathered recently at the annual banquet and dance of the Massachusetts State Elks Association held in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews at the Home of Boston Lodge, No. 10. Practically every Lodge in the Commonwealth was represented by both officers and delegations of members. When he entered, the Grand Exalted Ruler was met by an official escort which included Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson

and John F. Malley; Chief Justice of the Grand Forum Andrew J. Casey; Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, and E. Mark Sullivan, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. After an informal reception on the balcony of the Home, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his suite repaired to the ballroom, where nearly a thousand members of the Order were assembled. In the presence of these, Mr. Andrews was welcomed for the Commonwealth by Attorney-General Joseph E. Warner, and to Boston by Joseph A. Conry, representing Mayor Curry. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, toastmaster of the banquet, introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler, who,

after emphasizing in his address the cause of the Elks National Foundation, had the pleasure of receiving in the name of the Order, contributions of \$1,000 each from the State Association and from Lodges members of it, including Springfield, Everett, Maynard, Brookline, Medford, Wakefield and Middleboro Lodges. A later feature of the evening's events was the competition among Lodges for the James R. Nicholson ritualistic trophy. This was won, for the second successive year, by Norwood Lodge, No. 1124, with Holyoke Lodge, No. 902, a close second. In addition to those already mentioned, the following notables were present: Grand Secretary

(Continued on page 73)

Twin beacons of hope are the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children, maintained by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, at the southernmost end of Absecon Island, and the Absecon Light, at the northerly end.



PICTURES BY ATLANTIC PHOTO SERVICE

Mariners in sail and steam have been greeted by the light for more than 80 years, while the Home has given new life and hope to hundreds of crippled youngsters confided to its care during its much shorter span of days

1930 Grand Lodge Convention At Atlantic City

Bulletin No. 4

VALUABLE prizes, many of them in the form of cash, will be awarded victors in the various competitions arranged in connection with the Elks' National Convention, scheduled in Atlantic City during the week of July 6. Thousands of dollars and beautiful trophies of silver and gold go to make up the treasures which individuals and organizations will carry back triumphantly to their homes after the great Elks' Reunion of 1930 passes into history.

The highly coveted silver and gold perpetual golf trophy donated by John J. Doyle of Los Angeles and valued at \$1,000, has already attracted entries from scores of Elks who are proficient in the ancient and honorable Scottish game.

The trap shooting fraternity within the ranks of Elksdom is coming in force to the shore for participation in the events slated during the roundup of the Antlered Herd at the grounds of the Westy Hogan Gun Club.

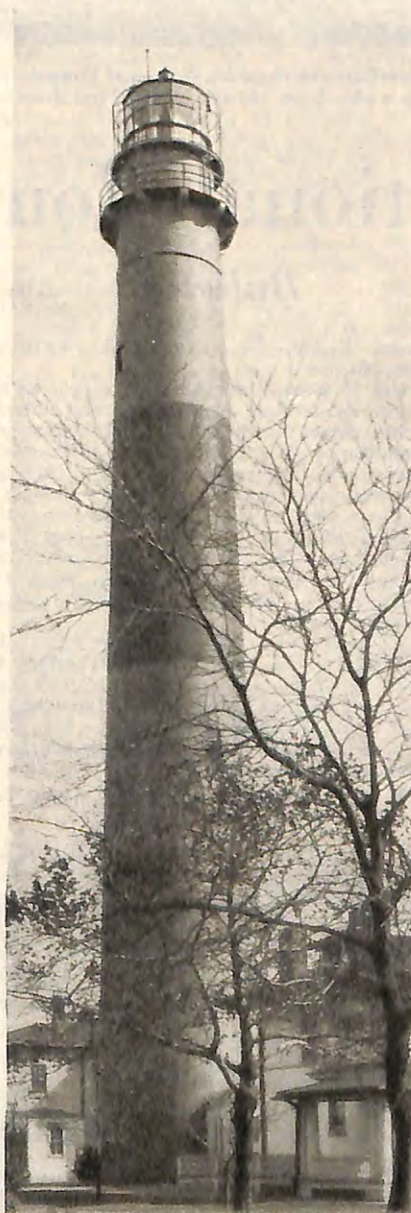
Bands from all sections of the country are to display their musical abilities in two contests for which prizes totaling \$600 have been offered. In the Class "A" competition, open only to musical organizations of not less than 35 men, the first prize will be \$200 and the second \$100. Bands composed of not less than 25 members will compete in Class "B," and in this class also the first prize will be \$200, and the second award is fixed at \$100.

Interest is increasing annually in the drill team contest, and an unusually large number of entrants has been received at National Convention headquarters for this event. Two classifications have been arranged for this competition. Class "A" calls for over 24 men, exclusive of officers and file closers, and the prize in this division will be \$200 in cash.

The specifications for Class "B" are that there be 24 men or under, but in no event less than 16, exclusive of officers and file closers, and there will be a first and second prize of \$200 and \$100. As a special attraction the Convention Committee has hung up a third or Grand Prize of \$100, open to winners in both classes.

Consideration is also given Elks' bands in the competitive events, three cash prizes of \$100 each being offered as the rewards in these contests. The best appearing band in parade from outside New Jersey, the largest band coming the greatest distance, and the best appearing New Jersey Elks' band will be the winners.

Marching uniformed bodies are also to play a prominent part in the program of friendly rivalry arranged for the convention. Five prizes of \$100 each are to be awarded to the marching organization containing the largest number of men and coming from the greatest distance,



The 80 year old Absecon Light

outside of New Jersey; the best appearing uniformed body in line, outside of New Jersey; the best appearing New Jersey uniformed body in line; the Lodge displaying the most original costume, outside of New Jersey, and the New Jersey Lodge attired in the most original costume.

By far the most colorful feature of the convention, aside from the annual parade of Elksdom's mighty hosts which are to be reviewed indoors for the first time in the history of the Order at the Municipal Auditorium, will be the International Fashion Revue. Retail women's fashion purveyors from New York, Philadelphia and Atlantic City have joined forces for this dazzling display of the very latest modes in wearing apparel, and all the facilities of the manufacturers who supply them with their stocks have been placed at their disposal.

Beautiful stars of the stage and screen will serve as mannequins, and negotiations are well on the way toward completion for the enlistment of an outstanding actor, who will assume the rôle of master of ceremonies. This feature of the convention is in charge of Armand T. Nichols, who attained nation-wide fame as director general of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageants, inaugurated here in 1921.

One of the unique attractions during the convention will be the mid-summer carnival of mid-winter sports to be staged on the great ice rink at the Municipal Auditorium. Two all-star hockey teams will clash in one of the events; there will be an "Aurora Borealis Ballet," and speed contests designed to quicken the pulses of thousands of beholders.

Not all the events with which the program teems, however, have been arranged with an eye to the entertainment only of visiting Elks, their families and friends. On the southernmost tip of Absecon Island, in the tiny community of Longport, is located the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children who have for six years been wards of the Atlantic City Lodge of Elks. Automobile pilgrimages to this truly remarkable institution will enable all who are interested in constructive welfare work of the most deserving type to view at first hand the miracles that are wrought among physically afflicted children.

The home was presented to the Elks by Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach and his brothers, Congressman Isaac Bacharach and Benjamin Bacharach, in 1923, and was formally dedicated to the cause of suffering childhood on Mother's Day of the following year. There are now sixty inmates, and their number will be increased to eighty-five when the visiting Elks

(Continued on page 73)



Springfield, Mass., Lodge contributes to the Elks National Foundation. Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews receiving a check for \$1,000 from Past Exalted Ruler Walter Oldfield

Elks National Foundation

Bulletin

THE enthusiasm for Elk activities evoked by Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews' visit to New England is reflected in the additional subscriptions by subordinate Lodges for Honorary Founders' certificates of the Elks National Foundation. Of the thirty-seven Lodges and two State Associations which were recorded in the honor group during February, twenty-one Lodges and one State Association are located in the New England States as follows: Eleven Lodges in Massachusetts, six in Maine, three in Connecticut, one in Rhode Island, and the Massachusetts Elks Association. A number of the other New England Lodges voted to subscribe and will be recorded when payments in full or on account have been made.

The Massachusetts Elks Association banquet at Boston was made notable by the presentation to Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews of two checks for \$1,000 each by representatives of Springfield Lodge, No. 61, and Everett Lodge, No. 642, in full payment of subscriptions for Honorary Founders' certificates. Partial payment subscriptions were presented by the Exalted Rulers of Maynard Lodge, No. 1568, and Middleboro Lodge, No. 1274, and by Treasurer Carbin of the Massachusetts Elks Association. Four days later, in the presence of twelve hundred members of the Order gathered to celebrate the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Quincy Lodge, No. 943, the Grand Exalted Ruler accepted the check of Quincy Lodge for \$1,000 for an Honorary Founders' certificate.

At the banquet tendered to Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews by Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, this Lodge and Lewiston, No. 371 of Maine, West, enrolled as Honorary subscribers, and District Deputy Labbe of Maine, East, reported to the Grand Exalted Ruler that six of the eight Lodges in his district had subscribed. In Concord, N. H., and Pawtucket, R. I., the meetings in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler were made the occasions of similar presentations by

Concord Lodge, No. 1210, and Pawtucket Lodge, No. 920.

Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews expressed the greatest satisfaction over the genuine interest and enthusiasm manifested for the Elks National Foundation by all with whom he came in contact.

New York State showed excellent progress during February by recording six new Lodges as subscribers, and reporting that favorable action had been taken by many others. New York, Southeast, was the first district to record 100 per cent. enrollment. New York, West, and New York, East, have only a few Lodges outside the honor group.

The percentages of Lodge enrollment of the leading States (having ten or more Lodges) are as follows: Connecticut 58 per cent., New York 57 per cent., Maine 50 per cent., Massachusetts 36 per cent., Pennsylvania 23 per cent., New Jersey 18 per cent., California 16 per cent., and Arizona 14 per cent.

The subscriptions and donations during February follow:

	Subscription	Payment
Arizona		
Jacob Gunst (Tucson, No. 385).....	\$100.00	20.00
California		
Redding, No. 1073.....	1,000.00	100.00
Connecticut		
Hardford, No. 19.....	1,000.00	1,000.00
Middletown, No. 771.....	1,000.00	100.00
Wallington, No. 1365.....	1,000.00	200.00
Georgia		
Athens, No. 790.....	1,000.00	100.00
Illinois		
Commodore P. Brown Estate, Danville, Illinois.....	Gift	150.00
Iowa		
Clinton, No. 199.....	200.00	20.00
Kansas		
Hutchinson, No. 453.....	1,000.00	100.00
Concordia, No. 586.....	1,000.00	100.00
Good Will		
Beldon Bowen (Concordia, No. 586).....	Donation	10.00
Maine		
Portland, No. 188.....	1,000.00	100.00
Bangor, No. 244.....	1,000.00	100.00
Lewiston, No. 371.....	1,000.00	100.00
Augusta, No. 964.....	1,000.00	100.00
Old Town, No. 1287.....	1,000.00	100.00

Millinocket, No. 1521.....	1,000.00	100.00
Lester C. Ayer (Portland, No. 188).....	100.00	20.00
Massachusetts		
Massachusetts State Elks Association...	1,000.00	200.00
Springfield, No. 61.....	1,000.00	1,000.00
Everett, No. 642.....	1,000.00	1,000.00
Fitchburg, No. 847.....	1,000.00	100.00
Brookline, No. 886.....	1,000.00	100.00
Quincy, No. 943.....	1,000.00	1,000.00
Leominster, No. 1237.....	1,000.00	250.00
Framingham, No. 1264.....	1,000.00	100.00
Middleboro, No. 1274.....	1,000.00	100.00
Webster, No. 1466.....	1,000.00	100.00
Wareham, No. 1548.....	1,000.00	100.00
Maynard, No. 1568.....	1,000.00	100.00
Mississippi		
Yazoo City, No. 473.....	1,000.00	100.00
New York		
Oswego, No. 271.....	1,000.00	100.00
Watertown, No. 496.....	1,000.00	100.00
Ogdensburg, No. 772.....	1,000.00	1,000.00
Cortland, No. 748.....	1,000.00	100.00
Medina, No. 898.....	1,000.00	100.00
Batavia, No. 950.....	1,000.00	100.00
North Dakota		
L. B. Hanna (Fargo, No. 260).....	1,000.00	100.00
Sam Stern (Fargo, No. 260).....	1,000.00	100.00
Ohio		
Hamilton, No. 93.....	1,000.00	100.00
Oregon		
Oregon State Elks Association.....	1,000.00	200.00
Pennsylvania		
Allegheny, No. 339.....	1,000.00	100.00*
New Kensington, No. 512.....	1,000.00	100.00
Pottstown, No. 814.....	1,000.00	100.00
Joseph B. Callanan (Knoxville, No. 1196).....	50.00	50.00
Rhode Island		
Pawtucket, No. 920.....	1,000.00	100.00
West Virginia		
Parkersburg, No. 198.....	1,000.00	100.00
Wisconsin		
Milwaukee, No. 46.....	1,000.00	100.00
*Second \$100 installment.		

Fraternally,
ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION
TRUSTEES
JOHN F. MALLEY, *Chairman*
RAYMOND BENJAMIN, *Vice-Chairman*
JOHN G. PRICE, *Secretary*
JAMES G. MCFARLAND, *Treasurer*
CHARLES E. PICKETT
EDWARD RIGHTOR
CHARLES H. GRAKELOW



The Elks Magazine Purple and White Fleet

By Joseph T. Fanning
Editor and Executive Director

BY THE time this issue of our magazine comes into your hands the details of the second transcontinental cruise to be undertaken by an ELKS MAGAZINE Purple and White Fleet will have been completed.

Four weeks later, on April 28, the four Viking eights, piloted by members of the magazine staff, will set out on what promises to be an even more successful venture than last year's remarkable run, when the units of the fleet, setting out from New York, called on more than 400 Lodges, on four main transcontinental routes, and arrived at Los Angeles for the opening of the 1929 Grand Lodge Convention, after more than seven weeks of arduous driving, on the scheduled day and hour.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE-Viking Prosperity Tour will, as its title indicates, carry a message of business confidence to hundreds of thousands of persons, non-members of the Order as well as Elks. It will afford the Lodges lying along the four different routes to be traversed an opportunity to support the efforts of President Hoover to imbue the American people with the faith in the soundness of economic conditions which the *actual figures of business* justify. It will, in addition, furnish personal contact between the magazine and thousands of its readers, a contact which should prove immensely valuable, both to the members of the Order at large, and to us of the editorial staff. An even better understanding than now exists of the aims and purposes of the magazine, on the one hand, and of the wishes of its readers, on the other, will be one of the most valued results.

This, in brief outline, is what we confidently expect to accomplish as a result of THE ELKS MAGAZINE-Viking Prosperity Tour. Our confidence, naturally, is based not only on the belief that the plan is sound, well-worked-out and interesting. That is but half of the picture. The other and equally important half, without which the first is of little value, is the cooperation of the Lodges upon which the fleet will call. On this we are counting. In behalf of the Order, since any project of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, its official publication, is of concern to every loyal member, we bespeak the interest, goodwill and assistance of the officers and member-

ship along the various routes. Those Lodges upon which it will be possible to call are being notified, and the Exalted Rulers requested to appoint committees for the reception of the cars. Details which it is impossible to go into in an article of this length, will be supplied by mail to the designated member. We hope, though, that efforts toward the success of the tour will not be confined to those who accept committee appointments. In so important an undertaking, there is both a place and a need for the active participation of every Elk.

As was reported in the March issue of the magazine, the cars making up this year's Fleet will start from points in the West, since their objective is the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City. 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 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 short 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 and thence to Atlantic City.

Again, we bespeak your full cooperation.

One of the four sturdy Viking Eights making up the Purple and White Fleet, as it will appear on its transcontinental run





Members of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, as they appeared in its twenty-fifth annual minstrel show in behalf of crippled children

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Mortgage Burning Follows Dedication Of Kalispell, Mont., Lodge Home

MEMBERS of Kalispell, Mont., Lodge, No. 725, made a double celebration of the dedication of their Home recently by combining, with the exercises attendant to this ceremony, a formal burning of the mortgage upon the building. Both events were held in the afternoon, with Exalted Ruler Herman Karow presiding over the dedicatory rites and Past Exalted Ruler Daniel J. Korn having the honor of igniting the mortgage document. The principal address following this ceremony was made by T. H. MacDonald, who was Exalted Ruler in 1921, when Kalispell Lodge acquired for its Home the structure which the Y. M. C. A. had erected, but could not afford to maintain. Mr. MacDonald traced the history of the effort of the Kalispell Elks to meet the obligations they incurred with the initial contract for the Home until their present successful discharge. Governor J. E. Erickson, of Montana, a member of Kalispell Lodge, arrived at the conclusion of this speech, and took opportunity to congratulate his fellow members upon their perseverance and its reward. He was escorted into the Lodge room by a military detail of the American Legion. An initiation of candidates ensued. In the evening there was held a banquet, in the gymnasium and the regular banquet room, with four hundred Elks in attendance. This affair was enlivened by vocal and other entertainment, whereafter Governor Erickson again spoke. A dance concluded the evening's events. The Home of Kalispell Lodge, a two-story brick building in the central part of the town, is to-day valued, with its furnishings and appointments, at \$60,000. At the front, on the main floor, are the lounge, the ladies' room and a spacious lobby, and to the rear of these the gymnasium, with facilities for hand-ball, volley-ball, basketball and other sports. The second floor holds the Lodge room and a group of fourteen living-rooms for the use of members of the Order.

Sixty-second Anniversary Celebrated By New York, N. Y., Lodge

The sixty-second anniversary of the founding of the Order and of the birthday of New York Lodge, No. 1, was celebrated recently by a banquet held at the Commodore Hotel. It was one of the outstanding events of the year and the remarkable attendance was equaled only by the excellent menu, the music and the entertainment prepared by the committee in charge. On the dais, where Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert presided as toastmaster, was seated the guest of honor, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. It was noteworthy that every elective officer, as well as many appointive officers, of the

Grand Lodge, was in attendance. Well-known guests included Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, Rush L. Holland, Thomas B. Mills, James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, W. W. Mountain, James G. McFarland, John F. Malley and Murray Hulbert; William Conklin, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; Frank J. McMichael, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight; E. K. Moody, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight; J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary; Lloyd Maxwell, Grand Treasurer; R. W. Jones, Grand Tiler; J. P. Gribben, Grand Inner Guard; Harry Bacharach, Grand Esquire; Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain; S. John Connolly, Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler; William J. Conway, Pardon Commissioner; Clyde Jennings, Chairman, and A. Charles Stewart, Vice-Chairman, and Ralph Hagan, John K. Burch and Henry A. Guenther of the Board of Grand Trustees; Andrew J. Casey, Chief Justice, and Walter F. Meier, Floyd E. Thompson and Arthur S. Tompkins of the Grand Forum; John R. Coen, Chairman, and E. Mark Sullivan, George F. Corcoran, James T. Hallinan and William H. Beck, Jr., of the Committee on Judiciary; Charles E. Woodlock, Committee on Credentials; James R. Nicholson, Chairman, and Carroll Smith, W. T. Baldwin and E. M. Wharton of the Good of the Order Committee; Robert S. Barrett, Chairman, and D. Curtis Gano and John J. Doyle of the State Association Committee; David Sholtz, J. C. Dallenbach, George Crane and George W. Denton of the Ritualistic Com-

mittee. The first speaker of the evening was Exalted Ruler Abraham I. Menin, of New York Lodge, who was presented by the toastmaster and who later introduced Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews. The next speaker was the Acting Mayor of New York City, the Honorable Joseph V. McKee. He was followed by United States Senator Royal S. Copeland, William T. Phillips and Past Exalted Ruler William R. Cullen, of Buffalo Lodge, No. 23, who delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

High Officials of Order at Dedication of New Home of Hackensack, N. J., Elks

With Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews and other officers of the Grand Lodge, as well as high officials of the State Elks Associations of New Jersey and New York present, Hackensack, N. J., Lodge, No. 658, dedicated recently its new Home. The structure is an imposing one of a basement, three floors and a gallery. It stands on a plot ample enough, despite the area occupied by the building, to provide entrance and exit passages on either side for both pedestrians and automobiles. The basement holds the gymnasium, hand-ball courts, heating plant, vacuum-cleaning plant, the coal bunkers, refrigerating plant and a number of commodious storerooms. The first floor offers accommodations for the grill room, four bowling alleys, the locker room and the kitchen. Above this is the club floor, on which are located the business office, cloakrooms for both men and women, the women's dining-room, and a circular lounge, fifty feet in diameter,

UPON learning of the death recently of the former President of the United States and Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, William Howard Taft, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews telegraphed to Mrs. Taft the following expression of the sympathy of the Order:

Philadelphia, Pa., March 9, 1930.

MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT,
Washington, D. C.

The distressing news of the death of your illustrious husband comes as a shock to the world. I, as the executive head of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, distinctively an American Fraternal Organization, with a membership of eight hundred thousand men, tender to you and your family the heartfelt sympathies of all our Members, with our hope and prayer that our Divine Father may comfort and sustain you in this supreme bereavement.

We knew Mr. Taft as President and as Chief Justice of the United States, and we feel an immeasurable pride in his services to his country and to the American people, in those exalted stations in our government to which he was called. He was possessed of a marvelous heart and won the highest esteem of all who came in contact with him, and it may be truthfully said that those who knew him best loved him most.

WALTER P. ANDREWS, Grand Exalted Ruler.

on either side of which are solariums. Here, too, are the billiard room, the secretary's office and the barber shop. On the top floor is the Lodge room, circular and with a vaulted ceiling twenty-four feet high and culminating in a dome. Separated from the Lodge room by sliding doors, so that the two may be thrown into one great hall, is the banquet room. A number of ante-rooms, the serving pantry and retiring rooms are near by. Further details of the dedication ceremonies will be found elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, in the report of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits.

Galesburg, Ill., Lodge's Children's Clinic Swamped With Patients

Galesburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 894, held recently the third of the series of clinics for crippled children, inaugurated last fall. Twenty-one cases, calling for treatment and care, were added to the list accruing from the two earlier clinics, bringing the total number of boys and girls now receiving the attention of the Crippled Children's Committee of the Lodge to forty-one. So many disabled youngsters reported at this latest clinic that the orthopaedic surgeon in charge, Dr. Sydney H. Easton, was able to examine only a part of the number. The first clinic, held in September of last year, brought out fifteen little sufferers, and the second, which came in November, added six new cases. The Lodge follows the progress of every child throughout its history as a patient.

Benefit Show Held by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge Is a Success

A record-breaking audience attended the performances of the twenty-second annual minstrel show for the benefit of the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children, presented recently by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276. All three performances were considered great successes, both artistically and financially. The skits and songs, acted and sung by members of Atlantic City Lodge, were under the directorship of Joseph S. Abrams.

Owego, N. Y., Elks Hear Record Charity Report Read at Meeting

Before a meeting which broke all previous records for attendance, the members of Owego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1030, recently heard read a report upon charities which proved to have exceeded any previous annual expenditure. The occasion was the observance by Owego Elks of Past Exalted Rulers' Night in which two hundred of the three hundred and twenty members on the rolls participated, a number surpassing any ever present before at a gathering of this Lodge. Before the formal session, a dinner was served in the Home, a new addition to which was completed not long ago.

Bend, Ore., Elks Travel 235 Miles To Initiate for Lakeview Lodge

The officers of Bend, Ore., Lodge, No. 1371, journeyed 235 miles recently to conduct the initiation of a class of candidates into Lakeview Lodge, No. 1536. A special train brought in fifty other visiting members of the Order. A dozen neighboring Lodges were represented. Twelve hundred Elks in all attended the meeting.

Celebrities at Oneida, N. Y., Lodge For District Deputy's Homecoming

Two members of committees of the Grand Lodge, together with a number of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, past and present, and officers and groups of members of ten Lodges, attended the meeting recently of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge, No. 767, marking the homecoming and official visit there of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Evans, of New York, West Central. Three hundred and fifty Elks in all were present. Dinner preceded the Lodge session and initiation, which was conducted by a staff of officers, chosen from among the visiting members of the Order. Notable among the Elks to witness the ceremonies were D. Curtis Gano, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; George W. Denton, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee;



Hoquiam, Wash., Elks clearing the ground for the reforestation of a denuded timber area

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John T. Buckley, of New York, North Central; and Louis S. Guard, Vice-President for the West Central District of the New York State Elks Association. Represented at the gathering were Watertown, Oswego, Seneca Falls, Newark, Auburn, Syracuse, Fulton, Lyons and Geneva Lodges.

Ajo, Ariz., Lodge Instituted by District Deputy Starkweather

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. H. Starkweather, of Arizona, South, recently instituted Ajo, Ariz., Lodge, No. 1576 of the Order. More than two hundred Elks from Yuma, Tucson and Phoenix were present for the ceremonies, directed by officers from Tucson and Phoenix Lodges. Herman L. Snyder, Sr., was installed as Exalted Ruler and Robert C. Russell, Jr., as Secretary. A banquet was served after the parade of candidates through the town. Ajo Lodge begins with a membership of approximately sixty, of which thirty-four were formerly members of Phoenix Lodge.

Hoquiam, Wash., Elks Plant Young Trees in Denuded Forest Area

A group of members of Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge, No. 1082, under the direction of one of their number, Henry B. Steer, Supervisor of Forests in the United States Indian Forest Service, recently devoted a national holiday to replanting with young trees an area of denuded and burned forest land. The tract treated, twenty acres in extent, lies in Grays Harbor County, Washington.

Elks Noted in State at Dover, O., Lodge When District Deputy Calls

Officers, past and present, of the Ohio State Elks Association, and of a number of neighboring Lodges, as well as public officials, were present at the meeting recently of Dover, O., Lodge, No. 975, at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William R. Treadway, of Ohio, Southeast, made his official visit of inspection. The session was preceded by a chicken dinner in the basement of the Grace Lutheran Church and followed by a program of vocal and instrumental music, a notable feature of which was the singing of the Glee Club of Dover Lodge. Prominent among the visitors present, in addition to the District Deputy, were William G. Lambert, President of the State Association; Norman Parr, Trustee; Fred Maerle and Blake Cooke, Past Presidents of the same organization; Mayor Weigand, of Lakewood, and Mayor Hostetler, of Parral. Twelve Past Exalted Rulers of the host Lodge attended the meeting and shared in

extending welcome to active and former officers of Cleveland, Mansfield and Kent Lodges; and to members of Newark, Coshocton, Canton, Lorain, New Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Leechburg Lodges.

Life Members of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Gather at Meeting

One hundred and twenty-two Life Members of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, gathered together recently at a meeting in their honor. The event, designated as "Life Members' Night," comprised the regular session of the Lodge and an entertainment thereafter of vaudeville performances. Exalted Ruler Fred W. Birnie extended the welcome of the Lodge to its veteran members and a response of appreciation was made by Past Exalted Ruler Richard C. Halstead, an Honorary Life Member.

District Deputy Tobias Pays Official Visit to Easton, Pa., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. H. Tobias, of Pennsylvania, Northeast, recently made his official call upon Easton, Pa., Lodge No. 121. In his address to the members he spoke of conditions as he found them in the Northeastern District and complimented the officers of Easton Lodge upon their efficient rendition of the initiatory work which he had witnessed.

Ontario, Calif., Elks Initiate Class For San Pedro Lodge

The officers and many of the members of Ontario, Calif., Lodge, No. 1410, recently visited San Pedro Lodge, No. 966. The delegation of guests was headed by Exalted Ruler Ed. L. Lowe, formerly a member of San Pedro Lodge. After the initiation ceremonies, conducted by the visiting officers, a buffet supper was served and thoroughly enjoyed.

Notables Meet District Deputy on Visit to Orange, N. J., Lodge

Elks prominent throughout New Jersey, as well as a host of members of Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, attended the meeting there coincident with the official visitation recently of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George G. Falkenburg, of the Northwest District of the State. Those who were present at the Lodge session included Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Allen R. McCoy, William H. Kelly and James H. White; and Thomas F. Macksey, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association. A hot buffet supper was provided after the meeting.

Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, Dedicates New Addition to Its Home

Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485, dedicated recently the new addition to its Home. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin, of New York, Southeast, was in charge of the ceremonies which took place in the beautiful new auditorium, now being used temporarily as a Lodge room. The hall was packed by Elks from many Lodges, including members of Queens Borough, Freeport, Patchogue, Glen Cove, Great Neck, Brooklyn and New York Lodges. At a regular session of the Lodge, which was held later, a class of thirty-eight candidates was initiated, bringing the membership of the Lodge up to 1,066. Among the many guests present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert; James T. Hallinan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; William T. Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association, and a number of Exalted Rulers and officers as well as Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodges of Long Island.

Orchestra's Earnings Aid Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge Erect Fine Home

Earnings of the Elks Orchestra of Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge, No. 646, are, according to a report recently issued by Exalted Ruler Frank J. Corrick, of the Lodge, responsible in a great measure for the ability of the Lodge to erect the fine Home which it possesses. Among the noteworthy performances of this musical organization of nineteen pieces has been its broadcasting, upon a number of occasions, from several of the largest radio stations on the Pacific Coast.

Hundred Corpus Christi, Texas, Elks Welcome District Deputy Sharver

Approximately one hundred members of Corpus Christi, Texas, Lodge, No. 1030, attended the meeting a short time ago of this unit of the Order at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler V. G. Sharver made his official visit. The formal session was followed by a period of entertainment and a buffet supper.

District Deputy Praises Hoboken, N. J., Elks for Aid to Crippled Children

Escorted by twenty-five fellow members of Passaic, N. J., Lodge, No. 387, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter J. Gallagher, of New Jersey, Northeast, paid an official visit a short time ago to Hoboken Lodge, No. 74. Before the meeting, a banquet was held in the dining-room of the Home to celebrate the occasion. At the conclusion of this the Past Exalted Rulers of the Hoboken Elks formed a suite of honor to conduct the District Deputy to the Lodge room for the formal session. There Mr.



The Santa Rosa, Calif., Elks' Orchestra, whose earnings made their new Home possible

Gallagher conveyed to the members and visitors assembled the commendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler of the work of New Jersey Elks in behalf of crippled children. His speech was fittingly supplemented by a talk by Dr. Carl R. Keppler, of Newark Lodge, No. 21, upon the same subject. Both addresses were received with an uncommon degree of interest. Supper, served in the restaurant, followed the meeting.

Past Exalted Rulers' Night Held By Seattle, Wash., Lodge

Past Exalted Rulers' Night was held recently at Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, when the opening of nominations for elective officers of the Lodge was conducted by the Past Exalted Rulers. Exalted Ruler Arthur S. Morgenstern yielded the gavel to his father, Elkan Morgenstern, who was Exalted Ruler of the Lodge twenty years ago.

Elks from Eleven States Attend Institution of Eustis, Fla., Lodge

In the presence of a number of visiting Elks from eleven States, representing thirty-two Lodges, Eustis, Fla., Lodge was instituted recently by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. Chapman, of Florida, East, as No. 1578 of the Order. For the institution ceremonies, District Deputy Chapman acted as Grand Exalted Ruler, Frank E. Thompson, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Florida, North, as Grand Leading Knight, and Harold Colee, President of the Florida State Elks Association, as Grand Loyal Knight. A class of fifty-two candidates was initiated by officers of De Land Lodge, No. 1463. At the election of officers which followed the initiation exercises, George W. Hummel was installed as Exalted Ruler and W. E. Seacole as Secretary of the new Lodge. Before the meet-

ing, a parade was held through the streets of the town by the famous forty-piece Boys' Band of Eustis. A telegram of congratulations from Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews was read to the Lodge with much appreciation. By a formal vote the Lodge dedicated the first class of candidates to Mr. Andrews, and it will be known as "The Walter P. Andrews Class."

Bremerton, Wash., Lodge Receives Call from Kelso Elks

Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, No. 1181, was host to a delegation of about fifty members from Kelso Lodge, No. 1482, a short time ago. After the meeting a luncheon was served and Kelso Lodge presented an interesting program of entertainment. The Bremerton Elks then escorted their visitors through the Navy Yard, where they inspected the U. S. S. *Maryland*. This visit was in return of one made some time ago by Bremerton Lodge.

Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge Visited by District Deputy Hanrahan

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr., of New York, Northeast, made his official visit to Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1317, a short time ago. He was accompanied by Leon L. Abbey, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association. A vaudeville entertainment and luncheon followed the business meeting.

Rahway, N. J., Lodge Holds Past Exalted Rulers' Night

Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, observed Past Exalted Rulers' Night a short time ago, with Past Exalted Rulers, during the initiatory exercises, occupying the chairs of the present officers of the Lodge. After the ceremonies a chicken dinner was served and an interesting program was supplied by the Entertainers' Club of Linden.

District Deputy Received Officially By Mt. Vernon, Ind., Lodge

The members of Mt. Vernon, Ind., Lodge, No. 277, recently were hosts to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter A. Beckerle, of Indiana, South, upon the occasion of his official visitation and inspection of this unit of the Order. Mr. Beckerle spoke and was given an attentive hearing when he brought to the especial notice of the Mt. Vernon Elks several matters of national importance.

District Deputy Calls Upon Ossining And Port Chester, N. Y., Lodges

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher, of New York, East, officially visited Ossining Lodge, No. 1486, and Port Chester Lodge, No. 863, a short time ago. At Ossining Lodge he was greeted by many Past Exalted Rulers who were gathered at the Home for the annual meeting named in their honor. When the District Deputy visited Port Chester Lodge, he was accompanied by Herman Engel, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association; and delegations from Mount Vernon, Peekskill, White Plains, Bronx and Brooklyn Lodges.



Both spacious and imposing is the Home of Circleville, O., Lodge, No. 77

Five Brothers of Exalted Ruler Become Members of Monongahela, Pa., Lodge

Five of the nine candidates initiated at a recent meeting of Monongahela, Pa., Lodge, No. 455, were brothers of the Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, Vincent Ellsworth. With their induction the number of Elks in the Ellsworth family in that Lodge now is eight. The ceremonies, conducted by the Pennsylvania State Elks Association Southwest District Degree Committee, was witnessed by more than a hundred Monongahela and visiting Elks, among whom were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Brown, of Pennsylvania, Southwest; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers A. J. Gerard and Ralph C. Robinson; and John F. Nugent, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association.

Six G. A. R. Veterans Made Members Of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge

On Past Exalted Rulers' Night, celebrated recently by Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847, six of the ten surviving members of Post 19, G. A. R., whose combined ages constitute 516 years, were inducted into the Order. Officers of the Lodge served as a guard of honor for the veterans during the initiation, which was held in the Hotel Raymond. Following the Lodge session, the one hundred and fifty Elks present enjoyed a buffet supper.

Santa Monica, Calif., Elks Band and Drill Team Work for District Deputy

Both the National Championship Band and the Drill Team of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, performed in honor of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Hal Reynolds, of California, South Central, when, a short time ago, he made an official visit there. A feature of the work of the Drill Team was its execution of maneuvers without spoken commands.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge Receives Visit from District Deputy

Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, was host recently to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard E. Miller, of Michigan, West, when he visited there officially. The many prominent figures present made the occasion an outstanding one. Among the notables in attendance were John K. Burch, Grand Trustee; William Dickson Brown, President of the Michigan State Elks Association; George C. Ackers, Second Vice-President, and Edward E. Nolan, Secretary of the Association; Charles J. Doval, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, of Michigan, West; and William M. Bryar, Past President of the State Association and Chairman of the Advisory Committee. There was

a banquet in the dining-room of the new Home, after the Lodge session, and guests and members were entertained by a varied program of vaudeville and musical numbers.

Noted Guests, Record Throng, Attend Meeting of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge

Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William J. Savage, of Illinois, Northeast, were among the distinguished members of the Order present on Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Blue Island Lodge, No. 1331, observed a short time ago. Conduct of the initiation ceremonies was directed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Frasor, a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. One of the seven candidates inducted was his son, F. Joseph Frasor. Attendance exceeded any before in the history of the Lodge upon a like occasion.

Growth of Bremerton, Wash., Lodge Commended by District Deputy

The steady growth in membership of Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, No. 1181, as revealed by his inspection, won the praise of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert S. Macfarlane recently upon the occasion of his official visitation there. Commendation upon the showing of Bremerton Elks was voiced also by J. C. Slater, Third Vice-President of the Washington State Elks Association, who accompanied Mr. Macfarlane upon his call.

District Deputy Praises Degree Work Of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge

The ritualistic work of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, came in for an uncommon degree of praise from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ben Mendelsohn, of Alabama, North, when he visited this, his home Lodge, officially a short time ago. The exercises were conducted throughout the session faultlessly and without written reference. The event was noteworthy, furthermore, for the presence at the meeting of the President of the Alabama State Elks Association, E. J. McCrossin; and a number of members of Birmingham Lodge of twenty-five years' or more, standing. Before the formal session, the Birmingham Elks, together with visitors from Bessemer and Ensley Lodges, enjoyed a turkey dinner.

Past Exalted Rulers' Association in California Organizes Ritualistic Team

Past Exalted Ruler E. P. Irwin, of Ventura, Calif., Lodge, No. 1430, presiding at the quarterly meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of the South Central District of the State, held at the Home of Huntington Park

Lodge, No. 1415, appointed recently a ritualistic team composed of members of the Association. The object of this selection was to provide, for the benefit of any Lodge in the district which may desire it, a group of officers exceptionally qualified for the conduct of Lodge exercises. Immediately after the naming of the team, Exalted Ruler Gail S. Hamilton, of Inglewood Lodge, No. 1492, invited it to exemplify the ritual at a forthcoming initiation there.

Oswego, N. Y., Lodge Holds Annual Washington's Birthday Dinner

At its annual Washington's Birthday dinner, held on the night of February 24th, Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, entertained as its guest of honor Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. Among other distinguished visitors who also spoke to the Lodge was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, under Mr. Malley's régime, James H. Mackin, of New York, North Central. Mr. Mackin was toastmaster and, after the dinner, presented, on behalf of Oswego Lodge, its contribution to the Elks National Foundation. Other speakers were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter A. Buckheim, of New York, North; Captain Stephen D. McGrath, of Troop D of the New York State Police; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Evans, of New York, West Central.

Four Hundred at Mortgage-Burning In Marion, Ind., Lodge Home

An event of threefold significance was a recent meeting of Marion, Ind., Lodge, No. 195. The evening was chosen by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Earl Berry, of Indiana, Central, for his official visit; it was designated by the members of the Lodge as Past Exalted Rulers' Night; and it saw, furthermore, the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge Home. The regular meeting of the Marion Elks was held in the afternoon, and initiation ceremonies in the evening, after which the more than 400 members of the Order, from Marion and nearby Lodges, participated in a social session in celebration of the freedom of the Home from indebtedness.

Washington, D. C., Lodge Gives Show in Hospital for Veterans

The Entertainment Committee of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, presented not long ago an entertainment at Mt. Alto Hospital, in that city, for the diversion of the World War veterans there. Word subsequently has been received from the hospital officials of the appreciation of the entertainment by the disabled service men.

Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of New York, West, Meet at Buffalo Lodge

Large attendance was a feature of the annual meeting, held recently at the Home of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, of Past Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Western New York. The session, which took place in the afternoon, was presided over by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John H. Burns, of New York, West. The delegates to the assembly from Rochester Lodge, No. 24, brought with them their Boys' Band, and the performance of the young musicians did much to heighten the interest of the occasion. In the evening, the representatives of the several out-of-town Lodges were invited by the Buffalo Elks to join their celebration in honor of the homecoming visit of District Deputy Burns.

Monticello, N. Y., Lodge, Instituted Last Year, Buys New Home

Monticello, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1544, instituted less than a year ago, purchased recently a new Home, a handsome house of Colonial design. It is surrounded by an ample lawn and set off against a background of tall trees. The plot measures 156 by 500 feet and the roominess of the Home itself will afford a commodious restaurant and grill room for the patronage not only of Monticello Elks, but those members of



Six members of G. A. R. Post 19, initiated recently into Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge



The Home of Owego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1039, to which a new addition recently was made

the Order as well who may pass by in traveling. Present plans point to occupancy of the Home in about a month.

District Deputy Lonergan Pays Visit to La Grande, Ore., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, of Oregon, North, accompanied by Second Vice-President E. H. Jones, of the Oregon State Elks Association, made his official call recently upon La Grande Lodge, No. 433. An informal dinner was served, followed by the Lodge meeting, during which the District Deputy and Mr. Jones witnessed the initiation ceremonies. Both visitors delivered interesting talks.

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Member Receives Carnegie Medal

W. M. Stroud, a member of Indianapolis, Ind. Lodge, No. 13, received a short time ago a Carnegie medal for distinguished bravery displayed in rescuing a man from drowning. At a regular session of the Lodge, a resolution was passed embodied in which were the congratulations of the members.

Many Notables Honor District Deputy at Lockport, N. Y., Lodge

Many notables were present at Lockport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 41, when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John H. Burns, of New York, West, paid his official visit to its members. Mr. Burns was escorted by officers of Buffalo Lodge, No. 23, his home Lodge, and its prize Drill Team. Among the distinguished guests present were: D. Curtis Gano, a member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers W. R. Cullen, Aloys F. Leuthe and J. Theodore Moses, all of New York, West. Also present were State Senator William W. Campbell and many Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers from neighboring Lodges. A roast beef supper was served, followed by an entertainment.

Elks on Cruise Form Club and Are Entertained by Canal Zone Lodge

Members of the Order, cruising through the West Indies aboard the S. S. *Calgaric* a short time ago, formed an Elks Club and as such organized a number of entertainments while at sea. Officers elected for the voyage were William H. Breen, Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, President; J. F. Kelly, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, Secretary; and Wallace O. Lee, Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, Chairman of the Executive Committee. When the steamer put in at Colon, C. Z., a delegation of Elks, headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Lang Wardlaw and Exalted Ruler Edward J. Brophy of Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542; and Past

Exalted Ruler T. A. Leathley, of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, gave a dance at the Strangers' Club for their fellow members among the passengers.

State Association President Visits Lynbrook, N. Y., Elks

Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515, celebrated a short time ago the occasion of a visit from William T. Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association. A large number of members heard Mr. Phillips's address, in which he complimented the work done by the officers toward making Lynbrook Lodge one of the outstanding Lodges on Long Island.

Past Exalted Rulers' Night Observed By Orlando, Fla., Lodge

Orlando, Fla., Lodge, No. 1079, held a Past Exalted Rulers' Night recently at its Home. Speeches were made by many of the members, including the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, W. R. O'Neal, who presided, and by State Senator M. O. Overstreet, also a Past Exalted Ruler of the Orlando Elks.

District Deputy Visits Thief River Falls, Minn., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. R. Johnstone, of Minnesota, North, recently paid his official visit to his home Lodge, Thief River Falls Lodge, No. 1308. Also present at the meeting was Charles F. Englin, President of the Minnesota State Elks Association. A token of appre-

ciation was presented to the District Deputy by his fellow members in the Lodge. After the initiation of eight new members, a venison supper was served.

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge Receives State Association Officer

At a regular meeting of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, held recently, Thomas F. Cuite, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, was the guest of honor. His message was delivered to an attendance exceptionally good in spite of the bad weather conditions. In his address, Vice-President Cuite praised the work of his hosts and outlined the progress of other Lodges nearby.

San Mateo, Calif., Lodge's Orchestra Gives Three Concerts for Sick

An orchestra, composed of members of San Mateo, Calif., Lodge, No. 1112, gave three concerts recently to bring cheer to the sick. It paid visits to hospitals, not only in San Mateo but in other cities as well, playing for patients in the California Sanitarium, the Howard Hospital and for the San Francisco Health Farm.

District Deputy Bromley Institutes New Lodge at Craig, Colo.

With District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George G. Bromley, of Colorado, Central, presiding, a new Lodge of Elks was instituted recently at Craig, Colo., as No. 1577 in the Order. The charter members numbered one hundred, twenty-seven of whom were derived by dimit. All of them, together with visiting delegations of Elks, held a banquet before the ceremonies of institution. In his conduct of the exercises Mr. Bromley was assisted by the officers and the Drill Team of Rawlins, Wyo., Lodge, No. 609. At the election of officers for Craig Lodge, C. E. Herrick was chosen Exalted Ruler and C. G. Cowgill, Secretary. At the conclusion of the institutional and initiatory ceremonies, James M. Campbell, of Craig, District Game Warden and a member of Canon City, Colo., Lodge, No. 610, presented to the new Lodge an exceptionally large elk's head. A buffet luncheon followed the Lodge session, and provided an especially elaborate menu for the enjoyment of all who participated in the institution.

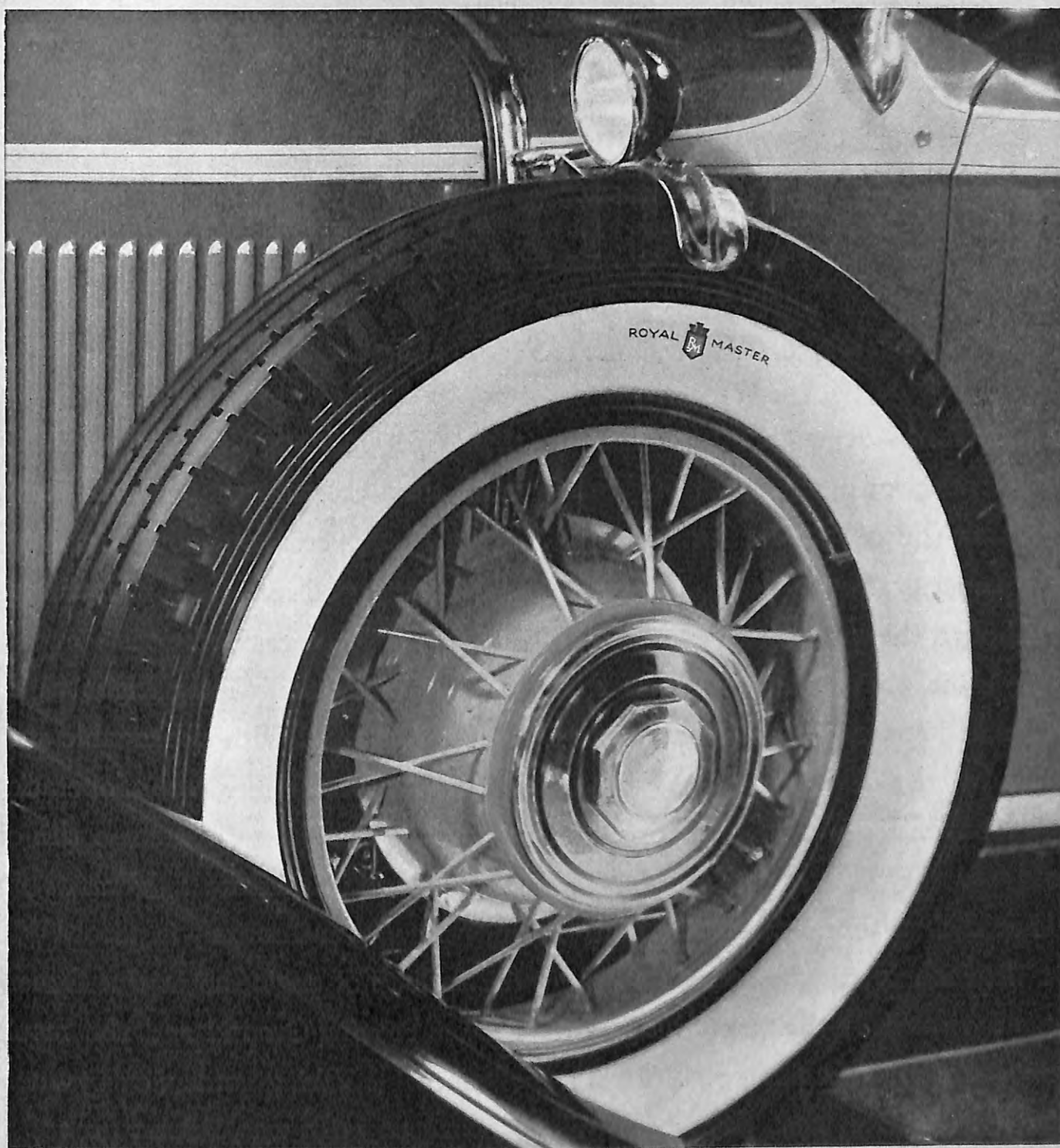
Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Entertains District Deputy Navin

With an escort comprising the drill team and a number of members of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin, of New York, Southeast, paid an official visit a short time ago to Bronx Lodge, No. 871. A dinner in his honor

(Continued on page 64)



Members of the order aboard the Calgaric, who formed an Elks club during the voyage



built by the world's largest producer of rubber . . .

The B. P. O. E. Honors The "Best Tire On Earth" The Royal Master

The Grand Lodge B. P. O. E. will make its 36,000-mile Coast-to-Coast Prosperity Tour, prior to the convention in Atlantic City, on cars equipped with America's aristocrat of tires — the Royal Master. Royal Master appreciates the honor and will traverse those

36,000 miles faultlessly . . . freeing the minds of the tourists from all thought of tire troubles . . . and lending beauty and distinction to their cars . . . basic reasons why Royal Master was named the Official Tire of the 1930 tour.

U N I T E D S T A T E S  R U B B E R C O M P A N Y

CHOSEN *for its* DEPENDABILITY

Official Car for Elks Cross-Country Tour

ONE word—dependability—explains the selection of the Viking 90-degree V-eight as the official car for the 1930 Elks Prosperity Tour.

Although the explanation is brief and to the point, there stands back of it a rigorous and exhaustive examination conducted by the Elks Magazine, which proved beyond question that this car would answer all requirements.

That such a thorough search for the most dependable car was vitally necessary is indicated by the task which four Vikings must face beginning April 28th. Leaving Seattle on that day, they will cover, within a few short weeks, more

than 36,000 miles of highway . . . visiting most cities of major importance in the country . . . crossing mountain ranges and deserts, good roads and bad, through all kinds of weather conditions.

Selection of the Viking Eight as the car best equipped with dependable stamina, power, speed, safety, ease of operation, and riding comfort to overcome the obstacles ahead is a tribute to Viking's fine engineering—and entirely in accord with the findings of engineers at the General Motors Proving Ground and the results obtained by Viking owners everywhere.

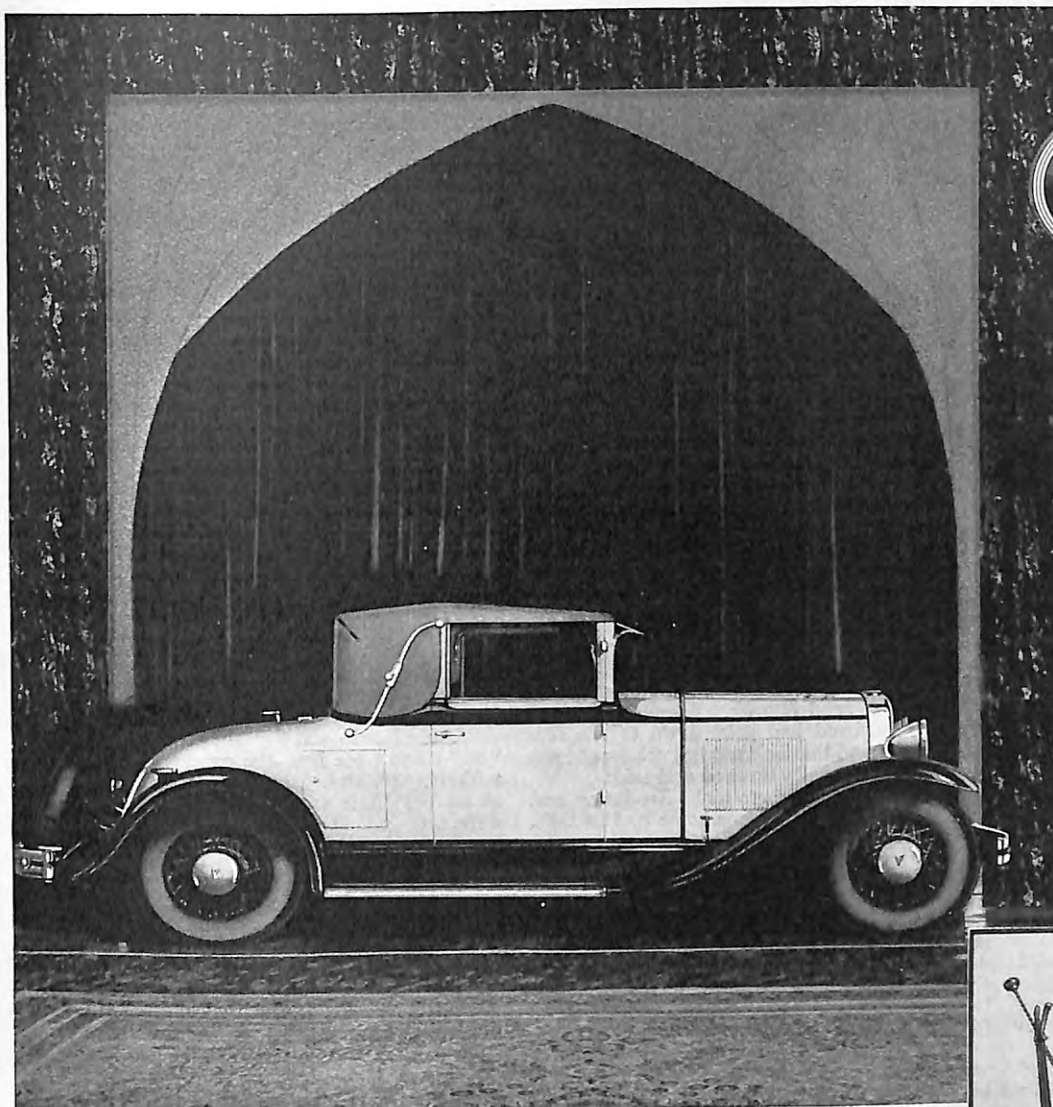
For not only was Viking proved in the most exacting manner for more than

two years previous to its introduction, but it has been subjected to continuous tests ever since . . . at Olds Motor Works Engineering Laboratories and on the great General Motors Proving Ground.

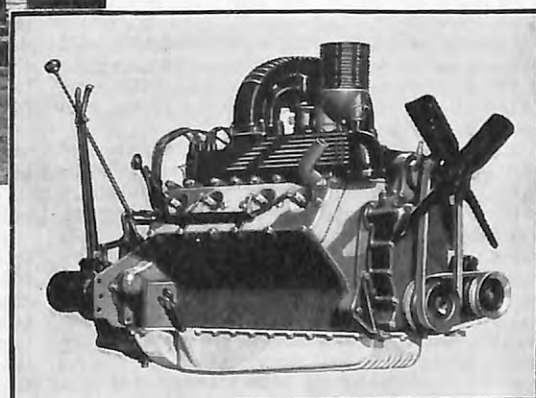
Month after month, mile after mile, these laboratory and

The Viking Eight De Luxe Convertible Coupe





The Viking Eight Convertible Coupe—the body type selected for the 1930 tour. Its long, low, beautifully proportioned Body by Fisher offers many desirable features which contribute to comfort and convenience in traveling



Viking's 90-degree V-eight engine provides speed, power, and acceleration for every need. Its balanced design assures smooth, quiet operation — under all conditions

road tests go on—the best possible insurance of highest quality in every detail of the Viking Eight's construction.

Thorough owner satisfaction is proof of results obtained. And Viking owners will tell you that this car offers everything in performance, comfort, and convenience that the most particular person could desire. They will tell you also that Viking Eight provides the kind of depend-

ability that builds loyalty, confidence, and lasting satisfaction . . . which is the very reason why Viking Eight has been selected to carry the four Elks Magazine representatives surely and safely through the 1930 Elks-Viking Prosperity Tour.

VIKING EIGHT

P R O D U C T O F G E N E R A L M O T O R S

The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 25)

"There are still a few old-fashioned gentlemen left in this jazz-age of ours." He glanced at his watch. "And so to bed. We're going to take another look around the Gloyne apartment the first thing in the morning."

CHAPTER X

WE WENT down immediately after breakfast. The apartment was stuffy to the point of suffocation as rooms always are when windows have been closed for a long period. There's something eerie about entering a house whose occupant has died—like the opening of a weed-choked gate. I would not have been surprised if bats had greeted our intrusion from the tortured scroll-work of the massive carved furniture.

Paul stepped to the window and ran the shades up. In the alley, five stories below, Sloan, the guarding officer, sat sprawled in his chair, puffing on his after-breakfast cigar, and reading the morning paper, a troll-like figure, foreshortened by the height.

My husband turned to the chair that stood near the window, the one in which the man in the light gray suit and the tan oxfords must have been sitting when Lancaster saw him under the partly raised window shade. It was a fauteuil of bamboo, as exotic and out of place in a New York apartment as a Chippendale in an Eskimo's igloo. Paul raised its home-made cretonne cushion and looked under it, then turned his attention to the high back. He bent over it with his magnifying glass, moving the lens back and forth over the bamboo reeds at the point where a person's head would rest if he or she were seated in the chair.

Suddenly he bent closer and sniffed.

"Come here, Pete," he said, "try if you can smell anything."

I leaned forward and distinctly caught the odor of some sort of perfume, a faint, musky smell.

"If I'm not mistaken," Paul said, "it's some brand of hair pomade to which the person who sat in this chair last is addicted."

He returned the magnifying glass to his pocket and crossed to one of the two Victorian chests. It was a clumsy, four-drawer piece of furniture of San Domingo mahogany veneered on pine. The drawers were filled to the brim with theatrical costumes. We took them out one by one, identifying five of them from the pictures on the wall. In the bottom drawer underneath some other costumes we found a curious garment. It was a smocklike affair made of very heavy canvas. It had sleeves of a sort, but no openings for the hands. Each terminated in a heavy leather strap, one of which carried a harness buckle. The garment laced in the back. I had, of course, heard of strait-jackets, but I had never before seen one.

Paul spread it out on the back of a chair, and stood looking at it, lost in thought.

"Free said that she was to have two more sittings," he said almost to himself. "I wonder why she went to the trouble of putting it on the bottom of the drawer under all these costumes when she knew that she was going to use it again in a few days?"

"It does seem odd," I agreed.

He put the rest of the garments back in the drawer. When he straightened up after shutting it, his eyes wandered about the great room from object to object. He moved slowly from one piece of furniture to another with his hands behind his back as if restraining himself forcibly from touching them. He circled the davenport twice, scrutinizing it from all angles. He peered into the great Oriental brasses, and stopped before the ebony pedestal upon which stood the bronze foot.

I knew better than to break in upon his abstraction, so I had dropped into a chair near the davenport table. Suddenly he turned on his heel and crossed the floor to the hall that led into the bathroom. He stayed there for some time. I heard him open and close drawers, run water in the wash-bowl and let it out again. When he returned from this expedition he carried in his hand a slightly soiled towel.

"Let's go, Pete," he said as he took the strait-jacket from the back of the chair.

"Found anything of interest?" I asked, trying

to remove the note of curiosity from my voice, when we had returned to our apartment.

"I'll know in a few minutes," he replied. "Draw me some water in a dishpan at the sink, will you?" he added over his shoulder as he carried the strait-jacket into his room.

He came into the kitchen with the soiled towel a few moments later. Immersing it in the dishpan full of water, he rubbed it briskly for several minutes, rinsed it thoroughly, and wrung it dry. Then he poured the water out of the pan carefully. When it was nearly empty, I saw what looked like a thin film of white sediment on the bottom of it. He tilted the pan a little, then scooped the sediment out on a saucer with a teaspoon. Carrying the saucer to the stove, he lit one of the gas-jets and held it over the flame until the last drop of moisture had evaporated. There remained in the saucer perhaps half a thimbleful of white powder fine as flour.

"What is it?" I asked.

He sniffed the powder.

"I—don't know," he replied, "but Henderson, the city chemist, will tell us. I'm going to run down there with it now. I'll be back as soon as I know the result."

He had been gone less than half an hour when the operator rang me and said that Mr. McLaughlin was downstairs waiting to see Paul. I told her to send him up. When I explained that my husband had gone down to the city laboratories and that he'd not be back for at least an hour, McLaughlin frowned and said:

"What did he go there for? Henderson and his assistant must have gone home by this time. It's Saturday, you know."

"He must have forgotten," I said, "we'll probably hear from him by telephone in a short time. He wanted to have some powder analyzed."

"Some powder?" the District Attorney repeated. "I see. I opened Miss Gloyne's safe deposit box and found mighty interesting data there," he volunteered, glancing at me out of the tail of his eye as if doubting the wisdom of informing me what this important thing was.

"Oh, did you?" I retorted. If he thought he was going to snare me into asking questions, he was going to be disappointed.

"Yes," he said, and dropped the subject like a plummet.

For the next half hour Mr. McLaughlin tried to entertain me with the assiduousness of an elderly bachelor who has permitted himself to be cornered by a female of the species and tries to talk himself out of the dilemma. I want to say here that, Kipling to the contrary, the male of the species is by far the deadliest in such a situation. The District Attorney's attempts at small talk were gargantuan, pachydermic, and broodingnagian. A gambol with a gentle diplodocus on the mesozoic plain would have been mild exercise compared with the barrage of elephantine wit which I was forced to stand up under and smile at in the right places. The casualties in the battle of the sexes during the Age of Innocence must have been terrible. No wonder our grandmothers wore steel corsets.

No shipwrecked mariner welcomed the long-deferred answer to his desperate S O S with greater relief than I did the sharp ringing of my telephone, followed by Paul's voice announcing that he was on his way home.

"I forgot all about it being Saturday," he said, "but I got Henderson's home on the wire. His wife said that he'd gone to a ball game in Jersey and that he wouldn't be back until dinner. I left the powder with her, asking her to tell him to take it to the laboratory immediately after dinner and analyze it for me. Just my luck, Pete, but it was the best I could do."

I told him that Mr. McLaughlin was waiting for him.

"All right," he said, "I'll hop on the subway. I'll be home in twenty minutes."

I went into the kitchen, ostensibly to busy myself with housewifely concerns, but really to spike the guns of my Caledonian sharp-shooter. When Paul returned, I came up for air.

"What's this powder Mrs. Ames was telling me about?" McLaughlin asked.

Paul explained.

"There was only one used towel in the soiled clothesbag in her bathroom. Mrs. Reed, the cleaning woman, told me that she had taken her

laundry home with her the day before. I took a chance on the murderer having used that towel. Of course he mightn't have. But when I find out what the white powder is, I'll be sure of it."

McLaughlin shrugged.

"Finding white powder on a lady's towel in this cosmetic age is gathering goat-feathers, Lieutenant. I've turned up something of real significance." He opened his brief-case and drew out two packages. "I found these in her safe deposit box at the bank. This first package is seven letters from Harner to Miss Gloyne. They're nearly two years old, but—well, read 'em yourself."

He undid the string with which they were tied and handed them to Paul, one by one. My husband passed them to me as he read them, and I must say that our Rufus wielded a persuasive pen. To me one of the Seven Wonders of the World has always been how hard-fisted business men jell when they come in contact with one of our sex at the age of indiscretion. I tried to form a mental picture of Rufus, the Rapacious, seated at his desk clutching for comet's hair and gnawing a thesaurus. In two of the epistles, he'd reverted to slight poetry, the type of inane doggerel that becomes high explosive if handled carelessly by a lawyer in a suit for breach of promise.

As Paul laid down the last of the letters, McLaughlin said:

"Fixing to pry a little chunk of loot from Harner, or she wouldn't have kept them so carefully."

"Looks like it—on the face of it," Paul replied. "but I don't see how she expected to get away with it. If Mrs. Harner had known nothing about her affair with her husband it would be different; but she had given the woman the freedom of her house."

"Yes, but she might not have known how far it had gone."

"That's even more fatal to your argument, Major. If she didn't know, where would be her motive for murdering Miss Gloyne?"

"She might have found out the true status of the affair quite recently," McLaughlin said.

Paul shook his head. He told the District Attorney about our visit with the Brennans the night before. McLaughlin's face was a study in perplexity at this information. His lean hand shot into the brief-case again.

"This letter here is not so innocent then as I thought it was," he ejaculated, handing my husband a single thin envelope.

I GLANCED at the signature—Maud Brennan—scrawled at the bottom of the epistle. The text of the letter was typical of the sort of woman who was now Billy Brennan's wife. It was frankly threatening. Had McLaughlin not been so convinced of the Harners' guilt, he would have seen the import of it. There were two closely written pages of denunciation, broad references to the dead woman's parasitism and general uselessness, and a warning to "lay off" her Bouncing Billy or take the consequences. The letter was undated, and the cancellation mark on the envelope had been obliterated.

"Did you post a man to watch the Brennans?" McLaughlin demanded.

"No, I didn't think it necessary," Paul replied.

"You didn't think it necessary—gad, Ames, have you lost your mind? They'll have skipped by this time!"

"I don't think so, Major," Paul replied calmly, "however we can easily find out." He turned to the telephone and consulting his notebook asked the operator for the Brennan number. During the short wait McLaughlin sat teetering on the edge of his chair. "Mr. Brennan?" Paul inquired. "This is Lieutenant Ames speaking. I just called to ask you if you knew of any relatives of Miss Gloyne's who would see to the obsequies. . . . You don't? You wouldn't care to take charge, yourself? . . . Well, I can hardly blame you under the circumstances. . . . Thank you, Mr. Brennan."

He hung the receiver back on the hook.

"Was there nothing else of interest in the box, Major?" he asked.

"There was another letter, a handful of old receipts, and a life insurance policy for a thousand dollars made payable to her estate," the other said. "Here's the letter. It's from Neal Sadler, written in nineteen twenty-six, just after her face-lifting operation, I imagine. But how

(Continued on page 50)

THEY GOT ETHYL EVERYWHERE

THE cars of the Purple and White Fleet used Ethyl Gasoline *all the way* on their trans-continental run, sponsored by the Elks Magazine last year. So, because of the increased performance which Ethyl gave, they are using it *again this year* on their trip from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast.

They chose Ethyl for three reasons:

1. They could get it everywhere.
2. They knew that the Ethyl emblem, wherever they saw it, meant good gasoline of high, anti-knock quality.
3. The Ethyl fluid in Ethyl Gasoline prevented "knocking", increased

power and made driving easier, saving wear and tear on both engine and driver alike.

Ask the drivers what they think of Ethyl. They will tell you that on long trips or short ones, wherever you drive, whatever car you own, it will do its best on Ethyl.

THESE ARE THE OIL COMPANIES LICENSED TO MIX AND SELL ETHYL GASOLINE:

American Oil Company
AMERICAN ETHYL
American Oil Works Company
PENN-DRAKE ETHYL
Anglo-American Oil Co., Ltd.
PRATT'S ETHYL PETROL
Ashland Refining Company
RED PEPPER ETHYL
Associated Oil Company
ASSOCIATED ETHYL
Atlantic Refining Company
ATLANTIC ETHYL
Barnsdall Corporation
SUPER-GAS ETHYL
Bartles-Maguire Oil Company
BARTLES ETHYL
Beacon Oil Company
COLONIAL ETHYL
British American Oil Co., Ltd.
BRITISH-AMERICAN ETHYL
Champlin Refining Company
CHAMPLIN ETHYL
Col-Tex Refining Company
COL-TEX ETHYL
Continental Oil Company
CONOCO ETHYL
Continental Refining Company
CORECO ETHYL
Crystal Oil Refining Corp.
CRYSTAL ETHYL
Eason Oil Company
EASON ETHYL
Fleet-Wing Oil Corporation
FLEET-WING ETHYL
Freedom Oil Works Company
FREEDOM ETHYL
Home Oil Distributors, Ltd.
HOME ETHYL
Humble Oil and Refining Co.
FLASHLIKE ETHYL
Imperial Oil, Limited
IMPERIAL ETHYL
Independent Oil and Gas Co.
INDEPENDENT ETHYL
Johnson Oil Refining Company
JOHNSON ETHYL
Kendall Refining Company
KENDALL ETHYL
Lincoln Oil Refining Company
LINCO ETHYL
Louisiana Oil Refining Corp.
LORECO ETHYL
Mexican Petroleum Corporation
PAN-AM ETHYL

Mid-Continent Petroleum Corp.
NEVR-NOX ETHYL
Midwest Refining Company
RED CROWN ETHYL
A. D. Miller Sons Company
MILLER'S ETHYL
National Refining Company
WHITE ROSE ETHYL
Pan-American Petroleum Corp.
PAN-AM ETHYL
Pasotex Petroleum Company
RED CROWN ETHYL
Pennsylvania Refining Co.
PENRECO ETHYL
Pennzoil Company
PENNZOIL ETHYL
Phillips Petroleum Company
PHILLIPS '66' ETHYL
Producers and Refiners Corp.
PARCO ETHYL
Refiners Oil Company
REFINERS ETHYL
Richfield Oil Company
RICHFIELD ETHYL
Richfield Oil Co. of New York
RICHFIELD ETHYL
Rio Grande Oil Company
RIO GRANDE ETHYL
Root Refining Company
ROOT ETHYL
Shaffer Oil and Refining Co.
KANT-NOCK ETHYL
Shreveport-El Dorado
Pipe Line Company
SPARCO ETHYL

Solar Refining Company
SOLAR ETHYL
Standard Oil Co. of California
STANDARD ETHYL
Standard Oil Company of Cuba
ESSO
Standard Oil Co. (Indiana)
RED CROWN ETHYL
Standard Oil Co. (Kentucky)
CROWN ETHYL
Standard Oil Co. of Louisiana
ESSO and STANDARD ETHYL
Standard Oil Co. (Nebraska)
RED CROWN ETHYL
Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey
ESSO and STANDARD ETHYL
Standard Oil Co. of New York
SOCONY SPECIAL
Standard Oil Company (Ohio)
SOHIO ETHYL
Standard Oil Co. of Pennsylvania
ESSO and STANDARD ETHYL
Sterling Oil Company
STERLING ETHYL
Texas Pacific Coal & Oil Co.
T-P ETHYL
Tidal Refining Company
TYDOL ETHYL
Tide Water Oil Corporation
TYDOL ETHYL
Transcontinental Oil Co.
MARATHON ETHYL
Union Oil Co. of California
UNION ETHYL
Utah Oil Refining Company
PEP ETHYL
Vacuum Oil Company
MOBILGAS ETHYL
Wadhams Oil Corporation
WADHAMS ETHYL
Waverly Oil Works Company
WAVERLY ETHYL
White Eagle Oil and Refining Co.
WHITE EAGLE ETHYL
White Star Refining Company
WHITE STAR ETHYL
Wirt Franklin Petroleum Corp.
PALACINE ETHYL



Ethyl Gasoline is on sale throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain by the above oil companies, and by thousands of jobbers and dealers too numerous to list.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 48)

about the Brennans? Hadn't we better keep an eye on them?"

"They wouldn't dare skip if they were guilty. Their only hope to avoid arrest would be to go about their gymnastics as usual," Paul replied as he unfolded Neal Sadler's letter which the Deputy District Attorney had handed him.

He read the letter to the end, then apparently re-read it, for it was some time before he gave it to me.

"Almost a classic in the way of a love letter," he said slowly. "I feel like a cur for having used my authority as an excuse to read it."

"If the object of it had been a different sort of a woman, I'd agree with you," McLaughlin replied.

"The object of unselfish devotion is rarely worthy of it," Paul mused, "but that doesn't make it less sincere."

As my husband had said, the letter was indeed a classic so far as devotion was concerned. The note of disillusionment it carried only served to make it the more poignant.

"Beloved," I read, "when I saw you again last night after all these years I could hardly believe my eyes. It seemed as if time had rolled back—as if you had just stepped out of your old Virginia garden. The scent of your flowers drifted into that crowded room with you."

"I had almost resigned myself to losing you, but last night I knew that no matter what you had done in the past, nothing could change my feelings for you. We do not love another because that other is kind, my dear."

"I know that you do not wish to be reminded of those years—that my love has become distasteful to you; but when I got home to-night I could not resist writing and telling you how beautiful you looked. Seeing you there so alive and rejuvenated brought all the old memories back with a rush. Oh, my Beloved, I wish that I could capture that old beauty and keep it forever with me. I could die to-night after that one glimpse of you—die with the picture of you in my heart. I want to take your dear face between my hands and seal my eyes with one last look."

"Your unhappy and adoring
"NEAL."

I HANDED the letter back to McLaughlin with more than a faint mist in my eyes. He returned it to his brief-case.

"That woman deserved to die!" he said vindictively.

"Granted," Paul replied, "but if execution were carried out upon every object of unrequited love, I'm afraid the massacre would be too much even for Chicago."

"All this stuff doesn't get us anywhere," McLaughlin said impatiently. "I want a talk with the Brennan woman, Ames. I wish you'd send Sloan over there and get her. I guess it won't hurt if he takes his eyes off that fire-cape for fifteen minutes."

Paul arose with a gesture of resignation. "Very well, Major, I'll send him after the Brennans."

"I said Mrs. Brennan!" McLaughlin retorted.

"Her husband will insist upon coming along, unless I'm mistaken," Paul replied, and left.

To avoid another tête-à-tête with the District Attorney, I went into the next room upon pretense of having an errand there. Paul did not return for some fifteen or twenty minutes, and with him were the Brennans. I knew that he had gone for them himself, and McLaughlin suspected it, too, but he merely glanced at the acrobat and his wife, at the introduction, and bade them be seated.

Brennan glowered at us all as he dropped into his chair. His wife sat very straight in hers, sweeping the apartment with an all-inclusive feminine glance. She regarded me with the contemplation of a horned toad who has met a prickly pear for the first time and is doubtful about the relationship. It evidently disturbed her to discover that a female detective possessed housewifely virtues. She wore a sports suit of Copenhagen-blue, the pleated skirt of which made a brave effort at connecting with her high-rolled beige stockings, snakeskin oxfords and a Panama sailor with a blue-and-gold ribbon.

"Mrs. Brennan," McLaughlin said, "where did you go after the show on the evening of July fourteenth?"

"The evening of the murder?" the woman replied. "Straight home with my husband."

"Sure, we went straight home!" the gentleman attested with a scowl.

"What time did you leave the theatre?"

"A little after ten, as usual," the acrobat supplied.

"I'm questioning your wife, Mr. Brennan!" McLaughlin snapped.

"All right," the other said, with a shrug of his broad stevedore shoulders. "Help yourself!"

McLaughlin's gray eyes narrowed.

"Your house is within ten minutes' walk of here, isn't it, Mrs. Brennan?" he wanted to know.

"Yes."

"Did you go out again after you got home that evening?"

"No."

"Have you a furnished room at this address?"

"We have a furnished apartment there," the woman replied.

"So no one would know if you and your husband actually did come in at the hour you stated?"

Brennan jerked himself forward in his chair.

"So you are fixing to frame us for this!" he snarled, his hand moving toward his back trouser pocket with the reflex movement of long-established habit.

McLaughlin's own lean hand stole forward, catlike. The bony forefinger was raised.

"Take that gun out of your pocket and put it on this table!" he said in a voice from which all emotion seemed to have ebbed. Brennan's small, cruel eyes shifted to Paul. My husband was leaning negligently against the door with his back to it. I knew that neither he nor the District Attorney happened to be armed at the moment. It was—well, a delicate situation.

"I said—take that gun out of your pocket and put it on this table!" McLaughlin repeated.

The acrobat's broad chest rose. His wife sat staring straight ahead of her with an expressionless face. Brennan's hand moved to his pocket. It came out presently with a small automatic pistol. The man arose without a word and laid it on the table before McLaughlin. The District Attorney barely glanced at it. He didn't put it away, but let it lie in plain sight and within easy reach of its owner.

"Did any one see you come in, Mrs. Brennan?" he repeated as if nothing had interrupted his question.

"Yes."

"Who, please?"

"The delicatessen man, on the corner. . . stopped in there and bought some things for supper."

McLaughlin regarded her in silence for a moment.

"Your husband didn't go with you in the store?" he queried.

"No, he went up to the apartment."

"How long did you stay in the store?"

"About fifteen minutes. There were three or four people ahead of me."

"I see. After you had made your purchases you went straight up to the apartment?"

"No. I went to the cleaner's, around the corner, for a coat I had left there to be pressed, then into the dairy next door and bought a bottle of cream. I also stopped at the newsstand and bought a paper."

"All of these people know you, I assume?" McLaughlin asked.

"I don't know. We haven't lived there long. The cleaning man knows me, I think. I took a dress there to be cleaned, a couple of weeks ago."

"I see. All in all, it was probably half an hour before you finally got back to the apartment?"

"I guess so."

"And your husband was at home when you got there?"

For the first time the woman showed some animation.

"Sure, he was," she retorted; "you don't think I'd be fool enough to tell you if he hadn't been, after this thing's happened within seven blocks of us."

McLaughlin's head snapped back at the effrontery of this.

"Been counting the blocks, eh?" he asked softly.

"Sure," she retorted, "didn't we walk it just now?"

I was forced to smile inwardly. Mr. Francis McLaughlin was no match for woman's wiles. He cleared his throat.

"You knew Miss Gloyne quite well, didn't you?" he asked.

"Too well."

"And you were not on—ahem, friendly terms, were you?"

The merest shadow of a smile hovered for a moment about the woman's rouged lips.

"If you mean that I'd have killed her, you're all wrong," she said calmly. "She deserved killing, all right, but I wouldn't have dirtied my hands on her."

"You never threatened her in any way?"

"I might have threatened her. You would, too, if somebody came around every week and took the bread out of your mouth."

McLaughlin brought out the letter from the brief-case, and handed it to her. The woman read it without a trace of emotion and handed it back to him.

"I guess I was mad enough to have killed her when I wrote that," she admitted with a shrug. "Are you going to pinch me on that?"

McLAUGHLIN regarded her like a cat that's been watching a venturesome mouse for fifteen long minutes in the hope that it will stray a little farther from its hole.

"I could, you know, Mrs. Brennan," he remarked.

"Well, why don't you? You've got it all your own way—scaring the gun away from this big, brave bolony!" she added with a look of contempt at her lord and master. When McLaughlin remained silent, she added with a scoff at me: "Trot out the darbies, Joan! It'll be the first publicity this act has had in years!"

Paul moved away from the door, tentatively. The District Attorney took the hint.

"You may go," he said shortly to the two of them.

Brennan was the first to arise. He took a step toward the table where the pistol lay, but McLaughlin put forth a restraining hand.

"Better leave that behind," he said. "Next time you run afoul of the Sullivan law, the officers may not be so considerate. I suppose you know that I could send you up the river for a year for carrying it?"

The man said nothing. He merely crooked his finger at the woman. Mrs. Brennan arose. She paused before the cheval mirror, drew out her puff, and dabbed some entirely superfluous powder on her nose. Snapping her bag shut, she favored us all with a slightly scornful smile and followed her discomfited Samson out of the room.

McLaughlin wiped the perspiration from his forehead and squinted shamefacedly at my husband.

"What a woman!" he sighed. Returning his handkerchief to his pocket, he said: "Would you mind telling me why you consider it so important to keep Sloan soldiering in the alley under that fire-escape?"

Paul's voice showed extreme abstraction when he replied.

"I'm waiting for the answer to that from Henderson's analysis of the powder," he said. His eyes strayed to the telephone, and his hand rose as if in reply to a sudden thought. "I wonder—just a moment, Major!"

Taking the receiver off the hook, he asked the operator for Riverside 96854. McLaughlin sat watching him with cholerick eyes while the connection was being completed.

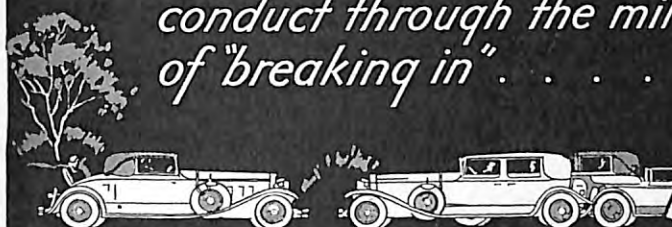
"Lieutenant Ames speaking . . . no, no news. Sorry. . . Mr. Harner, I want you to think back. Did you ever know a person by the name of Elsie Thrasher? . . . You did? How many years ago, did you say? . . . Over twenty-five? Elsie Thrasher and your wife taught school together in Terre Haute, Indiana? . . . You haven't seen Miss Thrasher in all these years? . . . I see. Mrs. Harner corresponded with her fairly regularly, you say? All right, thanks, Mr. Harner. We'll have some news for you some time this evening, I think. . . . Yes, of course, I'll call you at once. Good-by."

Paul hung up. I could see that he was tremendously excited.

(Continued on page 52)

IF THE MAN YOU BUY YOUR CAR FROM PUTS THIS TAG ON IT

*he gives your car safe—
conduct through the miles
of "breaking in"*



IT'S JUST a tag—but so important is its message that thousands of motor car dealers attach it to every new car they sell.

It says—“When this car was delivered, Quaker State Motor Oil was in the crankcase and we urge its continued use.”

And why do so many dealers start their customers off with Quaker State and urge them to continue using it? Because their interest in car and customer does not end when the sale is made. They want the customer to *stay* satisfied—and they know that much of the satisfaction the customer gets out of the car depends on the quality of the lubricant he puts into it.

They know that the first few hundred miles are particularly critical miles to a motor car—miles that can make or mar its future performance—miles when every working part must be bathed with the very finest lubrication.

And they know that Quaker State gives safer, sweeter lubrication than any ordinary oil can possibly give—because there's a quart more of *lubrication* in every gallon of Quaker State—a quart more than is found in the ordinary gallon of oil. This is why . . .

Ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of

motor oil a quart of material that has little or no value in lubricating an automobile motor—a quart of waste.

But Quaker State 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. What you really get is an extra quart in every gallon of Quaker State!

And all four quarts are made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the finest crude oil in the world.

Look for the Quaker State Tag on the new car you buy. Use Quaker State regularly. You will find that it will give your motor extra smooth power—and an extra long life!

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., Oil City, Pa.

Quaker State Specialized Tractor Oils are designed to give every make of tractor a longer life and a merrier one

THE ORIGINAL CERTIFIED
PURE PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL

*Tune in on the Quaker State Program every
Friday evening at 10 o'clock E. S. T.—coast-to-
coast Columbia Network.*



*Get that Extra Quart
in every gallon of*

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Quaker State Medium Motor Oil · Quaker State Medium Heavy · Quaker State Heavy Motor Oil · Quaker State Tractor Oils · Quaker State Aero Oils

The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 50)

"Major!" he said, springing to his feet. "I want you to question Miss Thrasher, and I want it done in Miss Gloyne's apartment. Let's all go down there." He turned to me. "Pete, will you stop off at the sixth floor and ask Miss Thrasher to come down? I'd go myself if I hadn't met her already in the rôle of plumber. She'd recognize me and close up like a clam."

I glanced at the District Attorney. He nodded vaguely, arose, and followed us out of the door.

"For God's sake, Major, handle her with gloves!" Paul said under his breath while we descended the stairs. McLaughlin looked at his lean, bony hands.

"All right!" he mumbled.

I must say that I didn't quite fancy the errand but I had been sent on stranger ones before by Paul, so I gritted my teeth and rang the bell of apartment 611. The woman who answered it was not quite the exaggerated type of elderly spinster that Paul had described her. The dumpiness my husband had referred to gave her an almost motherly look, but then, he always lumps women who are not slim, like myself, as dumpy. Her hair was gray rather than mouse-colored. She had the face of a crusader, and this same spirit was reflected in her gray, purposeful eyes. A formidable woman.

I summoned every ounce of diplomacy I possessed.

"Miss Thrasher," I said, "I'm Mrs. Ames, wife of Lieutenant Ames, on the eighth floor. Mr. McLaughlin, the District Attorney, would like to ask you a question or two. I wonder if you'd be kind enough to step down to Miss Gloyne's apartment for a moment?"

The woman's hand was on the door knob. The only sign of agitation I noted in her was the taking of a firmer grip upon the knob.

"What does the District Attorney think I know about a person who was an utter stranger to me?" she demanded.

"I—I have no idea," I faltered, "I think he hopes that perhaps you heard something on the night of the murder."

The woman looked at me closely in the half-light of the hall, endeavoring, I thought, to read in my diffident eyes something entirely different.

"Very well," she replied, "I'll be down in a little while."

As I turned to go, she closed the door very slowly as if she were about to add some postscript, but the lock snapped shut.

Disappointment was plain in McLaughlin's face when I returned without the woman.

"Out, eh?" he said, then brightened when I informed him that Miss Thrasher would be down directly. He seemed, however, to take my statement with a grain of salt, for he said over his shoulder, to Paul, who had gone into the next room: "At any rate, Sloan will get her if she tries a Houdini by way of the fire-escape."

CHAPTER XI

McLAUGHLIN was seated in the chair by the window, the one which Lancaster had said the man in the gray suit, tan oxfords, and white gloves had occupied on the night of the murder a short time before the crime was committed. The District Attorney had placed another chair in a position facing the bedroom door, behind which Paul had taken up his post of observation.

When the bell rang, McLaughlin swung around and faced the entrance. I went forward and answered it.

Miss Thrasher entered. She paused at the davenport and stood looking at the District Attorney with calm, inscrutable eyes. McLaughlin rose half-way, then all the way. He gave a stiff, jerky bow that reminded one of an ape dodging a coconut heaved from on high, then asked his visitor to be seated. She glanced at the chair briefly as if in doubt of the wisdom of accepting the invitation. Once seated, however, she folded her hands in her lap and made herself as comfortable as was humanly possible in one of Miss Gloyne's elaborately carved chairs.

I regarded the two with some secret amusement in spite of the solemnity of the occasion,

the elderly bachelor, and the middle-aged old maid; two old war horses grim and weary with the joys of single blessedness.

"Madam," McLaughlin said in his most formal tone, "I have asked you here"—at this point he glanced over his shoulder with the unspoken hope that Paul would step from behind the door and take the blame for the summoning of Miss Thrasher—"thinking that you might be able to shed some—ahem, light upon the tragedy that occurred in this room on the night of July the fourteenth."

He paused and regarded the lady almost apologetically. Miss Thrasher inclined her head slightly.

"I?" she said.

"Yes," he replied. He blinked fatuously. "I assume that you knew Miss Gloyne?"

"I knew her when I saw her." Miss Thrasher's specificity left no doubt as to the meaning she intended to convey.

"Did you know her before you moved into this house?"

"No." There was no mistaking the lack of regret at not having met the deceased earlier.

McLaughlin cleared his throat.

"Miss Thrasher," he said, "you've been living directly above this apartment for over a month. What were your observations, if any, as to your—ahem, neighbor's habits and mode of living?"

"Not any."

The District Attorney's eyes strayed to the fire-escape, whose grille work was traced in suggestive bars upon the pane of the window in the waning evening light.

"On the night of the murder—did you hear any unusual sounds?"

"No."

"Your windows were open, I assume."

"Possibly. I don't remember."

"You didn't notice that the evening was unusually warm, then?"

"Yes."

"So, presumably, your windows were open?" McLaughlin suggested.

"Very likely."

The District Attorney's gray eyes were beginning to harden.

"Were you at home all evening, Miss Thrasher?" he asked.

"I was not at home at all," she replied.

McLaughlin drew back as if offended at her lack of consideration in not having remained at home on so eventful an evening.

"How late did you return?" he asked desperately.

"At eleven o'clock the following morning."

"I see. You were out of town?" The District Attorney fairly glared at the door behind which Paul was hidden.

"Do you mind telling us where you were?"

"Not at all. I went to Coney Island for relief from the heat. You'll find my name on the register at the Shoreham Hotel there, for the night of the fourteenth."

McLaughlin chewed this cud for some moments before proceeding.

"What time did you leave here?"

"About seven o'clock. It was a little past eight when I took the room at the Shoreham."

"When did you first hear of the murder?"

"When I returned at eleven o'clock. The elevator man told me that something had happened in Miss Gloyne's apartment."

"And what did you think?"

"Nothing—specific. The elevator man didn't seem to know anything definite."

"You were not sufficiently curious to ask questions about the death of a woman who lives practically next door to you?" McLaughlin inquired. "Hardly a feminine gesture, if I may be permitted to point out."

"You have my permission," Miss Thrasher retorted imperturbably.

McLaughlin favored her with a deadly look.

"Now, Miss Thrasher, when you returned, were your windows open as you had left them?" he asked.

"Did I say that I had left them open? If so, they were very likely still open unless some one had closed them."

"That's what I'm wondering about, Miss Thrasher—if some one had closed them."

The woman's eyebrows were raised in polite interrogation.

"Who could possibly have closed my windows if I had left them open?" she asked.

"Well," said McLaughlin, "there was a shower of rain early in the evening. The janitor might have noticed that you'd left them open and have gone in and closed them, mightn't he?"

The woman smiled faintly.

"You evidently haven't lived in New York City very long, sir," she remarked.

"For your information, I may state that I've lived here practically all my life, Miss Thrasher," the District Attorney retorted acidly.

"In that event, you're a most optimistic person," she replied blithely.

McLaughlin's sallow face tinged momentarily, but not with the flush of optimism. I had been observing Miss Thrasher closely. Beneath her superb composure and self-assurance, I thought I detected a note of bravado. I also noted that she showed no indication of being hard of hearing. Her replies were too prompt and unhesitating.

"MADAM," he said with biting severity, "when a murder has been committed it devolves upon every citizen who may have any information upon the events leading up to it to assist the authorities to the best of his or her ability. Your flagrant evasiveness suggests a knowledge of such events. I'm not making any threats, but it'll be greatly to your interest if you'll answer my questions without unnecessary circumlocutions."

"You mean that I'm under suspicion of having killed Miss Gloyne during my absence at Coney Island?" the woman asked. "I'd suggest that you examine the hotel register at the Shoreham before you make an arrest."

"I could hold you as a material witness, you know," McLaughlin reminded her savagely.

"As a witness to—what? To a crime that was committed during my absence?"

"Precisely, Miss Thrasher. It took you little more than an hour to get to Coney Island. Consequently it would have taken you no longer to have returned. We happen to know that Miss Gloyne was alive at nine-thirty and that she was dead by eleven o'clock."

The woman remained silent for an appreciable time, then said:

"As I'm under arrest, you won't mind my calling my attorney?"

"You evidently misunderstood me. You're not under arrest—yet," McLaughlin said. He fastened her with his piercing gray eyes. "Miss Thrasher, a man was seen on the fire-escape outside this window at about nine-thirty on the evening of the murder."

The effect of this statement on the woman was curious. She still regarded her interlocutor dispassionately, but little flecks of green appeared in her wide eyes, and her mouth hitched itself into hard lines—but with a very obvious effort.

"I suppose you're going to tell me that this man disappeared through the window of my apartment," she said in a tone that was more of a question than a challenge.

The District Attorney contemplated her at length.

"That was why I wanted to know if you had closed and locked your windows before you left for—Coney Island," he said.

"They were both closed and locked," the woman replied.

"I'm glad your memory is returning, Miss Thrasher," McLaughlin assured her. "You found nothing disturbed in your apartment when you returned the next morning? No indications that any one had been there during your absence?"

"No."

"How did you come to move into this house, Miss Thrasher?"

"I saw the advertisement that the apartment was for rent."

"In which paper?"

"I don't remember. I believe it was in the Times."

"The New York Times?"

"Yes, of course."

"I see. I thought you might possibly have seen it in one of the Terre Haute papers," McLaughlin said.

Miss Thrasher's face changed color with a
(Continued on page 54)



The Pair That Beats a Royal Flush

The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 52)

suddenness that was startling, but she didn't move.

"I note that you've been spying on me," he said in a voice cold with fury.

"Merely informing ourselves as to your nativity," McLaughlin retorted. "Suppose you tell us where Mrs. Harner is and save yourself a lot of trouble."

"And suppose I don't?"

The District Attorney's smile was an effigy of mirth.

"I'd rather not contemplate the unpleasant consequences of such a course," he said.

"Then suppose I don't know where she is?"

"I shall be forced to disbelieve you, madam. You were observed and identified when you called Mr. Harner at a pay station in Columbus Circle, day before yesterday, and told him not to worry and that Mrs. Harner was all right."

It was a chance shot, but it had its effect. The woman's lips curled with scorn.

"Very well. I did know where Mrs. Harner was—day before yesterday."

"YOU wish me to infer from that that you don't know where she is now?" McLaughlin retorted. "Again I'm under the painful necessity of disbelieving you, Miss Thrasher. Suppose I tell you that we know that Mrs. Harner called you on the telephone at six o'clock on the evening of the murder, that she came here a short time after, carrying a suit-case, that she got off at the seventh floor and walked down one flight of stairs! That you let her in and took yourself off to Coney Island to give her a chance to—do what she came here for!"

"Is that all?" the woman asked.

"Not quite all, Miss Thrasher," McLaughlin told her. "I'll add that Mrs. Harner, being in need of a person whom she could trust in her difficulties with her husband over Miss Gloyne, got you, her old girlhood friend, to come East and established you in apartment 611 to carry out her plan. Am I right, Miss Thrasher? Understand, I'm willing to believe that she told you that she intended to use your apartment merely to spy on Miss Gloyne and her husband, and that you knew nothing of her real intention. It is entirely up to you what I decide to believe."

"You're more than generous!" she said with the same imperturbable calm, faintly edged with scorn.

"You persist in refusing to divulge the hiding-place of Mrs. Harner?" McLaughlin asked in a voice that shook with ill-suppressed rage.

"I most certainly do!" Miss Thrasher leaned forward in her chair, her gray-green eyes blazing for the first time. "You spoke of my friendship a moment ago. Suppose I tell you something! Suppose I tell you that when I was eighteen years old I was paralyzed, that for three years I could neither move hand nor foot, that if it hadn't been for Edith Harner I'd have died in a wheel-chair twenty-five years ago! Suppose I tell you that it was her money that sent me to Vienna, on a stretcher, to the spine specialist who cured me, money she had saved from teaching school for eight years at sixty dollars a month, before she met and married that toad of a Harner! And now you want me to betray her! Well, I won't."

McLaughlin's own rage had ebbed before the righteous fury of the other. He sat looking at her, lips parted slightly, his gray eyes suddenly grown gentle. Presently he arose, and made her a stiff bow.

"Madam," he said, "I regret most deeply the necessity of informing you that you're under arrest as an accessory after the fact."

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"Save your regrets for a more auspicious occasion," she replied.

The ringing of the telephone was a welcome interruption of this melodramatic impasse. I went to answer it.

"Captain Rice on the wire for Lieutenant Ames," the telephone operator announced. "I called your apartment, Mrs. Ames. When you weren't in, I rang this bell."

"I'll take the message," I replied. "Yes, Captain! Mrs. Ames speaking. My husband just stepped out for a moment."

"O. K., Mrs. Ames. Tell the Lieutenant that

I located the sanitarium where William Sadler was taken. Found it by trailing Neal Sadler. The hophead died there this afternoon. Tell the Lieutenant that I followed Neal back to the Nottingham and that he's there now!"

When I turned to relay the message to McLaughlin, Paul was standing in the open doorway. He was regarding Miss Thrasher with that odd, veiled expression in his hazel eyes—the expression which I had learned always preceded some momentous decision. Coming to my side, he took the receiver from my hand, asked a few sharp questions of Captain Rice, and requested him to join us as quickly as possible. Then he informed McLaughlin what we'd just learned.

"Well, well, what of it?" the District Attorney retorted impatiently. "It has nothing to do with the business at hand."

Paul's gaze was fastened upon the ebony pedestal in the corner with a peculiar intensity. A ray of the late evening sun that fell under the half-drawn window shade touched the bronze foot with a deep gold, almost crimson. He turned his head and held out his hand to the woman.

"May I have the key to your apartment, Miss Thrasher?" he asked gently.

I glanced at McLaughlin. He was observing the tableau with the irascible mien of an Alexander regarding a Gordian knot that had dulled the edge of his own trusty sword.

As I looked at Miss Thrasher's face I knew that we were on the brink of the solution. Every trace of color had ebbed from it, leaving it livid. She slumped forward a little, then threw her head back with a movement of defiant resignation. Her tightly closed right hand relaxed. Paul took the key from it.

"I'll be right back," he said to McLaughlin and left us.

THE three of us sat in silence, avoiding each other's eyes, Miss Thrasher inscrutable as a Sphinx, McLaughlin with his thin nostrils slightly dilated like a bloodhound temporarily off the scent; and myself, I imagine, more or less like a fish that had been pulled from its native element somewhat suddenly.

It was inevitable that we should all start in unison at a step outside the door. Paul opened it and ushered in a woman. I saw McLaughlin rise half-way, then sink back. His long bony fingers resting on the arms of the chair arched themselves to talons as Paul dropped a small suitcase he was carrying and said slowly:

"Mrs. Harner has something to tell you, Mr. McLaughlin."

The newcomer whirled on my husband.

"I have nothing to say—as I told you—nothing!"

She was a small woman, compactly built to the point of sturdiness. Although her features were distorted by vehemence, hers might well have been a pleasant face in repose. She would have passed as pretty in her youth. Her chin was well-rounded and determined, but her eyes had the baffled look of a person whose life has cheated after years of playing the game. I'd seen that same look in eyes of desert women scanning the coppery sky for rain.

Paul drew up a chair for her, and she sank into it with a gesture of resignation. Miss Thrasher was the first to break the silence.

"I have told them nothing, Edith!" she said.

Mrs. Harner glanced at the suitcase, then gave her friend a futile smile.

McLaughlin exchanged glances with my husband.

"There's nothing you wish to say before I place you under arrest, Mrs. Harner?" he asked.

The woman turned her desperate eyes upon the District Attorney.

"For the murder of Doris Gloyne?" She laughed mirthlessly. "You really think that I killed her? You detectives!"

"Well," said McLaughlin, "we may not be so smart as you are, Mrs. Harner, but we have our moments of inspiration. What's in that grip, Lieutenant?"

"A suit of my husband's clothes," the woman retorted before Paul could reply.

"That's what I thought. And in the face of that and the circumstance of having remained

in hiding since the day of the murder, you still expect us to believe that you had nothing to do with Miss Gloyne's death?"

"No, I can hardly say that I expect it. In your place I'd probably think the same. Do you mind telling me how I'm supposed to have done it? I've followed the papers pretty closely, and it's even more of a mystery to me than to you—if that is possible," she added with a touch of sarcasm.

"We'll discover how you did it, Mrs. Harner, never fear," McLaughlin assured her—but with a certain note of mental reservation.

"I shall be curious to know the result," the woman replied. She glanced at my husband. "Lieutenant Ames evidently thought that I had drowned her in Miss Thrasher's bathtub. His call on me during your absence yesterday, Elsie, would seem to indicate that."

McLaughlin stared open-mouthed at Paul, who returned his look sorrowfully, like a school-boy caught in the act. I'd never seen the poor dear look so sheepish in his life. The District Attorney's face grew thunder-dark.

"Lieutenant," he rasped, "have you known since yesterday that Mrs. Harner was in Miss Thrasher's apartment?"

I saw Paul's hazel eyes flash fire.

"Damn it, Major, I didn't know it was Mrs. Harner!" he snapped. His heels clicked together and his hand rose in a salute. "I had never met Miss Thrasher, sir," he added.

McLaughlin ran his hand through his sparse gray hair.

"I—see," he said, chastened. "You're going to deny everything then, Madam?" he asked of Mrs. Harner.

"I'm going to deny that I murdered Doris Gloyne, if that is what you mean by everything," the woman replied.

"And you have no explanation to offer as to your reason for coming here on the night of the murder? No explanation for climbing down the fire-escape in your husband's clothes in the middle of the night?"

"Yes, I've plenty of explanations for that, but probably none that would satisfy you."

"Suppose you try me, Mrs. Harner?" McLaughlin said. "I must warn you that anything you say will be used against you," he added.

"I don't doubt that, sir," she retorted without rancor. "I don't mind telling you. You probably know a good deal already. I came here to put an end to Miss Gloyne's affair with my husband—though not in the way you think. I had hoped to surprise him in Miss Gloyne's apartment. It's not a nice thing to do, but neither was it nice to live the sort of a life I'd lived with Mr. Harner for the past two years. I shan't go into the details of it. I'd made up my mind that I would tolerate it no longer. Unfortunately, the State of New York requires certain—sordid proof in an action for divorce. I discussed the matter with my attorney. He advised me upon the course I chose. It was necessary to secure the assistance of a friend, so I asked Miss Thrasher to come East to help me. My original intention was to have her take any apartment in the house and report to me, but when by a lucky chance she was able to secure the apartment directly above Miss Gloyne's, I decided to take a hand myself."

"I came here on the evening of the murder to secure the evidence. Mr. Harner had informed me that he was detained in town on business. I thought that he was lying. It seems that for once I'd misjudged him, for when I went down the fire-escape at nine-thirty and looked in through the window, I saw another man there, and not my husband. Miss Gloyne was at her favorite trick—giving one of her silly readings to an admirer."

When she paused, McLaughlin looked across the room at my husband as if to see how Paul took this recitation.

"I don't suppose you know who this man was, Mrs. Harner," he asked caustically.

The woman regarded the District Attorney levelly for some moments.

"Yes, I knew him."

"Who was it, Mrs. Harner?" McLaughlin asked softly.

The woman shook her head.

"I'll never tell," she said.

"I see! A very good friend of yours, eh?" McLaughlin prompted.

(Continued on page 56)

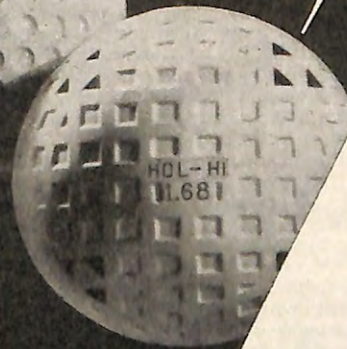
The new **H I SPOT** in Golf

"STANDARDIZED BY U.S.G.A.
PRODUCED BY WILSON"

From the impact of the first drive to the pleasing plunk as the last putt drops, this new 1.68 HOL-HI is golf's finest all-around performer ▼▼ dimple or mesh ▼▼ plain, or with Hi-Spots for identification and for easy detection in the rough. ▼▼ This new 1.68 HOL-HI sits up so your club-head can get at it ▼▼ takes the bad lies out of fairways ▼▼ takes the curse out of heel-prints. It gets up quickly for the long carry ▼▼ and hugs the groove from putter to cup. ▼▼ Play the HOL-HI this year. The new size is now legal for tournament play. In 1931 it will be obligatory. In the new size or old, for fast swinger or slow, the distance that's built in HOL-HI shows up on hole after hole.

OLD SIZE OR
NEW LEGAL
SIZE

75¢



HOL-HI

by

Wilson

GOLF EQUIPMENT
WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.

FOOTBALL. . . BASEBALL. . . BASKETBALL. . . TENNIS

The Gloyne Murder

(Continued from page 54)

The woman's eyes held the District Attorney's for a full fifteen seconds.

"You're wrong, sir—I have no lover!" she said.

McLaughlin dropped back in his chair with a baffled movement. He seemed to be casting about for something to say when the telephone rang for the second time.

Paul crossed to the instrument in two quick strides and took the receiver off the hook.

"Yes, Henderson," he said. "Ames speaking. It's—what! . . . Are you sure? . . . All right! Thanks, old man."

He hung the receiver up and faced us, but his eyes were on the two women.

"Mrs. Harner," he said in a low, tense voice, "you stated that Miss Gloyne was giving one of her readings to this man. Were you at the window long enough to ascertain the nature of this reading?"

"I was. And I had seen her—or rather, listened to her—give it before. It was a silly thing she had written herself. She gave it in a *strait-jacket*! Some one should have put her in one of those things permanently so she couldn't have gone around ruining other people's lives with her baby talk and kittenish ways!"

"I'm sure it would have been better for all concerned," Paul agreed. "Mrs. Harner, we've been told that the man who was sitting in the chair by the window was wearing brown gloves. Do you mind telling us if this was your observation, too? I may state that if this is so, I think we have identified Miss Gloyne's murderer. Will you try to remember carefully? An innocent man's life and liberty may be at stake."

McLaughlin sat bolt upright. His face was a study in incredulity and choler. I looked at Paul's cherubic countenance, before which his superior was spluttering mentally.

"Your informant was wrong, Lieutenant Ames," Mrs. Harner replied. "Miss Gloyne's visitor wore white gloves—*white canvas* gloves!"

"*Canvas*!" McLaughlin ejaculated, relaxing in his seat with a gesture of utter disgust.

"I see," Paul said gently. "Mrs. Harner, the reason you refuse to tell us his name is that you feel sorry for him? That whatever he did to Miss Gloyne that night, you feel that she got her just deserts at his hands? Am I right?"

Mrs. Harner made no reply.

"I APPRECIATE the delicate position in which you found yourself when you heard of the murder the following morning from Miss Thrasher. But I cannot see why you should wish to protect a man who has treated you so badly—who has heaped humiliation upon your head for two years—to protect this murderer at the risk of your own life and liberty."

Mrs. Harner had risen to her feet.

"You think it was my husband!" she shouted. "It wasn't! Bad as he is, he wouldn't do a thing like that!"

"I'm sorry that I have to differ with you, Mrs. Harner," Paul retorted, to the amazement of both me and McLaughlin, "but I happen to be in possession of enough evidence to convict him."

"Oh, but you're wrong! Most terribly wrong. Mr. Harner was not in that room, I tell you!"

Paul smiled softly.

"Your loyalty to this man who has injured you so deeply is most admirable, but it can't save him."

"It's a lie!" she screamed, "a most damnable

lie! It was not my husband, I tell you! It was—Neal Sadler in that room with Miss Gloyne!"

"O—oh! That's—different," said Paul.

"And I hope he's miles away from here!" Mrs. Harner added. "I hope you never get him! She deserved to be killed—the way she treated that poor man!"

"Mrs. Harner," Paul said, "did you see anything further through the window?"

"Nothing except that when Miss Gloyne was done with her—act, Neal picked her up from the rug where she had been performing and carried her to the davenport in—that thing."

"You refer to the strait-jacket?"

"Yes. Then he went into the bathroom and returned with a large brass bowl in his hands."

"Could you see what was in the bowl?"

"IT WAS something white like—like lather; but it couldn't have been lather. From the way he carried it, it must have been very heavy. A telephone rang in one of the apartments across the way just then. I was afraid that some one would see me, so I hurried back to Miss Thrasher's apartment."

"Yes, Mrs. Harner. He still had the canvas gloves on when he came out of the bathroom carrying the bowl?"

"Yes."

Paul turned to me.

"Ask the operator to call us a cab, quick, Pete, will you? Major, I'm going to ask you to permit these ladies to return to their apartment."

The District Attorney arose.

"If—if you think it safe," he said meekly.

"Quite safe, Major." He bowed to them. "You'll accept our apologies for the annoyance we caused you, Mrs. Harner? And you also, Miss Thrasher, I trust?"

Miss Thrasher inclined her head, but said nothing. Mrs. Harner regarded my husband soberly.

"You're a very clever man, Lieutenant Ames," she said, "too bad that you should waste your talents in such—a profession."

Paul's hazel eyes narrowed for a moment, then he said:

"If I succeed in saving but one innocent person from conviction, I shall consider that my existence has been justified, Madam." He nodded to me and McLaughlin. "Let's go."

For the better part of the ride to the Nottingham Hotel, Paul sat relaxed in the seat, with eyes closed. It was not until we rounded the curve at Columbus Circle that he opened them, and then only in answer to a query of McLaughlin's.

"There'll be no trouble about the evidence, Major," he replied wearily. His hand found mine in the shelter of the seat. "Sometimes I almost hate this business, Pete!"

McLaughlin sat hunched forward, staring at the traffic that rolled past us at the changing of the lights.

"Where would society be without the protection of men like yourself?" he said.

"Society!" Paul flared, then caught himself. His hand stole forward and came to rest on the older man's shoulder. "I wish I possessed half your sense of duty, Major."

"You don't need to think that I'm getting sport out of it!" McLaughlin growled, but his long, bony fingers closed about my husband's hand in a grip of steel.

When Paul showed his badge to the clerk at the desk, a boy took us up to the tenth floor at once. His knock on Neal Sadler's door brought

no answer. The door was locked on the inside, and the key was in the lock.

Paul motioned me and the boy aside.

"Your shoulder, Major!" he said to McLaughlin. Under the two men's combined efforts, the door swung violently open against the wall. Slumped forward over a small table sat Neal Sadler. His back was turned to us, but his sagging body told its own story. He was dead.

McLaughlin ran forward. His bony hand remained poised in midair. Tightly clutched in the dead man's encircling arms was something whiter than his own chalky face—the death mask of Doris Gloyne—in plaster of Paris!

As Paul disengaged the cast gently from the stiff arms, a small vial rolled across the table and came to rest against the ink stand, where an envelope was propped up. McLaughlin removed the cork of the vial.

"Cyanide!" he said.

The three of us stood looking at the plaster-cast in silence. The words of Neal Sadler's letter to Doris Gloyne came to me with a terrible finality—a terrible, futile finality:

"Beloved, I wish I could capture your old beauty and keep it forever with me—seal my eyes with one last look of your dear face—"

Paul must have read my thoughts, for he said: "Skin-deep! Look, Major, the cadaver under the skin! The weight of the plaster found every little hollow of selfishness and decay! Dr. Slade's scalpel was powerless before the sagging muscles!"

McLaughlin had picked up the envelope and was removing a slip of paper from it. He studied the message written there, then handed it to Paul without a word. I read it over his shoulder.

"TO WHOM it may concern: I, Neal Sadler, having departed this life by my own hand, wish to make the following statement:

"I and I alone, am responsible for the death of Doris Gloyne. Knowing the rules of law and evidence, and wishing to prevent the arrest of an innocent person, I hereby submit the following:

"On the afternoon of July fourteenth, nineteen twenty-nine, I went to Miss Gloyne's apartment fully prepared to consummate what I had been planning for over two years. I had taken care never to be seen there before, so I was able to enter unrecognized, after having made an appointment with Miss Gloyne. I had told her that I wished to make a cast of her face to remember her by. As I had made one of bronze of her foot years ago when I was foreman in my father's foundry in Duray, Virginia, she suspected nothing. I suggested that we make this last evening of ours—I had told her that I was going to return to Virginia forever—a memorable occasion for both of us, and asked her to recite for me her act, *THE MADMAN*. In this act she wears a strait-jacket which was part of my plan to keep her from struggling when I plugged the nostrils and mouth of the cast after the plaster had hardened.

"The remaining details are unnecessary. I thought I had left no trace. When I found that I had made a mistake about the glasses, my plans were upset. I had intended taking my own life, and only my responsibility for my poor brother was to determine the exact day of this. He passed away at a sanitarium this afternoon, so the end has come.

"I'm not sorry for what I've done. Life has cheated me to the last, but I want no man's pity."

"Signed: NEAL SADLER."

I glanced at the plaster mask with a shudder. Life had indeed cheated Neal Sadler to the last. The image lying there on the table within reach of his lifeless fingers was that of an old, dissipated woman.

THE END

IN THE May issue will appear the first installment of a romantic serial by John Chapman Hilder, formerly Managing Editor of The Elks Magazine. On the first of the year he resigned from the magazine staff in order to devote his whole time to writing. His work is not new to our readers, however, as several of our most popular stories and articles came from his pen during his managing-editorship

You who love fine coffee
will be interested in this advertisement

NO DRINK has ever pleased Americans like good coffee. Its fragrant cheer makes all our meals more delightful.

Yet, thousands of people who *love* coffee do not drink it at night because of the fear that it will keep them awake. Many deny themselves the pleasure of coffee at any time.

Now, all can enjoy it. . . . Today, a modern scientific achievement is taking place at Battle Creek. Here in the home of healthful foods caffeine is being extracted from the world's finest coffee beans. And so skilfully is this done that not one bit of the wonderful coffee flavor and aroma is lost!

The result is Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee—a coffee without caffeine which delights the most exacting epicure. How much better than cheerless substitutes!

You can enjoy Kaffee Hag Coffee at midnight. It will not keep you awake. It can never affect your nerves or be harmful in any way.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is the original caffeine-free coffee. And now, after years of continuous experiment, the blend has been wonderfully improved. There is no

The modern scientific plant built by Kellogg in Battle Creek to make this delicious caffeine-free coffee—
Kaffee Hag Coffee.



Serve Kaffee Hag Coffee at evening parties. Wonderful, rich coffee that every one can enjoy without hesitation

finer coffee on the market. A new method of packing brings every pound fresh and mellow to your kitchen. The coffee is *sealed* in vacuum tins when it leaves the roasters.

Will you try it? . . . Tonight, at dinner, make this delightful test. Drink a steaming cup of Kaffee Hag Coffee. Two cups, three—as many as you want. Make it just as you make any other coffee. See how satisfying is this real coffee. And how restfully it lets you sleep. Ask for Kaffee Hag Coffee at your dealer's.

Or let us send you a sample. . . . For

10c, to cover postage and handling, we will send you a 10-cup sample of this delicious caffeine-free coffee. Test it at *night*. See for yourself what satisfying, luscious coffee it is—and how well you'll sleep.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. AA-4, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

Name _____

Address _____

Kellogg's

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE that lets you sleep

"Do I smell
a short circuit,
or your pipe?"



BUT why smoke a pipe that smells like burning insulation?... The poor chap probably never heard of Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. He doesn't know there's a tobacco so mild and fragrant it gets the O. K. of even the fussiest pipe-sniffer. He doesn't know that true mildness needn't sacrifice body, flavor and "kick." He doesn't know he can smoke a pipe all day long without getting himself or anybody else all hot and bothered. In other words, he hasn't met Sir Walter Raleigh. Some day he will. Let's hope it's soon.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Hint No. 4) Don't use a sharp knife to clean out the carbon. You may cut through the cake and chip the wood. A lot of little "wood spots" take away from the sweetness of a pipe. Use a dull knife or reamer. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 71.



**SIR WALTER
RALEIGH**
Smoking Tobacco

It's 15c and

it's milder



Bad Boy

(Continued from page 29)

evidence, a strange and ominous quiet brooding over the ranks. To add to the young leader's leaden apprehensions, old Carbajal flatly refused command or to have anything to do with the plans.

"What is the use?" he scoffed. "Your craven rascals are but waiting for a chance to desert. *Por Dios*, I would do the same myself did I not know that every man in yonder camp is eager for my blood. Ah well, they will not cheat me out of many days."

The royalist forces marched into the valley, and from the peaks looked down the last of the Incas, gathered from far and near to rejoice at the sight of their conquerors in deadly grapple. To see the white men kill each other was their first happiness in years. So skillful was the disposition of the enemy, so masterly the manner in which their battle lines were drawn, that a murmur of admiration burst from Carbajal. "Either the devil or Valdivia must be with them," he exclaimed. "It is as fine as I could do myself."

Sprawled on his horse, as unconcerned as though he were merely an onlooker, the veteran heard the trumpets sound, but still he sat idly, his huge face lighted by a sardonic grin. What now came to pass was as he had predicted. It had been Pizarro's purpose to await attack, but ere a shot was fired, a company left his right and dashed across to the enemy, hands high in token of surrender. Another followed, and when, in his frenzy he shouted a command to charge, the balance of his troops threw down their arms, and ran forward as willing prisoners. Stunned by treachery, his proud heart broken, Gonzalo offered no resistance when his foes swarmed about him, and was led away in triumph to Gasca's tent.

Not so Francisco de Carbajal. There was a mountain path that he knew, and with a shout he spurred his horse at the cliff, sweeping men aside with his great sword. For a moment his escape seemed certain, but half-way up the steep ascent, his mighty bulk proved too large a load, and the panting animal fell back, head over heels, crushing its rider in the fall. As his captors dragged him in, men screamed their savage

joy, for scarce a one but had lost a father, son or brother at the Demon's hands during the four years that he had scourged the land, hanging and butchering.

"Devil! Monster!" they cried, tearing at him with their nails, spitting in his face; and, but for Diego Centeno's intervention, they would have torn him into pieces.

"To whom do I owe this favor?" asked Carbajal, cool and composed.

"Do you not know me?" gasped the soldier.

"Why, I am Centeno."

"How should I know you," replied the veteran with his most insolent smile. "I have never seen anything but your back."

Another tried to show him some small favor, insisting that Carbajal had once spared his life. "Do not put yourself to the trouble of remembering it," was the answer. "If I let you go free, fellow, it was because I did not think your life worth the taking."

Pedro de la Gasco, the iron priest, was resolved that rebellion should be given a bitter lesson, and on the following day, ill-fated Pizarro was beheaded. No such gentle end, however, fell to the Demon of the Andes, for him they sentenced to be drawn and quartered that the bloody segments might be hung on the roads that led to Cuzco. Gonzalo met death with lips pressed against a crucifix, muttering prayers to the Virgin, but old Carbajal, invincibly wicked, abated no whit of his insolence and unconcern. Unable to walk, owing to his injuries, they jammed the mountainous body in a wicker arrangement, perched on wheels and pulled by mules.

"See how life moves in a circle," he chuckled. "I came into the world in a cradle, and I go out in one."

Father confessors walked at his side, begging him to repent his sins, but he only spat contemptuously, and died with his favorite song on his lips:

"The wind blows the hair off my head, mother;
Two at a time it blows them away."

The Last Fare

(Continued from page 19)

half a dozen men run down with no other emotion than a sickening sense of helpless pity. But a horse—and without even a backward glance as the old wagon reeled crazily and then crashed over on its side.

"A-ah! A-a-ah!" he yelled hoarsely, and the look in his eyes made those nearest jump aside.

The blue car, momentarily checked from the impact, bucked dangerously and lost speed as the driver jammed on the brakes. He regained control, thirty feet from the next cross-street, and straightened out like a terrified rabbit. Then, white-faced and grim, he saw Tom Campbell churning out like a crazy man.

Yelling incoherently, eyes blazing, Tom swung old Bess into her best gait in the short space separating the two cars.

"You—!" he howled, showing his teeth like an animal. "You—, you!"

For an instant, those nearest thought the blue car had the speed to loop past. But Tom Campbell knew that it hadn't. He had only a vague, blurred vision of three white faces peering out at him in that split-second before the crash. White faces, and of a hand pointing, a yellow spurt of flame.

Then, straining forward, yelling abuse, he stamped the worn accelerator flat on the floor-board and lifted old Bess recklessly into her last charge.

For three full days, in the tiptoed hush of the dim hospital corridor, young Dr. Miner held off the crowd. The reporters, the police sergeant, the flower-bringers and the successive delegations of taxi drivers. He even proved pleasantly adamant to the last desperate expedient of Paddy Lynch's—that of leading in apple-cheeked Mrs. Lynch, a basket of cold chicken in one hand, and two of the scrubbed-up little Lynches trailing, pop-eyed, from the other.

"To-morrow," he smiled, "perhaps. The

man is just beginning to regain consciousness. You wouldn't want to set him back, would you?"

"No," admitted Paddy, "but you promised to let this Dutch carp and me in the first ones, Doc. You won't give us the run-around, will you, now?"

Dr. Miner laughed and slapped Paddy's shoulder. "No, I won't give you the run-around. You're still first in line."

The following afternoon, sure enough, Paddy and Leo tiptoed into the room wherein lay Tom Campbell, his left leg a monstrous white cylinder swelling beneath the snowy counterpane. A slow smile spread over his face as the pair advanced, swinging their caps, and the light in his eyes was good to see. He spoke slowly.

"Hello, boys . . . Ain't this—a—hell—of—a note?"

"Note me eye!" exclaimed Paddy, grasping his right hand. "A hero—fer cryin' out loud! Heh, Dutch? Take a look at him!"

Mr. Kroitz nodded his straw-colored thatch and regarded Tom with a new and strange solicitude. "Dot's right, Tom," he said earnestly. "In all the papers you are, now. You get reward, too, from doze jewelers."

"What jewelers?" inquired Tom, looking up. Paddy and Dutch exchanged unbelieving glances, but his innocence was apparent.

"Why, you poor fish," said Paddy, "do you mean to say you scattered those gorillas all over Broadway just for fun? That you didn't see 'em stick up that big jewelry store two minutes before?"

Tom Campbell stared at him, trying to collect his thoughts. At last he moved his head, painfully, from side to side. "No. All I remember is seeing them hit that poor old skate, and then him screamin' and screamin'—gees, I couldn't stand that."

Paddy looked at Dutch and then inclined over the bed.

"Well, lissen here, Tom," he said emphatically. "Just forget about that fool horse from now on, will you? You're in all the papers as the Taxi-Hero-Foils-Gem-Bandits-Boy, see? Half the town's waitin' to get a look at you, an' to print yer pitcher, an' to give you anything from an old fireman's hat to a brand-new cab, see? Do you get me?"

Tom puzzled it for some moments, while the two regarded him with deep-seated concern. At length he smiled up at them. "Sure, I get you. But I guess—I—won't be needing—another—cab—now."

"Ah, go on," scoffed Paddy heartily. "Why, you'll be patched up an' rollin' out of this place inside of three weeks."

"Dot's right," affirmed Leo earnestly. "And wait, Tom, till you see what Nick's got up on his cash register. A big pitcher of you, mit write-up, cut from a newspaper! He shows it to everybody, too—like you was Herr President, or Jack Dempsey."

Tom Campbell grinned at the idea and gave the reddened Kroitz paw a pat.

"I—know—I'll be—out, boys. But I'm—through—hacking, I—guess."

"Why?" demanded Paddy, dismay settling on his hard little Irish face.

For answer, Tom turned his head toward the slim white figure in the far corner.

"Miss—Batten?"

The nurse came over. A grave, lovely girl with the brightest of copper hair and dark eyes that made the Messrs Lynch and Kroitz sigh and indulge in furtive nudges.

"I'd—like—that—letter, please, Miss."

"Again?" She smiled. "You're wearing it out, you know."

From a stack of mail on the bed table, she selected a large gray sheet. They passed it to Paddy, who eyed it suspiciously. "Read it—out—loud."

Then Tom closed his eyes, as though to blot out from his mind any other detail save that of the image which the words should evoke. Paddy frowned importantly, cleared his throat, and tilted the letter so that the late afternoon sunlight, dim and diffused, slanted across it:

"Beechwood Hall,
Westchester County.

"Dear Mr. Campbell:

"We are hoping—my mother and I—that this word will not prove to be one more of the many disappointments which we have met with among the Campbells during the past fifteen years.

"To be brief, we are hoping that you may prove to be the Tom Campbell who managed my father's horses so successfully for so long, and who earned the warmest affection of three small children who are now grown up, but who still remember you, and to whose children, in turn, you have become a sort of legendary hero of every quality that is fine in horsemanship.

"We were disconsolate—I recall it well—when you left so abruptly after that unfortunate quarrel with my father. So much so, in fact, that he relented and made every effort to locate you, both through 'Personals' in the newspapers, and through various agencies, but without success. Since then, we have run down numberless Campbells, but always to no avail.

"It is due to the story of your courageous and splendid action of yesterday that I am writing this. I must congratulate you, from my heart, whether you are the man we hope you are, or not. If you happen to be the Tom Campbell who so endeared himself to three small children long ago, and have any desire to leave the city and renew the friendship of the eldest—who is now owner of the Hall—I am sure that we could make you more than happy in the association. If the idea appeals to you, will you not communicate with me?

"Believe me to be,

"Sincerely yours,

"William M. Stedman, 2nd."

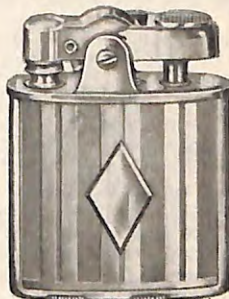
"Well," said Paddy, after an impressive silence. "Well, if that ain't the nuts I'll eat my shirt, buttons an' all!"

"Yah," echoed Leo Kroitz, the practical. "You better write dot feller quick, Tom, eh?"

Tom Campbell's thin unshaven face slowly wreathed itself in a grin of undiluted happiness.

"Write me eye!" he said, in a faint, scornful voice. "I made the Doc wire him—soon's I come outa the ether!"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



Ronson Princess Lighter, medium size, chromium plated \$6.50



Ronson Windbreak Princess Lighter, with sliding wind-shield \$7.50 up

FIRE INSURANCE

—any way you look at it!

Ronson insures a quick, sure flame when you press the lever—

But snuffs out, automatically, the instant you let go!

"A flip, and it's lit!
Release, and it's out!"

Perfect in principle—
Perfect in workmanship—
Perfect in performance!

No wonder it's the largest selling quality lighter in the world!

Ronsons are made in dozens of styles and sizes, for men and women. \$5 up, at smart stores everywhere.

ART METAL WORKS, INC.,
Aronson Square, Newark, N. J.
In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

A FLIP—
and it's lit!
RELEASE—
and it's out!

RONSON

TRADE MARK REG. FULLY PATENTED. OTHER PATS. PENDING

De-light



I Guarantee 2 More Shaves per blade

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

...and I mean *good* shaves, too. Your money back if I'm wrong.

I hope you take me up. Mennen Shaving Cream—the biggest tubeful, by the way—hasn't let me down yet. A Better Shave? Sure—because Mennen softens the hairs and forms a fine film over which the blade glides smoothly. Mennen means better skin, too. The lather penetrates and flushes out the pore-dirt.

Mennen alone gives you two kinds of shaving cream... Menthol-iced and Without Menthol. Both give that clean, comfortable, Mennen shave. Both 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... and my guarantee covers them both. Take your choice.

Test my guarantee! Shoot in the coupon for a free trial tube.

And remember—The invigorating after-shave 6-Second Massage with Mennen Skin Balm... Mennen Talcum for Men removes face shine and doesn't show.

MENNEN

SHAVING CREAMS



MENTHOL-ICED WITHOUT MENTHOL

THE MENNEN CO. Dept. E-3, NEWARK, N. J.
Jim Henry: Send me a free trial tube of Mennen, Jim, I'll try it with my razor.

Name.....

Address..... City.....

- ☐ Send me Mennen Without Menthol
☐ Send me Mennen Menthol-iced

"Butch Cassidy"

(Continued from page 33)

the rugged, capable type strongly in demand. Not too many questions were asked about a man's past, as long as he did his work well, but if it became too generally talked about that the hardy Americanos were bandits, it was a case of moving on to another job. In this way Cassidy and Longabaugh familiarized themselves with a considerable part of South America, just as they had done in the Western United States.

Longabaugh, sometime in 1906, met Roy Letson, who was in Argentina on a special mission, buying pack mules for the Bolivian Government Railway construction work. Letson employed Longabaugh as a muleteer in Bolivia. "The Sundance Kid" remained at his work for several months and then drifted to the Concordia tin mines, where he took employment.

Longabaugh was with the Concordia Mines Company only a short time when Cassidy appeared and made application to Rolla Glass, who at that time was manager, and requested employment. At that time Mr. Glass needed a man to carry the payroll remittances and to purchase the necessary livestock for camp sustenance and transportation of material. He put Cassidy to work and found him an excellent, trustworthy employee. He was a good bargainer and always rendered a strict account of funds turned over to him. Often the remittance he carried ran into six figures, and yet the bandit, who had on many occasions risked his life to rob a bank or train of much less, never betrayed the trust reposed in him.

EVENTUALLY it became known that Cassidy and Longabaugh were the outlaws who were doing so much toward upsetting the cordial relations between various South American countries and the United States. This knowledge came about through a little indiscretion on the part of Longabaugh. One night, when drunk in the Bolivian town of Uyuni, Longabaugh dropped some boastful remarks to another American about the holdups that he and Cassidy had staged in Argentina.

Cassidy, not desiring to bring ill-repute to the Concordia outfit, settled his and Longabaugh's accounts with the company stores, and both withdrew. A short time after they had left the Concordia Mine, Cassidy and Longabaugh held up what they thought was the remittance coach of the San Domingo Mine, in Peru. The company had taken the precaution of sending a dummy coach ahead of the remittance coach, and the bandits "lost out" in a holdup which would have gained them many thousands in gold if they had been successful.

Returning to Bolivia, Cassidy and Longabaugh held up the Bolivia Railway pay train at the station of Eucalyptus. In this holdup they were aided by another American who went under the name of MacVey. When they held up the train there was a regiment of Bolivian cavalry close at hand, but the Colonel commanding would not allow his troops to pursue the bandits. It is said he knew Cassidy and had taken a liking to him.

In the Eucalyptus holdup, after the engineer had been compelled to detach the express car and run it a considerable distance ahead of the rest of the train, the cashier was compelled to open the safe and transfer the contents to a sack held by the bandits. Deposited in the safe were a considerable number of packages and envelopes marked with the names of different individuals. The bandits asked what these packages contained. On being told that they consisted of watches, money, jewelry and other personal effects of different company employees engaged in construction work, the packages were returned to the safe. It is said this is one of the reasons why employees of the company did not take part in pursuing the bandits after the holdup. One American and an Italian did pursue them for several days, but at a considerable distance. After they got into the rough topography of the Andes, within one or two days' ride of the bandits' stronghold, the pursuit was abandoned.

Cassidy and Longabaugh, after the Eucalyptus holdup, proceeded to the eastern slope of the Andes and the headwaters of one of the branches of the Amazon. Here, at the old, abandoned Jesuit mission of Sacambaya, they awaited developments. It is said the authorities knew

where they were, but had no desire to attack them in their stronghold. In fact Cassidy subsequently said on one occasion he met the sheriff on a very narrow trail. The sheriff, who knew Cassidy, greeted him cordially but continued on his route without attempting to make an arrest. While camped at Sacambaya the outlaws visited the camp of some American miners near the Indian village of Capinata. All knew the identity of the visitors, and were aware that large rewards for their capture were outstanding, but no effort was made to apprehend them.

During his career in South America, which extended over a period of more than eight years, Cassidy performed some acts which stamped him as a man of most unusual character. He once went to the Huanuni mines in Bolivia, which belonged to the Scotch firm of Penny & Duncan. The object of his visit was to gain information regarding the payroll remittance and ultimately to hold it up. As was customary with this Scotch firm, they received Cassidy with every attention, and invited him to cocktails and whisky and soda. Cassidy informed them that he was a prospector and had met with hard luck and would like to have work for awhile. They immediately employed him, and put him in charge of their watchmen. Cassidy eventually left, and the holdup was never attempted. On being asked later why he had not gone through with his plan to hold up the camp Cassidy replied that he did not have the heart to rob anyone who had treated him so well.

Other outlaws were operating in Bolivia, and Cassidy heard, in the latter part of 1907, that a plot was afoot to kidnap Mr. Penny and hold him for ransom. Cassidy immediately approached a friend of Mr. Penny and gave him warning. Then he even went so far as to look up a trustworthy guard for Mr. Penny. The selection was Fred Sanford, an American cowboy who had taken mules to South Africa and who had joined the British Army during the Boer War. When the would-be kidnappers learned that Sanford had fortified Mr. Penny's house and was in charge of his guard, they abandoned their scheme.

On one occasion Cassidy learned that an American was planning to assassinate the manager of the Concordia mines. He immediately mounted his mule and rode two nights and one day to give the manager warning.

In conversation with Mr. Seibert, "Butch" Cassidy explained why he did not abandon the life of banditry which he had taken up.

"It can't be done," said "Butch." "There's no use trying to hide out and go straight. There's always an informer around to bring the law on you. After you've started, you have to keep going, that's all. The safest way is to keep moving all the time and spring a holdup in some new place. In that way you keep the other fellows guessing."

All over the pampas of Bolivia, Cassidy seemed to have the friendship of the Indians and half-breeds. As soon as he arrived at an Indian village he would be playing with the small children, and he usually had candies or other sweets in his pockets to give them. Because of this friendliness the natives looked upon him as a sort of Robin Hood, and, when he was hard pressed by the authorities, Cassidy could always find a "hideout" among the native population.

"When Cassidy worked for me at the Concordia mines, where I was manager in 1908," said Mr. Seibert, "on coming into the sitting-room he would invariably take a seat on a small sofa which was placed between two windows. This seat gave him a survey of three doors and one window. He always seemed to be cool and calculating, and protected his back very well. Although he always went armed with a frontier model forty-four Colt, this weapon was usually stuck in his trouser belt in such a way as to be inconspicuous. I never saw him under the influence of whisky except once, and then he seemed to be very much ashamed of himself because he could not walk straight."

"When our camp was visited by two embryo American bandits on horseback, horses being very rare in the high altitudes of Bolivia, Cassidy promptly approached them and told them to get out of camp. He informed them that he did not want them or any other would-be bandits

to cause people to get the impression that our camp was a rendezvous for outlaws. These unwelcome visitors informed Cassidy that they realized they had not done right in coming into camp mounted on horses, but, as they had to have food, there was no alternative for them. I afterwards learned that Cassidy gave them one hundred dollars, with a warning never to appear in camp again.

"One night at the Concordia mines, my predecessor, Mr. Glass, and I had on the office table several hundred pounds sterling in gold, which we were counting out to pay our gold payroll men, when Cassidy came in. He jokingly remarked that it was the easiest money he had ever seen, but we continued our work and he finally asked us if we would give him the gold in exchange for paper currency. We told him we would gladly accommodate him, but we would have to fulfill our obligation to certain of our men and pay them in actual gold. Cassidy then volunteered to see these men and get their consent to the exchange. This he did within an hour or two, and when he came back we made the exchange, much as we disliked being parties to such a transaction."

While Cassidy and Longabaugh worked at the Concordia mines, Mr. Seibert had a chance to study both bandits. Longabaugh was inclined to be distant, even sullen, and it was difficult to strike up a friendship with him. On the contrary, Cassidy was an exceptionally pleasant and even cultured and charming man. He used good language and was never vulgar. Women who met him, without knowing anything of his history, invariably liked him.

Cassidy talked freely to Mr. Seibert about his career in the States. Harvey Logan, he said, was the bravest, coolest and most able man he had ever known. Cassidy said that he had used every effort to induce Logan to quit the United States and join him in South America. Cassidy pointed out to Logan that the officers of the law in the States were becoming so familiar with their practices that it was certain to be a matter of only a short time before all the members of the gang were killed or captured.

NEXT to Harvey Logan, Cassidy said, the bravest and coolest man he ever met was an express messenger on a train which the gang had held up in Wyoming, near Rawlins. Longabaugh was watching the passengers, while Cassidy was seeing to robbing the express car. Cassidy said he called many times to the messenger, to induce him to come out, but he refused. Then Cassidy, after giving him due warning, threw in sticks of dynamite, one after another, until the car was almost blown to pieces. Finally the messenger appeared at the door and Cassidy warned him to come out unarmed. The messenger replied that he had no revolver, but Cassidy said:

"Any man who can stand as much dynamite as you have, has got nerve enough to shoot."

This shrewd surmise proved to be correct, for when Cassidy searched the messenger a six-shooter was found on him. When the gun was taken from him the messenger expected that the threat would be carried out and he would be shot, but he never flinched. Cassidy said that when he looked the messenger in the face he came to the conclusion that anyone of such loyalty and courage was too good a man to be killed.

In Bolivia, Cassidy was known as James Maxwell, Santiago Maxwell, and Lowe. On one occasion when he and Longabaugh, accompanied by another American, made a trip to Santa Cruz, Bolivia, they went to the sheriff's office to request lodging. To their amusement, here they found posters offering large rewards for Cassidy and Longabaugh. Cassidy jokingly told the sheriff that he would keep his eyes open for those men, and if he got in touch with them he would communicate with the official and divide the rewards. The American who had accompanied the bandits said that the descriptions on the posters were good, but at the time Cassidy was wearing a rather heavy beard which was a good disguise, and Longabaugh had become much stouter. It was apparent that the sheriff did not even suspect the identity of his guests.

In the meantime, while "Butch" Cassidy and "the Sundance Kid" were terrorizing South America, Cassidy's prophecy to Harvey Logan

(Continued on page 62)

KNOW
the difference—

SHAVE
ELECTRICALLY!



Now
**VIBRO-SHAVE
ELECTRIC RAZOR**
*brings Shaving Ease
and Positive Safety*
TO EVERY MAN

Here's a real boon to Shavers!

No longer need you dread the daily shaving ordeal. The new Vibro-Shave Electric Razor skillfully mows and soothingly vibrates. No pressure! No scraping! You merely guide it over the face, and the toughest beard, roughest cheek or most sensitive skin emerges with a caressing, silk-like surface.

More than this, VIBRO-SHAVE *massages as it shaves*. It wakens tired facial muscles and nerves, revitalizes sluggish tissues. Since it barely touches the skin you never experience sore patches, raw red spots or painful after-burn. And the long-life, mirror-polished blades mean real economy!

If your dealer cannot supply you, let us send direct. Our guarantee goes with each razor. Use the coupon below. Mail it today!

ELECTRIC RAZOR SALES CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Eastern Office
Graybar Building
New York City

160 North La Salle Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

Canadian Office
Electric Razor Sales of Canada
Tramways Building, Montreal

JOBBER AND DEALER INQUIRIES SOLICITED



\$5
Complete with
all attachments (\$6.50
in Canada). \$7.50 Gold Plated, in
pouch (\$10.00 in Canada). Extra packet of 10 two-
edged blades—finest Swedish steel, \$1.00.

Electric Razor Sales Corp. of America
160 N. La Salle St., Dept. E1, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose \$_____ for which you will mail me
postpaid a Vibro-Shave Electric Razor, with
blades, cord and plug and your absolute
guarantee. For 110 Volts A. C.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

If Your Dealer Cannot Supply You—Clip the Coupon!

"Butch Cassidy"

(Continued from page 61)



Foot-Joy
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"The Shoe that's Different"

FOOT-JOY—the shoe that's different—has proved so completely comfortable to thousands of men that it has made them absolutely indifferent to the claims of other shoes. They know that no other shoe made has the foundation of Foot-Joy—so designed that with each step you take, it is always directly in alignment to receive the full weight of the body with no rolling of the foot from one side to the other, no cramped toes—no strain on foot or leg muscles—no unnatural tiredness at the end of a busy day. Why not have such comfort and be smartly shod at the same time? Foot-Joy shoes are moderately priced and are styled for all occasions. 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 1857

Dealers in most of the larger cities.
In New York City at 4 East 44th Street.

Name

Address (EMB)

about the fate in store for the Hole-in-the-Wall gang was being worked out to the letter. The unsigned bank notes which had been taken in the Great Northern train robbery were bringing trouble in their wake. Camilla Hanks tried to pass some of the notes at Nashville, Tenn., without even signing them. He fought his way through a cordon of police, and escaped, only to be killed at San Antonio by a sheriff's posse.

Ben Kilpatrick, "the tall Texan," laughing, handsome, debonair, whose boast it was that he would never be taken alive was captured at San Antonio, due to these unsigned bank notes. Kilpatrick escaped, and, with an unknown pal, held up a Southern Pacific train. A nervy express messenger caught Kilpatrick momentarily off his guard, while the bandit was trying to make him open the safe. Seizing a heavy ice pick, the messenger brought it down on Kilpatrick's skull, killing him instantly. Then the express messenger finished the job by shooting the other bandit when he came to see what was causing Kilpatrick's delay.

Bill Carver, one of the most reckless spirits of the Wild Bunch, was killed by a sheriff at Sonora, Texas, while resisting arrest on a charge of murder; Bill McGinnis, who had operated with both branches of the Train Robbers' Syndicate, was captured in the final battle with Black Jack's forces, and went to the New Mexico penitentiary; Dave Atkins fled to South Africa, and Bill Cruzan, who had taken part in the Tipton robbery, also disappeared. Some said he was killed by Harvey Logan on suspicion of being "yellow." Even "Flat Nosed George," the Fagin of this Western school of crime, who could not keep his tumultuous "boys" within the reasonable bounds of cattle rustling, was killed near Thompson, Utah, while resisting arrest.

Another error, besides the circulation of the troublesome unsigned currency, arose to plague the members of the gang who were still holding forth in this country. Flushed with success, after the Winnemucca bank holdup, the members of the Wild Bunch had met at Fort Worth, Texas. In the course of a friendly scuffle, in which all joined, the battered felt hats which they wore were destroyed. Seeing some derby hats in a window, it was agreed that all should purchase this form of headgear and then have a group photograph taken in the "iron hats." This picture, the result of a jest, fell into the hands of the authorities, and was widely circulated on two continents. It had much to do with establishing the identity of the bandits, as they were hunted down, one by one.

THE chief efforts of the authorities were centered on the capture of Harvey Logan, the tiger of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang. Posters, offering heavy rewards for him, dead or alive, stared at Logan from every town and hamlet in the West. He turned South, and narrowly escaped capture at Nashville, Tenn. The unsigned currency again! It was like a signpost, calling attention to his whereabouts. Still, when a man needed money, he had to take a desperate chance. Logan passed out some more bills in a Knoxville saloon. Police soon stood at the front door and back. Logan shot and dangerously wounded two policemen and a bartender and escaped by jumping thirty feet into a railroad cut. Two days later he was caught, owing to injuries he received in making the leap. He was given ten sentences, aggregating 130 years. While awaiting removal to the penitentiary, Logan caught the warden of the Knox County jail in a noose made of broom wire. Drawing the jailer to his cell, Logan took the keys from his pocket and escaped.

After that it was back to the West, with the intention of taking up the old trade of train robbery. But Cassidy and Longabaugh were not to be found everywhere. The old-time finesse was lacking in the first holdup, on the Denver & Rio Grande, at Parachute, Colorado. The train was held up by three robbers, who had been loitering in the vicinity for some time. One of them gave the name of Tap Duncan.

After the holdup a posse was quickly on the trail—so quickly that the robbers soon found themselves at bay in a mountain gulch. The bandit who called himself Tap Duncan was wounded. He tried to get on his horse and

failed. Then the other train robbers tried to help him on one of their mounts.

"It's no use, boys—I'm done. Go on without me," the wounded robber was heard to say.

As his companions left at a gallop, the bandit sank behind a rock and opened fire on the sheriff's posse. It was just a bluff to save his pals, but it worked. The posse worked forward slowly, keeping up a heavy fire. There came the sound of a single revolver shot from behind the rock, and then silence. Advancing cautiously, the sheriff found the train robber dead behind the rock. He had shot himself when he saw that the game was up. Sheriffs and detectives all over the country breathed easier when it was learned later that the so-called Tap Duncan was really Harvey Logan.

Logan was killed June 7, 1904. At that time "Butch" Cassidy and "the Sundance Kid" were at the height of their career in South America. To this day no one knows the extent of the loot they secured from remittance hold-ups and the robbery of banks and trains, nor how much of this unlawful gain they had "cached" in their various hiding places along the Andes and on the pampas. That these proceeds were large, there is no doubt. The very ease with which they were winning betrayed Cassidy and Longabaugh into a final act of carelessness—one of those minor slips which have spelled *finis* for many outlaws.

The payroll remittance of the Aramayo mines, near Quechisla, in Southern Bolivia, was held up early in 1909. A few weeks after this holdup two heavily armed Americans, on jaded mules, rode into the *patio* of the police station at the Indian village of San Vicente, Bolivia, and demanded something to eat.

It was not an unusual demand, for the police station was also an inn, and there was no place else in the village where wayfarers could find food and shelter.

After making it known that they intended to pass the night at the station, the strangers stripped their saddles, blankets and rifles from their mules. They piled their equipment in a room at one side of the little courtyard which was soon to become a shambles. Then they sat at a table in a room across the *patio* and called for a speedy serving of food and liquor.

One of the men was "Butch" Cassidy, and the other was Harry Longabaugh. After the Aramayo mines remittance holdup, the bandits had proceeded to Tupiza, where they took employment with a transportation outfit. Learning that they had been identified as the perpetrators of the Aramayo holdup, they hurriedly departed for Uyuni, Bolivia.

The constable in charge of the station at San Vicente happened to catch sight of one of the strangers' mules, then rolling in the dust of the courtyard to relieve his saddle-galled back. He recognized the animal as having belonged to a friend of his—a muleteer who was helping transport the Aramayo mines' remittance when the holdup took place.

How did these Americans across the courtyard come into possession of that mule? They were rough looking fellows, with stubble beards and battered clothes. Maybe they had something to do with the holdup. If they were bandits, they were careless, as their rifles were leaning against the adobe wall in the room which held their saddles. It would be easy to capture these hungry gentry and inquire into matters. There was a company of Bolivian cavalry just outside of town. The constable would send an Indian messenger to the captain. Then the Americans would have to explain how they came into possession of that mule.

On receipt of the message, the Bolivian captain brought up his command and quietly surrounded the station. Then the captain himself walked into the room where Cassidy and Longabaugh were eating and drinking.

"Surrender, *senors*," came the demand from the brave captain.

The outlaws leaped to their feet. Longabaugh was drunk, but Cassidy, always a canny drinker, was in complete command of his senses.

The captain had drawn his revolver when he entered the room. Before he could fire, Cassidy had shot from the hip. The captain fell dead and Cassidy and Longabaugh stationed

themselves where they could command a view of the *patio*.

A sergeant and a picked body of cavalymen rushed through the gate, calling upon the outlaws to surrender. Revolvers blazed from door and window, and men began to stagger and fall in the courtyard. The first to die was the sergeant who had sought to rescue his captain.

Cassidy and Longabaugh were firing rapidly, and with deadly effect. Those of the detachment who remained on their feet were firing in return. Bullets sank into the thick adobe walls or whistled through the window and door. Other soldiers began firing, from behind the shelter of the courtyard wall.

"Keep me covered, Butch," called Longabaugh. "I'll get our rifles."

Shooting as he went, Longabaugh lurched into the courtyard. If he could only reach the rifles and ammunition which they had so thoughtlessly laid aside, the fight would be something which the outlaws would welcome.

BLOOD was settling in little pools about the courtyard. The sergeant and most of his file of soldiers were stretched out, dead. A few wounded were trying to crawl to safety. The mules had broken their halters and galloped out of the yard, among them the animal which had been the indirect cause of the battle.

Soldiers were firing through the open gate and from all other vantage points outside the wall. Longabaugh got halfway across the courtyard and fell, desperately wounded, but not before he had effectively emptied his six-shooter.

When Cassidy saw his partner fall, he rushed into the courtyard. Bullets rained about him as he ran to Longabaugh's side. Some of the shots found their mark, but Cassidy, though wounded, managed to pick up Longabaugh and stagger back to the house with his heavy burden.

Cassidy saw that Longabaugh was mortally wounded. Furthermore it was going to be impossible to carry on the battle much longer unless the rifles and ammunition could be reached. Cassidy made several attempts to cross the courtyard. At each attempt he was wounded and driven back.

The battle now settled into a siege. Night came on, and men fired at the red flashes from weapons. There were spaces of increasing length between Cassidy's shots. He had only a few cartridges left. Longabaugh's cartridge belt was empty. So was the dead Bolivian captain's.

The soldiers, about 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening, heard two shots fired in the bullet-riddled station. Then no more shots came. Perhaps it was a ruse to lure them into the *patio* within range of those deadly revolvers. The soldiers kept on firing all through the night and during the next morning.

About noon an officer and a detachment of soldiers rushed through the *patio* and into the station. They found Longabaugh and Cassidy dead. Cassidy had fired a bullet into Longabaugh's head, and had used his last cartridge to kill himself.

In the pack saddles of the bandits was found intact the money that had been taken in the Aramayo mines' remittance holdup, besides a large sum in pounds sterling, gold, which had been taken in the holdup of the Bolivian Railway. Also in the equipment of the bandits was found a considerable quantity of antiseptic drugs, field glasses, and a beautiful Tiffany watch which Cassidy was known to have bought in New York when en route for Buenos Aires.

"Butch" Cassidy had survived the longest of all the restless young cowboys who had foregathered at "Flat Nose George's" ranch and voted cattle stealing "too slow." But, whether retribution came early or late, the bandit trail had brought disaster to all the youths who had chosen to follow it.



THE STOCK EXCHANGE IS HIS ONLY "GYM" ... YET HE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

THE only game he knows is the market. His daily exercise is a stiff work-out on the floor of the Exchange. His muscles are strangers to "gym" routine and he wouldn't know the difference between a "back-hand" and a "birdie."

Yet this fast-stepping floor trader has been futilely fighting an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot" for six months and—*he doesn't even know what it is!*

An unpleasant, soft moistness with itching between the toes of his left foot worries him and bothers him more than a ten-point drop in one of his favorite stocks.

And the thing that bullies this man in the game of bulls-and-bears is a tiny ringworm germ called *tinea trichophyton*—hardly noticeable at first, but stealthy, persistent and terribly annoying later on.

*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

*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.



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 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.

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.

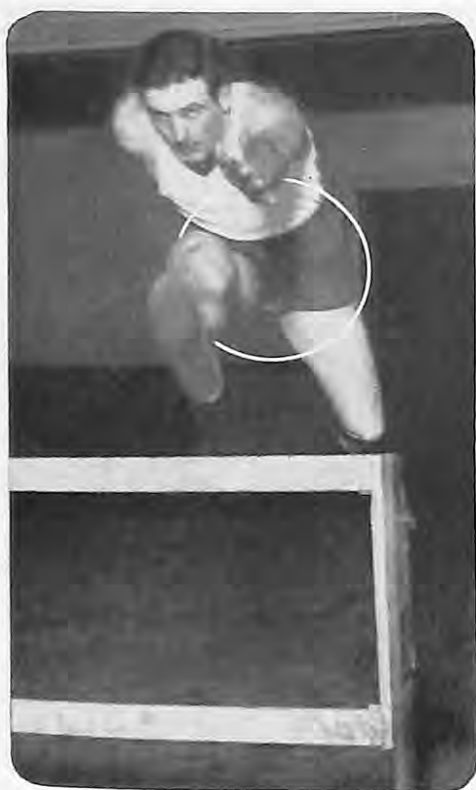
Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

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.
410 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.





To help you to win

When he drives for the tape or zooms over his hurdles, every college or school track man wears an athletic supporter. Neither in practice nor competition is he allowed to run, jump, vault or hurdle, unguarded.

Wear one yourself... in every season, every sport. On track, diamond, tennis court... in swimming, golf, football, basket ball... a supporter will improve your performance. Your brain knows you are safe. Your body feels it. Reassured, they bring your deepest reserves of power, skill and endurance into action.

Wear a Bike. For 55 years, it has helped American athletes to win games and break records. A simple, one-piece, all-elastic supporter, Bike is first choice of leading coaches and trainers. Easy to wear, to wash, to buy. 50 cents everywhere.

Pal is a still finer supporter, its exclusive patented features insuring long life and super-comfort. One dollar and upward. At all druggists and sporting goods dealers.

BIKE

and Pal

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago • New York • Toronto



Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 44)

was given before the meeting. For this and for the later initiation ceremonies the Bronx Elks turned out in force. Present upon the occasion, too, were a number of Elks of note, among them being Philip Clancy, Secretary of the New York State Elks Association; Past Exalted Rulers Matthew J. Merritt and Bernard Timoney, of Queens Borough Lodge; Exalted Ruler James E. Walsh and Past Exalted Ruler William S. Jones, of Staten Island Lodge, No. 841; and Past Exalted Ruler John J. Martin, of New York Lodge, No. 1. Of the exemplification of the ritual by the officers and the performance of the Drill Team of Bronx Lodge, District Deputy Navin expressed his commendation. A buffet supper followed the meeting.

Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Pueblo, Colo., Inspires Impressive Tableau

Eighteen of the twenty-four living Past Exalted Rulers of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge, No. 90, were present recently when this unit of the Order observed Past Exalted Rulers' Night. An impressive feature among the events of the evening was the presentation of a tableau dedicated to the memory of Past Exalted Rulers who have died. After adjournment of the formal session, the large number of members in attendance repaired to the Lodge's Bohemia, where supper was served.

Seguin, Tex., Lodge Exalted Rulers Close to Perfect in Attendance

The Exalted Rulers of Seguin, Tex., Lodge, No. 1229, hold a record for attendance noteworthy in the Order. This was disclosed in a report, issued recently, which sets forth that in the nineteen years since 1911, the Exalted Ruler in office at the time has presided over every one but five of the three hundred and seventy meetings of Seguin Lodge. Translated into percentage, this record constitutes one .986 perfect. During the period in question, only once has an Exalted Ruler served more than one term.

District Deputy Blanchard Calls Officially on Athens, O., Lodge

Athens, O., Lodge, No. 973, received an official call recently from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Blanchard, of Ohio, Southeast. After a banquet, served at six o'clock, Mr. Blanchard inspected the records of the Lodge and witnessed initiatory ceremonies, and found both praiseworthy.

District Deputy Conner Calls Upon Champaign, Ill., Lodge

Members of Champaign, Ill., Lodge, No. 398, were hosts to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Conner, of Illinois, Southeast, when he made his official visit there recently. In addressing the Lodge, Mr. Conner paid a tribute to the manner in which the officers had exemplified the ritual. Present at the meeting was Dr. J. C. Dallenback, a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee.

District Deputy, at Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, Honored by Four Other Lodges

An escort composed of members of four Lodges within the jurisdiction of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George E. Rothermel, of Pennsylvania, North Central, journeyed with him when he paid his official visit recently to Williamsport Lodge, No. 173. The Lodges represented in this delegation of honor were the District Deputy's own, Milton No. 913; Sunbury, No. 267; Jersey Shore, No. 1057; and Lock Haven, No. 182.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Marks Twenty-fifth Anniversary With Banquet and Ball

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, celebrated a short time ago its twenty-fifth anniversary with a banquet and ball at the Hotel Commodore. The occasion was a brilliant one both in size and spirit. Both the east and west dining-rooms of the hotel were thronged to capacity. Dis-

trict Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin, of New York, Southeast; William T. Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association; and Philip Clancy, Secretary of the Association, were among the distinguished members of the Order present as guests.

Savannah, Ga., Elks Greet District Deputy in New Lodge Room

The new Lodge room of Savannah, Ga., Lodge, No. 183, was the scene of the welcome tendered recently to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Traynor, of Georgia, South, upon the occasion of his official visitation there. The Lodge orchestra, organized only a short time ago, provided music for the event and earned applause from the unusually large number of members of the Order present.

Veterans of Ottawa, Ill., Lodge Meet District Deputy

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William Zwanzig, of Illinois, East Central, was the official guest recently of Ottawa, Ill., Lodge, No. 588, his home Lodge, on Past Exalted Rulers' Night. There were seventeen Past Exalted Rulers at the special dinner which was held before the business session. Judge Edgar Eldridge, the senior living Past Exalted Ruler, was toastmaster. District Deputy Zwanzig attended the initiation ceremonies which took place after the banquet.

Distinguished Visitors at Session Of New York, N. Y., Lodge,

At a recent session held by New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, a number of distinguished visitors was present. They included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert; Frank J. McMichel, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight; Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain; William T. Baldwin, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; Robert S. Barrett, Chairman, and D. Curtis Gano, member of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge.

District Deputy Navin Visits Brooklyn And Freeport, N. Y., Lodges

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin, New York, Southeast, paid official visits recently to Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, and Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22. At Freeport Lodge the District Deputy was escorted into the Lodge room by twelve of its Past Exalted Rulers and was introduced to the members present by his predecessor, Past district Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck. On his official visit to Brooklyn Lodge, District Deputy Navin was greeted by many Past Exalted Rulers of Brooklyn Lodge and other Lodges throughout the District. He and his staff were entertained at a dinner held before the regular meeting.

Roy R. White, Secretary of Evansville, Ind., Lodge, Dies

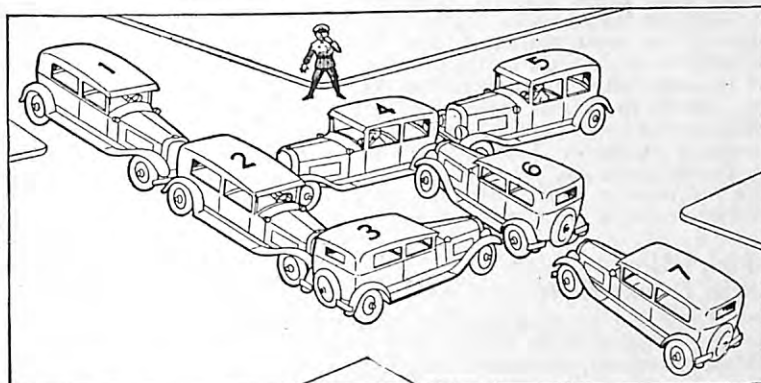
Roy R. White, for fifteen years Secretary of Evansville, Ind., Lodge, No. 116, and for ten years Tiler of the Indiana State Elks Association, died recently of pneumonia. Funeral services, held at his brother's home, were conducted by the members of Evansville Lodge. All Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge were honorary pallbearers. Mr. White became a member of the Order in July, 1906, and, while he was Secretary of the Lodge, gained a nation-wide reputation for his courteous treatment of visiting Elks. He was the perpetual Chairman of the opening baseball-day program. Mr. White is survived by his widow and a brother.

District Deputy Whitlock Visits Asheville, N. C., Lodge

Asheville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1401, recently received an official call from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul W. Whitlock, of North Carolina, West. The District Deputy

(Continued on page 66)

Win Nash and \$500 or \$1,845 Cash



Seven Brand New 6-Cylinder Cars Given

Solve This Traffic Puzzle

FOR advertising purposes I am going to give absolutely free a brand new six-cylinder "Special Six" Nash four-door Sedan, an Oldsmobile two-door Sedan, a De Soto two-door Sedan, a Pontiac two-door Sedan, an Essex two-door Sedan, a Whippet two-door Sedan, and a Chevrolet two-door Sedan, all six-cylinder latest model Sedans; also 4 splendid new console type radios, a Victor Orthophonic Victrola and other valuable prizes. Any person living in the United States outside of Chicago may enter an answer to this puzzle except employees of the W. D. Boyce Company or members of their families, or winners of automobiles or first prizes in any of our previous offers, or members of their families.

IN the picture there are 7 cars in a bad traffic jam. None of them can move forward, for each car is blocked by the one in front of it. One of these cars will have to be backed out. Which one? The traffic policeman seems to be stumped. Can you straighten up this tangle for him? Only one car may be moved backward, and if you pick out the right one, you will see that it is not necessary to back up any of the others. Send the number of the car which when backed out will relieve this traffic tie-up, and if your answer is correct you will be qualified for this opportunity.

\$500.00 for Promptness

We are not only giving the Sedans, radios and so forth in our big prize list amounting to over \$6,800.00, but are also giving an additional \$500.00 in cash for promptness to the winner of first prize if he or she has been prompt. Thus, the first prize winner will receive the Nash Sedan and \$500.00 in cash, or \$1,845.00. Find the car which when backed out will relieve this traffic tangle and send the number of it in a letter or on a post card, or you can mark the car on the picture and send it to me. Be sure to write or print your name and address plainly. All who answer correctly can share in the prizes or cash. Duplicate prizes paid in case of ties. ANSWER TODAY.

ARTHUR MESKE

510 N. Dearborn Street

Dept. 16

Chicago, Ill.

Buy ELK EMBLEMS

Direct by Mail from

JASON WEILER & SONS, Boston, Mass.

and Save One-Third

For over 50 years we have sold direct by mail to customers all over the world. As manufacturing wholesale and retail jewelers, diamond importers and America's leading emblem makers we guarantee to save you 20 to 40%. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied. ELK CHARMS—RINGS—etc.—200 different styles—in our new Elk Catalog. Write for a copy.

SOLID GOLD and PLATINUM

The very latest styles and finest quality Buttons



36981B
Finely Designed Solid Gold Lapel Button
\$1.65

36934
Solid White Gold Lapel Button, finely modeled head.
\$3.00

34600B
Solid Gold Lapel Button, one full cut blue-white diamond.
\$5.00

34617B
Platinum Lapel Button, one full cut blue-white diamond.
\$12.50

34606B
Solid Gold Lapel Button, one full cut blue-white diamond.
\$15.00

39898B
This Sterling Silver Belt Buckle and Belt Chain in combination in a finely engine turned and hand engraved design with raised emblem. Any initial or monogram engraved free. Includes a new wide fine black leather 1 1/2" belt. State Waist Measurement. Belt and Buckle without Belt Chain \$3.50. **\$4.85**



30274B
New Style Elk Ring in either white or green solid gold mounted with a full cut fine blue-white diamond. **\$37.50**

Perfectly modeled Elk head embellished with blue enamel inlaid with clock. Same style ring without the Diamond. **\$12.50**

This Same Set in SOLID GOLD \$30.00

The above Buckle can be furnished with any emblem. State emblem desired.



1 Carat \$145.00
This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and full cut. Mounted in newest style 14K solid gold setting. Order this diamond; if it can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00 send it back and your money will be returned at once. Our price direct to you. **\$145.00**

Ladies' Diamond Ring \$150.00
18K Solid White Gold Ring in exquisitely pierced 4 square-prong design mounted with full-cut blue-white Diamond and 6 smaller Diamonds set in the new step-side effect. Our price direct to you. **\$150.00**

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:
1/4 carat - \$31.00 1 1/2 carats - \$217.00
3/8 carat - 50.00 2 carats - 290.00
1/2 carat - 73.00 3 carats - 435.00

If you wish to purchase on a deferred basis we invite you to open a **CHARGE ACCOUNT**

Write for Free Catalog "How to Buy Diamonds"

Write for Free Catalog, 222 pages, Jewelry, Watches, Silver

Write for Free Catalog of New Elk Emblematic Jewelry

CLIP COUPON—FILL IN AND MAIL NOW—

JASON WEILER & SONS
Mfg. Wholesale and Retail Jewelers Since 1870
376-B Washington Street (Elks Dept.)
Boston, Mass.

Please send FREE Catalogs checked x below
☐ Jewelry, Watch, Silver and ☐ Diamond Catalog
☐ ELKS EMBLEM CATALOGS

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 64)

praised the work of the Lodge, mentioning in particular the Annual Orphans' Day picnic sponsored by its members at which, a short time ago, 250 children were entertained.

Past Exalted Rulers' Night Sets Record at Birmingham, Ala., Lodge

Overflow attendance, necessitating the use of an extra number of chairs, characterized Past Exalted Rulers' Night, observed a short time ago by Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79. The gathering was the largest in many years. Another notable feature of the event was the letter-perfect exemplification of the ritual by the former heads of the Lodge without recourse to the written form. Before the official session the ladies affiliated with the Lodge provided dinner in the ballroom of the Home. Visitors were present from Ensley Lodge, No. 987, New Orleans, La., No. 30; Asheville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1401; and New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324.

Notables Visit Chicago Lodge When District Deputy Calls

Chicago, Ill. Lodge, No. 4, entertained District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William J. Savage, of Illinois, Northeast, when he paid his official call there recently. He was accompanied by a large and distinguished escort including the following: Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Assistant to the Grand Secretary Charles E. Witt; George W. Hasselman, Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association, and many Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, Past Exalted Rulers and Exalted Rulers from various districts and Lodges throughout the State. A class of prominent citizens was initiated and the rendition of the ritual by the officers of the Lodge was praised by Grand Secretary Masters.

Anaconda, Mont., Lodge Receives Call From District Deputy

Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, sent a number of officers and members to pay a visit to Anaconda Lodge, No. 239, a short time ago to be present there upon the occasion of the official call of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George E. Hackett of Montana, West. The Butte Elks made the trip by auto buses and private cars. After the ritualistic ceremonies a male quartet and a minstrel company of members of Anaconda Lodge provided entertainment.

Athletic Tournament Earns Large Sum for Denver, Colo., Lodge

From its Amateur Wrestling and Boxing Tournament, held not long ago in cooperation with the *Rocky Mountain News*, Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, earned a net sum of \$5,788. After announcement of this result of the tournament was made at a recent meeting, the members of the Lodge extended a rising vote of thanks to the newspaper and to the individuals composing the committees responsible for the favorable outcome of the enterprise.

District Deputy Visits Anacortes And Everett, Wash., Elks

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert S. Macfarlane, of Washington, Northwest, recently made two official visits to Lodges in his district. Accompanied by J. C. Slater, Past Exalted Ruler of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, and Third Vice-President of the Washington State Elks Association, Mr. Macfarlane visited Anacortes Lodge, No. 1204. Both Mr. Macfarlane and Mr. Slater addressed the Lodge. About two weeks later, the District Deputy, again accompanied by Mr. Slater, called upon Everett Lodge, No. 479. Mr. Macfarlane complimented Everett Lodge upon its gain in membership. A program of entertainment followed this meeting and a buffet supper was served.

Past Exalted Rulers' Night Breaks Record at Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge

Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, surpassed

its previous attendance record recently when four hundred members thronged the Home on Past Exalted Rulers' Night. A class of fifteen candidates was initiated. The formal session was followed by a social period, during which supper was served.

District Deputy Schultz Visits Home Lodge at Redlands, Calif.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. R. Schultz, of California, South, recently made his official visit to his home Lodge, Redlands Lodge, No. 583. There were over three hundred guests at the banquet, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler C. Hal Reynolds, of California, South Central; Stanley Mansuer, Vice-President of the California State Elks Association; Richard C. Benbough, Secretary of the Association, and many Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers. The initiatory ceremonies were impressively exemplified by the officers of the Lodge. An excellent entertainment program was rendered throughout the dinner hour.

Allentown, Pa., Lodge Names Class For Lawrence H. Rupp

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow witnessed recently the initiation of 113 candidates into Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130. The class was known as "The Lawrence H. Rupp Class," in honor of the Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, who also is a Past Exalted Ruler of Allentown Lodge.

Bronx, N. Y., Elks Entertain Delegation from Utica Lodge

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, entertained recently a delegation of members from Utica Lodge, No. 33, in the course of their sojourn in the metropolis to attend the sixty-second anniversary banquet at New York Lodge, No. 1. Among the guests were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John T. Buckley, of New York, North Central; and John A. Weert, a Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association.

Bismarck, N. D., Lodge Initiates Fifty Candidates

Bismarck, N. D., Lodge, No. 1190, initiated, at a recent meeting, fifty candidates into membership in the Lodge. Before the ceremonies were enacted, a big parade marched down the streets of the town, through the business section and back to the Home. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Philip R. Bangs of North Dakota was present and addressed the Lodge.

Fourth Annual Track Meet Held in Brooklyn, N. Y., a Success

The Fourth Annual Interscholastic High School Meet, sponsored by the Lodges of Greater New York, was held recently at the 13th Regiment Armory, in Brooklyn. Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews was unable to attend, but Mrs. Andrews was present with Mrs. Murray Hulbert, Miss Regina Hulbert and Miss Carrie Harper, daughter of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper. The meet was a success and all the events were run off smoothly.

Suite of Sixty Calls With District Deputy Upon Quincy, Mass., Lodge

Sixty Elks, from Lodges in the southeast of Massachusetts, formed a suite of escort for Joseph D. Irvine, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for that District of the State, when he called officially for an inspection of Quincy Lodge, No. 943, a short time ago. To extend a welcome to Mr. Irvine upon his visitation, a majority of the Past Exalted Rulers of Quincy Lodge were present at the meeting.

Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge Inaugurates Publication of Monthly Periodical

Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, has recently instituted the publication of a monthly periodical devoted to the interests of its members. It is entitled *The Crossroads*. The first issue, replete with news and comment well presented, is one of eight pages.

District Deputy and Escort Praise Ritual Work of Findlay, O., Elks

The delegation of members of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, which accompanied District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick upon his official visit to Findlay, O., Lodge, No. 75, joined with him in outspoken praise of the manner in which the host Lodge officers conducted the initiatory ceremonies upon that occasion. The event was endowed with further interest by the presence at it of Elks from Bowling Green, Lima, Tiffin, Fremont and Fostoria Lodges.

Toledo, O., Elks Flock to Welcome Delegation from Fremont Lodge

Several hundred members of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, were present at a recent meeting at which this unit of the Order had as its guests a visiting delegation of Elks from Fremont Lodge, No. 169. A dinner, attended by the officers of both Lodges, preceded the formal session, and an informal period of entertainment followed it.

State Association Head With District Deputy at Blocton, Ala., Lodge

E. J. McCrossin, President of the Alabama State Elks Association, was among the visiting Elks in attendance at the meeting recently of Blocton, Ala., Lodge, No. 710, when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ben Mendelsohn called there officially. Present also were other members of Birmingham Lodge, and Elks from Bessemer. Mr. Mendelsohn, in addressing the assemblage, praised the achievements of his hosts in behalf of the Order; and Mr. McCrossin, in a briefer talk, issued an urgent invitation to the members of Blocton Lodge to be represented by a delegation of worthy strength at the State Association convention at Montgomery, in May.

Mrs. Edward W. Cotter Dies in Florida Home

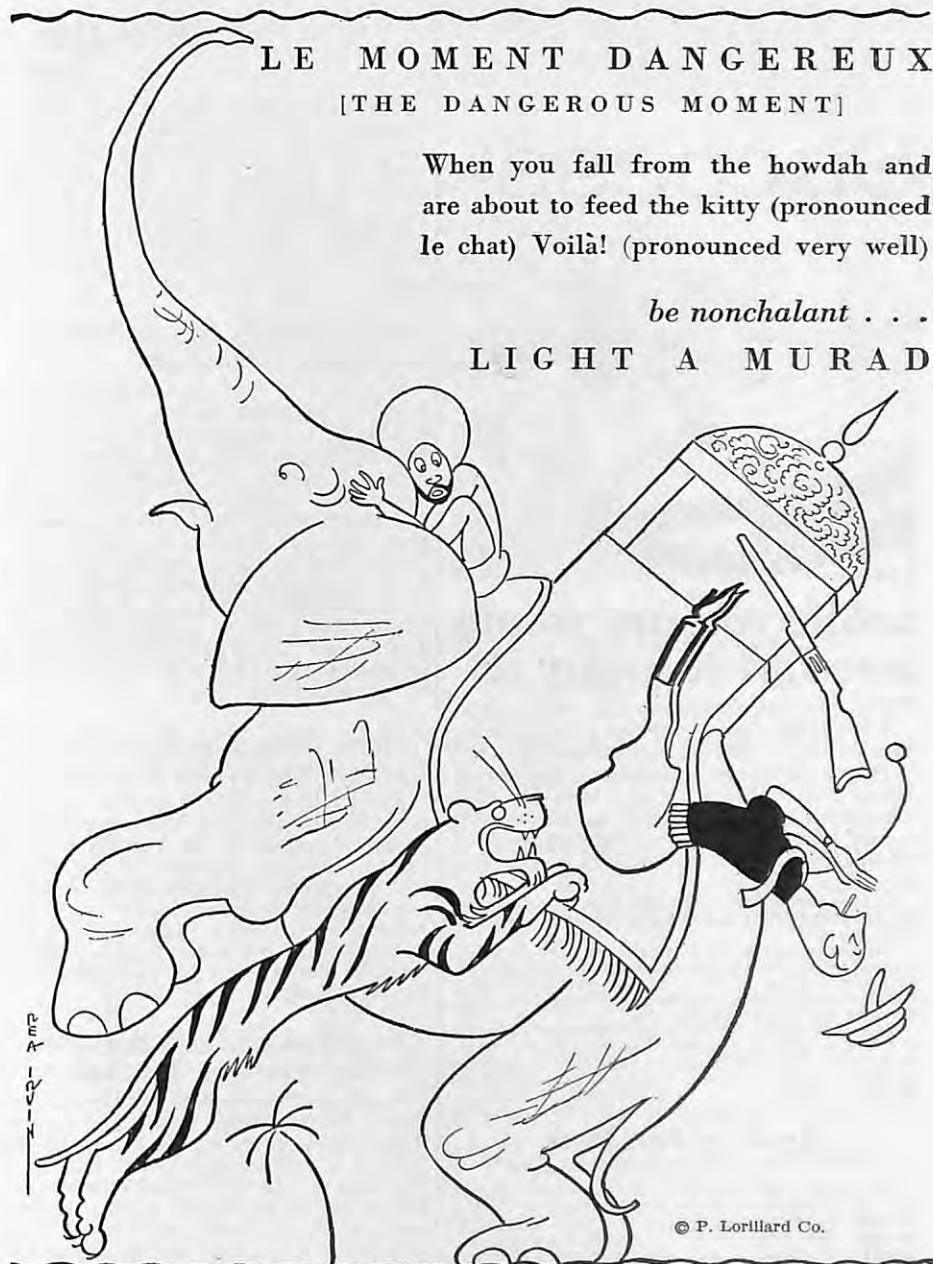
Mrs. Edward W. Cotter, wife of the Past Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, died at their winter home in Daytona, Fla., on Sunday, February 23. Her body was taken by Mr. Cotter to their home in Hartford, Conn., where, on the following Friday, the funeral was held. Solemn requiem mass was said in St. Patrick's Church, and burial was in Mount St. Benedict Cemetery. Hartford Lodge, No. 19, of which Mr. Cotter is a member, was represented at the services by a delegation of Past Exalted Rulers, as was the Past Exalted Rulers Association of Connecticut, while many prominent members and officers of the Order from surrounding States were also present to pay their last respects.

Mrs. Cotter left a son, Albert, a daughter, Edwina, and her mother, Mrs. Edward Donaghue, and to these as well as to Mr. Cotter. THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends, on behalf of the entire Order, its deepest regard and sympathy.

Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge Takes Over Charity Fund Organized by Member

Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 139, voted recently to perpetuate the "For Empty Stockings Fund," established many years ago as a regularly recurring activity for welfare by one of its members, Colonel Joseph E. Robinson, founder of the *Goldsboro Daily Argus* and its editor for nearly half a century. For the last forty years Colonel Robinson, by opening the columns of his newspaper, free of charge, to publicity for the collection of this fund, has co-operated with the Lodge in its endeavor to cheer destitute children on Christmas. When, a short time ago, he disposed of his publication, the

(Continued on page 68)



PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

BIG MONEY MANUFACTURING THESE PRODUCTS

People spend millions beautifying their homes and surroundings. With these products, in any color and in wide selection, you can make big profits supplying the demand in your territory.

Nearly all profit. Practically sell at sight. Browning of Texas sold 245 pieces for \$965.00. Ocean City, N. J., people paid Young \$3,750.00. Nelson of Mississippi sold 550 for \$1,650.00.

You can start spare time or full time in basement, garage, or any building. Start with \$150.00 in equipment, or more, then expand from earnings. No experience necessary. Complete instructions furnished.

Get into this exclusive, growing business now. Big money to right man in each community. Don't let someone beat you to it. Send for free book giving facts and data. Write to-day.

COLORCRETE INDUSTRIES
340 Ottawa Ave.,
Holland, - Michigan

24 PAGES OF WAYS TO MAKE MONEY

COLORCRETE
The Opportunity to Make Money by Manufacturing and Selling

Cost \$3.15
Sells for \$21.00

Cost \$1.25
Sells for \$6.00

Cost \$1.50
Sells for \$9.00

Cost \$2.00
Sells for \$12.00

Cost \$2.50
Sells for \$15.00

Cost \$3.00
Sells for \$18.00

Cost \$3.50
Sells for \$21.00

Cost \$4.00
Sells for \$24.00

Cost \$4.50
Sells for \$27.00

Cost \$5.00
Sells for \$30.00

Cost \$5.50
Sells for \$33.00

Cost \$6.00
Sells for \$36.00

Cost \$6.50
Sells for \$39.00

Cost \$7.00
Sells for \$42.00

Cost \$7.50
Sells for \$45.00

Cost \$8.00
Sells for \$48.00

Cost \$8.50
Sells for \$51.00

Cost \$9.00
Sells for \$54.00

Cost \$9.50
Sells for \$57.00

Cost \$10.00
Sells for \$60.00

Cost \$1.00
Sells for \$5.00

Cost \$1.25
Sells for \$6.25

Cost \$1.50
Sells for \$7.50

Cost \$1.75
Sells for \$8.75

Cost \$2.00
Sells for \$10.00

Cost \$2.25
Sells for \$11.25

Cost \$2.50
Sells for \$12.50

Cost \$2.75
Sells for \$13.75

Cost \$3.00
Sells for \$15.00

Cost \$3.25
Sells for \$16.25

Cost \$3.50
Sells for \$17.50

Cost \$3.75
Sells for \$18.75

Cost \$4.00
Sells for \$20.00

Cost \$4.25
Sells for \$21.25

Cost \$4.50
Sells for \$22.50

Cost \$4.75
Sells for \$23.75

Cost \$5.00
Sells for \$25.00

Summer Cottages

\$179 and up

Direct from ALADDIN Mills at Wholesale Prices

Price includes all materials Read-Cut, shipped to your station freight paid. Every piece of lumber is certified, sound, of highest quality. Complete instructions and drawings make it easy to erect an Aladdin yourself. Save money, time and annoyance. Satisfaction guaranteed. Choose from many designs in Aladdin's big-free Catalog of Homes, Summer Cottages and Garages. Mail coupon today.

Garages \$92

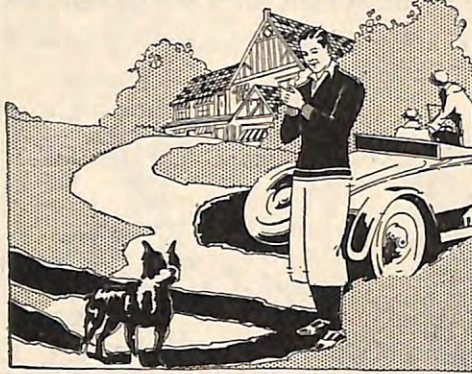
All sizes—attractive and up designs, including the new English, Colonial and Pergola types. Amazing low prices. Build one yourself in a day or two and save labor cost!

The ALADDIN Co. Mail this Coupon
(address nearest office) Bay City, Mich.;
Wilmington, N. C.; Portland, Ore.

Send free, without obligation, new Catalog of Homes, Summer Cottages and Garages, No. 1183

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Success—



while you are young enough to enjoy it

"I'M meeting Armstrong this afternoon at Ingleside—last chance for a little golf before we sail for Europe on the fifteenth . . ."

Pretty soft for Bob Carrington, you say—a lovely country home, golf on a week-day when the other boys are slaving at the office—a six weeks' trip to Europe with the family—and all this wonderful success while he is still young enough to enjoy it!

But why look with envy upon success well earned—especially when it is within your power to attain that same success?

"If young men in business only realized how immensely valuable are those early years, and how vital it is to get away to a flying start, they would make it an inflexible rule to devote several evenings every week to home-study business training."

One of America's foremost business men—an active director in a dozen big corporations—made that statement recently; and if you have the slightest doubt of its truth, you need only check it by the actual records of LaSalle-trained men, many of whom, though still in their thirties, are commanding five-figure salaries.

Send for Free Book

"Ten Years' Promotion in One"

"I'm determined to succeed," you say—and we do not deny that hard work and learning through day-to-day experience will eventually win you some measure of success. If success is sweet, however, is it not doubly sweet if it comes to you while you are still young enough to enjoy it?

And is it not a needless and tragic waste of years to continue at outgrown tasks, simply because you will not spare yourself the time to master those bigger jobs that command the real rewards of business?

Ten Years' Promotion in One is a booklet that shows you how you can save years that would otherwise be wasted. Sending for it has marked the turning point in the lives of thousands upon thousands of men—and the coupon will bring it to you FREE.

With this book we will send you, without cost or obligation, complete particulars of the training that appeals to you, together with details of our easy-payment plan.

Will you wait till the golden years of your life are fast slipping away—or will you set your path toward success while you are still young enough to enjoy it?

Prove that you mean what you say when you say that you want to get ahead—by what you do with this coupon NOW.

—Find Yourself Through LaSalle!—

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
The World's Largest Business Training Institution
Dept. 4328-R Chicago

I should be glad to learn about your salary-increasing plan as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy-Stenography |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Mgmt | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraphy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Credit and Collection |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law—Degree of LL.B. | <input type="checkbox"/> Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Paper Salesman's Training | |

Name

Present Position

Address

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

Lodge itself decided to take measures to insure the carrying on of the work. In recognition of the journalist's devotion to the enterprise, the fund will hereafter be known as "Colonel Joseph E. Robinson's Fund for Empty Stockings"; and Colonel Robinson himself has been made a life member of the Lodge. He is the first Goldsboro Elk ever to be so honored.

Marion, O., Elks Honor Chaplain At "Daddy Wark Night"

As a token of their affection for James Wark, Past Exalted Ruler of Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, and for thirty-two years its Chaplain, the members of this unit of the Order set aside recently a special evening for the celebration of his eighty-third birthday. The event, designated as "Daddy Wark Night," drew an attendance many times as great as is customary at the Lodge. During the course of the meeting in honor of this veteran and beloved Elk, Past Exalted Ruler A. F. Lippincott presented to him a birthday cake, and Past Exalted Ruler L. Don Jones, Mayor of Marion, gave Mr. Wark, in behalf of the Lodge, a more lasting memento of his anniversary.

Melrose, Mass., Elks Form Escort for District Deputy After His Call

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond V. McNamara, of Massachusetts, North-east, paid an official visit recently to Melrose Lodge, No. 1031. Evidence of the heartiness of fraternal feeling occasioned by his call was manifested in the course of it by the determination on the part of the Melrose Elks to form a special delegation of escort for Mr. McNamara when he should make his subsequent visit to Haverhill Lodge, No. 165.

Elks of Texas Oil Belt Hold Joint Meeting at Ranger, Tex., Lodge

Acting upon the suggestion of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry A. Logsdon, of Texas, West, voiced at the time of his official visit, at an earlier date, to Breckenridge Lodge, No. 1480, four Lodges in what is designated the Oil Belt of the State held a joint meeting recently at Ranger Lodge, No. 1373. The units of the Order represented, besides the two already mentioned, were Cisco Lodge, No. 1379, and Eastland Lodge, No. 1372. In addition to the District Deputy, two Past District Deputies, nine Past Exalted Rulers and twenty-four members of Lodges in this territory were present. It was agreed during the meeting to arrange other and similar gatherings monthly, at the Home of each member Lodge in turn.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Drill Team Performs Twice for Ventura Elks

The Drill Team of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, performed twice during the evening upon the occasion of the recent visit of officers and members of this Lodge to Ventura Lodge, No. 1430. In addition to functioning during the exemplification of the ritual incident to the initiatory exercises, the team later gave an exhibition of maneuvers for the benefit of its hosts. A dinner for the Pasadena Elks, at Pierpont Inn, preceded the meeting. A vaudeville entertainment followed the close of the official session.

Edgar F. Davis, Noted Elk and Civic Leader, Dies in Los Angeles

Edgar F. Davis, Past Exalted Ruler of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, and, in 1925, President of the California State Elks Association, died recently of burns accidentally suffered while he was a patient in a Los Angeles Hospital. One of the most prominent business men of Long Beach, Mr. Davis had been for years an active participant in many civic enterprises. During the war he worked tirelessly in behalf of the Liberty Loan, the Red Cross and Salvation Army drives, and more recently he was

one of the leaders in the Community Chest movement. Mr. Davis was born at Griffiths-ville, W. Va., but his parents, while he was still an infant, removed to Nebraska and there he later grew up. He was a graduate of the University of Nebraska Law School and, when he came to California, was admitted to the bar in that State. He never practiced, however, but devoted himself first to teaching school and later to the duties of Assistant City Tax Collector. Later he entered the real estate and insurance business and in it achieved a pronounced success. He was a member of a number of business and social clubs and a director of the Chamber of Commerce. The Long Beach Exchange Club, of which he was a past president, suspended meeting during the period required for Mr. Davis's funeral. His widow, Mrs. Sevilla Davis, and four children, in addition to his father, Benjamin F. Davis, and a brother and two sisters, survive him. To the members of his family, to his fellows in the Order, and to the host of friends who keenly feel his loss, THE ELKS MAGAZINE offers its heartfelt sympathy.

Exceptional Attendance at Albany, N. Y., Lodge for District Deputy

Exceptionally well attended was the recent meeting of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr., of New York, North-east, made his official call of inspection. The members present had the pleasure, during the session, of hearing the District Deputy praise them for the state of affairs in Albany Lodge, and listening to a talk upon the activities of the New York State Elks Association by its Vice-President, Dr. Leon L. Abbey.

Lexington, Mo., Elks Honor District Deputy Jerome Bamburg

James H. Bamburg, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Missouri, North, visited officially, a short time ago, and for the first time since his installation in office, Lexington, Mo., Lodge, No. 749. His comment upon the condition of the Lodge's affairs and its conduct of ceremonies was encouraging. It was determined, in the course of Mr. Bamburg's stay, to organize a delegation of Lexington Elks to accompany him as escort upon his subsequent official visit to Excelsior Springs Lodge, No. 1001.

Macon, Ga., Home Lodge of District Deputy Smith, Welcomes Him

Members of Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, the Home Lodge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Smith, of Georgia, North, attended in large numbers the meeting marking his official visit there recently. An informal gathering, at which a supper was served, followed the initiation of candidates into the Order.

Grand Lodge Officer, and District Deputy at Galveston, Tex., Lodge

Galveston, Tex., Lodge, No. 126, received an official visit lately from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. F. Fisher, of Texas, South, who was accompanied by E. A. Moody, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight. This event coincided with the observance of Past Exalted Rulers' Night by the Galveston Elks. Attendance was good and the meeting was considered one of the best ever held. Both Mr. Fisher and Mr. Moody made addresses.

Longview, Wash., Elks' Scandinavian Program Planned for District Deputy

In token of his ancestry, Longview, Wash., Lodge, No. 1574, recently greeted the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett E. Anderson, of Washington, South-west, with a program of Scandinavian entertainment. In this the Longview Elks were assisted by a delegation of members from Kelso Lodge, No. 1482. Everything, from the monologues to the menu, was Scandinavian.

Three Hundred at Wapakoneta, O., Lodge Greet District Deputy

Three hundred members of the Order, comprising delegations from Toledo, Van Wert, Lima and Janesville Lodges, attended the meeting recently coincident with the official call of inspection at Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170, of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick, of Ohio, Northwest. An escort from Toledo Lodge, including J. C. A. Leppelman, First Vice-President of the Ohio State Elks Association, accompanied the District Deputy to Wapakoneta. Mr. McCormick's address, the formation of a Past Exalted Rulers' Association and speeches in memory of the late Charles T. Lawton, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Ohio, Northwest, in 1925, were features of the Lodge session.

Cincinnati, O., Elks Seeking 700 New Members Before National Convention

Under the leadership of Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann, Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, has launched a campaign designed to bring about the initiation of 700 new members before the time of the departure of the delegation to the Atlantic City Convention in July. The increase of the membership of the Lodge by this effort will bring its total to 5,000, at which it will be closed. Mr. Herrmann is being assisted by Exalted Ruler Harry Neal Smith and Joseph A. Dixon.

District Deputy's Call on Excelsior Springs, Mo., Lodge Draws Visitors

Sixty Elks, comprising delegations of visiting members of Liberty, Missouri City, Lawson and Lexington, Mo., Lodges, were present at the meeting recently of Excelsior Springs Lodge, No. 1001, when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jerome H. Bamburg, of Missouri, North, called there officially. An initiation preceded Mr. Bamburg's address to his hosts upon the present enterprises of the Grand Lodge.

Five Hundred Greet District Deputy Visiting San Diego, Calif., Lodge

Five hundred Elks were present at the Home of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Adolph R. Schultz, of California, South, visited there unofficially a short time ago. Accompanying Mr. Schultz were District Deputy C. Hal Reynolds, of California, South Central; and Past District Deputy H. S. Williamson. A turkey dinner, attended by three hundred and fifty members of the Order, preceded the Lodge session.

Brookfield, Mo., Lodge Receives Official Visit from District Deputy

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jerome H. Bamburg, of Missouri, North, made his official visit to Brookfield Lodge, No. 874, a short time ago, where he witnessed the initiation of eight new candidates. Mr. Bamburg complimented Brookfield Lodge upon its condition and upon the way in which the officers conducted the ceremonies of induction.

Seventeen Children Examined at First Clinic of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge

Seventeen boys and girls were examined recently at the first Crippled Children's Clinic sponsored by Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331, and held recently at the St. Francis Hospital in that city, under the direction of Dr. Henry B. Thomas. Of these it was discovered six would require operations and the remainder treatment. Mrs. Elizabeth Kuhn, field secretary, has been appointed to follow the progress of the cases and to keep the Lodge informed of them. Other clinics of the same sort will be held at intervals.

Talkies and Vaudeville Swell Charity Fund of Wakefield, Mass., Lodge

Wakefield, Mass., Lodge, No. 1276, sponsored a short time ago a talking picture and vaudeville entertainment at the Stoneham Theatre, Stoneham, for the benefit of the Lodge's charity fund.

(Continued on page 70)



Illustration shows an example of hammered Rock of Ages

MAN molds his character through his living acts. As the years roll on, the accomplishments of his yesteryears should be crystallized in a crowning tribute, symbolizing his all in reverent simplicity...A "ROCK OF AGES" memorial, selected while you live, will imperishably preserve your personality and continue the cherished ideals of your family name because the permanency of this inimitable, blue-gray granite is guaranteed. The selection of a befitting monument is simplified by our new booklet "How To Choose A Memorial." Request your copy today.

ROCK OF AGES

THE DISTINCTIVE  BARRE GRANITE

ROCK OF AGES CORPORATION...BARRE, VERMONT

Without obligation, please send me your FREE booklet "How To Choose A Memorial"

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

E 4

THIS "STERLING" HOME for \$1194



Big Special Discount for Cash!

Here's a modern 7-room home that you can build yourself and save money. We ship you the lumber cut-to-fit, freight paid to your station. Our simple plans and new system of cutting makes it easy for anyone to build a Sterling home. No skilled labor necessary. Our customers claim average savings of 47% over local builders' prices.



Rock-Bottom Prices!

Our large volume of sales enables us to quote rock-bottom prices and sell on time-payments without high interest or financing charges. Terms as low as \$8.10 per month. Send 25c today for beautiful Color Book of NEW Sterling Home Plans and learn how you can buy a home with your rent money.

International Mill & Timber Co.
3438 S. Wenona Ave. Bay City, Mich.

EUROPE \$395 AND UP

ALL EXPENSE MOTOR TOURS

See France, Switzerland, Austria, Belgium, Germany, including Passion Play. Other tours, \$335 to \$1007. Ask for Booklet "E30".

THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc., Dept. 365
180 No. Michigan, Chicago, Illinois

WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET

WEeping PALM
THE WONDER OF THE WORLD
5 For 25c



Grown from seed makes a fine Showy Window Palm. Needs no petting to succeed, stands dust and dry air, lack of sunshine does not bother it. VERY ORNAMENTAL with its elegant FAN SHAPED leaves of a dark rich leathery green. May be grown in pot or in the open ground.

To introduce our catalog, we will GIVE with the above, The Wonder

Japanese Rose Bushes



Roses on them in 8 weeks from planting seed. We Guarantee this. BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS Winter and Summer. Bush when 3 years old will have 5 or 6 hundred Roses. Grows in the house in winter or in the ground in summer. Roses the Year Round. Both pkgs. of seed by mail for 25c postpaid.

E. J. Murvon Co. Dept. 88, Norwalk, Conn.

WHEN BUYING CIGARS
Remember that Regardless of Price
THE BEST CIGARS
ARE PACKED IN
WOODEN BOXES

Try 10 Cigars FREE!

Now Is Your Chance to try absolutely free a box of full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigars... my new La Parcela, the cigar illustrated... a full five-inch cigar... Sumatra-wrapped... has richness and rare flavor... Londress shape... foil-covered... hand-made in clean, airy surroundings.

You Save Jobber and Dealer Profits. For twenty-five years I have been selling cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. Customers tell me that I save them upwards of 5 cents on each cigar.

I Lose Money on the First Box sent to a new customer, and I am willing to. Suppose, for instance, you and 124 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 125 into \$450 (the cost of this advertisement) gives \$3.60, which is more than the price of a box of 50 cigars. The flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities must delight you. Otherwise you would not order again, and I would lose more and more money on every advertisement.

Snap Up This Offer Quick. Let me send you a box of 50 cigars at once. If, after you smoke ten, the box doesn't seem worth \$3.00, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days—no explanation necessary, no obligation. In ordering, please use your business letterhead or the coupon filling in the line marked "Reference," or if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop me a postcard, and you can pay the postman \$3.00 when the cigars are delivered. I'll pay the postage. **This Is My Treat.** Send your order now. I'll personally see that it is filled.

NELSON B. SHIVERS, Pres.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.,
37 Bank St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me a box of 50 La Parcela cigars. After smoking 10, if satisfied, I agree to send you \$3.00 or will return the 40 unsmoked cigars within 10 days without obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
Reference.....
Address.....

AGENTS-Represent THE Carlton Line
America's Best Paying Proposition!

SELL FROM A MILLION DOLLAR STOCK SAMPLES FREE

Shirts, Neckwear and Underwear.
No Substitutions, 4 Hour Shipping
Service, Highest Commissions
Bonuses, Profit Sharing,
Biggest Company,
Mail Coupon.

CARLTON MILLS, Inc.
79 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK
Dept. 112J

Send me your Famous Sample Outfit

MAIL COUPON

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....
Zip.....

CLUBROOM SUPPLIES

Perfect Dice - - - Cards
Dice Boxes - - - Poker Chips
COMPLETE LINE

Write nearest address for
FREE CATALOG
Mason & Co. } K. C. Card Co.
399 Market, } 1120 McGee,
Newark, N. J. } Kansas City, Mo.



Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

Members of the Lodge residing in both Wakefield and Reading assembled before the show at the Elks Home and drove in a body to the theatre.

Fred C. Robinson Becomes Associated with Congress Hotel

The Congress Hotel Company, Chicago, announces that Fred C. Robinson has joined it in an executive and publicity capacity as Manager. Mr. Robinson was formerly Grand Secretary.

Lincoln, Ill., Lodge Receives District Deputy Zwanzig on Official Call

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William Zwanzig, of Illinois, East Central, paid his official visit to Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914, recently. After the initiation ceremonies, the District Deputy complimented the officers for their conduct and the Lodge as a whole for its condition.

Caldwell, Ida., Elks Initiate Record Class at Dedication of New Home

Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, No. 1448, dedicated its new \$60,000 Home a short time ago with ceremonies marked by the attendance of eight hundred Elks, among whom were many prominent in the Order, and by the initiation of the largest class of candidates ever inducted at one time by any Lodge in the State. The initiatory exercises, begun early in the afternoon, preceded the dedication. They were exemplified by Exalted Ruler Nicholas Ney, of Caldwell Lodge, with every Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge present, including H. J. Johnson, who traveled from Los Angeles for the occasion. The visiting Elks present were welcomed by Governor H. C. Baldridge, of Idaho, and an address of response was made by Past Exalted Ruler Johnson. The initiates numbered 168, a record class for Idaho Lodges. At the dedication which followed, Grand Tiler R. W. Jones, of Pocatello Lodge, No. 674, presided. He was assisted by a staff of Elks prominent in the State and in Caldwell Lodge. Included in the group were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers William Wallin, Harry J. Fox, Frank D. Parke, A. J. Pierce and H. E. Deiss and Exalted Ruler Raymond L. Givens, of Boise Lodge, No. 310, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Idaho. The principal speech was made by Past Exalted Ruler Jess B. Hawley, of Boise Lodge, who is Chairman of the Idaho State Bar Commission. Messages of congratulation were read from Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Justice of the Grand Forum Walter F. Meier. Entertainment was provided for the rest of the afternoon by the Caldwell Elks and was followed by a banquet and a dance. Open house was held, the next day, by the Lodge, permitting thousands of citizens to view the new Home, in which, in the evening, there was a reception by the members of Caldwell Lodge for their friends. The new Home, occupying a site of 51 by 120 feet, is a commodious and thoroughly modern building, erected expressly for the Lodge. Brick without and black walnut and hardwood within, it presents a most attractive appearance. The first floor holds the secretary's office, lounge rooms, library and dining, billiard and game rooms and, at the rear, the kitchen and ventilating plant. The Lodge room, with adjacent chambers for the use of the drill team and committee meetings, is on the second floor. On the third floor are rooms for the convenience of ladies, comprising a drawing-room, retiring rooms and cloakrooms. Although the baby Lodge of Idaho, Caldwell Lodge has proven one of the most active in the State. It was instituted in 1922 with fifty-five charter members, and now has on its rolls nearly nine hundred.

Warren, O., Elks Entertain District Deputy and Visiting Delegations

Within the last few weeks, Warren, O., Lodge, No. 295, has acted as host to three neighboring Lodges. The first instance was that incident to

the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John E. Creamer, of Ohio, Northeast, upon which he was accompanied by an escort of twenty members of his own Lodge, Ashtabula, Lodge, No. 208. The second event was that of the fraternal call of one hundred Elks from Canton Lodge, No. 68, and Massillon Lodge, No. 441, when Warren Lodge held its Roundup and Branding and Roast Bear Barbecue.

Past Exalted Rulers of Sandusky, O., Lodge Form Degree Team

In order to further interest among the members of Sandusky, O., Lodge, No. 285, in ritualistic performance, the Past Exalted Rulers of that unit of the Order recently organized a Degree Team. At a meeting of the Lodge a short time later this group functioned at the initiation of candidates. The event brought forth exceptional attendance from among the Sandusky Elks and attracted, as well, visitors from Elyria, Lorain, Norwalk, Willard and Bellevue Lodges.

District Deputy Commends Sandpoint, Ida., Elks for Milk Fund Work

Commendation of the work of Sandpoint, Ida., Lodge, No. 1376, in behalf of a milk fund for undernourished children, a part of which was a benefit musical show, not long ago, was voiced by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. J. Bottinelli, of Idaho, North, when he made his official call there recently. Mr. Bottinelli, after witnessing the initiation ceremonies of the Lodge, was entertained with a program of orchestral music.

Public Concerts Given by Decatur, Ill., Lodge Attracts Overflow Crowd

Decatur, Ill., Lodge, No. 401, gave recently a public concert in its Home. The event attracted a gathering which overflowed the Lodge room and necessitated the turning away of many who had hoped to attend. The music was rendered by a fifty-piece orchestra composed of high-school students and trained by H. J. Heinz, a member of the Lodge. The same organization, last year, performed at Clinton, Ill., Lodge, in the interest of that Lodge's crippled children's fund, and it plans to play again this year in behalf of the same cause.

800 Elks at North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge Welcome District Deputy

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph D. Irvine, of Massachusetts, Southeast, and an Honorary Life Member of North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1011, was greeted by over 800 members of his home Lodge, when he made his official visit there a short time ago. This meeting proved to be the largest gathering in the history of No. 1011. Every Lodge in the district was represented. The evening's program opened with a banquet and was followed by the regular business session of the Lodge. Among the distinguished visitors present were Congressman Joseph W. Martin, Jr.; E. Mark Sullivan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Dr. John M. O'Connell, of Rhode Island; Frank B. Twitchell, of Massachusetts, Central, and Richard A. Cantwell, of Massachusetts, West, and many Past District Deputies, Past Exalted Rulers and Exalted Rulers from all parts of Massachusetts. After the meeting a buffet lunch was served.

220 Candidates Initiated at Meeting Of Great Falls, Mont., Lodge

Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, No. 214, initiated recently what is reported to be the largest class of candidates ever inducted by any Montana Lodge, when 220 new members were admitted into the Order. A parade, with a line of march three blocks long and led by the local municipal band, supplemented by the Billings Lodge, No. 394, band, passed in review through the main streets of the town after the initiatory exercises had taken place. District Deputy Grand Ex-

alted Ruler Almon C. LeFebvre, of Montana, East, was the principal speaker of the banquet, held in the Home. After the banquet the delegations from the neighboring Lodges and members and guests of Great Falls Lodge were entertained by a minstrel show. The new members were drawn from the many towns of central Montana within the jurisdiction of Great Falls Lodge.

East Orange, N. J., Lodge Dedicates Memorial Organ to Past Exalted Ruler

Past Exalted Rulers' Night, observed recently by East Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 630, witnessed the dedication of an organ authorized earlier to be installed in the Lodge room in memory of the late John W. C. Campbell, Past Exalted Ruler and, up to the time of his death, known as the "Daddy" of East Orange Elks. After the dedicatory exercises, recitals on the instrument were given by Grover Kayhart, of East Orange Lodge; and the Rev. Joseph P. Connors, of Orange Lodge, No. 135.

Nashville, Tenn., Lodge Receives Official Call of District Deputy

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. E. Mullins, of Tennessee, East, made recently his first official call upon the members of Nashville Lodge, No. 72. His outline of the aims and plans of the Grand Lodge was given close attention and followed by assurances of response.

Los Angeles, Calif., Elk Given Citation by War Veterans

John J. Doyle, Past Exalted Ruler of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, and member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, was honored recently by the Disabled Veterans of the World War in a national citation, for "patriotic service rendered to the cause of the wounded and disabled American Veterans of the World War." The citation came through the Ray F. Enos Chapter of Glendale, Calif. Mr. Doyle is the originator of the "Minute of Memory," a ceremony held annually on Armistice Day at eleven o'clock in the morning, under the auspices of Los Angeles Lodge.

Many Elks Escort District Deputy Redding to Richmond, Calif., Lodge

A short time ago, Richmond, Calif., Lodge, No. 1251, welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles A. Redding, of California, Bay, when he made his official visit there. The District Deputy was accompanied by a number of prominent Elks from his home Lodge, San Rafael, No. 1108. Mr. Redding pronounced the condition of the affairs of Richmond Lodge healthy and the work of the officers good.

Union Hill, N. J., Lodge Receives District Deputy Gallagher

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter J. Gallagher, of New Jersey, Northeast, paid his official visit recently to Union Hill Lodge, No. 1357. He was accompanied by Vice-President Harry McGill, of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred W. Bain, of New Jersey, Northwest, and a number of officials from neighboring Lodges. Mr. Gallagher witnessed the initiation of a class of seven candidates. Past Exalted Rulers' Night was observed at this meeting, rendering the occasion doubly interesting.

Shawnee, Okla., Lodge's Charity Praised by Local Newspaper

The Shawnee, Okla., *Morning News* devoted a half-page recently to an account of the charity activities of Shawnee Lodge, No. 657. A few of these charities listed were in the form of contributions toward the relief of sufferers in a tornado and two destructive floods which swept that district within a decade; various Red Cross drives and a schoolbook fund, for the poor children of Shawnee.

Special Memorial Services For Past Grand Trustee Rooney

Members of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, and their friends paid a special tribute to the memory

of the late Secretary of their Lodge and Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, at a memorial service held in the Home on March 2nd. A dignified and impressive program, composed, among several numbers, of an organ solo, a special ritual and a eulogy, was arranged by the Memorial Committee and enacted by members of the Lodge.

Antler Lodge Is Instituted by Atlanta, Ga., Elks

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, has recently instituted an Antler Lodge. The organization, complete with elections and initiation, was installed in his home Lodge by the authority of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. Twenty-nine original members were initiated, and officers were elected immediately thereafter.

Members from National Home Honor Past Exalted Ruler Crap

Members residing at the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Va., presented recently to Samuel E. Crap, Past Exalted Ruler and Tiler of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, a Past Exalted Ruler's badge in token of their appreciation of the hospitality he has accorded them upon their visits to the Roanoke Home. After thanking the delegation which made the gift, Mr. Crap asked each one to shake hands with him in order that he might express his gratitude to him directly and individually. The Lodge meeting at which this tribute was paid to the Past Exalted Ruler was followed by a period of entertainment consisting of musical and other numbers.

District Deputy Gallagher Welcomed by Cliffside Park, N. J., Lodge

Cliffside Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 1502, recently welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter J. Gallagher, of New Jersey, Central, on his official visit and homecoming there. Not only were there gathered many members from Mr. Gallagher's Home Lodge to greet him, but a number of visiting Elks from Union Hill and Jersey City Lodges were present.

Mrs. Robert W. Brown Dies in San Diego

Mrs. Robert W. Brown, widow of the former Grand Exalted Ruler, died on the morning of March 6 at the Paradise Valley Sanitarium, in National City, Calif. The immediate cause of death was pneumonia, though Mrs. Brown had been in ill health for a long time.

Mrs. Brown for the past few years made her home in San Diego, where she had gone with Mr. Brown when his health broke down. She was a native of Louisville, Ky.

Batavia, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-fifth Anniversary

Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary a short time ago with a banquet at the Richmond Hotel. The dinner was followed by the initiation of a special class of thirty-two. Addresses were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and William T. Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association; D. Curtis Gano, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John H. Burns, John T. Buckley and Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr.

Watervliet, N. Y., Elks Welcome District Deputy to Home Lodge

Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500, recently welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr., on the occasion of his homecoming official visit. The meeting, which was preceded by a clam supper, brought together delegates from the fourteen Lodges in the Northeast District of the State. More than 400 Elks were present, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, George W. Denton, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; Dr. Leon L. Abbey, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association; Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Member of the Board of Trustees of the Association; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter A. Buchheim. At this session Watervliet Lodge voted to subscribe to the Elks National Foundation.

(Continued on page 72)



YOU never have to apologize for your playing cards if you use Bicycle Cards. Everybody prefers them because of their superior uniform quality.

"Easy Lessons in Auction Bridge", 130 pages of instructions and rules—10c.

"Differences Between Auction and Contract"—a helpful pamphlet by Milton C. Work—Free.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.
Dept. E-1, Cincinnati, U. S. A.



BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS
Regular or Bridge Size

Speed Without Noise



A New Thrill! on these Rubber Tire Skates

Yes! "CHICAGO" Skates have broken World Records. The hard composition Rubber Tires outwear Steel Wheels 2 to 1. The Ball-Bearing wheels spin 10 times longer. Get a New Thrill. Speed Without Noise.

Champions prefer "CHICAGO" Skates—the best and Guaranteed. No. 181 Combination Super Skate for Boys, Girls and Grownups, price \$4.00. From dealers or sent direct (Postpaid) for price and dealer's name.

FREE BOOK and PIN
Join "Roll on Rubber" Club

Get Book "How to Roller Skate". Membership Certificate and Gold finish skate pin. Send dealer's name and 10c to cover postage. Write today.

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.
Established Over 1/4 Century
4405 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

"CHICAGO"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Rubber Tire Roller Skates
"Speed Without Noise"

**OUTWEAR
STEEL
WHEELS
2 to 1**

**WHEELS
SPIN
10 TIMES
LONGER**



10 Inches Off Waistline

"My waistline went from 42 down to 34 inches. It took only 35 days," says E. D. Lane, of Albany, N. Y. "Just wore a Director Belt and got results. Never felt better in my life."

The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

LONDON & WARNER
332 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Landon & Warner, Dept. C-98, 332 S. La Salle, Chicago
Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name _____

Address _____

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 179 70 5th Ave., New York

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge Mourns Death of C. B. Eielson, Arctic Flier

Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, No. 255, is mourning the death of one of its members, Carl Ben Eielson, the aviator whose body, after months of search, was found not long ago in northern Siberia, where he perished on an expedition of rescue. To those members of Mr. Eielson's family who survive him, to his many friends and to his fellow members in his own and other Lodges of the Order, THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its sincere sympathy and adds to that of the world its tribute of admiration for his courage.

District Deputy G. G. Falkenburg Honored at His Homecoming

The homecoming of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George G. Falkenburg resulted in one of the largest and most representative gatherings ever held in the history of Summit, N. J., Lodge, No. 1246. About 500 members were present, crowding the Lodge room to its capacity. Nearly every Lodge in the State was represented by Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers. Mr. Falkenburg was also honored by the presence of Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther; District Deputies Peter J. Gallagher and Francis V. Dobbins, and Past District Deputies Thomas F. Macksey, Thomas L. Dunnon, J. J. Vreeland, F. L. Fritts, T. F. Fisher, Allen R. McCoy, William H. Kelly and Fred W. Bain. All of the officers of Belleville Lodge, No. 1123, were in attendance, together with a delegation of seventy-five members and the Lodge band.

Past Exalted Rulers of Meadville, Pa., Lodge Form Association

The former heads of Meadville, Pa., Lodge, No. 219, organized recently, at a meeting at the Lafayette Hotel, a Past Exalted Rulers' Association, enrolling at that time sixteen of the twenty-three officers qualified for membership. Past Exalted Ruler O. A. Speakman was chosen president. Not long afterward, when the Meadville Elks celebrated Past Exalted Rulers' Night, members of the newly formed Association occupied all the chairs at the meeting.

District Deputy Visits Hobart, Okla., Elks at New Home

Before the meeting of Hobart, Okla., Lodge, No. 881, at which he was to make his official visitation, the members of the Lodge entertained District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Browder at dinner at a hotel in that city. Following the formal session, in the course of which Mr. Browder congratulated the Hobart Elks upon their new Home, opened a few months ago, a smoker was held by the fifty or more members present.

News of the Order From Near and Far

New York, N. Y., Lodge recently elected Samuel McKee, Sr., prominent both in the Order and in political circles, Exalted Ruler for the coming year.

In acceptance of an invitation, a number of the Past Exalted Rulers of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge journeyed recently to the Home of Compton Lodge to conduct initiation ceremonies there.

Yakima, Wash., Lodge held not long ago a "Fathers and Sons Night," an event at which such members of the Lodge as were parents of boys acted as hosts to them. Excitement reached its climax with the serving of a buffet supper of chicken and hot biscuits.

Two hundred members of Mendota, Ill., Lodge, and fifty members of Lodges nearby met recently at a dinner given by the Mendota Elks in honor of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Dubbs.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge is sponsoring the organization of a sixty-piece boys' band, to be recruited from among the members of the Lodge of Antlers under its supervision.

Winchester, Va., Lodge is arranging plans

for an active participation next month in the Annual Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival. The exhibit of the Lodge three years ago, a gigantic red apple, won such attention that a replica of it in concrete was made and placed in front of the Lodge Home.

Sixteen of the twenty-five Past Exalted Rulers of Meadville, Pa., Lodge attended the annual meeting marking a celebration in their honor and held a short time ago. A banquet at the Hotel Lafayette preceded the Lodge session.

The Iowa State Elks Association, according to a statement issued recently by its Past President Henry Louis, now Chairman of the Transportation Committee, is sponsoring a tour to the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City which will include visits to Washington, D. C., New York City, Niagara Falls and Bermuda.

Profits from the recent Charity Ball, an annual event, of Woburn, Mass., Lodge, amounted to a highly gratifying sum. This was announced a short time ago by the treasurer of the committee in charge.

The Rev. Arthur G. Fullerton, a member of Port Townsend, Wash., Lodge has been appointed as pastor of a church within the Arctic Circle. It is at Eagle, Alaska, a station of the United States Customs.

Members of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, among whom was John B. Berger, President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, made a fraternal call a short time ago upon Havre de Grace Elks.

The first annual formal ball of Portland, Me., Lodge was held recently at the Hotel Eastland in that city. The entertainment was enhanced by the interpolation of a number of special dancing exhibitions and vocal numbers.

Daytona, Fla., Lodge gave its twentieth annual Charity Ball recently. Over four hundred guests took part in the dancing.

Asbury Park, N. J., Elks visited Freehold Lodge a short time ago. The officers of Asbury Park Lodge officiated at the initiatory ceremonies.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge recently held an "Old Timers' Night." Two hundred and twenty-six of the first 1,500 members were present. Entertainment was provided by an old-time vaudeville bill, including the winner of the wooden shoe dancing championship of 1899.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge entertained a short time ago many Elks from Fremont Lodge. Twelve candidates were initiated by officers of the visiting Lodge.

About 750 members and their guests were present at the annual Charity Ball held by East Orange, N. J., Lodge recently.

Officers of Berkeley, Calif., Lodge visited Alameda Lodge a short time ago and officiated at the initiation of a class of candidates.

At the meeting when Past Exalted Rulers' Night was observed a short time ago, Norwich, Conn., Lodge voted to contribute a sum of money to the Boy Scouts of America.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, at a session held a short time ago, initiated a class of sixteen candidates to membership in the Lodge. The ceremonies were witnessed by delegations from many neighboring Lodges.

President William T. Phillips of the New York State Elks Association and Philip Clancy, Secretary of the Association, were guests recently at Huntington, N. Y., Lodge. In their honor the meeting was called State Association Night.

St. Louis, Mo., Lodge recently announced with regret that its Secretary, Jules Bertero, after thirty-five years of work for the Lodge in that capacity, has decided to relinquish his office.

Red Bank, N. J., Lodge gave a benefit performance a short time ago at the local theatre for its Crippled Children's Fund, netting a considerable profit for the cause.

Grand Haven, Mich., Elks published recently the first issue of "Leven Bells," a monthly bulletin devoted to the interests of their Lodge.

The annual Charity Ball of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, given a short time ago in behalf of crippled children within the range of its influence, was attended by more than 200 couples.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 36)

J. Edgar Masters; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight E. A. Moody; D. Curtis Gano, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; George W. Denton, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; E. M. Wharton and William T. Baldwin, members of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order; John R. Coen, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Thomas J. Brady, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; William E. Earle, Vice-President; Bernard E. Carbin, Treasurer of the Association; and S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler. The opening of the festivities was accomplished by Exalted Ruler Edward L. Bishop, of Winthrop Lodge, No. 1078. Dancing followed the conclusion of the banquet.

Scheduled Meetings

THE following State Associations have scheduled annual conventions to be held at the places, and on the dates, named below:

California—at Monterey, October 16, 17, 18.
Florida—at Fort Lauderdale, April 13, 14, 15, 16.
Georgia—at Milledgeville, May 22, 23, 24.
Idaho—at Pocatello, in June.
Indiana—at La Fayette, June 4, 5, 6.
Iowa—at Fort Dodge, in June.
Kansas—at Goodland, June 12, 13, 14.
Kentucky—at Ashland, June 9, 10, 11.
Maryland, Delaware, and District of Columbia,—at Salisbury, in August.
Massachusetts—on the Island of Oak Bluff, under the auspices of Middleboro Lodge, June 8, 9.
Michigan—at Hancock, June 16, 17.
Minnesota—at Bemidji, June 23-28.
Mississippi—at Clarksdale, in July.
Missouri—at Columbia, in July.
Nevada—at Tonopah, September 12, 13.
New Jersey—at Atlantic City, July 10, 11, 12, 13.
New York—at Niagara Falls, June 1, 2, 3, 4.
North Dakota—at Dickinson, in June.
Ohio—at Cedar Point, August 25, 26, 27, 28, 29.
Oklahoma—at Sapulpa, September 1, 2.
Pennsylvania—at Reading, August 25.
South Carolina—at Union, in May.
South Dakota—Sioux Falls, 1st or 2d week in June.
Texas—at Del Rio, May 29, 30, 31, June 1.
Virginia—at Hampton, in August.
Wisconsin—at Racine, in August.

1930 Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 37)

call on them in July. The Betty Bacharach Home is to afflicted childhood no less a beacon of hope than the ancient light-house which rears its height on the northernmost tip of Absecon Island is to mariners sailing up and down the coast.

POSITIVE assurances have been received from Atlantic City's representative hotelmen and restaurant owners that there will be absolutely no change from the rates guaranteed to the Convention Committee, and that all who make reservations are assured of getting the quarters for which they contract. The entire resort, no less than the Atlantic City Lodge of Elks, is on its mettle in the elaborate preparations being made for the reception and entertainment of the mighty throng of Elks which will sweep down upon the shore in July. The people of Atlantic City are determined to prove to Elkdom that the Elks National Convention will not be used as a means of exploitation, but rather as an instrument for the dispensing of hospitality and good cheer.

The Convention Committee again emphasizes that women attending the convention must be provided with identification cards if they are desirous of taking advantage of the elaborate arrangements made for their pleasure and comfort while at the shore.

ATLANTIC CITY ELKS REUNION ASSN.

HARRY BACHARACH,
General Chairman.

MONROE GOLDSTEIN,
Executive Secretary.



I'll Pay You

\$1000⁰⁰ IN CASH

\$5,100 in Other Prizes

I'm making several prize offers. By sending in your new name for my talc, you immediately qualify for a part of \$5,100.00 in extra prizes. In fact, you can win as high as \$2,900.



Act Now!

The Easiest \$1,000 You Ever Made!

I have a wonderful new talcum ready to market. But I can't find a name that describes its smooth, velvety softness in just the right way. So, I'm going to pay \$1,000.00 in cash to the person who can suggest the right name. This contest is open to everybody. You can win that \$1,000.00 just as well as someone else. Simply send in any name you think of—and you may be the winner.

Any Simple Name May Win

Just because it comes to you in a flash don't throw away your idea. It may come just that way. Or it may take a little thinking. Either way it's worth your while. For somebody is going to win \$1,000.00. "Velva Smooth," and "Velva Talc" but they don't quite fit. I'm sure you can think of a better one.

Nothing to Buy or Sell

I'll pay \$1,000.00 for the winning name. That's all there is to it. Remember, anyone may win. Anybody, anywhere, except our employees and their relatives, can send in a name.

A FREE Prize for All

Everyone who sends in a name for my new talc can get a \$4.75 gift absolutely free as reward for helping. Only one name from each contestant accepted. Send yours now!

Rush your suggested name and date you read this announcement! Print your own name and address carefully.



To give me
A NAME
for my
NEW
Talcum Powder
for
Men and Women

\$100 EXTRA for Promptness

It's worth money to me to get this name right away. I'll pay \$100.00 bonus if the winning name is mailed within three days after reading this announcement.

Mr. Paul Lloyd, 137 Hewitt Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa



There's a New All-Wool Blanket in Your Rag-Bag!

SEND us 5 lbs. of discarded white woolens or 10 lbs. of any color woolens—old wool blankets, sweaters, dresses, golf hose, etc. We will sterilize, card, bleach, dye, spin, weave and finish the stock. It will be returned to you as a brand new beautiful blanket, 66" x 80", in anyone of six pastel shades you select—blue, rose, lavender, tan, green, peach. \$4.75 covers all expense, satisfaction guaranteed.

OLD NORTH STATE MILLS
South Berwick - Dept. 10 - Maine

MONEY FOR YOU—

Several substantial firms have asked THE ELKS MAGAZINE to recommend a few high grade men for agency management. Dignified work. Easy-to-sell products bringing \$5 to \$15 daily profits. Address

THE ELKS MAGAZINE
Dept. A
50 East 42nd Street, N. Y. City

AUTOMATIC



IT'S NEW!

NO more slow hand-feeding of envelopes into an addressing machine one by one! — Get a demonstration of this wonderful new popular-priced addresser. — It automatically feeds envelopes into itself as fast as you can turn the crank.

DOES A DAY'S WORK IN 5 MINUTES

Four times faster than other addressing machines of similar size and price.

For complete information and a FREE BOOK on Direct-Mail Advertising, pin this ad. to your business letterhead and mail to us.

ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
148 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.



A Yield of 8%

At present prices investors in Associated Gas and Electric Company Class A Stock receive a yield over 8% in stock dividends

Public Utility Investing Corp.
61 Broadway, New York City

Please send me Class A circular D-8.

Name

Address

PUBLIC UTILITY INVESTING CORP.
SAFETY
LOCAL RETURN
INVESTMENTS

\$10,000
Protection Against
ACCIDENT
and
SICKNESS

For Only **\$10. YEAR** No Dues or Assessments
Men, Women 16 to 70 accepted
NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
Policy Pays

\$10,000 for loss of life, hands, feet or eyesight. Many unusual protecting clauses. \$25 Weekly benefits, pays doctor and hospital bills. Covers Automobile, Travel, Pedestrian and many common accidents. Covers many common sicknesses, including typhoid, appendix operations, lobar pneumonia, etc., etc. Oldest Phila. Casualty company. Don't delay, you may be next to meet sickness or accident. Mail coupon today for free descriptive literature.

COMMONWEALTH CASUALTY CO.,
639 Wallach Bldg., Newark, New Jersey.

Name

Address

City and State

AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

One Select Stock!

Chosen from hundreds! Now selling for less than \$20 a share on N. Y. Stock Exchange. Company occupies important position in its field. Shares in our opinion, WILL DOUBLE IN PRICE within three months.

Bulletin naming this bargain and others mailed FREE to acquaint you with our plan of supplying financial advice.

Print your name and address on margin of this page. Mail today as supply of free bulletins is limited. No obligation.

INVESTORS STATISTICAL INSTITUTE
Financial advice only
Stock Exchange Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

MIDLANTIC SECURITIES CORPORATION
1 Exchange Place :: :: Jersey City, N. J.

The Importance of Marketability

By Paul Tomlinson

"SUCCESSFUL investing isn't merely a matter of buying, you know," said the banker. "The time will come when you will want to sell, and you must consider that, too."

"I never thought that far along," said the caller.

"You see," the banker continued, "one never knows when it may be advisable to turn one's investments into cash, or when it may be profitable to make an exchange. Lots of times you can sell one thing and buy another to your advantage."

"In other words, you think a man should not invest in anything he can't sell."

"Exactly."

"Marketability is what they call being able to sell an investment, isn't it?"

"It is. And it's a most important element in the business of investing. After all, you know, a share of stock or a bond is worth what you can sell it for, and no more."

"I don't quite understand."

The banker smiled. "Let me give you an illustration. You know what an auction is, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know that in an auction the auctioneer puts certain articles up for sale and he calls on those present to make bids. He eventually sells to the highest bidder. The point is, though, that it is not the seller who establishes the price, but the buyer. That's the way it is with securities. Suppose you own ten shares of stock, and you tell yourself that they're worth a hundred dollars a share; if you go to sell them, and the best offer you receive is eighty-five, how much, after all, are they worth?"

"Things sometimes sell for less than their real value."

"People say that, I know; but that doesn't help the fellow who is selling, and it's poor consolation to get eight hundred and fifty dollars when you think you should have had a thousand."

"What's the answer?"

"The old law of supply and demand," said the banker. "That is one law that has never been broken and, so far as I can see, never will be. If no one wants a thing, it's pretty hard to get rid of it, but if a lot of people want a thing they will compete against each other for it and the seller will realize a good price. You know how it is at auctions; when bidding is brisk prices are high, when there is no bidding the auctioneer has to take whatever he can get."

"But stocks aren't sold at auction."

"In effect they are. If you were to visit one of the stock exchanges, you would see various posts sticking out of the floor in different parts of the room where the buying and selling is done. Certain issues are traded in at each post and those who want to buy or sell a particular stock gather at the post where the name of that stock is listed. Suppose you are a broker with an order to sell five hundred shares of steel; you offer it for sale, and brokers with orders to buy make their bids, and you sell to the one making the best offer. It's just like an auction."

"Suppose the stock isn't listed on a stock exchange?"

"Well," said the banker, "then you telephone or go to see possible purchasers and try to get bids from them. It's more or less the same procedure, except, with unlisted stocks, you are more likely to say you will sell at a certain price and then try to get some one to offer that much."

"It must be much slower, selling unlisted stocks."

"Not only slower, but much more difficult."

"No trouble about the listed ones?"

The banker smiled. "Issues listed on the big exchanges can be sold almost on a moment's notice. I heard the other day of a man who went into a broker's office in Chicago and gave an order to sell some stock which is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. He gave the order, it was sent over the firm's private wire to their representatives in New York, they received it, and telephoned it to the floor of the exchange, their broker got it from the messenger and executed it. Then, of course, a report had to be

made and the report went back to Chicago by the same route the order had taken. In less than five minutes the man sitting in the office in Chicago had word that his stock had been sold in New York, and at what price."

"It seems incredible."

"I know it does, but that's what happens all the time. What is more, you can follow the quotations of listed securities from day to day in the newspapers or, for that matter, from minute to minute, on the ticker while the exchange is open and can tell exactly what your stocks are worth. There's no investment in the world more liquid than stocks or bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange."

"I suppose it's an advantage to have securities that are easy to sell."

"It is indeed," exclaimed the banker. "If you want to borrow money you can get much better terms if you have salable securities to put up as collateral. You know stock-exchange houses will only loan on certain approved securities, which must all be readily marketable. If you want to borrow from your bank, your application will be much more favorably received if you have marketable securities to put up. The fact that a stock or bond is marketable makes it sell at a higher price, too. Marketability has definite value."

The caller thought a moment. "You mean marketable securities sell for higher prices than others, merely because they are marketable?"

"Yes."

"In that case then," said the caller, "I should think they would cost more to buy, and therefore yield less."

"They do in many cases."

"Then you are sacrificing yield for marketability."

"To some extent you are," the banker agreed.

"But it's worth while."

"Always?"

"Well, if a man has large investments he probably has enough of them in readily marketable securities to provide against contingencies and, by putting some of his money into stocks or bonds not easily salable, can increase the average yield on the whole. Not many of us are as fortunately situated as that though; for the vast majority of investors, marketability is of prime importance."

"Did you ever know of a case where it really affected any one?"

THE banker smiled grimly. "Hundreds of them," he said. "I know lots of people—and you know them, too—who came to realize what marketability meant during the smash last fall. As you know, brokers kept calling on their customers for more margins, and these calls meant that either cash or good marketable securities had to be forthcoming; those who had securities which weren't marketable found that they needed cash instead, but they couldn't get cash because they couldn't sell their securities, which, for that very reason, were not acceptable as collateral. Those people were sold out. If they had had what is known as good stock-exchange collateral they could have protected their holdings and saved themselves big losses."

"Just the other day," the banker continued, "a man was in here telling me a sad story, which illustrates perfectly the importance of marketability. He owned stock in a concern which is perfectly sound, which makes money, whose stock is a good investment from every point of view except that it is not marketable. It is not listed on any exchange, sales are rare and are made 'over the counter,' as the saying is. Well, the company gave the stockholders the right to subscribe to a new issue of stock and, according to the officials, the rights this man received on his holdings were worth forty thousand dollars. He decided he had enough of this particular stock, and would sell his rights and buy something else with the proceeds. He told his brokers to sell at a price which would net him the forty thousand dollars it was figured the rights were worth. Well, they got busy, but the best offer they could get was twenty thousand. The owner became disgusted and said he would sell them personally; he shopped around the financial district

for three days, and the best bid he got himself was twenty thousand, from the same man who had offered this to the brokers. As a matter of fact, he only was able to get three or four offers altogether."

"Suppose the stock had been listed?"

"In that case," said the banker, "the rights undoubtedly would have been listed, too, and our friend could have sold them easily and at their true value. In other words, he would have been better off to the extent of twenty thousand dollars."

"Who fixes prices on the New York Stock Exchange?" asked the caller.

"Well," said the banker, "I'll tell you. The buyers fix prices and the buyers probably represent the best financial brains of this country and of Europe. New York is more and more of a world financial center, you know. Buyers know what a stock is worth and their bids are based on this knowledge."

"You mean every stock is selling for exactly what it is worth?"

"So far as the seller goes it is. Of course I don't mean to say that the public doesn't get excited sometimes and bid more for a stock than earnings and value may seem to justify; at the same time, these people wouldn't pay that much unless they thought they were getting their money's worth. On the other hand, it happens on occasion that a stock will be selling for less than what seems to be real value. In such a case the buyer benefits and the seller suffers. As I said before, it is all a question of supply and demand; stocks that are in demand will sell at the high prices, and only stocks that are in demand are listed on the exchanges."

"Listing stock is a good method of determining value, then."

"Very good indeed. I know one company that listed its stock for that very reason. Sales to employees and officers were being frequently made, but the sales price was always a matter of personal agreement and too often neither party was entirely satisfied. The stock was listed first on the Curb Exchange, and then later on the Big Board, and now, if a person wants any of it, he goes out and buys it in the open market. And if any one wants to sell it he knows about what it will bring, from day to day."

"I notice in the newspapers that unlisted securities are quoted 'bid' and 'asked,' and that sometimes there may be twenty points or more difference between the two. How is that?"

"Well, the seller thinks his stock is worth one price, but possible buyers won't offer him anywhere near that much, that is all."

"How are sales made then?"

"Usually the seller comes down in his asking price. Sometimes, of course, the bidder may raise his bid. In any event, some kind of a compromise must be effected, and usually considerable time is consumed. Have you ever noticed that sometimes there is an 'asked' quotation, and no 'bid'?"

"What happens then?"

"I imagine there is no sale," laughed the banker. "It takes two to make a bargain, as well as a fight, and if no one will offer to buy, it's rather difficult to sell."

"It's awfully important, this question of marketability," he continued. "No investor can afford to ignore it. Experienced investors don't. All security salesmen know about it, and sellers of good stocks emphasize marketability. They appreciate that it is a real argument in their favor, and prospective buyers who know their business appreciate it, too."

Investment Literature Sent on Request

Public Utility Investing Corporation, 61 Broadway, New York City, will be glad to send on request their interesting booklet dealing with Associated Gas & Electric Company Securities. Write for Circular "E.M."

Investors Statistical Institute, Stock Exchange Building, Buffalo, N. Y., will be glad to send, on request, bulletin regarding their service.

In writing for information please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 36)

attended by five hundred members of the Order. He took especial occasion, in his speech, to commend the Elks of New Jersey, as typified by Camden Lodge, for their works in behalf of crippled children and expressed both amazement and pleasure at having learned that, within the year just past, the New Jersey Lodges had expended more than a third of a million dollars for this welfare activity and others. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin, Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach; Joseph G. Buch, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler Iszard, and Judge Ralph W. E. Donges, a member of Camden Lodge, also addressed the gathering.

In addition to these personages, there were present at the banquet Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Edgar T. Reed, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; and John J. Flood, Secretary; Charles Rosencranz, Treasurer; the Reverend Francis Smith, Chaplain, of the same body; and Commissioner Hanna.

Late in the afternoon, on Lincoln's Birthday, a delegation of members met Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews when he stepped from the train at Newark and escorted him to the Home of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, where that evening he was to be entertained. The group greeting him was composed of Exalted Ruler Harold Alsberg and eleven Past Exalted Rulers of Hoboken Lodge. En route to the Home in Hoboken, the party stopped for a brief call upon the members of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211. Upon arrival at the Home of the Hoboken Elks, Mr. Andrews, at an informal reception, had an opportunity to meet a good many of them personally. All of these and a host more, besides visitors from Passaic, Newark, Union Hill, Weehawken and Englewood Lodges, were present later at the banquet in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor. So large was the attendance

that the capacity of the Lodge dining-room was overtaxed. To this assemblage Mr. Andrews spoke, linking the significance of the national holiday with the circumstances accountable for the organization of the Order, not long after the Civil War. This address followed talks by Past Exalted Ruler John J. Fallon, Sr., former Vice-Chancellor of the State of New Jersey, who acted as toastmaster for the occasion; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin, Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter J. Gallagher, and Harry J. McGill, Vice-President of the New Jersey State Elks Association. The Reverend Frank C. Armstrong pronounced the invocation preceding the festivities.

The afternoon of the 14th Mr. Andrews devoted to attending a meeting of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission at its offices in New York City.

In the evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at the sixty-second anniversary banquet of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, and of the Order. Before a gathering which comprised a host of Past and active Grand Lodge officers and public officials of importance, Mr. Andrews delivered an address which, despite the huskiness of tone induced by his strenuous schedule of speaking during the few days before, proved inspiring. An account of this event, in more detail, is reported elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, in "Under the Spreading Antlers."

Although no visit had been scheduled by Mr. Andrews for Sunday, February 15, he called upon the members of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, on his way by motor to Mount Vernon. His visit came at a happy time, for on this evening Bronx Lodge was entertaining a delegation of Elks from Utica, N. Y., Lodge, No. 33. To the combined gathering the Grand Exalted Ruler made a brief address, expressing his

(Continued on page 76)

ONLY \$6⁵⁰ down

for this **Guaranteed**
factory overhauled

BURROUGHS
ADDING
MACHINE



Balance
In Easy
Payments

MAIL TODAY

This standard Burroughs Adding Machine has been completely overhauled and the worn parts replaced at the Burroughs factory. It carries the same guarantee as a new machine. It can be put to work in your office or store for an initial payment of \$6.50; balance in easy payments. Total cash price, \$65. Mail the coupon now, today, while you are thinking about it.

Other machines of different style or larger capacity at slight increase in prices.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
6394 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Please send me full information about your special factory-overhauled Burroughs Adding Machine.

Name _____

Address _____



New Kind Of
Can
Opener

Works Like Magic!

AGENTS
Men and Women make up to \$6 and \$8 in an hour, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for Free Test Offer.

At last! an automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home. This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top, leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for special introductory advertising offer. **CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.** Dept. D-863, 4500 Mary Av., St. Louis, Mo.



An ELK For an ELK
\$10.00 ELK LAMP \$4.65

This handsome ELK LAMP produced in our Studios and sold direct to you at less than wholesale price. MEDALLION METAL in beautiful Bronze Finish, original design sculpture by a prominent artist. Shade 9" oval hand etched in sepia, trimmed in purple. Direct from producer to you at special price \$4.65 F. O. B. Chicago. Total ht. 15". Shipping wt. 10 lbs. Ideal gift or card prize. **ROSS C. GUY** 32 N. State Street, Chicago Gold or silver plate \$8.40

US GOV'T JOBS
Pay \$35 to \$70 weekly. Men, Women, 18-55. Home or elsewhere. Big List and "How to Qualify" mailed Free. Write Instruction Bureau, 351, St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured. **Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer** 724 9th Street Washington, D. C.



41 MUSCLES THAT MAY GET SORE!

41 muscles in one arm and hand
...so easy to make them lame from
overstrain or overwork. And how
that stiffness can hurt! Makes
you feel "all in."

To relieve stiff muscles quickly
apply Sloan's Liniment. *Sloan's*
warms the body like sunshine. Drives
away pain. Used in 13 million
homes. Get a fresh bottle from
your druggist today. 35c.

SLOAN'S Liniment

CAMPBELL'S

RELIEVES
PAIN
QUICKLY

Have
You
a
Troublesome
Ailment?

Infra-Red Rays
Relieve Aches and
Pains in the Body
These rays penetrate
deeply into the tissues.
As they penetrate they

create an active circulation of the blood.
Relieve Bronchial trouble, Neuralgia,
Neuritis, Sinus trouble, Catarrh, Asthma, Rheumatism, Tonsillitis,
Lumbago and many other ailments with soothing Infra-Red Rays. 30
days' FREE TRIAL. Sent on approval. Easy payments. Agents wanted.
WM. CAMPBELL CO., Dept. 1048, Alliance, Ohio

INFRA-
RED
RAY
LAMP



Built for Comfort!

Genuine black kid. Soft,
easy fitting, comfort-
able. Strongly built
for long wear. Placed-
right Arch Support re-
lieves ailments, ends pain.
Snug-fitting heel; foot-con-
forming last. No wrinkled
linings during life of shoe.
Features you've long
wanted at a price you
know is right. Sizes 5 to
15. Ask your dealer.
M. T. SHAW, Inc.
Dept. 5, Coldwater, Mich.
Shoe Dealers
write at once!

TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price

World's
best makes—
Underwood, Remington,
Royal—also portables—
prices smashed to below half. (Excludes terms).
SEND NO MONEY!

All late models completely rebuilt and
refinished brand new. Guaranteed
for ten years. Send no money—big
free catalog shows actual machines
in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy
payment plan and 10 day free trial offer.
Amazing values—send at once.

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St., Dept. 420, Chicago

**Concertina
Plays by Roll**

Pamphlets Free. PITTLE, New Bedford, Mass. W.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 75)

pleasure at enjoying for the second time within the last two months, the hospitality of the Bronx Elks. Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott and Past Exalted Ruler John J. Doyle, of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, who were with Mr. Andrews, also spoke.

Upon his arrival in Boston, Mass., February 17th, Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews received the welcome of the Commonwealth and the city, as well as that of his hosts within the Order, officers and members of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. Thomas J. Brady, President of the Association, greeted Mr. Andrews and his suite at the station. In this group were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight E. A. Moody, D. Curtis Gano, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; George Denton, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler; E. M. Wharton, member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; and John R. Coen, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. In the evening, Mr. Andrews was the guest of honor at the annual banquet of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, at the Elks Home. A complete account of this event appears elsewhere in this issue of the magazine, in "News of the State Associations."

NOTEWORTHY among the events of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, the evening of February 18, was the presentation to him, as the official head of the Order, of eight checks for \$1,000 each, from as many Lodges in the State, for the Elks National Foundation. Announcement of this was made at a dinner in Mr. Andrews's honor, at the Falmouth Hotel, given by Portland Lodge. Before the 350 Elks present, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur C. Labbe, of Maine, East, proffered the subscriptions of Houlton, Waterville, Gardiner, Millinocket, Augusta and Bangor Lodges; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. Kenneth Green, of Maine, West, submitted the contribution of Lewiston Lodge; and Exalted Ruler Leon Jeffers, that of his own, Portland Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed earlier by C. Dwight Stevens, who, as its President, spoke for the Maine State Elks Association; by Exalted Ruler Jeffers, for Portland Lodge; and by Lester F. Wallace, member of the Portland City Council, for the municipality. The toastmaster for the festivities was County Attorney Ralph M. Ingalls, of Portland Lodge. The principal speech of the evening, that given by Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, was supplemented by addresses by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, who prophesied that Maine Elks would lead the nation in support of this fund; President Stevens and Exalted Ruler Jeffers. Those at the Grand Exalted Ruler's table included, besides Elks of note already mentioned, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lester C. Ayer; Thomas J. Brady, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; Fred J. Hsley, the oldest living Past Exalted Ruler of Portland Lodge; and the Exalted Rulers of a number of nearby Lodges. Entertainment, consisting of community singing and vocal solos, followed the adjournment of the formal session.

Fifty members of Sanford, Me., Lodge, No. 1470, including a committee of welcome comprising Exalted Ruler Clarence H. Thyng and his staff and five Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, greeted Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews upon his arrival in that town at midday, February 19. In his honor a luncheon was given at the Hotel Sanford, followed by a reception at the Sanford Town Club. Mr. Andrews was introduced as the principal speaker by Past Exalted Ruler Charles Authier; and his address was followed by a short talk by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley. A short tour of the points of interest of Sanford preceded the departure of the Grand Exalted Ruler and his suite for Rochester, N. H. They were escorted to the Elks Home there by a delegation of members of Sanford Lodge. J. Levi Meader, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; and John A. McInerney, Secretary and Treasurer of the New Hampshire State Elks Association,

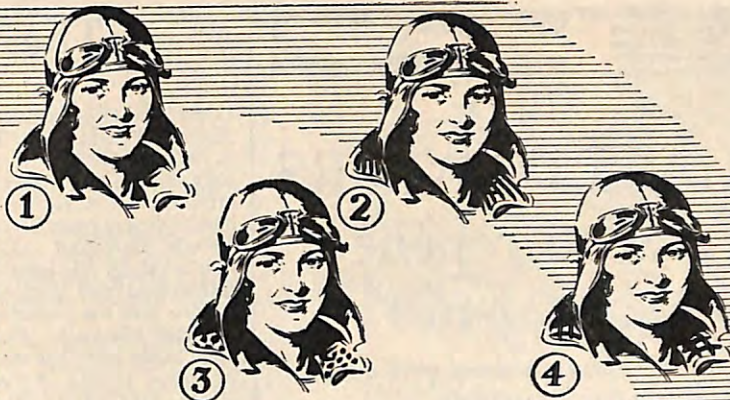
together with the officers and a large number of the members of Rochester Lodge, No. 1393, made Mr. Andrews and his suite welcome during his brief visit to the Lodge and his inspection of its beautiful Home.

Concord Lodge, No. 1210, extended welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler when he arrived in its city, in the evening. At a dinner in his honor at the Eagle Hotel, Mayor Robert W. Brown extended the felicitations of the city, Councilor Harry D. Hopkins, acting for Governor Charles W. Tobey, offered those of the State; and Conrad E. Snow, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House, conveyed the greetings to Mr. Andrews and his suite, of the State Legislature. Members of the Order present, in addition to the Concord Elks and their officers, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Herman H. Rice, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles H. Bean and J. Levi Meader; Frank J. Kelly, President of the New Hampshire State Elks Association; and the Exalted Rulers and delegations of members of nine near-by New Hampshire Lodges. In spite of the fact that the Grand Exalted Ruler had taxed his voice severely in the course of the several preceding days, he spoke at some length, and spiritedly. His address brought a sustained outburst of applause. Following this came a talk by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, whereafter District Deputy Rice made a speech of presentation in connection with the subscription of Concord Lodge to the Elks National Foundation. A program of music, comprising both vocal and instrumental recitals, followed the meeting.

The morning of the 20th, his hosts of the evening motored the Grand Exalted Ruler southward to Nashua, N. H., near the line between that State and Massachusetts. Within a few minutes of the arrival of this group at its destination, there arrived from the south a delegation from Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, to escort Mr. Andrews to its Home, where he was to be guest of honor at the celebration of the Lodge's Silver Anniversary, in the evening. The two parties of Elks, when they met, were at once conducted by a third, the members of Nashua Lodge, No. 720, to the Nashua Country Club for luncheon. Early in the afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler bade farewell to his guard of honor from Concord and, in the company of the suite appointed by Quincy Lodge, entered Massachusetts. As the journey continued, a brief call of courtesy was made upon the members of Lowell Lodge, No. 87, of whom James E. Donnelly, traveling secretary to Mr. Andrews, is one. After his arrival at the Home of Quincy Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler found, lined up at attention for his inspection, the class of candidates, sixty-one in number, named in his honor. There ensued a reception in the club-rooms, during which a buffet luncheon was served. The next few hours ensuing provided an opportunity for Mr. Andrews to place wreaths at the Elks' Rest, and upon tombs of the two Presidents of the United States, John Adams and John Quincy Adams, in the old church in Quincy. Later in the afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler reviewed the parade of members and candidates from the Home to the armory, where, in the evening, the anniversary banquet was to be held. This procession was headed by the DeMolay Band of forty boy musicians, followed by the Past Exalted Rulers of Quincy Lodge and of the neighboring units of the Order, Brockton, Taunton and Attleboro Lodges. Next in line came the members of the Walter P. Andrews Class of candidates. The Grand Exalted Ruler expressed himself as most favorably impressed by the showing. The scene of the banquet later was one of spectacular beauty. The vast interior was gay and brilliant throughout with flags, bunting and flowers. More than seven hundred Elks were present at the dinner, the enjoyment of which was enhanced by the singing of the Elks Glee Club and an instrumental program by the Elks Orchestra. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward D. Larkin, toastmaster for the occasion, introduced the speakers, among whom were Secretary of State Frederic W. Cook and General Edward L.

(Continued on page 78)

**If
you
solve
this
SIMPLE
PUZZLE**



— YOU WILL QUALIFY —

for the Opportunity to Win \$2035

To advertise our business we are giving away 150 prizes—the first prize is \$1,330.00 and \$705.00 extra, making a total of \$2,035.00 in cash, or, if you wish, a new Buick 4-door Sedan and \$705.00 extra in cash. There are many other valuable prizes, including automobiles and cash prizes. A total of 150 prizes altogether and duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

FIND THE TWIN FLYERS

Grouped about this advertisement are eight pictures of a famous woman flyer. Two of these pictures are just alike. All the others differ in some detail. If you can find the twins—the two pictures that are exactly the same—just send their numbers on a post card or letter along with your name and address. Study carefully the helmets, goggles, chinstraps and coat collars. Send your answer with your name and address right now today! That's all.

\$705.00 EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

We are not only giving the 150 grand prizes totaling thousands of dollars but are also giving an additional \$705.00 in cash for promptness to the winner of the first prize if he or she has been prompt. Thus the first prize winner will receive the new Buick Sedan and \$705.00 in cash or \$2,035.00 in cash. Winner's choice. There is no obligation. Nothing for you to buy, now, later or ever. No more puzzles to solve. Send no money, but qualify today. Be sure to write or print your name and address plainly so there will be no mistake in notifying you as to the result of your solution. **ANYONE WHO ANSWERS THIS PUZZLE CORRECTLY MAY RECEIVE PRIZES OR CASH.**



Any person living in the United States outside of Chicago may send an answer to this puzzle, except employees of our company or their relatives; winners of automobiles or first prizes in any of our previous offers, or their relatives. Send your answer TODAY.



B. A. BLACK, Advertising Manager
Room 343, 504 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



TO HASTY EATERS who repent at leisure

PEPTO-BISMOL will end your digestive discomforts quickly.

It brings amazingly swift relief from hyper-acidity, heartburn, sour stomach, and indigestion. It checks acid fermentation.

Pepto-Bismol is safe—prescribed by doctors for 25 years. Even children love its agreeable flavor.

Pepto-Bismol is sold with a flat promise of money back if it disappoints you. Buy it in the 3-cornered bottle at your druggist's. Only 50c. Take it and enjoy serene after-eating hours.

Pepto-Bismol

RELIEVES INDIGESTION QUICKLY

MAKERS OF

Norwich

UNGUENTINE

How I Lost 97 Pounds



Before
279 lbs.

I weighed 279 lbs.!

After I had tried many ways to reduce, a medical advisor of one of America's leading insurance companies told me of a new way... a natural way, pleasant and healthful. No dangerous drugs, no tiresome courses in dieting or exercise; no thyroid or glandular extracts, no sweat baths, lotions, soaps or creams. It was easy, natural and absolutely safe.

Send your name and address and I will send you all particulars at absolutely no cost or obligation to you.

M. E. HART

Hart Bldg., Dept. 252, New Orleans, La.



Today
182 lbs.

Save Your Feet



When all else fails end your suffering with the flexible "no metal" Heefner ARCH SUPPORT

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

Heefner Arch Support Co., 32 M. E. Taylor Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

BECOME A FOOT CORRECTIONIST

A new profession not medical nor chiropody. All the trade you can attend to; many are making from \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Address: Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

INVENTORS

who derive largest profits know and heed certain simple but vital facts before applying for Patents. Our book Patent-Sense gives those facts; sent free. Write LACEY & LACEY, 650 F St., Washington, D. C. Established 1869.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 76)

Logan; and two candidates for initiation, Mayor Thomas McGrath and Representative Richard B. Wigglesworth. At the conclusion of the banquet, the tables were cleared and the armory arranged for a session of the Lodge. Three hundred more members of the Order joined those already assembled and all, when the Grand Exalted Ruler rose to make his address, gave him tumultuous and prolonged applause. So extensive was the assemblage that sound amplifiers had to be used. Enthusiasm reached a high pitch again when the members of Quincy Lodge presented to Mr. Andrews, for the Order, a \$1,000 check for the Elks National Foundation. The initiation and other exercises were followed by an informal session and buffet supper, after which the Grand Exalted Ruler made a second short visit to the Elks Home. He departed later for Boston, escorted to the Neponset line by a squad of police and, as he reached the Boston line, he was met by a similar mounted delegation from the metropolitan force, who attended him to the Home of Boston Lodge.

MEMBERS of Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge, No. 920, motored to Boston on the afternoon of the 21st to welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler and escort him back to their city. The visitors were met at the Pawtucket city line by a squad of State troopers and conducted to the Providence Biltmore Hotel. In the auditorium of the Pawtucket Home, that evening, Mr. Andrews was the guest of honor at a reception and banquet. This affair was attended by 125 Elks, comprising the members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's suite and of Pawtucket Lodge, together with visiting delegations from Providence, R. I., and Attleboro, Mass., Lodges, and a number of important officials of the Order. Welcome, in behalf of the city, was extended to Mr. Andrews by Mayor Adelard St. George and by Ralph Potter, President of the Pawtucket Chamber of Commerce. Past Exalted Ruler James E. Buchanan, introduced by Exalted Ruler Harry Haley, of Pawtucket Lodge, performed the functions of master of ceremonies upon the occasion. Addresses were made by Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, and by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John M. O'Connell. In addition to those already mentioned, there were seated at the speakers' table Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight James Duffy, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John Hurley, Commissioner of Public Works Herbert A. Fuller, and City Treasurer John B. Reilly. In the course of the evening, Pawtucket Lodge pre-

sented to the Grand Exalted Ruler, through William Meikeljohn, a check for \$1,000 for the Elks National Foundation. Vocal and instrumental music was rendered during the banquet. Mr. Andrews left by train, after the gathering, for Philadelphia.

The arrangements of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, to entertain the Grand Exalted Ruler on Washington's Birthday, were set aside by a sudden and severe cold, bordering on pneumonia, which had gained such serious headway by the afternoon, that Mr. Andrews was ordered to cancel all active plans. Earlier in the day he had, in spite of advice to the contrary, kept to his intention to lay a wreath, in behalf of the Order, on the statue of George Washington, which stands before Independence Hall. He was met there by Mayor Harry A. Mackey and, in the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Exalted Ruler Harry S. Goldstein and two members of the Legion of Honor of Philadelphia Lodge, performed the ceremony. Visits to other points of historical and patriotic interest, such as the Betsy Ross House, were foregone and the Grand Exalted Ruler yielded to the insistence of his physicians to go at once to bed. The dinner in his honor, scheduled for the evening, was held, but with heartfelt regret at the absence of its principal guest. Notables who attended were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, Lawrence H. Rupp, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Louis N. Goldsmith, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and Mayor Mackey.

The following day showed the Grand Exalted Ruler to be suffering from bronchial pneumonia. His condition, while not grave, prompted his physicians to insist upon his canceling all engagements for the forthcoming month and to take a rest in the South until he should regain fully his normal vigor.

In lieu of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, at present convalescing in Florida, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper arranged to visit during March the following Lodges of the Order: 11, Savannah, Ga.; 13, Charleston, S. C.; 14, noon, Orangeburg, S. C., evening Columbia, S. C.; 16, Greenville, S. C.; 17, Anderson, S. C.; 18, Asheville, N. C.; 19, noon, Union, S. C., evening, Rock Hill, S. C.; 20, Charlotte, N. C.; 21, noon, Salisbury, N. C., afternoon, Lexington, N. C., evening, High Point, N. C.; 22, Winston, N. C.; 24, noon, Durham, N. C.; evening, Raleigh, N. C.; 25, noon, Goldsboro, N. C., evening, New Berne, N. C.; 26, Washington, N. C.

Make Way for the Books

(Continued from page 12)

she feels, beyond any doubt, that without her father's unselfish work in the Dreyfus case, the unfortunate captain of artillery might never have been reinstated in the army, nor been given back his honorable place in society. Might never, indeed, have lived to conduct himself so gallantly at the battle of the Marne, in the Great War.

Then there was the Molyneux murder case, the unsolved mystery of which hung upon an address written on the wrapping around a bottle of poisoned bromo-seltzer. Carvalho's testimony concerning this writing saved the accused man from the electric chair. And in the Fair forgery case, which set society agog, and scores of other cases that filled the courts and the newspapers and captured the attention of the public, Mr. Carvalho's word was generally the final and decisive testimony—based on his study of some scrap of paper, some innocently scribbled or some painstakingly forged bit of writing.

Good-Bye to All That

By Robert Graves. (Cape & Smith, New York.)

MR. GRAVES, an Englishman who was educated at Oxford, who has been an infantry captain in France, a shop-keeper, a professor in an Egyptian university, and is best known through his poems, has now set down a very frank account of his life.

Whether one will find the personal details of that life of any importance is a matter for each reader to decide for himself, but all must agree that, judged as one man's record of the War, it can stand as a very valuable collection of footnotes to history.

Mr. Graves' writing is marvelously simple and achieves a stern clarity. These few quotations show you that:

"As soon as it was dusk we all went out to get in the wounded... The first dead body I came upon was Samson's. I found he had forced his knuckles into his mouth to stop himself crying and attracting any more men to their death... The Germans behaved generously. I do not remember hearing a shot fired that night.

"Patriotism. There was no patriotism in the trenches. It was too remote a sentiment, and rejected as fit only for civilians.

"For the next two days we were in bivouac outside the wood... the nights were wet and cold. I went into the wood to find German overcoats to use as blankets. Mametz Wood was full of dead of the Prussian Guards Reserve... There was not a single tree in the wood unbroken. I got my greatcoats and came away as quickly as I could... I found myself still superstitious about looting. The greatcoats were only a loan, I told myself."

It is Mr. Graves' style, more than what he has to say, that lures one on from page to page; for, after all, the story of the War is being pretty thoroughly (and a little monotonously) threshed

out in the innumerable new books concerned with the big row.

He has drawn into his story, through intimate anecdote and description, a good many of the leading literary figures in England today. And his account of a visit to the late Thomas Hardy was, to us, worth almost all the rest of the book.

"He talked about the old string orchestras in Wessex churches, in one of which his father, grandfather and he had taken part."

And note these priceless words of advice to young writers from the beloved master of the craft: "All we can do is to write on the old themes in the old styles, but try to do a little better than those who went before us."

Mystery Ranch

By Max Brand. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

THE paper jacket of this thrilling yarn, showing the silhouette of desperate riders against a wide blue sky, gives the reader at a glance a good idea of the atmosphere of dark mystery, Western locale and dashing action which go into the making of this book.

A five-million-dollar prize in the hands of a cold-blooded villain, a dauntless fighting chap who has been casually drawn into his affairs, a honey-colored heroine who (for reasons made plausible by Mr. Brand) masquerades in flapping Chinese trousers as a most appealing young person from Hong Kong—these are all made to yield their full quota of adventure, mystery and love.

The story has pace—you'll have to grant it that. Also it is written unusually well for this type of popular fiction. It boasts splashes of colorful descriptions and good bits of intelligent dialogue, and these call upon you to forgive and forget the too many sinister schemes, the superfluous murders, and the endless night-riding.

The Lantern Show of Paris

By F. G. Hurrell. (Cape & Smith, New York.)

HERE and there, while still the snow lies in pale blotches under the trees and fur coats are none too warm, stray voices may be heard murmuring:

"I'd give a darned lot if I could get to Paris this summer!"

Funny, isn't it, how nearly all dreams lead to Paris?—how the old "call" of the place never

dies?—how, when some new book about the lovely French city appears, we find ourselves poring over it as over a picture of our own home town!

All of which leads us up to the point of calling your attention to a delightful volume, "The Lantern Show of Paris," which produces the effect of several hundred friendly little "slides" or sketches of the town being thrown upon a screen.

Mr. Hurrell sees beyond doorways, beneath stones and over walls. And he has a happy knack of finding enchantment around the most unsuspected street corners. Among his rapid pictures we find—

Montparnasse, with its cafés vibrant with the tongues of a dozen nations—the Champs-Elysées, that long, sweeping thoroughfare "destined for a race whose regal stature we have not yet attained"—artists nonchalantly sketching in the midst of swirling traffic—the Champ-de-Mars, which has seen such fateful moments of French history—the Paris street letter-box (try to find one!) which was born of the romantic custom of hiding love letters in a hole in a wall—a flower market running riot with color and, just across the way, the prison that held poor Marie Antoinette—the joy of being shaved by a French barber—the "midinette" at luncheon in the Tuileries gardens, a lesson in *chic*—and so on and so on.

All this makes the pleasantest sort of reading, and gives one the warm, accustomed feeling of not only having prowled around Paris with a true lover of the city, but of having actually lived there.

The Whistlers' Room

By Paul Alverdes. (Covici-Friede, New York.)

YOU may hear this spoken of as just "another war book," but please don't let that prevent you reading this touching human document.

It is, of course, a war book—but with a difference.

It is the account of four men—three Germans and an English prisoner—brought together in a German hospital where they achieve, out of their sufferings, the miracle of friendship.

We can readily see why one German critic said that it is "the only war book filled with love," and why a famous British newspaper declared that it might "well help to heal the moral wounds of war."

Boze, of Bartlett's Corners

(Continued from page 26)

when he stopped in to borry an extry scythe or the like o' thet, but I hedn't the least notion whut Nell was. So when him an' the Old Man come an' unchained me 'round ten o'clock thet night, an' I seed by the light o' the lantern thet they hed a big rawboned, liver an' white houn' bitch with 'em, she didn't mean nothin' special to me.

They left me snoop 'round whiles they was fillin' 'nother lantern, but the bitch she hed to stay on chain. I sniffed her an' she like to bit my ear off, so I wagged my tail an' she kind o' whistled scornful through her nose. I seed she hed a lot more'n me on her mind, an' I got to figgerin' 'bout it but didn't git nowhere.

The two men they was a-talkin' whiles they fixed the light:

"How 'bout Cat Swamp, Jem? The goin's purty bad in there, but it's chuck full o' coon. Boze'd git a snootful o' scent in no time."

"Sure, plenty coon," Jem says, screwin' the cap onto the lantern ag'in. "But ye don't want to put it up to a pup too strong at first or he'll mebbe think it's allus goin' to be thet-away an' lay off scrabblin' 'round like he ought to. Do him more good to work Old North—'nough game an' easier goin'. He'll l'arn quicker if he ain't bogged down in a swamp hole half the time."

"Mebbe ye're right, at thet," the Old Man 'lows. "We can take the loggin' road a-past Forty Acre an' then strike onto the mounting. Got the gun, Jem? All right—come here, Boze"—an' he took a lead-chain out'n his pocket, snapped it to my collar, an' away the four of us went, moochin' down the road in the dark.

Wal, we went a turrible ways down the valley an' then uphill where we could see the moon risin' over the ridge to the east. We

clim an' clim till finally we come to a leetle brook crossin' the road.

"Here's a likely lookin' place to tie 'em loose," Jem says. He leaned over an' took the chain off'n Nell. She slithered off into the bresh an' I took after her soon's the Old Man hed unhooked me, though I didn't know why only thet the woods an' the damp smells an' all hed kind o' made me want to go some're.

Man, but it was dark in among them laurels an' mounting oaks. I could hear Nell rustlin' 'long ahead sometimes, an' purty soon I figgered thet she was workin' up along the gully o' the brook, first one side o' the water an' then t'other. She was a-movin', too, I want to tell ye—I couldn't seem to ketch up with her nohow.

Wal, we kept on a-goin', Nell gittin' further an' further ahead and me feelin' hotter an' losin' more an' more breath. For I guess twenty minutes we clim thet gully, 'way up towards the top o' the mounting, 'fore I stopped to listen where a leetler brook j'ined into the one we was follerin'.

Gol a'mighty, I never heard it so still!

Which way hed Nell gone? I didn't hev no notion, so I started sniffin for her trail. Couldn't find nothin'; likely she'd took to the water 'long 'bout there. So I come back to the brook ag'in, hed a drink an' layed down to ketch my breath, figgerin' thet after a leetle I'd head back towards the road an' try to find the Old Man.

It was purty dern comf'table layin' on them dry hemlock needles, an' I guess mebbe I'd hev ketched me forty winks only for a queer smell thet come driftin' along. First-off I scarcely noticed it, but purty soon it got stronger an' I h'isted up my head for a good sniff.

(Continued on page 80)



How Four Salesmen Invested \$378 Apiece And Raked In \$29,500

It took four salesmen over a year to sift out these surprising facts! Read here how these four men—and hundreds more like them—are cleaning up the steadiest, easiest money of their lives! A 2c stamp brings you all the big money facts, also a FREE SAMPLE of amazing new invention that makes possible these profits.

THIS remarkable profit story written by four ambitious salesmen is a direct challenge to every man whose present line pays him less than \$3,000 clear cash profit every year.

SIMPLE BUT AMAZING

These men are in a permanent business that actually grows by itself. It pays them immediate cash profits as high as \$100 and more on a single order. There is

no competition. Over 20,000,000 motorists can use the type of service they offer. They simply agree to save motorists and truck fleet owners from \$50.00 to \$5,000.00 of the money they are spending—and show them where thousands of others are saving that much and more.

UP TO \$5,000 A YEAR IS EASY

Think what it means that some men who used to be satisfied with \$40 or \$50 a week are stepping toward the \$5,000 a-year-and-up class!

Or look at the four men whose records prompted me to address this message to you! On an average investment of \$3.78 in sales outfits they sold over \$29,500 worth of Coffield Tire Protectors in just twelve months!

FREE SAMPLE—MAIL COUPON

This proposition is so unusual and the proved profit opportunities are so big that it is impossible to disclose all the sensational facts in this short message. So let me send you a FREE SAMPLE of this amazing invention that has startled the entire automobile world. Send no money. Pay no C. O. D. All you risk is a 2c stamp. Just mail the coupon today—RIGHT NOW!

THE COFFIELD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.
834 East Harshman St. Dayton, Ohio

The Coffield Tire Protector Co.
834 East Harshman St., Dayton, Ohio
I want to make \$5,000 a year. Send me details of your proposition, also FREE SAMPLE of the Coffield Tire Protector.

Name.....
Street and Number.....
Town.....State.....

Four Big Features of the Coffield Plan

- 1—You have a proposition no motorist can resist. You virtually offer him two tires for every one he buys.
- 2—You are backed by an old, responsible company.
- 3—You are the sole distributor in your own restricted and protected territory.
- 4—You make real money week in and week out. Your business is permanent. Repeat orders are certain.

Boze, of Bartlett's Corners

(Continued from page 79)

'Twarn't like nothin' I'd ever smelled afore—sort o' thick-like an' heavy, same as if it hed been shet up in a barr'l. I wiggled my nose, tryin' to calc'late it out, but didn't git nowhere. Then come a stronger whiff, an' somethin' kind o' busted way down inside me so thet all of a sudden I just hed to git out there where thet smell was a-comin' from an' ketch some kind o' critter by the neck. Seemed like I went plumb wild, an' I lep' up an' went tearin' 'long thet leetle brook not carin' for nothin' only to find I didn't know whut.

Plowin' ahead regardless the way I done there was no tellin' how far I went, but it couldn't hev been only a few jumps, when I pulled up all standin' with my nose so full o' thet smell thet it nigh made me dizzy. Come right up out'n the ground, it did, strong as mustard, an' it soaked into me an' made my blood sizzle 'round like it was b'ilin'. Next thing I knowed I took off through the woods with the front end o' me snuffin' 'long the ground an' the rear end runnin', an' every leetle ways I'd git my head up an' let go a howl thet went loopin' off among the hills like it'd never come back.

GOL, I never will forgit thet run! The further I went the stronger the smell got, an' the stronger it got the faster I legged it an' the louder I give tongue. Finally it seemed like I just couldn't stand no more, an' with thet the trail run up a big maple tree an' all I could do was jump an' jump ag'in the trunk an' bark short an' mad-like 'cause I couldn't foller it no further.

Bimeby, atween leps, I heard the Old Man 'way down the side o' the mounting, hollerin': "Hold 'im, boy—ho-o-o-old 'im!" an' then the two o' 'em scrabblin' up through the bresh, an' the light o' the lanterns. Finally they got to the tree an' begun to stare up into it, Jem holdin' the light whiles the Old Man stood in front of him with the gun.

They moved 'round thetaway for couple minutes till Jem hollered: "There's his eyes—in the big crotch!" an' right away the Old Man throwed up the gun an' there was a hell of a roar an' some kind of a critter come slatherin' down out'n thet maple-tree purty nigh on top o' me an' I made a dive for it.

Gee whiskers!—I might as well hev tackled Link Edwards's buzz-saw! Thet critter was all teeth an' claws an' thick hair, but the smell of him hed druv me crazy, so I took an' waded in an' bored for his throat, an' the men they give a hand, an' after whiles he went slimsy. With thet Jem h'isted him by the tail an' hefted him an' says:

"Bill, a pup thet can tree a thirty-pound coon by hissel, an' then lace into him thetaway, don't need no l'arnin', I guess!" An' so they each hed a nip out'n the Old Man's bottle, an' 'lowed I was a natural-born hunter same as Trailer thet sired me, an' by the time Nell showed up to see whut the row was 'bout we was all feelin' purty good.

I often think back onto thet night, for it was the beginnin' o' me knowin' whut I was meant for, ye might say. Up to then there hedn't been no rhyme nor reason to things any way I looked at 'em—no nothin' only studyin' an' hangin' round an'

empty m'lasses barr'l with some straw into it an' hevin' vittles brung to me onct in a while on a tin plate. But the smell o' thet coon an' the feelin' o' the woods an' all done things to me. Didn't make me feel happy nor nothin' o' thet sort; fact is, I guess they sot me to figgerin' more serious. The real change come in me knowin' thet there was one thing thet, when it got the chancet, could kind o' make me into another critter. Queer, how a smell could do thet, but I s'pose with so many spooky things around ye all the time another one more or less don't make no diff'rence.

Wal, anyways—

The Old Man an' me done a heap o' huntin' durin' the rest o' thet summer an' fall. Mostly it was at night, but after the leaves fell we gunned foxes an' rabbits in the daytimes, too. Leetle by leetle I got so's I knowed the scents o' the diff'rent kinds o' woods varmints an' how to run their trails so's they'd either tree or hole up or swing 'round where the Old Man could git a crack at 'em as they went a-past him. After couple good lickin's an' any amount o' bawlin' out I l'arned whutever kind o' critter it was, my job was to fix things so's the Old Man could git nigh to it—coon, possum, fox, bobcat, rabbit—even b'ar, onct in a long whiles. Each o' 'em hed his own partic'lar smell an' way o' workin', an' I hed to act accordin'. I want to tell ye, mister, it took a pile o' calc'latin' an' more miles o' leggin' it than most folks hev any idee of.

SOMETIMES, when I git to thinkin' back onto them days, they seem mighty far away. I was young, ye see, an' didn't know nothin' o' rheumatiz or ear canker or any o' them pesterments thet bother me now. There was a-plenty game in the woods an' huntin' it made up for a lot o' lonesome days an' nights hitched to my old barr'l kennel. The Old Man must've figgered thet I'd kind o' keep in practice right along if he left me loose in the off season when the law was onto the game, keepin' me chained only when he might be wantin' me for a hunt hisself, so I didn't hev to lay 'round an' think so much. I got to comin' an' goin' purty much as I'd a mind to, an' it was mostly goin', I guess—two, three, four days an' nights at a clip, moochin' through the mountings a-sniffin' an' a-trailin' an' hearin' the hills when they throwed back my huntin' voice on a still, cold night.

Part o' the times I'd go alone, an' others I'd pick up with 'nother houn'—Nell, or Bill Baldwin's Slick, or mebbe some feller from the next township thet I'd never seed afore, out on his own, like me. It was a kind o' brotherhood thet we hed, same as the Knights o' Pythias or the Foresters, an' we allus got along peaceable together. Never any fightin' nor nothin' like thet—ye'd just meet up with a feller an' trail along with him, huntin' your own hunt but j'inin' in with him if he 'lowed he'd ketched a good trail, same as he'd do by ye. An' finally ye'd leave him just as off-hand any time ye'd a mind to, an' work back towards home where ye could git vittles ag'in an' lick your sore feet an'

gener'ly lay 'round an' rest two-three days without nobuddy botherin' ye.

I'll allus remember one o' thet old gang thet I run with purty often for three-four year. Come from over Catterdon way, some're—a strangely, crook-legged, yellin' an' brown leetle houn' with some collie blood into him, jedgin' by his ears an' the way the hair grewed onto his tail. Never did git to know his name nor who owned him—likely nobuddy did, for he was allus as skinny as a stake an' rider fence, like he hed to rastle his own vittles. But he'd the best nose I ever seed an' he was a livin' fool for huntin'.

HIM an' me hit it off extry good, for we was both the careful workin' kind thet liked to straighten out all the loops an' tricks in a trail, 'stead o' bustin' ahead hell-for-leather. Sometimes we'd be an hour untanglin' the place where a critter hed took to the water or doubled back an' forth across the boulders in the old mill-stone quarry. Just the two of us, nosin' 'round slow an' quiet until him or me would git to the end o' the muddle an' give a youp to call t'other one.

I calc'late thet leetle yellin' feller an' me would be goin' huntin' yet, mebbe, only for thet doe we run one fall day over in the Mud Pond country. Took us in a big loop, she did, through Birchy Holler an' up over Old North afore she out for the pond. Plumb scared, she was, an' went into the water like a snow plow, headin' across the cove at the east end with us hard after her.

Half-way over there was a big bed o' water-lilies, their leaves all brown with the frost. I swung 'round it an' the doe she slogged right through. The leetle houn' he was so took up with the hunt thet he tried to buck the patch, too; I s'pose he forgot thet the dog never lived who could swim through a mess o' water-lilies. They got him, them long, tough stems—ketched his legs and feet an' neck. For a whiles I could see him splashin', tryin' to git loose; then everythin' was quiet.

I never seed him ag'in.

Yep, it was a great life, all in all, goin' on year after year an' allus l'arnin' more 'bout this an' thet. Ord'nary farm dogs an' the like o' them, they ain't got no idee how important a real houn' is, or whut store his old man sets by him. They don't realize, no more than them city folks who laugh at the wrinkles in my face an' the way my ears draggle an' how I move out'n the way kind o' slow, thet I've seed a pile o' serious things in my time an' thet the rheumatiz thet ketches me in the j'int's now was come by honest, doin' my work in all kinds o' weather the seasons through. Talk to 'em 'bout puzzlin' out a fox trail or treenin' a bobcat, an' they think ye're crazy.

The things thet really stand for somethin' don't mean nothin' to them trash dogs—moon risin' over Cooley's Mounting the feel o' damp, dead leaves under foot on a foggy fall day, the roar o' the Old Man's gun up ahead thet tells ye ye've done your job good. 'Tain't no more use tryin' to tell 'em the truth than it would've been for the Old Man to give a real answer thet time the smart aleck asked him:

"Say, Pop, is that a huntin' dog?"



Nell slithered off into the bresh an' I took off after her soon's the Old Man had unhooked me, though I didn't know why, only that the woods and the damp smells kind o' made me want to go some'res

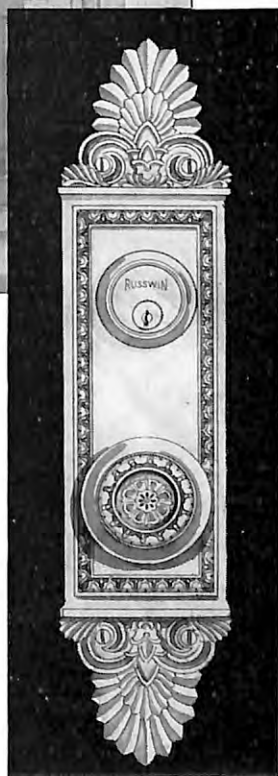
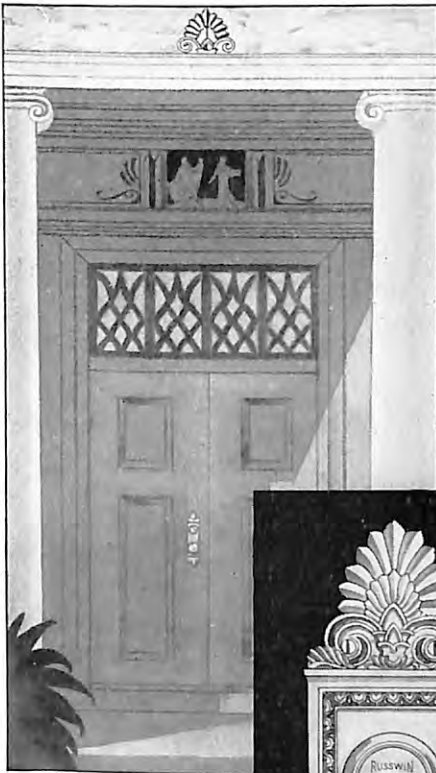
The Glory and Timeliness of

GRECIAN ART

is wrought into the

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS

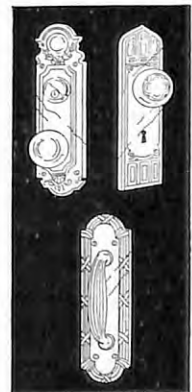
by **RUSSWIN**



MINERVA

For the Architect's convenience RUSSWIN Hardware is illustrated and described in Sweet's catalogue, pages C-3137: C-3216.

Grecian design is the parent of the classic mode. The Renaissance, the charming Louis XIV, XV and XVI periods together with our own colonial owe their inspiration to this ancient source. RUSSWIN offers its exclusive Grecian designs with the dual character of style-timeliness and service. Every piece of RUSSWIN hardware is built to weather years of use; to give faultless, trouble-free and lasting service. It will faithfully stand to its task in the small house, palatial residence, or public structure. Whether it be a sturdy, handsome door knob, a lock, a door closer, night latch, or even the small hinges and lock for the corner cupboard . . . all will be in perfect accord if you select RUSSWIN. Consult your architect or interior decorator, when making plans, or write to us for descriptive booklet covering RUSSWIN Hardware expressly made for leading periods of design. Russell & Erwin Manufacturing Company (The American Hardware Corporation, Successor) New Britain, Connecticut—New York, Chicago, London.



*At right are three exclusive RUSSWIN designs
Beaumont ▸ Lalonde ▸ Warwick*

R&E
SINCE 1839
RUSSWIN
RUSSELL & ERWIN
DISTINCTIVE
HARDWARE

Hardware that lasts — Base Metals of Bronze or Brass

"THE SHADOW
which pursues us all"

[John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1892]

"COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
[Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844]

**AVOID THAT
FUTURE SHADOW**

by refraining from over-
indulgence, if you would
maintain the modern fig-
ure of fashion

We do not represent that
smoking Lucky Strike Ciga-
rettes will bring modern figures
or cause the reduction of flesh.
We do declare that when tempt-
ed to do yourself too well, if
you will "Reach for a Lucky"
instead, you will thus avoid
over-indulgence in things that
cause excess weight and, by
avoiding over-indulgence, main-
tain a modern, graceful form.

When Tempted

*Reach
for a
LUCKY
instead*

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

©1930, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers



THE SCHWEINLER PRESS, NEW YORK