

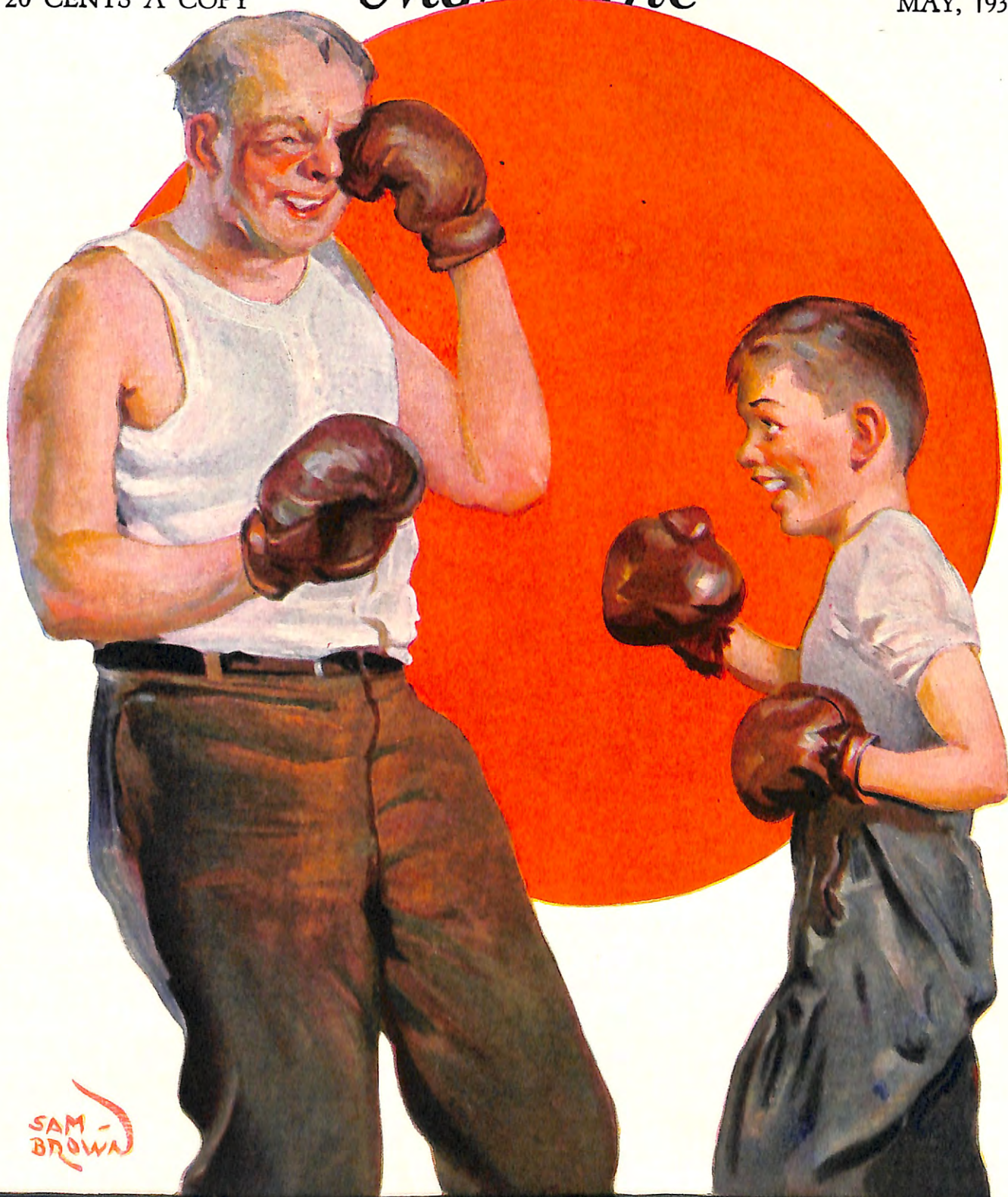
The Elks

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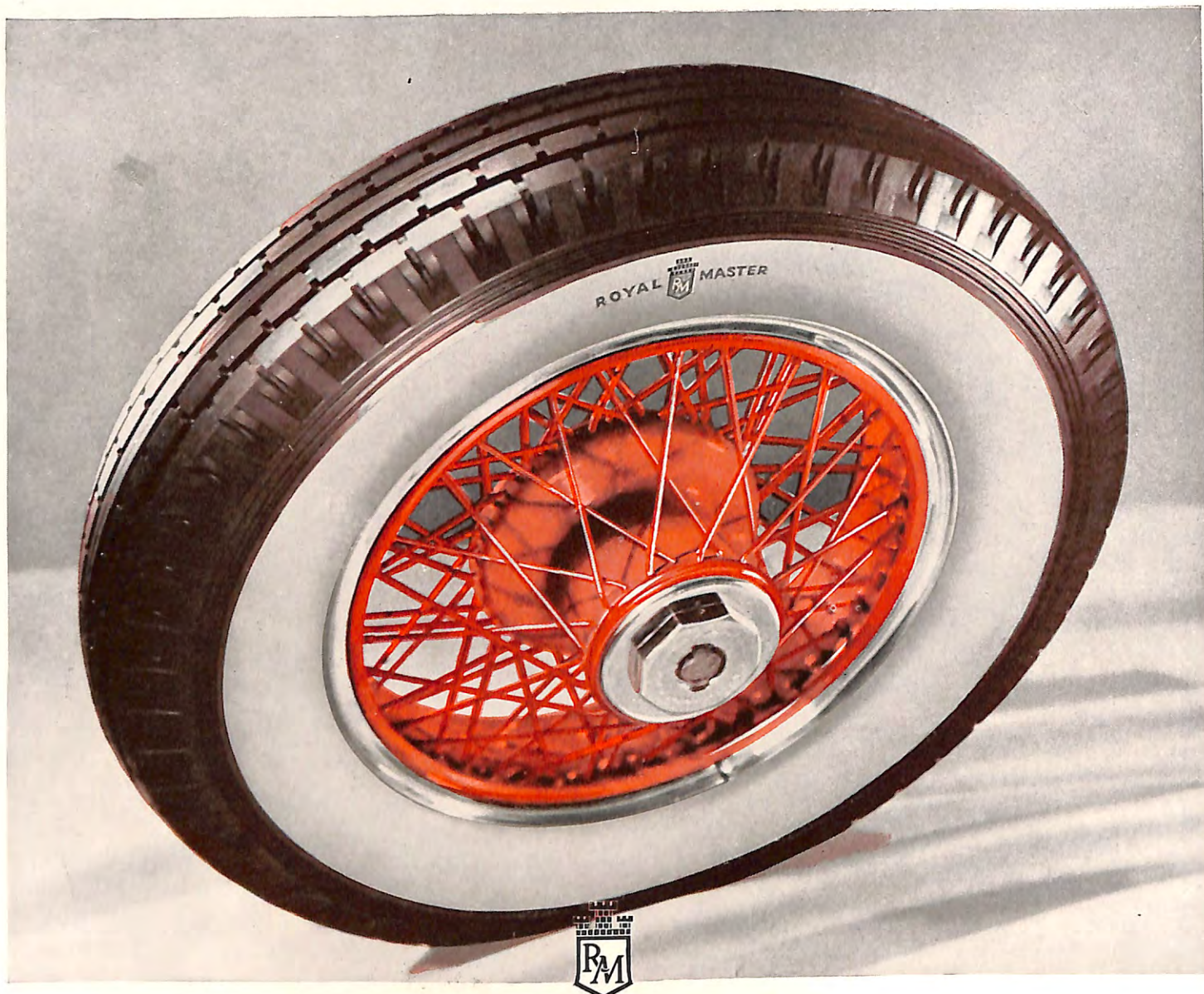
Magazine

MAY, 1930



Beginning in This Issue:

"The Quest of the Thunderbus," a New Novel by John Chapman Hilder



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF TIRES FOR THE ELKS' PURPLE-AND-WHITE FLEET

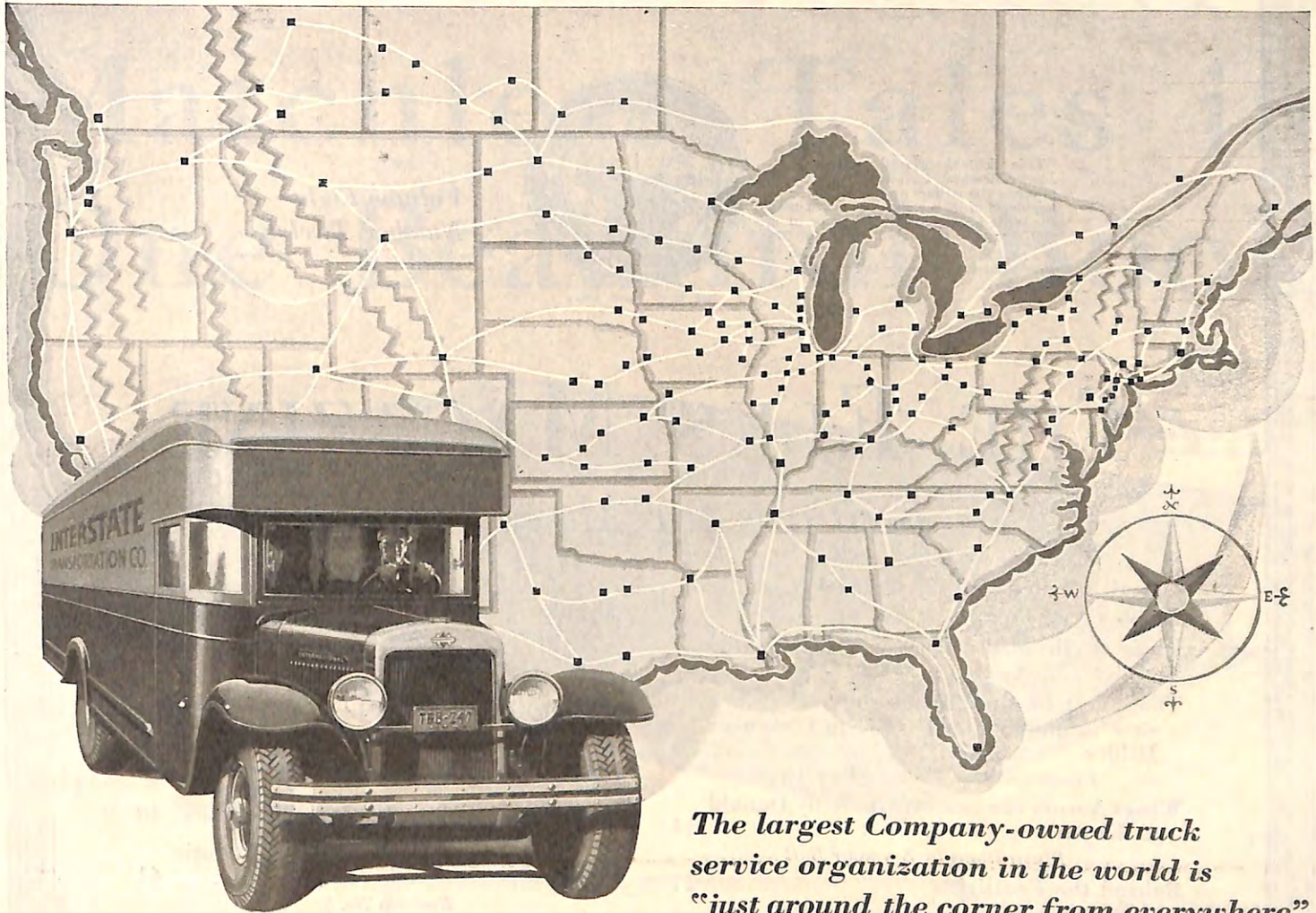
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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Eight
Number Twelve

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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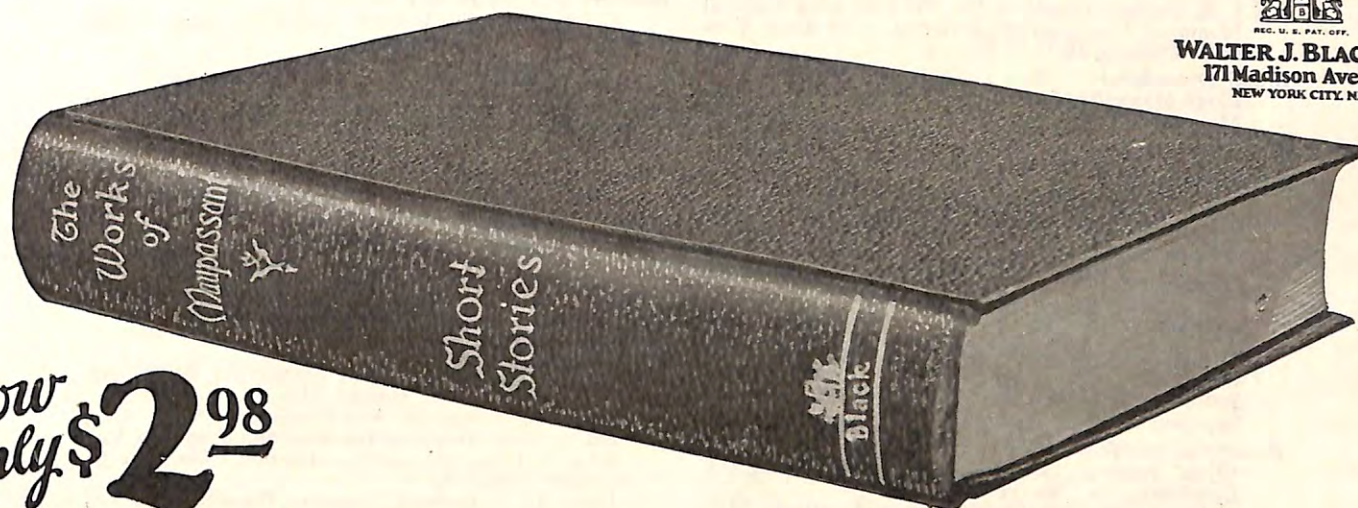
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THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand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

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

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Clyde Jennings, Chairman and Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge, Lynchburg, Va.

Office of the Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Seven

526-9 Healey Building,
Atlanta, Georgia,
May 1st, 1930

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

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

I did not address an April circular to you, on account of my illness.

Due to over-exertion and strain upon my part, I was compelled to go to bed, when I arrived in Philadelphia to fill my engagement to attend the Washington Banquet given by Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, on February 22nd. The doctor diagnosed my case as bronchial pneumonia and ordered me to bed.

My purpose in mentioning this illness is to express my great appreciation of the letters, telegrams and flowers that were sent to me by the brothers from every section of our country; and I also wish to thank the brothers of Philadelphia Lodge for the marvelous hospitalities, the wonderful brotherly consideration, and the constant attentions they extended, so freely, to my wife and me during our stay of about three weeks in their Elks Home.

They exemplified to us the *true, genuine spirit of Elkdom* in a manner that I can never forget.

Death of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills

In the very early morning, at one-forty-five o'clock, March 19, 1930, our much beloved and greatly valued Brother and friend, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills, of Superior, Wisconsin, "passed into the light which is beyond the valley of the shadow of death."

Sorrow and bereavement settle down, like a dark shadow, upon all Elkdom for one of our best beloved brothers, one of our wisest counselors and one of our most devoted co-workers has passed beyond these earthly scenes, forever.

He believed in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, he loved his fellowmen, and served them in thousands of silent ways, not set down in the known records of his long and useful life.

He has preceded us into eternal life, only for a while, and *we know he awaits us on the Other Shore.*

Our Fiscal Year Closed

The fiscal year of the Grand Lodge is now closed, the old officers of the subordinate Lodges have finished their terms of office, and the new officers are now in charge.

My administration, as Grand Exalted Ruler, is in its last quarter, and the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City is almost in sight.

I summon every Elk, everywhere, of whatever official or private connection, to rally to my side, and let us all together achieve a measure of accomplishments that will *assure a grand finale* to this Grand Lodge year.

We yet have plenty of time to add one hundred thousand members to our rosters.

The Recently Retired Officers

I am deeply grateful to the recently retired officers for the loyal and devoted service they rendered to the Order and to their respective Lodges.

I thank them all, and I shall ever remember my service with them as a genuine pleasure of my life.

The Newly Installed Officers

I extend my official greetings to the newly installed officers, and I call upon them to lose no time in perfecting their several organizations for earnest and immediate work in the affairs of their respective Lodges.

Now, my brothers, is the time to perfect yourselves in the exemplification of the ritual, to plunge with fresh zeal into renewed efforts for the reclamation of recently suspended brothers, and to so impress the non-Elks, among our neighbors and friends, that they, too, will join the Order.

Why not? The Order of Elks *espouses and steadfastly stands* for those principles and ideals that men have striven for and fought for through thousands of years of human progress. Let us all unite our minds, hearts and purposes on the work of the months of May and June, with the united resolution to make those two months the *most intensive period* for labor and accomplishment of our Grand Lodge year of 1929-30.

(Continued on page 39)



WILLIAM LOUIS SMITH STUDIOS

Thomas B. Mills

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

Born October 12, 1858 Died March 19, 1930

1887, Initiated, Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46.

1898, Charter member, Exalted Ruler (two terms)

Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403.

1900-'01, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler.

1912-'13 Grand Exalted Ruler.

1901-'07, Grand Lodge Committee on Appeals and Grievances (Chairman 1904-'07).

1907-'12, Board of Grand Trustees (Chairman 1911-'12).

1911-'12, Elks National Home Commission.

EARLY in the morning of March 19, at Clearwater, Fla., where he had gone for a brief visit, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills died of a sudden attack of angina pectoris. The death of this devoted Elk and outstanding leader was a great blow to innumerable friends and an irreparable loss to the Order at large, to his state and to his community.

Mr. Mills' body was taken from Clearwater to the family home at Black River Falls, Wis., where, on March 22, the funeral services were held. Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, himself recuperating in Florida from his recent attack of pneumonia at the time of Mr. Mills' death, was unable to attend these services and delegated as his personal representative,

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, who delivered the eulogy reprinted on the opposite page. Other prominent Elks who came to pay their respects were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, William J. Conway, Pardon Commissioner; F. P. McAdams, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers R. C. Dwyer and William F. Schad. In addition were present officers and members from Lodges all over Wisconsin. Six nephews of Mr. Mills acted as pallbearers. The former Grand Exalted Ruler is survived by a sister, Mary O. Mills, and a brother, John Mills, to whom THE ELKS MAGAZINE, on behalf of the entire Order, extends its sincerest sympathy.

Eulogy Delivered at the Funeral of Mr. Mills by
Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland
Speaking as the Personal Representative of
Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews

AS WE gather to pay a sincere tribute to our well-beloved friend and brother, it is fitting and comforting to pause a moment and turn back the pages of the book of memory. On the page of the record of his life accomplishments we find that Thomas Brooks Mills was born at Manchester, Wisconsin, October 12, 1858. His education in the common school system of your State was followed by study at Beloit College and graduation from Columbia College of Law. With the advantage of this study and with the background of a splendid family connection, it was not surprising that he took an early active interest in the affairs of the community and State and Nation. He was not content to be a mere bystander in the play of American life. Election as Chairman of the Town Board was followed very shortly by his election to the Jackson County Board of Commissioners, and he was its Chairman in 1883 and 1884. During this and a succeeding period he was President of the Jackson County Bank and engaged in the real estate business with his brother. While still very young, he was elected as a member of the Wisconsin State Assembly in 1885 and was its Speaker in 1887, '88 and '89.

His ability to administer public trusts was recognized in his appointment to act as Collector of Customs at Superior, Wisconsin, a position which he held until his death. He was also elected as State Senator from Superior for two sessions of the Legislature and was particularly active in instituting and establishing, under State appropriation, the Superior Normal School, the seventh in the State.

Public service alone did not satisfy the heart of this man, whose every impulse was benevolent. At the cost of long hours of thought and planning and of much individual effort, he helped to organize the Superior Day School for the Deaf; was one of the incorporators and first President of the Superior Home and Refuge which was established in 1903; in 1908 he helped organize the Douglas County Humane Society and was its President for eleven years; he reorganized the Superior Chapter of Red Cross in 1917 for war service and was its Chairman from that time until his death; he was appointed Chairman of the Forest Fire Relief Committee in 1918 and served until its work was completed; he was an unusually active Trustee of the Superior Permanent Relief Fund; and he organized and sponsored the unit of the National Guard in the City of Superior.

THE further natural inclination of this lover of his fellowman was toward fraternal societies and institutions. He was a Mason and a member of the Shrine, an Odd Fellow, and a Knight of Pythias; but the association nearest and dearest to his heart was with the great benevolent and patriotic Order of Elks. He was elected to membership in Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46, in 1887, and became a charter member of Superior Lodge, No. 403, and twice its Exalted Ruler. He served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler in that jurisdiction and was later made a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Appeals and Grievances. His service was so outstanding, his enthusiasm for the Order so fine and spontaneous, that he was elected as Grand

Trustee for a term of five years. He served on the Elks National Home Commission, that group of Elks whose vision, time and effort made possible that most beautiful Home for aged brothers of the Order that nestles in the beautiful foothills of old Virginia. His fineness of fraternal ideals, his ability, and his evidenced desire actually to live and serve our great Order, caused him to be called to its chief executive office, that of Grand Exalted Ruler, in the year of 1912-1913.

And so we, who have come as his friends, as members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and as representatives of 300,000 of his brothers who will miss him and cherish his memory, wish to pay our brief and humble tribute to this great soul whose life and accomplishments speak, so much more loudly than words, of the fulfillment of his ideal of living.

CHARITY may best be practiced without ostentation, and few, if any, even among his closest friends, knew of the daily acts of charity that were done by Tom Mills. A portion of a letter received from an eighty-four-year-old "shut-in" living at Superior, Wisconsin, bears testimony to his thoughtful deeds. She says:

"Not a week passed but what Mr. Mills would bring some bundle of magazines or papers, a book or some flowers. He was so thoughtful and kind always, and so sympathetic with those who were in need or sorrow. Being a daughter of a Civil War veteran, I can remember so well the assistance that Mr. Mills gave to us in securing for me a year's scholarship at Beloit College. He was very kind to my father; and I remember when father passed away he wrote to me that 'he has written his name high.' And, indeed, the same can be said of Mr. Mills."

And Tom Mills was just and brave and fearless. During all of his life he carefully weighed the facts, formed his own judgments and conclusions, and consistently stood by his best opinions.

He was kind and filled with brotherly love and affection for his fellowman. He loved the associations of his fraternities, and he gave of counsel and of real service to those with whom he came in contact.

He was faithful and true to friend and home and family. You, of Black River Falls, will recall that during the lifetime of Tom's mother he came home on her every birthday anniversary, save one, when he was on a mission to a sick brother in Porto Rico. A boy and man so affectionately tender toward his best friend, his mother, is indeed a faithful son.

We point to Tom Mills as an ideal Elk, exemplifying, living in his everyday life, these virtues which our Order has taught: being a patriotic American citizen, giving of real service to his community and his country, and living with and for his fellowman.

In tribute to this fine and most well-beloved Elk, I ask my brothers present to rise and stand in a moment of silent meditation. He has passed on to bask in the green pastures of further knowledge and beside the still water of eternal peace.

"Good-bye, good-bye,
 Until the hour Eleven shall regularly return,
 To set the bells of memory a-chiming.
 Thou art I and I am thou—
 For thy name I have as a talisman upon my heart!"

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By John Chapman Hilder

With Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren

"I'll bet you five years of my life against a hundred thousand dollars"

The Quest of the Thunderbus

Part I

AT LAST the trainman bawled out, "next station stop, Waterboro," and the conductor came through and took up Jerry's ticket. Jerry noted, with a throb of the pulse, that he also collected the ticket of the girl across the aisle. All the way from Bath, where they had left the Pullmans for this local made up of day coaches, he had cherished the hope that his destination might prove to be hers, too. For if they were in the same small town he might somehow contrive to meet her, whereas if she rode beyond Waterboro, even only one station beyond, he might never see her again. And he wanted to meet her very much indeed. He had wanted to from the moment he saw her walk along the platform at Grand Central the evening before.

It was, in fact, the way she walked that first called his attention to her. Having arrived at the station early, he was standing outside the sleeper, smoking and watching the arriving passengers, when she came along. Before her face was clearly visible in the half-light of the trainshed, her crisp grace of movement caught his eye. Her

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feet toed neither in nor out, but pointed straight ahead; her ankles—very trim—did not wobble; her hips and shoulders did not swing from side to side, nor did her head bob like a hen's. In short, she simply placed one foot before the other and walked, surely, effortlessly, as human beings were intended to walk, but seldom do.

As she drew near Jerry looked her squarely in the face for an instant. And she returned his gaze. There was nothing provocative about the look she gave him; yet nothing disdainful. It gave Jerry the feeling that she would be glad to meet him if somebody introduced them, but that it would be all the same to her if she never met him. The effect she had on Jerry, however, was electric.

Restraining himself with difficulty from following her into the car, he finished his cigarette. Upon going inside he found, to his disappointment, that instead of being in one of the sections, where he might occasionally be able to look at her, she was in the drawing-room. Though the door was open and he could see her traveling case on the couch, the girl herself was out of sight.

He thought he might, perhaps, catch at least a glimpse of her in the diner. But in this he was disappointed also. She had her

dinner served in the drawing-room. Before the waiter arrived to take her order, Jerry had been hungry. When he realized that he was not to see her, after all, he lost his appetite. Strolling disconsolately to the diner, he surveyed the menu without enthusiasm and ordered a chicken sandwich and a glass of milk. Having choked down that chaste but cheerless combination, he repaired to the club car and argued with himself.

HE TOLD himself he was an ass; that no woman was worth getting so excited over; that this one was probably married; and that even if she wasn't there was no sense in thinking about her anyway. He had plenty of other things to occupy his mind. He might better devote it to working out some of the details of the crazy adventure to which he was committed. The matter of deciding on an alias, for instance, would soon need to be settled. And other problems required solution. But try as he would, he could not dispel the picture of the girl in Drawing Room A from his thoughts. Finally he gave up the struggle, went to his berth and turned in. It took him some time to get to sleep. When he did, he dreamed, perversely, that

the train was held up and that much as he wanted to leap to her defense, he could not lift a finger to prevent the bandit chief from carrying off the girl.

Next morning, changing from the Pullman to a day coach, he saw her again. In the station restaurant, and later, on the local train, he had a chance to study her.

She was not small, nor was she large. She was not exactly pretty, but she had a certain loveliness. There was that about her which betokened an inner warmth and a capacity for happiness. The form of her mouth hinted that a smile was never very far from her lips. She looked like a person who had always had what she wanted and had every expectation of getting it in future. And it seemed absolutely right that she should, because you felt somehow that she would never want anything you would not wish her to have.

The impression his first brief sight of her had made upon Jerry was intensified in the daylight. She was dressed in beige, a color he had always liked and which from this hour he considered magnificent. Her hat and her costume bespoke that perfect smartness which results from genius applied to the appropriate. She wore no rings and presumably was neither married nor engaged; though nowadays, as Jerry reflected, the absence of such symbols is no conclusive evidence of freedom.

JUST to be able to look at her, even surreptitiously, gave him inordinate pleasure. Yet it was a pleasure not unmixed with pain. For the more he looked, the more he wanted to know her. And obviously, she was not the sort of girl to be picked up casually—even if Jerry had been addicted to picking women up, which he wasn't.

All he could do was to sit in dumb admiration and pray that Fate, having been so kind as to let him see this girl, could not be so unkind as to carry her forever out of his ken.

His prayer was answered.

When he saw that she, too, was to leave the train at Waterboro, he considered briefly the wisdom of offering to help her with her bag. But she was manifestly competent to handle it herself and he abandoned the idea. Besides, he had so much of his own to carry that he would have been hard put to it to undertake an additional piece of luggage. So he decided to let well enough alone and to rely on finding a way of meeting her on more substantial ground.

After his ticket had been taken up, he placed his two suitcases, his kit bag, his portable typewriter and his golf clubs on a seat near the door, and sat with his back to the girl for the last few minutes of the journey. He hoped that on arriving at Waterboro he would be able to see by whom she was met and in what direction she would drive away. But when his back was turned, the girl walked through to the rear of the train, so that all he did see was that she was met by two persons: an elderly chauffeur and a tall, dark young man who bent low over her hand and escorted her to a large foreign car. He couldn't see what direction the car took after leaving the station, because of a curve in the road.

On the splintery platform when the train clanked in were the ticket-agent, a weakened man with a chalky complexion; a stocky youth who stood yelling "taxi-caab"; two saturnine ancients sitting on a pile of freight

—and a fifth. This last was an imposing figure, a figure to take one's breath away. It was the figure of another girl.

As Jerry staggered down the car steps, heavily laden with baggage, he caught sight of her and nearly dropped everything. This was not a second case of love at first glance. It was a case of sheer amazement. For here was quite the largest girl he had ever seen.



Queenie

She was well over six feet tall, yet her height alone was the least impressive of her attributes. She was built on the pattern of a baby blimp. Her arms and legs were blimplike. Her bust was blimplike. Only her face, which had the contour of an old-fashioned free balloon, deviated from the general scheme. For a moment Jerry found it impossible not to stare at her.

He could not believe that he saw what he saw. He thought he must be having another nightmare in which the lady of the train had been transformed into this horrific apparition. He closed his eyes, expecting when he opened them again to see a normal female standing where the apparition had been. But the huge figure in pink calico still confronted him. Furthermore, as if to prove its reality, its mouth spread in a vast and amiable grin.

With a flush of embarrassment, Jerry turned away. The youth who had been yelling "taxi-caab" swooped down on him, seized his dunnage and dumped it into a car. A little dazed, Jerry entered the machine.

"Where to, mister?" asked the driver.

"Hotel," said Jerry, struggling to overcome the impulse to look back once more at the large girl on the station platform. It was still difficult for him to doubt that he had had an hallucination. That breakfast at the depot in Bath—. In spite of himself he did look around. Through the rear window of the sedan the large girl was plainly visible. In fact, she was watching him. And when she saw that she had attracted his notice, she grinned again. Jerry quickly faced forward.

Then he brightened up. At any rate, he reflected, the girl in Drawing Room A could not be many miles away, and the tall, dark young man who met her had only kissed her hand. There was still hope.

2.

THE hackman sped out of the station yard, tearing, with the scorn bred of familiarity, over bumps which flattened his fare's hat against the car roof. He whizzed around a blind corner and up a steep, cobbled hill which led into the village. Two blocks along the main street he slowed down and addressed his passenger.

"Goin' to stop here long, mister?"

"I don't know," said Jerry, "why?"

"Nothin'," said the driver, picking up speed for one more block and suddenly slamming on his brakes in front of a dull red brick building.

"This here's the hotel," he announced, turning around again. "Fifty cents, mister."

"A day?" asked Jerry, gazing in repugnance at the façade of the establishment.

"For the ride," said the driver.

Jerry surveyed the hotel entrance gloomily. It was as loathsome-looking a place as he could remember ever having seen. Two smeary windows containing withered potted ferns flanked a dingy doorway on the glass panes of which were the letters H—TEL. In one window, was a fly-blown poster announcing a prize fight that had been held some weeks before. Through the other could be seen, dimly, an unkempt old man in shirt sleeves, sitting in a rocking-chair with his slippers on a small marble-topped table.

"Is this the only hotel?"

"Yup."

"Wait," said Jerry.

He got out of the car and slowly approached the entrance. The gust of stale odors that smote his nostrils as he opened the door halted him momentarily. But he was not a man to be easily deterred from a purpose, and he wanted to see if the inside fulfilled the dismal threat of the outside. He went on in. His mind was made up, however, before he had advanced three yards.

The place in which he found himself was neither lobby, nor hall, but a sort of combination of both, plus parlor and bar. The latter, of course, was no longer in use, but it was still there. The mirrors behind it were incredibly dirty and the brass rail had turned a rich green. The bar itself bore a thick layer of dust which, but for the sharply outlined footprints of a cat, had evidently been undisturbed for months. The rest of the interior was equally uninviting, from the grimy, patternless oilcloth on the floor to the faded red plush chairs and sofas set stiffly against the walls.

RATHER than spend even a half hour in this sink-hole, Jerry resolved, he would give up his whole adventure. He knew he had been a little mad to undertake it, in the first place. Even its successful outcome would scarcely compensate him, he felt, for time spent in such quarters as these. He had come in quietly and was about to depart the same way, when a voice, flat and nasal, arrested him.

"Lookin' for a room?" inquired the voice.

Jerry turned to face the frowzy old man he had seen through the window.

"No, thanks," he said.

The man's face displayed no emotion.

"Gents' washroom?"

"No, thanks."

There was a pause.

"What was you lookin' for, then?"

"Nothing, thanks."

The old man brushed the hair out of his eyes, looked at his visitor as though he must be a lunatic, and chuckled.

"Help yourself," he said, returning to his chair.

Out on the sidewalk once more, Jerry breathed in a lungful of fresh air.

"Getting out here?" asked the driver.

"No. Getting in," said Jerry. "Look here, Sportsman, isn't there some other place for me to stay? Some inn, or boarding-house, or something?"

"They's an inn, mister, if that's what you want."

"It is."

"I don't know as there's any boarders into it right now."



Mrs. Carey



Her look gave Jerry the feeling that she would be glad to meet him if somebody introduced them, but that it would be all the same to her if she never met him

"Well, is it open? I mean, will they take one?"

"Guess maybe they'd take one, all right."

"I'll have a look at it," said Jerry. "What sort of place is it?"

"S an inn," said the driver. "They's a sign onto it."

Jerry lit a cigarette. There did not seem much to be gained by catechizing the fellow.

"Carry on," he said.

The driver swung his small car swiftly around and headed back along the main street. Here and there, Jerry noted, buggies and wagons were parked among the automobiles at the curb. The post office, a large stone monument to a successful congressman, was on one corner, opposite a red brick bank, a yellow brick drugstore and a white frame garage. About the remaining business houses of Waterboro there was little to distinguish one from another.

LEAVING the village, the car turned presently into the grass-grown driveway of what had obviously been at some time a not unpretentious estate. The two stone pillars of the gateway were now surmounted by a faded sign, bearing the legend "Pine Lodge Inn—Meals at all Hours." As the car progressed along the driveway it was plain whence the place had taken its name; a murky grove of enormous pines, in the center of which, dark and forbidding, stood a large, ornate house with a mansard roof. The upper windows were shuttered. Although it was midday, lights were burning in some of the downstairs rooms.

Jerry studied the outlook for a moment and his heart sank. The front door of the mansion slowly opened and a sinister old hag in a shawl peered out at the car. Jerry shuddered.

"So this is the inn," he said.

"Yup. This here's the inn, mister."

"Then take me back to the hotel," said Jerry.

"You're the doctor," observed the other. Without further comment, he circled the building and shot his machine out of the grounds. About a quarter of a mile down the road, Jerry tapped him on the shoulder and motioned him to stop.

"Look here, Sportsman," he said, "what's your name?"

"Henry Gay." The driver looked surprised.

"Good. All right, Henry, have a gasper." He offered the youth his case. "Now," he went on, "you're a solid chap, I can see that. Know your country and its resources and all that. Can't you suggest a decent, clean place, where I can get a decent, light room with fairly edible meals, three a day and not too light—for a price? Any reasonable price?"

Mr. Gay accepted a cigarette, inspected its strange trade mark, put it in his mouth, reached for matches, changed his mind, removed the cigarette from his lips and wedged it above his right ear.

"Smoke that baby after dinner," he announced solemnly.

"Have another," urged Jerry, fishing out the case again.

Mr. Gay accepted a second cigarette, examined it, and wedged it above his left ear. Jerry suppressed the desire to laugh.

"Here, Henry," he said, "you've only got two cars. Smoke this one now. Be prodigal."

Mr. Gay hesitated, then took the third cigarette, lit it and drew in a deep inhalation of smoke. He grew confidential.

"I can make it come out of my eyes," he boasted. "Want to see me?"

A sudden, violent coughing fit, simulated to conceal an explosion of amusement, headed off the demonstration. When Jerry felt he could speak without snickering, he got back on his subject.

"Before you do that, and knock me cold with envy," he said, "answer my question. Where can I get a nice, clean bed in a clean, light room, and so on? Do you know, or don't you?"

"Sure."

"Which?"

"What do you mean, 'which'?"

"Do you mean 'sure you don't,' or 'sure you do'?"

"Sure I do," said Mr. Gay.

"Cheers," said Jerry. "Listen, Henry. Take me there, and if it's all you say it is, I'll give you ten dollars."

The mention of this sum had a galvanic effect on Mr. Gay. He jerked the car from a standstill to over forty miles an hour in fewer seconds than even its manufacturer would have thought possible. Back through the village he raced, half-way down the cobbled hill leading to the station, and careened around a corner onto a rough gravel road in the direction of the shore. Bouncing up and down on the rear seat, Jerry gave thanks that he had no dependents.

The highway ran up and down like the track of a roller-coaster, an arrangement which seemed to please Henry Gay inordinately. He had an individual technique for covering this stretch which consisted of doing exactly the reverse of what your average driver would do. He launched the machine down each hill with a wide-open throttle, allowing it to coast up the next rise on its own momentum. Every time he did this, he looked around at Jerry as if seeking approbation for his methods. But Jerry, who, like most good drivers, was never so nervous as when being driven, did not let him catch his eye. He pretended to be absorbed in the scenery.

AS a matter of fact, however, except for the moments when Mr. Gay turned to look at him, Jerry kept his eyes riveted on the road ahead. So that he did not see the placid loveliness of the valley lying to the left, nor fully appreciate the beauty of the solid old farmhouses and barns with which that part of Maine is so richly endowed. But after what had seemed an interminable ride, with the spectre of a messy death occupying the seat beside him, Jerry suddenly forgot his nervousness in fascination at the scene before him. The car had skimmed over a rise and was now on top of a high ridge from which was visible a broad, dramatic sweep of shimmering sea, dotted with thickly wooded islands. Jerry had been in the Alps and in the Pyrenees, the English lake country and the Wisconsin woods, but never had he seen a panorama that made so instant an appeal to his sense of the beautiful. It was not an appeal to the eye alone. Some mysterious quality in this rugged landscape stirred him deep inside.

Such was his absorption in the scene, he did not at once notice that the car had stopped and that his driver was watching him intently.

"Some view, ain't it?" remarked Mr. Gay, a note of proprietary pride in his voice.

"Certainly is," agreed Jerry, eyeing the other with a new interest.

"I'll tell the world it's a view. I always drive slow along here, so I can look at it."

This, thought Jerry, was the perfect tribute.

"I know some folks," went on Mr. Gay, "who don't give a cuss about 'em, but me, I like a view. And they don't come any better than this here one. No, sir. Got everything, this view has."

"Absolutely," said Jerry, warming to his companion. Henry Gay, the aesthete, seemed somehow more worthy than Henry Gay, the mere taxi driver.

"Yes, sir, this view tickles me to death. It's the shape of them islands. See that one there—the third from the big one? Don't that look just like a pig's head to you?" He searched Jerry's face for confirmation. "And then there's that other one, see it, the little one on the other side? Shape of a rooster, that is. See the one I mean?"

JERRY'S gaze followed the direction of the pointing finger, though very reluctantly. He did not want to see islands in the shapes of pigs' heads and roosters. He was disappointed in Mr. Gay. The fellow was not really an aesthete, after all, but merely a coarse fancier of domestic animals. He felt a mounting anger toward the wretch for spoiling that view for him. Never again would he be able to look at it without seeing those two infernal islands, in the shape of a pig's head and a rooster.

"I think we'd better get along," he said, shortly.

A hundred yards farther the car stopped again, this time in front of a picket fence. In a mood to dislike anything his guide recommended, Jerry hesitated to look at the house beyond the fence. He was prepared to find it a hovel. But he was pleasantly surprised.

Set well back from the road, on rising ground, an old-fashioned garden aflame with phlox and zinnias flanking its trim, brick walk, the house was a perfect example of its type. So perfect was it, in fact, that Jerry thought it must be another landmark, a local museum, perhaps, shown him by Henry Gay for his edification. Yet this was apparently not the case.

Henry, Jerry's promised reward looming large in his mind, lost no time in admiration of the place. He got out of the car, seized the baggage, and started for the gate.

3.

A loud, excited baying from within gave proof that their arrival was known to at least one member of the household before they reached the front door. And, as they waited for the door to be opened, Jerry gathered, from the volume of noise it made, scratching and jumping in the hallway, that the barker was no lap-dog.

"That's Lance," vouchsafed Mr. Gay. "Lancelot, his name is. He's only a pup, yet, but he sure can make a racket. Watch out when Mrs. Carey opens the door. He'll be all over you, likely. But he don't mean nothin', if he likes you. He won't bite."

Jerry hoped the dog would like him. He was ready to meet him half way. He heard the sharp clatter of approaching footsteps and a booming voice shouting: "Stop it, Lance. Be quiet!" Next moment the door opened a foot or so and he was faced by a plump woman with a red complexion, a brown mustache, and genial, hazel eyes. She blocked the doorway so that the dog, more excited than ever, could not come out.

The woman looked from Jerry to Henry



The slamming of the door attracted Jerry's attention. He paused in the middle of his swing and looked around. At the wheel was the girl of the train

Gay and back again to Jerry. The latter took off his hat.

"Good afternoon," he said.

Mrs. Carey's gaze took in Jerry's bags, his golf clubs and his typewriter.

"Good afternoon," she said. Her voice resembled a fog-horn. It was the loudest voice Jerry had ever heard issue from a female throat. "Hello, Henry."

"Hello, Mrs. Carey."

There was an awkward pause. Jerry rather expected Mr. Gay to explain their presence, but that young gentleman did not seem to feel any responsibility in this regard. Had it not been for the commotion kept up by the dog, who was trying to force a passage between Mrs. Carey's ankles, the silence would have been painful. When he realized that no further amenities were to be forthcoming from his cicerone, Jerry broke the ice himself.

"Mrs. Carey," he said, "my friend Mr. Gay, here, brought me in the hope that you would be willing to take me as a boarder. The hotel did not appeal to me. I asked him if he knew a nice private family who might have a pleasant room, and he said he did, and brought me to you."

He rested his case.

Mrs. Carey looked him over and did not seem revolted by his appearance. Yet she was thoughtful, as though his coming presented a problem not lightly to be disposed of. At length she asked him a question, evidently prompted by the frantic scratching and yelping that was going on behind her.

"Afraid of dogs?"

"Not at all."

Mrs. Carey still pondered.

"I'm not sure I ought to take you," she mused.

"I like dogs," averred Jerry.

"It ain't that," said Mrs. Carey.

"If you're thinking the dog might not

like me," he put in, "let me reassure you. Dogs always like me. I have a strange fascination for dogs. I mean to say—"

"It ain't that," boomed the lady, in her rolling baritone; "you see, young man, I have a daughter—"

She paused again.

Jerry colored.

"Oh," said he, "really, Mrs. Carey, I promise you—"

"I know," she said. "It ain't that."

Jerry began to feel a little mystified.

"IT AIN'T you I'm thinkin' of. It's her." Behind her the eager dog redoubled his efforts to get out. It sounded as if he were trying to dig up the boards of the hall. Mrs. Carey gave him a taste of her heel. "Stop it, you Lance," she bellowed. The dog howled briefly and restricted himself to violent sniffing. "I wisht the sheriff was here," said Mrs. Carey at last.

"The sheriff?"

"My husband. He'd know what to do. He always does."

"Well, when will he be? I could wait."

"No, no. You don't want to do that. I guess it'll be all right. I'll speak to Queenie and try to make her understand. . . . We'll do everything we can to make you comfortable. Just a minute till I catch a hold of this dog. He'll try to jump up and—"

The woman half turned and reached behind her in the doorway. As she did so, a leggy form galloped around the corner of the house and, with a howl of canine triumph, hurled itself at Jerry's back. Taken by surprise, Jerry lost his balance. He threw out his arms to save himself, but succeeded only in giving Mrs. Carey a lusty push. She lost her balance, too, and clutched wildly at Jerry. The pair went down in a heap, to the delight of the dog, who yelped with joy and tried to lick both their faces at once.



"Murder," shouted Mrs. Carey, as the dog's heavy tail slapped her in the eye.

"Ooff," grunted Jerry, as one of the lady's knees struck him sharply in the solar plexus.

"Get him off," boomed Mrs. Carey.

"Get him off," panted Jerry. "Henry, get him off."

But their appeals fell on deaf ears. Mr. Gay, who had abandoned himself to mirth, was of no more assistance than an iron life-buoy in a shipwreck. He sat on a suitcase and brayed.

Jerry regained his presence of mind. "You hold him," he ordered, "while I get up."

Mrs. Carey did her best. But ninety-odd pounds of squirming young dog are not easily held. Jerry had not quite managed to stand erect when Lance broke loose and bowled him over again, this time on his back. No longer pinned down by Jerry, Mrs. Carey was free to rise. But the absurdity of the spectacle got the better of her and she began to reinforce Henry Gay's merriment with hearty guffaws of her own.

Left alone to cope with the situation, Jerry, who was tired of having his face licked, held the dog off and struggled to his feet. He did not object to a healthy romp at the right time and under the right conditions; in fact, if he had been prepared for it, he would have rather enjoyed this one. But

he did not relish being knocked down, trampled, nipped and slobbered over without fair warning. He had had enough of it.

"Down, Lance," he commanded, as the exuberant beast, who was a glutton for amusement and wanted more of it, started jumping at him again. "Stop it. Get down!"

"SWAT him," shouted Mrs. Carey, lumbering to an upright position. "Swat him good." She had suddenly noticed the condition of Jerry's clothes, and the sight sobered her. His suit was rumpled, his face streaked with dirt, his hair was tousled, and the collar of his soft white shirt bore the imprint of a large paw. Mrs. Carey was seized with remorse. Here was a stranger within her gates who had come peacefully to seek her hospitality, and she had not only let him be assaulted by a brute of a dog, but had sat and laughed at him.

"Lancelot," she boomed, "come here."

There was a quality in this stentorian command which penetrated the animal's consciousness. He stopped trying to plant his forefeet on Jerry's shoulders and reluctantly obeyed her summons, creeping toward her with his tail between his legs.

For the first time Jerry had a chance to see him in perspective, as it were. So far, his impression of Lancelot had been one

of a great wet tongue surrounded by a couple of dozen active paws. Now he saw what a really notable specimen he had been wrestling with. It seemed hardly possible that so much dog flesh could be contained in a single skin. And Lance was only a puppy, at that. When full-grown, he would be the size of a calf. Things seemed to grow big in this part of the world, Jerry reflected, a picture of the huge girl at the railroad station flashing into his mind.

"Don't hit him," he begged, as Mrs. Carey, shoe in hand, made ready to apply it to the slowly approaching hound. "He's done no harm."

"No harm!" she boomed. "My land! Look at your face and your clothes. They're terrible."

"Not the dog's fault," said Jerry, generously. "My face has been terrible from birth. Can't blame that on Lancelot. What sort of dog is he—I mean, is he—er—"

But Mrs. Carey was not to be diverted. She raised her hand. The dog crouched and let out a blood-curdling yell. The shoe missed him by inches, but he howled again, and sought sanctuary behind a near-by bush. His mistress seemed to feel justice had been done. She put her shoe on and turned to Mr. Gay.

"WHAT you sittin' there for, Lazybones?" she challenged him. "Carry them things upstairs into the front room." To Jerry she confided, in an ear-splitting whisper, "That feller's too lazy to live. He's part blood-hound and part Great Dane."

"Who? Henry?"

"No, Lancelot. You asked me what he was. I don't know what Henry is, except he's too lazy for any good use. Don't you want to wash up? Your face is terrible. I'll show you your room. The bathroom's right across from it."

The chamber to which she led him was large, light and immaculate. Its furniture was simple, but solid. Its cretonne-curtained windows overlooked the sea.

Jerry thought it was a splendid room, and said so. Mrs. Carey beamed with pleasure. She pointed out each feature, as the guides do in houses where General Washington slept.

"That there is the bed," said she, indicating it, "and there's the dresser and two chairs, and this here's a closet where you can hang your things." She went over and patted the pillows, moved on to the dresser and demonstrated that the drawers worked, shifted the chairs an inch or two and returned to the closet, passing her hand over its shelf to show the absence of dust.

"Fine," said Jerry.

"And now I'll show you the bathroom," she said, leading the way across the hall and throwing open a door. "We had one of the first bathrooms in the county," she added, with justifiable pride.

The first glimpse told Jerry that her claim was not exaggerated. The bathroom looked as if it might well have been one of the first in the world. It had one of those deep iron tubs, boxed in, and painted white inside, with a tasteful border of geraniums that had been retouched from time to time.

"That there's the bath," began Mrs. Carey, in an overpowering sing-song, "and there's the hand basin and the mirror for shaving and—"

(Continued on page 48)



Each seadrome will be almost a small world in itself. In the stream-lined buildings on the steel deck will be hangars, shops, offices, an hotel, crews' quarters and supply rooms

Wings Across the Sea

*An Expert Reports on the Chances
For Regular Transoceanic Flight in the Near Future*

By Donald E. Keyhoe

Drawings by Seymour Ball

AFTER several summers of transoceanic flight attempts, in which many tragic failures contrast sharply with the success of Colonel Lindbergh and others, the outlook for regular air service over the seas appears none too bright. Even this year's attempts are still in the class of stunts, the pilot who plans carefully having a fair chance to succeed—the others merely choosing an adventurous way to death. But in spite of past failures, and those which will probably occur in 1930, scheduled, safe, transoceanic air travel is only a little way below the horizon. It is sure to wing its way into view within a very few years.

Projected flights for this year, though still stunts, will afford valuable information, as have past attempts—even the failures. Lieutenant Bromley's long-planned flight from Seattle to Tokio is expected to be the pioneering journey for future trans-Pacific airplane service. The round-the-world flights of Fahy, Mears, and others—all scheduled for 1930—will add important data in regard to the "water jumps." Certain Pan-American air operators are reported to be planning experimental flights from our coast to Bermuda, the Azores, and on to Europe, as a basis for future passenger developments.

The key to all successful transoceanic air travel has been long and careful preparation. Many of those who headed out over the wide sea, never to be sighted again, literally hypnotized themselves into believing they would be lucky, and cross the ocean in spite of their improper equipment and often sad lack of experience. In spite of repeated warnings by veteran pilots, dozens of excited seekers after fame and fortune have started across the bleak ocean wastes without the slightest chance of ever reaching their goal.

In one well-known contest, an entrant's compass was found to have an error so great that it would have caused the pilot to miss

land by at least 200 miles. And beyond the island which represented a safe haven there was nothing but thousands of miles of ocean. Further investigation disclosed that two or three "navigators" had gained their knowledge of aerial navigation at sea in less than a week's hasty study. Yet they were confident they could hit a tiny stretch of land far out in the Pacific.

Government officials found planes badly overloaded, much of the equipment improper, one plane with only two-thirds enough fuel to carry it to safety, and a score of other mute witnesses to improper and hasty planning. Yet these entrants refused to heed all warnings.

Pilots were found who had never learned instrument-flying, an absolute necessity in the blinding fog and storms often encountered at sea. They had never flown in ice-forming clouds, and they had never flown such heavily loaded planes before. But they blithely raced out to sea, relying on a benevolent Providence to carry them through.

It is certain that at least one entrant was lost because of inexperience in "blind" flying. Soon after dark on that fateful night when half the planes were lost, a frantic S O S call was received ashore, another plane took off to the rescue, its pilot braving the same peril, for he, too, was not a veteran in flying with sky and sea hidden. For a while his messages came back regularly. Then distress:

"S O S—In a spin—"

Silence, while agonized listeners ashore helplessly waited.

Another message with a moment's hope, quickly changed to despair:

"Out of spin—close call . . . in spin. S O S"

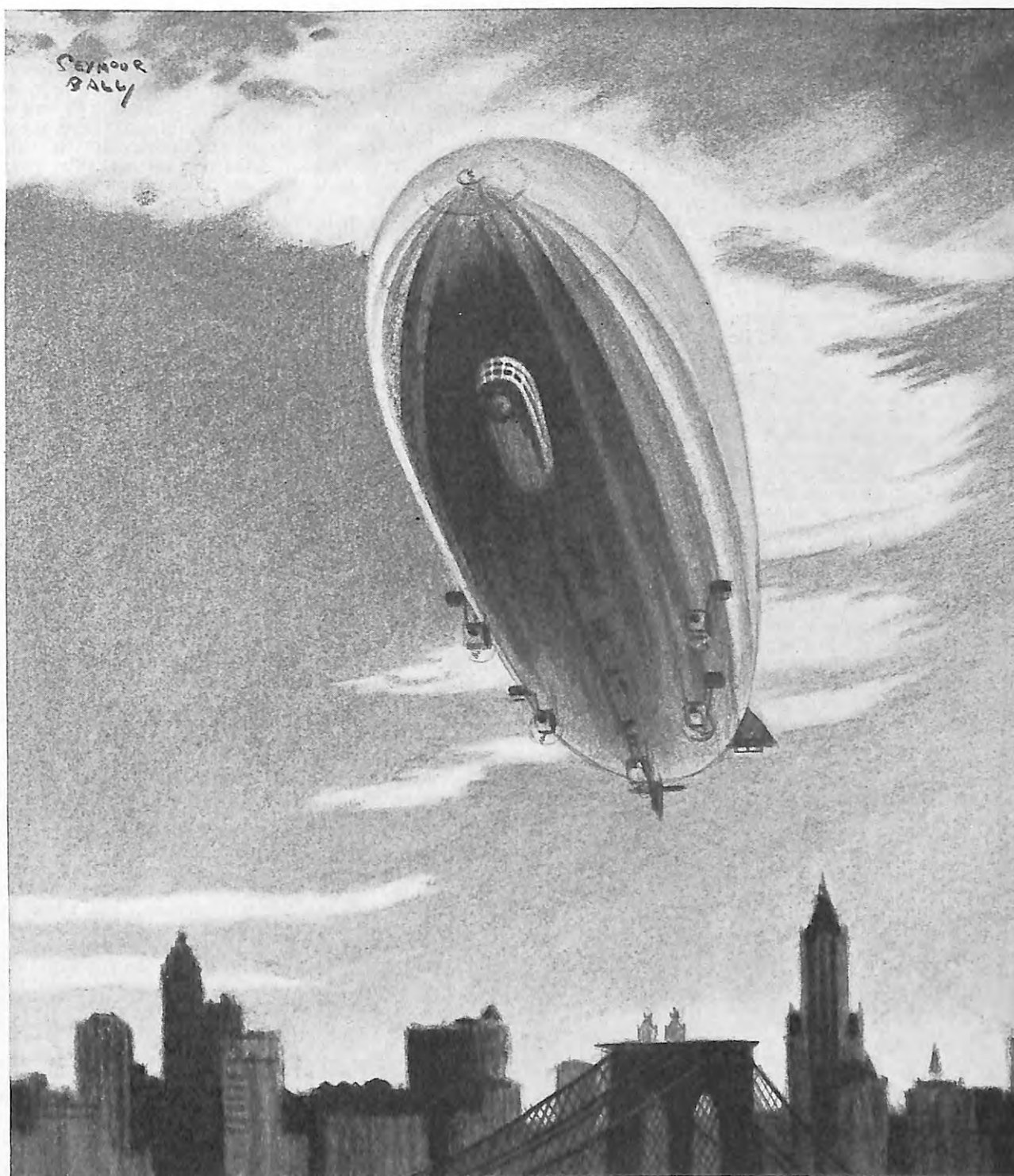
And that silence was never broken. No sign of the rescue plane was ever found. Veteran "blind" flyers regretfully agreed on

what had happened. From their experience, they reconstructed the fatal scene. The pilot, already tired from the strain of handling the heavily loaded plane, guiding his craft into the blackness of that cloudy night. A growing confusion as the horizon vanished, and the pilot had to rely on his instruments. And then his treacherous senses, telling him that the ship was skidding into a dangerous stall—that the instruments were wrong. A sudden giving way to instinct, and a push at the rudder to stop the skid that did not exist. And then the quick stall of the loaded plane, as it went into the very skid the pilot was trying to avoid. A breath-taking whip of wings as the plane fell into a deadly spin.

Then the frantic effort of the pilot, successful by a miracle, to get into normal flight from that dreaded spin. A brief moment of relief, then those treacherous senses terrorizing him with their false message, warning him of another spin about to come—until another desperate kick at the rudder sent him into a last spinning dive into the hungrily waiting sea.

None but the expert instrument-flyer can ever conquer fog, violent storms and blinding snow and sleet. And on a long flight continued perfect weather cannot be reasonably expected, especially over the North Atlantic where so many pilots have been lost.

THE successful ocean flights resulted from careful planning. Lindbergh's journey to Paris is an outstanding example. He selected the design of his plane, saw it built, became familiar with its individual performance and installed every bit of equipment he could possibly need—but not one ounce of extra weight. He proved his engine reliable in two long flights—over land. He already had vast experience in fog-flying, storms, ice-forming clouds and blind navigation. He studied his ocean-navigating problem for weeks. And he



prepared himself for the physical strain by going without sleep until he knew he could remain awake during the long flight. With all this—and his courage—he set out and won.

And it is by following the same formula of care that commercial operators will cross the seas with equal success. They will not use exactly the same methods, for in order to carry a paying load the commercial ship must eliminate that enormous load of fuel. And no airplane now in existence can carry a pay load in addition to fuel necessary to transport it across the ocean.

The answer is the seadrome, or man-made island, on which planes can land, refuel and take off for the next of these intermediate bases. A complete 'drome is now being built to be used between our coast and Bermuda. It is intended to establish later seven 'dromes, at 400-mile intervals, between the United States and Europe.

The idea of the seadrome chain seems at

Probably the first regular service will be established by dirigibles, for they do not require the intermediate bases necessary for planes carrying pay loads

first almost like a Jules Verne creation of the imagination. Yet these strange artificial islands are not only feasible, but will be comparatively inexpensive. The seadrome consists of a huge steel landing deck, 1,200 feet by 200 feet, and with a central section 400 feet wide to provide for streamlined buildings. The deck will normally be eighty feet above the sea, supported through huge steel trusses by columns connected with great buoyancy tanks many feet below the surface, where they will not be subject to violent wave action.

Mushroom-shaped iron ballast members are to be fixed at the end of tube-shaped columns extending 155 feet beneath the sea. These can be drawn up hydraulically, or telescoped, for dry-docking and while the



A pilot and his navigator flying a big plane

'drome is being towed out to its anchorage.

As the waves are free to pass through this odd structure without interference and as the buoyancy tanks are below the waves, the seadrome floats level in any disturbance. A large model, tested with a ship model of equal displacement, proved that a full-sized 'drome can easily withstand a fifty-foot wave

and a 200-mile wind, while the ship model capsized in a less fierce storm.

The 'drome is to be anchored with a great cable now being made for the purpose. It will be three miles long and almost four inches wide at its greatest diameter. The whole seadrome will trail into the wind, in the manner of an anchored ship, so that planes landing on the deck will always be headed in the right direction.

Each 'drome will be almost a small world in itself. In the streamlined buildings, at both sides of the steel deck, will be hangars, shops, offices, an hotel and restaurant, crews' quarters and supply rooms. There will be elevators going down to the lower deck, where the power plants, emergency boats, provisions and miscellaneous shops will be located.

Eighty men will be required to service a seadrome, including a captain, his executive officers, engineers, mechanics, firemen, oilers, boatmen, stewards, cooks, messboys, radio operators, a doctor and a meteorologist. Additional rooms for at least forty people will be available, so that those desiring to break their transatlantic journey—or possibly spend a week-end at sea, free from prohibition laws—can gratify their desires.

Interest already manifested in the United States indicates that these man-made steel islands will become popular for short vacations, especially the one nearer our eastern coast, which can easily be reached after a short flight. The discovery that the seadrome, even though it be owned by American interests, is absolutely outside the jurisdiction of United States courts, has raised many perplexing questions. Is the seadrome an island—or is it a vessel? The Federal officials say it is not a vessel, because it does not transport passengers. Therefore it is an island. But if so, to what country does it belong, if any? An island must have nationality, but would European countries consent to a chain of American-owned islands being extended to within a few hundred miles of their coasts? Especially when rapid movement of air forces along those 'dromes might be possible?

FRANCE has already voiced a strong objection, and a tumult has arisen. If the United States is not to own the seadromes, who will? If only a corporation, then what is to prevent any foreign power from blowing them to pieces at will? And, incidentally, if they are individual empires, that will mean the captain of each one will be a ruler—with absolute authority over every one on board. He would have to establish police powers, be responsible for crimes committed on board and protect his steel island from all invasions.

There is no international law on the subject, and before the seadromes can be put into use this will have to be settled by the nations concerned. And already those nations are puzzling over the problems that continue to arise.

But in the meantime the American capitalists back of the seadrome plan are working steadily to complete their first full-sized unit. When finished, it will have cost \$1,500,000. It is roughly figured that the operation of the complete chain, of seven 'dromes, will cost about nine million dollars a year. The total cost of the seadromes will be ten million. But the estimated revenue is \$50,000,000 a year and this is supported by opinions of foremost bankers, who state that a daily air service with Europe will double or treble international trade. The mail contracts alone would probably give a fair profit on the investment, disregarding the passenger traffic.

But the passenger traffic will not be disregarded, for the public has already shown that it is ready to patronize a safe system. And a careful survey of business and passengers waiting a faster transit system between the Old World and the New World indicates that there will be at least fifty passengers and 2,500 pounds of mail carried daily in both directions. With modern planes the time for the trip will be very little more than one day.

A flight over the seadrome chain will be not only fascinating, but safe. The 'dromes will be anchored well south of the iceberg drift and the zone of fog. The areas in which they are to be established have only 10 per cent. of the usual North Atlantic storms. Probably the service will be inaugurated solely with mail, until regular performance has proved its reliability to the public at large.

IT IS easy to visualize the future transatlantic passenger flight, using the seadrome system and not imagining any other device, system or invention not now proven practicable in aviation. The passenger boards his ocean-going plane at an eastern city. It is not a small cabin type, in which he must remain in his chair—but instead a huge ship with a dining compartment, a lounging-room, seats convertible to berths similar to Pullmans, and the appointments of a private yacht.

The plane itself is a double-deck, or perhaps triple-deck, type, like the famous Dornier DX, which carried 175 passengers during a trial flight. It is powered with numerous engines, arranged like the twelve engines of the DX. A captain, who is an expert pilot and navigator, is in command.



Stewards make the passengers comfortable. Efficient sound-proofing of the cabin muffles the drone of the power-plant.

The plane gets under way on perfect schedule. Baggage has been stowed in the lower deck. The fast European mail is on board. The big ship takes the air under the hand of a master-pilot—a man trained for months on that particular plane, expert in flying "blind" (though it will be little needed in that southerly route), and experienced in seadrome operations.

The passenger has no fear; he realizes that mechanics constantly inspect the engines, and that two or three engines could fail without causing trouble. He settles back for a rest, to read, or to play bridge. Or he goes into the smoking cabin and almost forgets he is in the air.

Up in the pilot's compartment are two or three men. One is at the controls. He climbs up to the desired altitude, obtains the course from the navigator at his side, and sets his mechanic, or mechanical pilot, to keep the plane on that bearing. The navigator checks the wind-drift with precise instruments, further checking by listening in on the radiobeacon signal which comes to him from the first seadrome, 400 miles out. A radio operator sitting back of the navigator keeps tuned in on the radiobeacon signal, and listens also for the weather reports from Seadrome No. 1.

THESE weather reports contain the essence of all information gathered by the whole seadrome chain, ocean liners both north and south of the airway, and from weather experts on both continents. The plane's officers know at every instant of all but minor weather disturbances, which do not disturb them, as they can detour, climb over, or if necessary plunge through by virtue of their blind-flying equipment.

At 150 miles an hour the big ship flies out over the rolling sea. A report comes in:

"Local fog, estimated ninety miles west No. 1 Seadrome. No. 1 is clear, unlimited visibility."

The plane approaches the fog-bank. It extends well to the north and south, so that any deviation to detour about it would cause a great loss of time. The pilot heads straight into the mist. Sky and sea are lost from sight. But no faulty senses deceive the pilot. His mechanic, a machine without nerves, keeps the ship on its course just as though in clear sky. Its gyroscopic control functions smoothly. The navigator listens constantly to the radiobeacon signal which will change its message the moment the plane drifts to the right or left of the course. He changes the drift adjustment on the mechanical pilot. The plane drones on, hidden in a world of murk—but under absolute control.

The fog lifts after ten minutes. The sky again is blue, and soon No. 1 Seadrome appears over the horizon, dead ahead. It is trailing into the wind, its 1,200 feet of smooth steel deck ready to support the big plane. The pilot aligns the plane for a straight descent, starts to glide, and throttles his ten or twelve powerful engines. The huge craft comes to a stop under its wheel brakes, and the 'drome crew runs out to begin its minute inspection of the craft. The passengers climb out to stretch their legs, and the first lap of the transatlantic journey is over.

A few more laps, a pleasant sleep in a comfortable berth, and they will step foot on European shores. All by the magic of wings controlled through long and careful preparation by experts.

The backers of the seadrome system plan
(Continued on page 57)



A Scene from "A Month in the Country"

THE Theatre Guild has made a very charming acquisition to its company in Alla Nazimova, who plays the leading part in this comedy from the Russian of Turgenev. There is a subtle grace in all her gestures that gives each scene she plays a heightened significance. The play deals in leisurely fashion with the serio-comic variations of

mood and emotion that can be rung on the rural Russian scene by an expert psychologist. Pictured with Mme. Nazimova are Elliot Cabot, who plays one of the moths that are singed in her dangerously alluring flame; and Dudley Digges, at his best and most amusing as a cynical, sycophantic country doctor. All of the acting is excellent—E. R. B.

VANDAM



No one can see "The Last Mile" and doubt its absolute authenticity. In writing this transcription of the last hours of condemned men in the death house John Wexley has achieved a stark realism that is terrible in its simplicity. Of the two men pictured at the left, James Bell, whose execution brings down the first act curtain, is the instrument of wringing the ultimate drop of horror and pity from the audience, while Spencer Tracy carries on to the end as the desperate leader of the prison revolt. A grim play extremely well acted

VANDAMM

"Simple Simon" with Ed Wynn (right) is entertainment for all ages from the children up. It is a sort of fairy tale with Cinderella and Old King Cole and Bluebeard all mixed up with Ed Wynn's nonsensical riddles and ridiculous inventions. There are some good songs which Ruth Etting sings charmingly, dancing by the graceful Harriet Hctor and beauty in many of the numbers



VANDAMM



WHITE

The new comedy William Hodge has written for himself is rather more sophisticated than the plays he usually appears in. As Joe Adams in "The Old Rascal" he plays the part of a small town judge, recently come into money, who has left his home and is enjoying life in the big city because his wife smashed to pieces the beautiful stone wine cellar in their new home. There's a divorce in prospect and a couple of crooked lawyers who plot and counterplot, but the old rascal finds a way to circumvent them. Here he is (left) with a charming but unruly niece (Judith Windsor) on his knee

At its worst, the "International Revue" has some pretty dull moments, but on the other hand there are several occasions when the more or less reprehensible speeches of Jack Pearl, Gertrude Lawrence (right), and the other merry-makers, are quite drowned by the guffaws of the audience. One or two good songs fall to the lot of Miss Lawrence, who puts them over with her own peculiar charm, and there is every known species of dancing, and most of it extremely good. Moss and Fontana, who seem to us the finest dancers of their type, appear twice in the course of the evening, and the production is colorful and smartly turned out

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



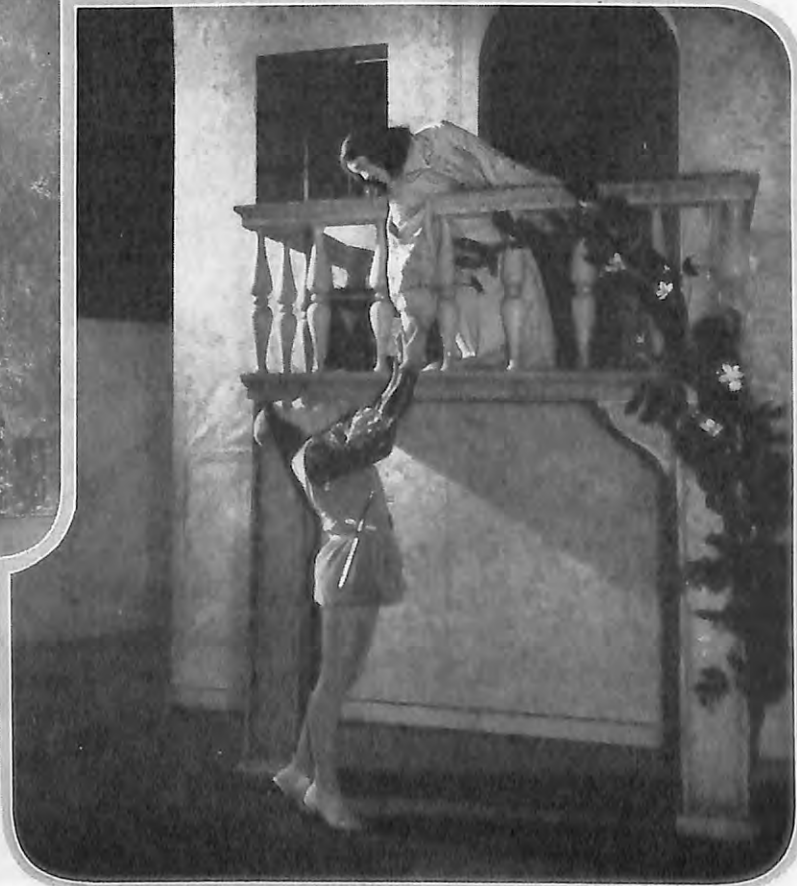
VANDAMM

A recapitulation of the plot of "Nancy's Private Affair" would convey the impression that it was just another domestic drama, but it is saved from mediocrity and dullness by Myron C. Fagan's flair for bright dialogue and his sense of the right moment to resort to farce. Minna Gombell and Stanly Ridges (left) make the chief contribution to the play's entertainment by the lightness and deftness of touch with which they play their rôles, and they are well supported



VANDAMM

At the right, the latest version of one of the most famous scenes in dramatic literature—the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," with Eva Le Gallienne and Donald Cameron in the title rôles. This is the final offering of the Civic Repertory Theatre's season, and is a much fuller version of the play than is usually presented. After playing in Philadelphia for a few weeks, the New York run will begin shortly before this issue reaches its readers



WHITE

LITTLE GOLIGHTLY

By Stephen Vincent Benét



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Illustrated by Lowell Balcom

HIS name was Little Golightly and he was the only son of a widder-woman that lived by the river. He had two joys and they was the river and his mother—and he had one great sorrow, and that was his size. For his Pa had been a big man—six feet two in his stockin' feet when the river took and drowned him. But his Ma was a little sparrow of a woman, smart as a whip—and Little Golightly he took after her. And though he loved her, that was a sorrow to him. For them was the days of the tall, broad-shouldered river-men. And Little Golightly wasn't built their way.

At first, he thought he'd grow up like the rest of the boys he played with, naturally. But pretty soon, they started to shoot up past him, and he begun to worry. He did all kinds of exercises to toughen himself—and toughen himself he did till he was springy and supple as a length of steel cable. But he couldn't add an inch to his growth. And, finally, when the fuzz started to come on his cheeks, and there he was, still a shorty, he blame near cried.

For the river was meat and drink to him and the things of the river were life—and he'd always meant to take on where his Pa left off, and get to be one of the kings of the river, like "Hell" Bender or "Hardaxe" Boland. But "Hell" Bender was a livin' mountain of a man that could mighty near break the neck of a yearlin' bull with his hands—and "Hardaxe" Boland could crack open the top of a flour-barrel with his clenched fist. And as they was, so was the men that followed them. They wasn't no room for weaklin's or shorties on Bender and Boland's river—not in that day. It didn't matter that Little Golightly was smart—they didn't have no respect for smartness unless there was power to back it.

All the same, when Little Golightly's growed as much as he ever will—he takes his courage in both hands, not to speak of his life, and goes off one day to find "Hell" Bender. He finds him sittin' in a tavern, drinkin' with his men—giants all of 'em and takin' their ease accordin', with the dollars and the liquor flyin', and the noise enough to split your eardrums when they starts gettin' playful. But when "Hell" Bender lifts a hand, the noise stops dead, and all those other big men look sober as dea-

cons. And when Little Golightly first sees "Hell" Bender, all the arguments he's been polishin' stick in his throat. He didn't know a man that big could be growed.

He stands in the tavern-door, sort of frozen and speechless. And "Hell" Bender sees him and lifts a hand for silence.

"Look at what's blowed in through the door, boys!" says "Hell" Bender in a voice like a North wind. "And tell me—is it a fillyloo bird or is it an inseck in pants? It can't be a human bein'—they don't create 'em that small."

Then a great, big laugh goes up from all present, and Little Golightly gets mad, and his words come back to him.

"You don't judge cider by the barrel it comes in!" says he. "And they say that little potatoes are hard to peel. Anyhow, here I am, and I want to hire out to you and be a river-man."

"So you want to join my crew!" says "Hell" Bender, when he's through laughin'. "Well, Little Golightly, my crew's made up of men of power—and any man I hire has to show his power to me before I hire him. So, suppose you just step over here and lift up the end of that table—and if you can, we'll maybe talk turkey."

So Little Golightly steps over and takes

holt of the table. But the minute he does, his heart sinks into his boots and he knows that Bender is mockin' him, for that table is as big and solid as Bender himself.

"Lift easy, Little Golightly," says Bender, very polite and mockin'. "Don't strain yourself—take your time." And Little Golightly sweats and strains, but he can't budge the table an inch. And then "Hell" Bender gets tired of the game, and brushes the boy aside.

"The world's gettin' mighty puny if you're a sample," says he—and he lifts the table two feet from the floor with one hand.

Then they all laugh again, and Bender gives Little Golightly a backhanded push that sends him spinnin' across the room and out of the door.

"Go somewheres and get some power to you, before you start talkin' river-talk, you shrimp!" he bellers after him. "Go over to 'Hardaxe' Boland—he may be takin' on children—I hire men."

THEN the crew laughs some more—because there's always jealousy and hard feelin' between them and "Hardaxe" Boland's men. And Little Golightly picks himself up, kind of shamed and sore but spunky—and goes to find "Hardaxe" Boland and put the same proposition up to him.

And if it rained scissors and grindstones on him at "Hell" Bender's place, it don't rain stick-candy and woolen comforters at "Hardaxe" Boland's. And he picks himself up from the dirt outside that tavern with just one new piece of information. He didn't think Natur' growed men as big and servigorous as "Hell" Bender. But she's growed two of 'em—and the other's name is "Hardaxe" Boland.

Well then, he goes home to his mother and tells his story. She listens to him with a sadness in her eyes. But she don't hold him back.

"So you're bound to go on the river, son?" she says, at last.

"I am, Ma," says he, kind of shamefaced but firm.

"Well," says she, "when the bird's got its wings—there's no holdin' back the flyin', for the sake of the empty nest. And I've borne you and raised you, son—but now you're beyond me. For you want a man's power and a man's place in the world—and your mother can't give you those. So you





take your sack on your back and go lookin' for a wise man. Maybe he'll tell you what the power is that you're seekin'—and maybe, after that, you'll come home for a spell."

"I'll do that, Ma, and thank you," says Little Golightly, and she gives him some provisions and a little bag of money, and off he goes lookin' for a wise man. Naturally he takes the road away from the village—you don't generally go lookin' for a wise man in your own home-town.

Then they all laugh again, and Bender gives Little Golightly a back-handed push that sends him spinnin' across the room and out the door

He goes a while and another while—and one day, he's sittin' in the lee of a rail-fence, eatin' a piece of cold pie from his sack and thinkin' that the road to wisdom's a long one. And pretty soon there's a rustle in the bushes behind him, and a ragged but tidy

old codger creeps out and sets down beside him without so much as a by-your-leave. He looks as if he's slept in a haystack, but there's signs that show he's seen better days. And he sits there silent for a while, kind of movin' his jaws in tune with Little Golightly's—though he ain't got nothin' to move 'em on. Finally Little Golightly takes pity on him.

"It's a hungry sort of a mornin', stranger," says he.

"It is," says the stranger, longin'ly. "And that looks like mighty good pie."

"Well, they think a heap of my mother's bakin', back home," says Little Golightly. "Maybe you'd give me your opinion on it, just to pass the time," and he fishes another piece of pie from his sack.

"That's very delicate put and I'm most agreeable," says the stranger, and he starts wolfin' the pie like he ain't seen food in three weeks. And then they fall into talk and Little Golightly tells his story.

"So here I am, out in the world, lookin' for a wise man," he ends.

"Well, you don't have to look no longer," says the stranger, brushin' the crumbs from his knees and smilin' for the first time. "You've found your wise man. I'm it."

Little Golightly stares at him dumb-founded—and he can't help thinkin' that if wisdom means goin' ragged and sleepin' in haystacks there's much to be said for ignorant folks like "Hell" Bender. But the wise man speaks up quick.

"No, I ain't jokin'," says he. "I'm a wise man and a school-teacher and writin' master to boot. But you river-folks, you don't take no account of wisdom—all you cares about is brute strength. But you're wrong," says he. "Knowledge always wins in the end. For knowledge is power."

Well, those last words hits Little Golightly hard. For power is what he's lookin' for—and if it can be got through knowledge, he's goin' to get knowledge or bust.

"And how could a boy like me get that sort of knowledge?" he asks.

"A man like me could teach him—if he was paid for the job," says the wise man, brightenin' up. "Let's see—can you read and write? There's knowledge in them."

"NO, SIR," says Little Golightly. "I can't read nor write—and there's few enough folks along the river that can."

"Well," says the wise man, "can you cipher and figger? Can you even do pot hooks and hangers?" Little Golightly has to shake his head.

"My gravy—you river-folks!" says the wise man, sort of scornful. "We'll have to start in at the very beginnin' with you—and that'll cost you extra. So—cash in advance and no time like the present," and he holds out his hand. But Little Golightly looks at him, considerin'!

"I don't buy a pig in a poke," says Little Golightly. "Show me a piece of your knowledge first—and then maybe we'll come to terms."

Then the wise man fishes out an inkhorn and a pen and a scrap of paper from his raggedy clothes. And he sure is a writin'-master, because before Little Golightly can say "Wink!" he's drawn a bird on that paper, all livin' and natteral, and a piece of writin' comin' out of the bird's mouth.

"What's the bird sayin'?" says Little Golightly, starin' at the paper like it was a magic spell.

"He's sayin' 'Knowledge is power'" says the wise man, mighty proud. "And

that'll be your first copybook sentence, when you get past pothooks and hangers."

"It's a bargain, then," says Little Golightly, kind of awestruck. "For I never see such a natteral-lookin' bird."

SO HE hands over some money and the old man starts teachin' him pothooks and hangers immediately. And all that summer and winter, he and the old man wander the roads, him supportin' the wise man and the wise man schoolin' him. Till finally Little Golightly knows how to read and write and figger and even how to draw birds with a pen and flourishes under 'em, which is about the height of the old man's knowledge. And if what he learned don't seem much compared to high-school, it was quite a lot of learnin' for those times and those days.

Finally his eddication's finished and the old man draws him one last bird for a diploma and starts back for the East where learnin' is more appreciated. And little Golightly sets for home.

He sees his mother first and she's mighty glad to see him and pleased as Punch when he shows her he can write her name. And then he goes to look for "Hell" Bender.

He's on his boat, this time, but Little Golightly rows out to her and swarms over-side and gets to see him just the same.

"Jumpin' Judas, if it ain't the insecck come back!" says "Hell" Bender, sort of ugly. "I thought I was rid of you, insecck."

ink-horn all ready to draw "Hell" Bender a bird. But "Hell" Bender just picks him up by the seat of his pants and heaves him into the river, sort of quick-tempered.

"Go and catch a mess of catfish—you and your knowledge!" he hawls, and starts for his cabin, thinkin' he's settled Little Golightly for keeps.

But he's hardly reached the cabin-door before Little Golightly stands in front of him again, all wet and muddy but noways flustered. He's dived under the boat and come up the other side.

"As I was sayin'," says he—and "Hell" Bender's rather took aback, for he ain't used to people bein' persistent once he's give 'em a hint.

"WELL, you have got the guts of a riverman, if you ain't got the size," he admits. "But you better talk fast and clever—or over you go again."

"I can do that," says Little Golightly, and he starts provin' to "Hell" Bender what an advantage it'll be to him to have a feller that knows how to read and figger aboard. For "Hell" Bender and "Hardaxe" Boland is ignorant men and they keeps their accounts by tallies and chalk-marks. Consequently they gets cheated—and though they cheats enough themselves to make up for it, they do lose considerable cash for lack of just that learnin' that Little Golightly's acquired. And though "Hell"

Bender's ugly-natured, he can see what's to his advantage—and if he hires the only scholar on the river, he'll be able to put it over "Hardaxe" Boland right and left. So the bargain's struck and Little Golightly's hired—and he's plumb in the seventh heaven—for he's a riverman at last.

He joins in everythin' the big men do—work or play or devilment—and he gets to be respected among 'em for all he is small. And yet, in spite of the glamor of it, he never quite gets to be one of 'em, no matter how hard he tries. Because at bottom, Little Golightly's a thinker and a knower. And "Hell" Bender and his men—they're doers in a time of doers—livin' for the present and by it. But Little Golightly gets notions about the past and the future—and then he steps out of their class.

Also, he can put on roughness when it suits him—but he ain't rough by nature. But the other

men is rough by nature—they had to be to suit the roughness of the times. They're's some pretty wild things done on that river between those rival crews and Little Golightly sees some of 'em and they don't make him feel right. He don't take part in 'em—but he sees 'em done and can't stop 'em. And after that, the mere glory of bein' a riverman starts to fade for him.

Still he might have gone on a long while yet—"Hell" Bender's private scholar—if there hadn't been a girl. But there was a girl.

The girl's name is Arna Thorne and she's river-born and river-bred. Her uncle



"I don't buy a pig in a poke," says Little Golightly. "Show me a piece of your knowledge—then maybe we'll come to terms"

"Well, you ain't," says Little Golightly. "You told me to go out and get power and then you'd hire me. So I went out and got it and here I am."

"You don't say!" says "Hell" Bender, glarin' at him. "And where's this power you're so brash about—for I don't see it on you nowheres."

"It's inside my head," says Little Golightly. "It's knowledge. And knowledge is power." And he starts to pull out his



keeps the big tavern down below Currier's Bend—and that tavern never lacks custom from the river crews. And Old Man Thorne is a weechy old feller with a face like a tallow candle and eyes that might as well be glass for any human-kindness that's in 'em—but Arna, she's straight as a birch-tree, mind and body, and sweet as the first wild peaches that tell you Summer's come in.

There's river-kings enough that's wanted to steal her from old man Thorne ever since she was woman-grown—but though Thorne ain't a model of virtue, he's canny and he ain't goin' to lose the girl that brings such custom to his tavern without good reason. So he plays off one against the other—"Hell" Bender against "Hardaxe" Boland—and Arna goes her way more or less untroubled by the rest.

Sometimes it seems as if "Hell" Bender had the call and sometimes Hardaxe—but nothin's ever decided—and Thorne uses all his canniness to ward off a finish-fight. And there's more to it than his canniness. For while neither Bender nor Boland is exactly scared of any man alive, they know well enough that if they ever do come to grips with each other personal, the man that's licked won't be able to hold up his head again. And that's the way it is when Little Golightly steps into the game.

He sees Arna first one night when all "Hell" Bender's crew is celebratin' at Thorne's Tavern. And it's Bender that introduces them, curiously enough.

Bender's got his manners on that night—he's seen before this that his usual ways with women don't get him nowhere with Arna. Besides which, old man Thorne does

"How would it do to begin, 'My own sweet sugar-lump!'" says Bender in a voice that's kind of shamed. "A feller I knew down river wrote that to his girl"

exact respect for his niece—and as he does it with derringers, when necessary, his word is law.

Bender's drinkin'—but not so heavy—in a private part of the bar away from the crowd. And when Arna comes in with her uncle, he calls up Little Golightly.

MEET my tame scholar that's savin' me money hand over fist," says he, givin' the boy a squeeze with his paw that almost jars loose his collar-bone, "and you, Little Golightly, bow down and meet the belle of the river, Miss Arna Thorne that can be Mrs. "Hell" Bender any time she takes a fancy." And he gives Arna a look from his little eyes that reminds you of a lovesick bear.

Well, Little Golightly makes his manners and Arna makes hers. And then they both stare at each other.

"Well, I never would take you for a river man, Scholar Golightly," says Arna—and there's a kind of sadness in her face.

"M'am," says Little Golightly, "it's only punkins and squashes that is judged by the size and the weight. And they say little potatoes are hard to peel. I may look kind of sawed-off—but as far as respectful admiration for youth and beauty goes, I'm the match of anybody that's ten feet high."

"Didn't I tell you he was a scholar?" roars "Hell" Bender, "Draw her a bird, Golightly—draw her a bird!"

So Little Golightly draws her a bird, the way the wise man taught him.

"Well, that certainly is a pretty-lookin' bird," says Arna—and now somethin's dancin' in her eyes.

"Do you know what the writin' says that's comin' out of his beak?" says Little Golightly, very proud and all ready to explain.

She gives it a casual glance. "He's sayin' 'Knowledge is power,'" says she, "and that's a queer thing for a bird to say."

"It's a true word nevertheless, m'am," says Little Golightly, somewhat dashed by her knowin' how to read but noways downed.

She shakes her head. "I'll believe it when I see it," she says—and again there's sadness in her voice.

"I'd admire to argue the point with you, m'am," says Little Golightly, gallant, and she's about to say somethin' when Bender busts in. He's shown off his new toy and now he's tired of it.

"All right, scholar," says he, "you've drawn your bird—and a good one. Now I got some private conversation with Miss Arna and Mr. Thorne."

So Little Golightly makes his manners again and goes. But as he goes, his glance and Arna's cross and he carries that look away with him and it warms his heart.

And that night, "Hell" Bender pulls him into his cabin for a private talk. He ain't quite half-seas-over, Bender, but he's feelin' expansive.

"Golightly," says he, "I got to confide in somebody and it might as well be you.

(Continued on page 62)

A Baseball Prophet Makes a Fearless Forecast with This Lone Reservation:

"I May

NOW let's start this baseball argument right off the bat.

Philadelphia's Athletics will win the American League pennant again in 1930. Boston's Red Sox will finish last. ***

(*** My Three Star Special.)

Chicago's Cubs will again take the National League gonfalon.

Boston's Braves will be the tailenders. ****

(**** My Four Star Extra Special.)

THE ATHLETICS WILL AGAIN BEAT THE CUBS IN THE WORLD'S SERIES, THIS TIME BY 4 GAMES TO 3.

Standing of All the Clubs at the Close of the 1930 Season

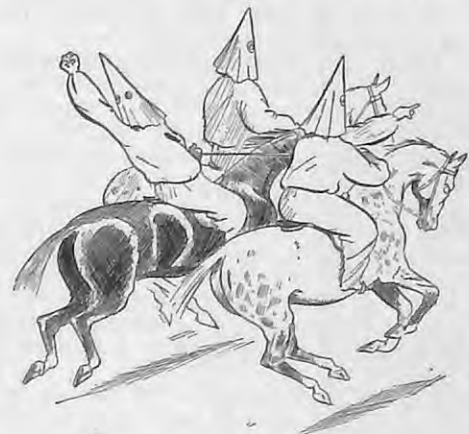
American League	National League
Philadelphia	Chicago
†St. Louis	*Cincinnati
New York	Pittsburgh
Cleveland	Philadelphia
Detroit	St. Louis
Chicago	New York
Washington	Brooklyn
Boston	Boston
†Outside chance.	*Dark horse.

Of course I may be wrong. But I have been conferring with that famous old authority, John Quackenbush Dope, on this matter for several weeks, and the above is our joint report. If, perchance, the ices of October disclose error anywhere in our calculations, we shall be upset no little. The upsetting will be harder on me than on my colleague. The old Dope is accustomed to upsets.

I want it distinctly understood that I tried to do better by Boston. I am person-

sits serenely on top of the baseball world, the lean defiance of age to the tradition that baseball is a young man's game. In the gloaming of his years, the venerable leader of the Athletics is undoubtedly boss of these baseball times, and it is even money against the field that he will not be deposed this season.

He fares forth to battle in 1930 with the same club with which he carried the world's championship to Quakertown in 1929. Not a great club, perhaps. Not as good as Connie Mack had in the halcyon days when they called



ally very fond of the Hub of Culture, and the Cradle of the National League.

"Dope," I said, as the Red Sox and the Braves came out on the bottom at the first sifting of the figures, "let's try to get the town up a notch or two in one league, anyway, just for old times' sake."

So we shuffled the cards all over again, and dealt 'em out with great care, but the Red Sox and the Braves fell last, just as before. There was really nothing that could be done about the matter. Ah, well, the Red Soxers have the fond memories of many a bygone triumph, anyway, and the Tribes people can find some solace in the recollection of Chief George Stallings' thunderous charge to the world's championship back yonder in '14.

The Chief has been called out by the Great Umpire, yet his old rival, Cornelius McGillicuddy, otherwise Connie Mack,

his inner defense the \$100,000 infield.

'Twas a fabulous sum in those days.

In these times you couldn't buy a single

ball player of the merit of any in-

dividual member of that infield for \$100,000.

"Stuffy" McInnes, Eddie Collins, "Black Jack"

Barry, "Home Run" Baker. Good? Why,

they were too good. They won so many

games with such automatic precision that the

burghers of Philadelphia wearied of watch-

ing them, and remained away from the home

town games.

So Connie Mack dismantled his great ball

club, peddling his stars here and there in the

baseball mart, and began rebuilding to give

his fans the novelty of new faces on the green

sward of Shibe Park. I am inclined to think

Connie Mack was himself deceived by his

luck in gathering about him that old galaxy

of stars. I am inclined to think he believed

it was merely a matter of going out and

getting them. But between 1914 and 1929 rolled many a year of bitter disappointment to the lank leader of what the Philadelphians call the "A's."

And when at last he did come back with a championship club, it was still far short of his old world beaters in the matter of class. Good enough to beat the best in his own league, to be sure, and good enough to smother the best in the National League, but not good enough to beat the old Athletics that Connie Mack cleaned out in 1913, if it were possible to bring them back and pit them against the present day world's champions. I have heard Connie Mack quoted as saying that his 1929 club equals any he ever had. I doubt if he really believes that. The old Athletics represented one of the five All-Time great baseball machines.

IN ONE respect only do the present day Athletics outclass any of Mack's old outfits. The bubbling Mickey Cochrane is admittedly one of the greatest catchers that ever wore a mask. The oldest of the old-timers, who are very grudging in their concessions to the present, will concede that Cochrane classes with any man that ever squatted in the shade of the hickory sticks. With Buck Ewing, Johnny Kling, Jimmy Archer, of

Be Wrong—"

By Damon Runyon

Illustrations by George Shanks

the snap throw. Roger Bresnahan, Ray Schalk. Any of them. Cochrane is a great backstop—a marvel at handling his pitchers. He is a smashing hitter, and a good base runner. He's got it all, as they say. Foxx and Simmons, of the Mackmen, are great hitters, but scarcely outstanding stars, as we rate outstanding stars.

I say you cannot judge a ball club in the matter of greatness on one season. I hold that a truly great club will repeat not less than three successive times in its pennant races. I take no account of the World's Series. Great ball clubs have been whipped in the series by mediocre outfits. No one-time pennant winner can be rated great, and there is an enormous gap between a great club and just a good club. It is possible—aye, it is quite probable—that the impending years will prove Connie Mack's present-day Athletics a truly great club. His players are young, and youth improves, and comes on.

They will not head the Grand Old Man of Shibe Park in 1930, in my opinion, and perhaps not in 1931. Then we'll all have to give in. The Athletics will be entitled to Grade AA rating, which means great. But Connie Mack will have to dig up at least one more top-notch pitcher. I wonder how Earnshaw, and Groves, and Rommel of his present staff, stack up in the old gentleman's memory alongside Bender, and Plank, and Coombs?

By way of disposing of the pennant in the National League with swiftness and dispatch, I beg leave to state that Joe McCarthy, and his Chicago Cubs, are apparently much stronger than last season, and on that basis how can they miss? Which gets us into the World's Series in no time at all, does it not? I think I have explained how that will come out.

The Cubs' new strength will be in spots where they were rather feeble last season, at third base, and back of the plate. "Gabby" Hartnett, a voluble but valuable catcher, is back on the job. "Gabby" was an invalid most of the season of 1929, and the Cubs missed him sorely. I think if Hartnett had been doing their catching in the World's Series, the Cubs' showing would not have been so dreary. It is remarkable how a brisk maskman can enliven a ball club.

Lester Bell, the third baseman acquired for 1930 consumption by Joe McCarthy, was one of Rogers Hornsby's boys when "The Rajah" was in command at St. Louis, and subsequently in Boston, and Lester seems to be unhappy except when he is playing with Hornsby. With the great slugger to the loo'ard of him again in Chicago, Lester is apt to cheer up, and plug an aching cavity in the Cubs' infield. Otherwise McCarthy's club will be about the

same as the one that went down to inglorious defeat before the Athletics. Good enough to win again in the National League, though I have asterisked for your attention a rank outsider in the general calculations that may sneak up on the Cubs.

I refer to Cincinnati. Dan Howley, former manager of the St. Louis Browns, in the American League, replaces Jack Hendricks as leader of the Reds. Cincinnati is a tough town on baseball managers. Old Pat Moran went there in 1919 and won a pennant, and a World's Series, though the series victory was somewhat sullied by the well-substantiated charge that the Chicago White Sox tossed it to the Reds, but Moran is the only man that ever carried a flag to "Cincy." The best other managers got around there was plenty of abuse from the fans. They take their baseball mighty seriously in Cincinnati. Maybe that is because they have had it longer than most folks.

BUT Howley is quite a fellow handling a ball club, and he has a fair-looking outfit. Also he has a new owner behind him, a gentleman entitled Weil, who is said to have plenty of money, and the disposition to let it go. I think Howley will thrive under that combination. Dan has that quality vaguely described as "dynamic." He can get work out of his ball players. As a matter of fact, I am picking the Reds as my "dark horse" mainly because of Dan Howley. His ball players are ordinary, and he has but one real good pitcher in "Red" Lucas, yet I believe Howley will be the surprise of the season.

My contender to the Athletics in the American League is Howley's old outfit at St. Louis. In giving the Browns an outside chance, I admit it is very outside indeed. "Reindeer Bill" Killifer is the leader at St. Louis in the American League this year, and he has rather a solid looking club. The

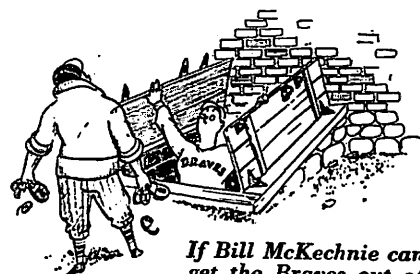
law of average ought to be getting in its work on the Browns. This is the only club in either the American League, or the National, that hasn't won a pennant in the past thirty years, or since the formation of the present circuit. Way back in the Eighties, the Browns won pennants under Charley Comiskey, but not until the National League Cardinals won in 1926 did the Mound City see the shadow of a baseball flag.

You are not to infer that managers really wear spurs

The season of 1930 introduces no less than seven new managers and the era of the \$80,000 ball player, at which price I consider George Herman Ruth a bargain to Colonel Jacob Ruppert, and the New York Yankees. It is a big salary, to be sure, but the mighty Sultan of Swat is worth it. He pulls in the clients. If the great Babe got a tenth of the percentage that the

average prizefighter demands of a gate, he would cost Colonel Ruppert a lot more than \$80,000 per year. It is impossible to estimate the amount of money that Ruth has drawn in through the gates during the years of his baseball service, but taking him off mere exhibition games as evidence of his individual draw, the total must be away up in the millions.

He has only a few years more of active baseball before him. The Babe isn't as young as he used to be, and the old underpinning has been bogging down on him in late years. So no one can begrudge him the highest salary ever paid a professional athlete, though I doubt that he will be able to lift the Yankees above third place this season even though he hits ninety home runs. The death of little Miller Huggins during the winter removed one of the greatest managers of all time, as his record of flags won must prove, and you cannot replace that kind very easily. In Huggins' place is Bob Shawkey, a high-class right-handed pitcher, through years of service with the Athletics and the



Yankees, and Shawkey has yet to win his spurs as a manager.

You are not to infer that managers wear spurs, though some feel they could use 'em at times. 'Tis but a way of saying. Shawkey is a fine chap, of cordial address, and a keen eye to the sartorial, and he seems to enjoy the respect of his fellow pastimers. His selection by Colonel Ruppert to succeed Huggins was a tremendous surprise, but then so was Huggins' selection by the Colonel some thirteen years back, and Huggins made good. Maybe the Colonel is a natural-born selector of managers.

SHAWKEY at New York, then, Howley at Cincinnati, and Killifer at St. Louis are new managers, and besides them we have Jewel Ens at Pittsburgh, "Gabby" Street, also at St. Louis, with the Cardinals, Bill McKechnie at Boston with the Braves, and Heine Wagner at Boston with the Red Sox. Finally there is Donie Bush at Chicago with the White Sox, though Bush must really be assigned to last year.

Jewel Ens, who never played a whole lot of major league baseball, but was a star in the minors for years, was coach at Pittsburgh under Donie Bush. The latter was doing all right with the Pirates, but he apparently couldn't get along with some of the lads on the club, and finally he quit, and took "Lena" Blackburn's job at Chicago. "Lena" and Arthur (The Great) Shires enlivened the tedium of the White Sox season by a little impromptu biffing at each other, which subsequently inspired Arthur (The Great) Shires to take up pugilism as a winter occupation.

Bush seems to be a capable fellow running a ball club, but with the White Sox he will always have the president, Charley Comiskey, to reckon with. Barely did I escape making it "to contend with." Commy has seen his managers come and go—mainly go—

(Continued on page 64)



The jumping-off place. Mr. McConnell turns his back on the last link with the outside world

Blazing the Backward Trail

By Burt M. McConnell

QUEBEC, Sept. 10—The emaciated body of Alfred Courtois, half-breed hunter and trapper, was found to-day in the northern part of the Province. Courtois had been missing for weeks, but it was not until recently that a search was instituted. Although Courtois was equipped with a rifle, matches, tent, cooking utensils and other modern necessities, he apparently died from hunger and exposure in a country with which he had been familiar since birth. . . .

SUCH was the gist of the Canadian newspaper item. I read it with more than ordinary interest, for at that moment, I myself was contemplating a two-months stay in the Quebec wilderness, equipped with nothing at all—not even a pair of socks. If this hardy and experienced hunter, with Indian blood in his veins, had starved to death in a country supposed to be overrun with game, how could I, a city-dweller, with nothing but my bare hands, hope to wrest a living from the North Woods?

Weeks before, in the city, it had seemed easy enough to step out of a modern environment and blaze a trail back to the Stone Age; to adopt the habits, customs and day-to-day life of Neolithic man. To turn back the pages of history ten thousand years; to start from scratch, without food, matches, weapons, clothing, or shelter. Sitting in a comfortable chair, the evening paper in my lap, it did not seem to be such a formidable task. Countless thousands of my remote forebears had managed to exist without radios and electric refrigerators; had I grown so soft that the life of primitive man was beyond my strength?

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The very thought was a challenge to do battle with the elements and the forests themselves. Here was an opportunity to prove that an average white-collar slave, such as myself, could exist if lost in the woods; that, without special preparation or training, such a person could set out, naked and entirely without any of the so-called necessities of life, and make his living with improvised weapons.

The plan was conceived one stifling summer day when swirling dust-clouds, and the noise of pneumatic riveters, fire engines, taxicab horns, telephone bells, and clacking typewriters seemed to me worse than usual. It may, of course, have been the heat. At any rate, I wanted to get away from the swivel-chair existence that had been my portion for the last ten years. I wanted to prove that a man can be something more than a cog in the creaking machinery of a restless metropolis; that civilized man is not deteriorating physically. I was too fat, especially about the waist-line; the easy life of the city had changed my contours alarmingly. Two months in the woods, rustling my grub instead of telephoning the butcher and grocer, would effect a noticeable change for the better. The thought of deep and friendly forests, cool and quiet, with millions of stars for company at night, turned the scales.

Rolls of birch-bark piled ready to line the interior of the shelter

Equipped with a one-pound axe, his only accoutrement of civilization, the author of this remarkable article plunged into the Northern wilderness for a two months' stay, challenging the elemental forces of Nature with his own ingenuity and endurance.

All photographs, including self-portraits, by the author.

Mentally I stepped out of civilization then and there, but the actual transition was not so simple.

I managed to survive, of course, else I should not be writing this. But there were days in the beginning of the experiment when it seemed altogether likely that I should starve to death. There were days when I had no food whatever; when millions of black-flies (the northern equivalent of the Jersey mosquito) swarmed about my lightly clad figure; when, later, in a temperature 32° below zero, I would have to thaw out frost-bitten fingers over my camp-fire half a dozen times while making a single photograph; when I failed miserably in my attempt to make a fire without matches; when, at the end of my sixth day without food (except one rabbit), I discovered a muskrat hole and stopped up the various exits—only to find that I was too weak to dig out these animals, which would have furnished me food and warm clothing. (As it happened, there weren't any animals in the hole, but I didn't discover this fact until later). The following day, still without food, I was obliged to rest after chopping each piece of fire-wood, and to stop twice while carrying a small birch-bark pail of water up the hill, about a hundred feet.

Of my two months in one of the wildest and least frequented spots in Quebec, the first ten days were the hardest. I could see myself growing weaker with the passing of each day; could feel, with my fingers (I had



no mirror) that my cheeks were growing alarmingly thin. In that time I tightened my moose-hide belt some three inches. With primitive men, it was always a feast or a famine; sometimes they were able to gorge themselves on freshly-killed game. With me, there was no such thing as a feast; in fact, there was never a day when I had all I wanted to eat. During the entire two months, I worked, ate, and slept in my skin clothing, and never at any time enjoyed such luxuries as a bath or a shave.

On one occasion I returned from a three-day journey, only to find that weasels and "camp-robber" birds had eaten two rabbits which had strayed into my traps; on another, my moose-hide snares were covered with fourteen inches of snow and had to be re-located and set all over again. This, in itself, caused me to be without food for two days; and for the last ten days of my stay I was obliged to keep my fire burning day and night, while the thermometer hovered between 18° and 32° below zero.

Man being the gregarious animal that he is, there were times when I craved human companionship, especially as I had nothing to read; or, for that matter, any candle to read by. My food supply for the first two weeks consisted of two squirrels, two rabbits and a small pike. In all, they weighed perhaps six pounds—enough, let us say, for nine meals. The folks at home were having forty-two meals, at the rate of three a day, in that time. But theirs was a hum-drum existence; they had yet to learn that a rabbit actually has meat on its ribs.

Within six days of my arrival, the thermometer was registering 8° below freezing. Four days later there came a storm which lasted two nights and a day—an almost continuous fall of rain, hail, sleet and snow, in the order named, that caused even the placid Washimeska to overflow its banks. But this, I learned, was merely the beginning; during the first twenty-eight days there were fourteen of rain and snow. Included were two young blizzards, when the wind attained a velocity of approximately forty miles an hour.

My greatest suffering in the beginning, however, was not caused by hunger or the weather, but by the pestiferous black flies. At the end of the first four days, the exposed portions of my arms and legs were practically covered with bites.

On the whole, though, it was great fun



Without nails or wooden pins, Mr. McConnell managed to construct this raft on which he navigated nearby waters



Incontrovertible proof of severe weather—32° below zero outside Mr. McConnell's wilderness habitation

in the woods; fun to make birch-bark kitchen utensils, a jack-pine raft, bow and arrow, a shelter, moccasins, spear, calendar, bone fish-hooks, cross-bow, and traps for weasels, rabbits and camp-robber birds. It required some ingenuity to build the raft, with nothing but an axe and some spruce roots.

When New York newspapers announced early in September that I was going to step out of the modern environment of

a great city into that of the Stone Age, it created something of a stir. Letters began to arrive from enthusiastic supporters in the United States, Europe and Canada. Others were frankly skeptical: they professed to believe that no man in his right senses would attempt to make his living in the wilderness without food, weapons, matches, shelter and clothing to begin with. In between these two sets of extremists came the great majority, who were chiefly interested in reading about whatever adventures—or misadventures—I might have, but who preferred to stay at home themselves.

Even some of the latter shook their heads dolefully. Here was a soft and flabby individual (the newspaper pictures showed that), bespectacled, forty years of age, unused to hardship since the World War, with tender skin and flaccid muscles, who intended to plunge into some unknown forest area and obtain food and skins with improvised weapons, make his fire without matches, fashion a spear of flint, do his sewing with bone needles, and build himself a rude hut of logs and moss. If he didn't die of pneumonia, he was almost certain to be gored and trampled by a bull moose, vicious during the fall mating period. There was also the danger of becoming lost, of drowning in the rapids of some river, of appendicitis, heart failure, broken legs, or other accident.

Armed with a typewriter and a camera, ready to start out on my solitary experiment, I eventually arrived in the capital of New Brunswick, Canada. There I encountered an obstacle that Neolithic man never heard of—moral censorship. Serious opposition to the project was offered by the Honorable

the Minister of Lands and Mines. The Minister's feelings had been somewhat lacerated, it seems, by my apparent neglect to notify him of my intentions. In vain I explained that I had left all arrangements to an emissary, and that he had fallen down on the job. In plain and precise English (the Minister, I am told, was formerly a country school teacher), I was informed that the people of New Brunswick did not approve of a man gallivanting about naked in their woods. In view of my standing in the literary world, he would provide every governmental courtesy, even a free hunting license, if I would take a rifle and a guide into the wilderness; but not even a woods-travel permit under any other conditions. This was a poser. Had the Minister received any criticism of my project by mail, telegraph, in person, or by telephone? I asked. No, he admitted, but he was familiar with the functioning of the New Brunswick type of mind. Well, he had me there; I wasn't.

I HAD a great deal at stake, however, and tried to overcome the various objections by offering to go into the woods wearing a cotton running suit; even bought one, to show my good faith. There still remained the fire-hazard. The Minister was on firm ground there, for at that very moment devastating forest fires were raging in Oregon, and the woods everywhere were dry. In desperation I brought out my "ace in the hole"—I had passed the forest ranger's examination in Idaho years before. Instead of adding to the fire-hazard, I would, in effect, be an addition to his force of rangers, especially since I carried no matches, had no tobacco or cigarettes to smoke, and was without firearms. But the chief objection could not be overcome. The wives of hunting-club members might get the shock of their lives if they happened to see a semi-nude "cave-man" dashing through the underbrush in pursuit of his next meal. That and the belief that the resultant publicity would add nothing to the dignity and prestige of the Province were obstacles that could not be surmounted.

But the idea of getting back to nature had me in its grip. Besides, if I permitted a little thing like governmental opposition to stop me in the beginning, how could I expect to live by my wits in the woods, once I had crashed the governmental gate? There were other Canadian provinces; Maine was



A wounded moose on the Mikoasas



Father Tremblay, McKibbin and Mayor Perreault of St. Thomas Dydime, the local committee who umpired Mr. McConnell's experiment so that they could vouch for its conduct

too much in the public eye as a summer resort. True, Quebec had no big cedar trees, out of which to make a dugout canoe; and no flint for chipped-stone axes and arrow-heads. But the northern section offered a sanctuary not already dotted with hunting and fishing clubs. There were no deer in the Lake St. John country; no marten, lynx, beaver or other small furred animals; no caribou, porcupine, wolves, geese or ducks—and very few bear. There were, in fact, only moose, rabbits, squirrels, partridge and fish. There was no cedar bark for moccasins and clothing, but there were poplar, birch, jack-pine, spruce and balsam trees. Moreover, the season was getting late; people in Quebec were already appearing in winter overcoats; and there was a sharp tang in the air. I must start my cave-man existence without further delay.

Fortunately for me, the Chief Forester of Quebec, M. Piché, a graduate of the Yale School of Forestry and a forester at heart, welcomed me with open arms, took me to lunch at his club and granted a leave of absence to one of his rangers, Andy McKibbin, so that McKibbin could act as my adviser in selecting a site for the experiment, carry out my discarded clothing, see that I didn't smuggle into the wilderness anything that would help me to make my living; and bring back once a week, to the nearest telegraph office, sixty miles distant, my newspaper dispatches. If, on the appointed day, my messages were not to be found in the birch-bark cache, McKibbin had instructions to start in search of me, on the assumption that I had had an accident such as woodsmen and hunters suffer at one time or another.

MCKIBBIN was to be my jailer, guardian, adviser and friend. He was to smooth the way into the "bush," keep out Indians, curious newspapermen and photographers. He was to serve as a member of the local committee, formed at my request, to protect the public from cheating of any kind. The fact that he didn't think it was humanly possible for me to exist without a rifle made his loyalty and steadfastness, his weekly journeys by canoe, dog-team and on foot, in all weathers, during the two months that followed, all the more remarkable. In my search for a location, I soon found that McKibbin was perhaps the best woodsman and guide in that section of Quebec, and in addition was a diplomat.

McKibbin's views may be summed up in his own words: "I'm a poor man, but I



wouldn't undertake to do what you're doing for \$10,000." But he may have been influenced by the recent death in the woods of Courtois, the half-breed hunter and trapper. The more McKibbin pondered the dire possibilities, the more disturbed he became. In the end, exercising the prerogative of the forest ranger, he calmly informed me that I must take with me his tiny axe. There was no flint in the country, and the Forest Service did not want my blood on its collective head; the death of Courtois was enough.

Meekly, for one whose savage attributes were supposed to break through the thin veneer of civilization at the first contact with the wilderness, I accepted his terms—and the pound-and-a-quarter axe. For two days we journeyed by automobile, canoe and afoot. Finally we reached the spot that McKibbin felt would be the best—the head of canoe navigation on the Washimeska River. The air was crisp and clear that September morning; a quarter of an inch of ice had formed in our water bucket the night before. Stripping off all my clothes, I tossed them into the canoe, retaining only my running suit, camera watch for timing exposures, thermometer and writing materials. All these were so

many impedimenta, but they were essential if I was to make a pictorial and historical record.

Shoving the forest ranger's canoe out into the stream, I turned and climbed the steep bluff. My experiment had begun; I was alone in the wilderness. The quiet of that spot on the banks of the river was overpowering; not a leaf stirred, not a ripple disturbed the smooth, amber-colored stream. There was no sign of life of any kind. I stood still and thought things over.

AS I turned away from the river and climbed the steep bluff to the plateau (which seemed the logical place to build my cabin), the enormity of my self-imposed task came to me for the first time. But there wasn't a minute for reflection; too much remained to be done. Stepping very gingerly, for my bare feet were tender, I stopped at a birch tree and stripped off some of the inflammable bark. In passing, I noted a spring that bubbled out of the hillside—an important discovery that clinched my decision to build a permanent shelter at this spot. Jack-pines, eighty feet tall, stood in stately profusion—excellent material for a cabin. The ground was covered with moss, with which I could chink the cracks, and within a hundred yards of the site which I finally selected, there were a number of fire-killed jack-pine stumps for firewood. From the living trees nearby hung innumerable bunches of dry moss—good tinder for fire-making.

Taking McKibbin's axe, I downed a small balsam and cut twenty-five nicks in it—one for each day, so far, in the month. Primitive man, of course, did not bother about the passing of time; but to me, unconsciously clinging to the modern idea, it seemed important, for on Thanksgiving Day the experiment was scheduled to come to an end. For the Sundays I made a larger nick in the balsam than for week-days, and for the new months I would carve a letter in the wood. This stick served as my calendar during the entire two months, and I must admit that on several occasions, when it was pretty well filled with nicks

representing days of hunger and cold and the hardest kind of labor, I would scan it carefully and say to nobody in particular: "It won't be long now!"

It promised at the outset to be a great adventure, this blazing of the backward trail. Here I was, a "cave-man" without a cave. Contrary to the advice of well-meaning friends, who were quite concerned about my escapade, as they termed it, I did not begin an immediate search for food. To me, the immediate need was not food, fire, weapons or clothing, but shelter for the night—and moccasins. If my feet became cut and bruised, I should be sunk. So I set about

cutting down five-inch jack-pines, and stacking ten-foot lengths against a ridge-pole set in the forks of poplar poles, in the form of an "A."

Working ceaselessly throughout the entire day, I was able to contemplate, in the saffron glow of the setting sun, a rough habitation,



Mr. McConnell as he looked at the end of the second week in the forest

open at the southerly end to admit daylight. There were, it is true, large blisters on hands unaccustomed to manual labor, but I was happy in having a roof over my head—even a roof as yet unchinked with moss. I was tired, too, but the urge to see what lies beyond was strong, and in the hour of twilight that remained I decided to make, in my bare feet, a half-mile circle of the country surrounding my new home. In less than half an hour I came to the Bear Trap Lake portage, worn by the feet of generations of Indians, and carpeted with pine needles.

There were moose tracks in the trail, but they were at least a month old. On the second ridge were unmistakable signs of bear; one had pawed away the outer shell of a hollow tree, probably in search of ants. There were signs of rabbits, but in all that wilderness I saw no living creature. I found myself listening unconsciously for footsteps; looking for someone who did not appear. And yet I was not lonely or afraid.

BARE-FOOTED, I trudged along the path-way, worn by the feet of generations of Bull Head Indians and carpeted with pine needles. Knowing that these Indians are a migratory lot, and that they are in the habit of making caches of hides wherever they happen to kill a moose, I peered closely into the forest on each side. Finally I came to a clump of birch trees, and high up in one of them, fifty feet off the portage, was a ragged bundle that could be nothing but a moose-hide!

Leaping over wind-falls that lay strewn about on the cool, moss-covered hillside, I ran to the tree, shinned up it and slashed the thong. The bundle fell to the ground. On the outside was the untanned skin of a young bull moose and inside, a deer-skin. On the ground, stacked against the tree, were the horns of the two animals and some bones. On the theory that I was entitled to anything, dead or alive, in the woods, I appropriated the lot. Making a pack of the skins, I turned back to my rude shelter. Using the skins as blanket and mattress, with some spruce and balsam boughs for bed-springs, I tucked the more pliable deer-skin about me and slept the clock around. There was no doubt in my mind, as I relaxed, that the first day in the life of a modern cave-man is the hardest.

Whereas primitive man had a woman as his helpmeet, I was obliged to cut and

The front of Mr. McConnell's shelter showing the notched pole which served him for a calendar, his Eskimo fish spear and his hunting bow



haul my own fire-wood, build my fires and cook my food. Whereas prehistoric man could always depend upon half a dozen neighbors to help him in the chase, and presumably hunted in a country with which he was familiar, I was forced to pursue my game alone and in a strange land. While my cave-man ancestors were inured to hardship and exposure from infancy, and fitted, through heredity and environment, to battle with the wilderness, I had been transplanted almost overnight from a steam-heated apartment to the banks of a river a thousand miles north of New York City, where my nearest Indian neighbor was forty-two miles distant.

Men of the Stone Age, with their hairy covering, no doubt were only slightly inconvenienced by a downpour of rain; they probably never knew what pneumonia was. On the other hand, my resistance had been

lowered by years of easy living and I had known of people who were carried off by pneumonia in four or five days. Primitive man was equipped with weapons by the time he reached manhood and knew where to find the materials for more. He had been taught how to fashion them by the chipping process, but it was necessary for me to start from scratch, without weapons, knowledge of how to make them, or the materials. My remote forebears lived in localities where game was abundant; in northern Quebec there were just four kinds of game—moose, rabbits, squirrels and partridge. Fishing was a rather precarious business because of the lateness of the season.

ONE of my first tasks, more important than building a fire or looking for game, was to decide about a pair of moccasins. The moose-hide was thick, untanned and as stiff as a board; the deer-skin was light and pliable—too thin for moccasins. Dimly recalling a pattern I had seen in *The Country Gentleman* several months before, I set about making a pair from the heavier skin. My only tools were an awl, fashioned from deer antler, and the axe. By sunset of the second day the foot-gear was finished.

Putting on the stiff and unwieldy moccasins, and taking with me some thin strips of moose-hide that had been blackened with charcoal from our last fire (to neutralize the odor and make it more difficult for rabbits to see the hide at night), I trudged back into the timber to the nearest rabbit run. Here I set four traps—running nooses hung about four inches from the ground. Returning to camp in the gathering darkness, I wrapped what remained of the skins about me, and again slept the clock around. I had been without food or fire for two days.

The second item of clothing which I undertook to manufacture was merely a sleeveless jersey of moose-hide. The two pieces were loosely tied at the shoulder and sides with strips of the skin; there was no time for sewing. Sleeping in this garment was like sleeping in a suit of armor; it was impossible for me to bend my body. In fact, after the first uncomfortable night, I always untied the thongs at night and used

(Continued on page 54)



The great white way down which the author returned to civilization—the Washimeska River



As of old, his eyes sparkled fire. His brain worked fast and his heart pounded to the thrill of racing

Horse for Todd

By Jonathan Brooks

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

FROM the old kite-shaped track all the way to Charter Oak and back to Lexington. Battered cap on his head, straggly mustache and Adam's apple down against his chest, shoulders hunched forward, feet straddled wide in the stirrups on the shafts, he was known all along the Big Line. As good a man as ever sat on a trotter's tail. Clever hands, they said he had; and no better mannered horses than his ever looked through a bridle.

Rheumatism, the cumulative effect of injuries suffered in numerous spills caused chiefly by other men's hobbled pacers, and age—these three overtook him, and the worst of these was age. So Tompkins Todd quit. Judie was raised, schooled, and treated and cured of tuberculosis. And he had about two thousand dollars saved, there in the bank at Terre Haute. So he quit.

Judie married Charles G. Mosiman, a right promising young lawyer in Minneapolis, and Mosiman insisted that Judie's father, whom he had never seen, should make his home with them. Whatever he might be, he was Judie's father, and that was enough for Mosiman to know. He persisted, and Judie finally joined him. Only Judie was left to Todd, and a man likes to be near his own. Tomp took his old telescope and went to Minneapolis. Judie welcomed him warmly, and so, to give him credit, did Charles G. Mosiman. What there was left of his future looked comfortable to old Tomp.

Mosiman did not suspect, and Tompkins, never having lived in one, could not have been expected to know. Judie, yielding to her husband's insistence, must have forgotten that an apartment is a small place for two newly married people and an old

man who had been accustomed to all outdoors. Too, she learned quickly that although a man may be a good housekeeper in a floored stall that serves him for office, tackroom, kitchen and bedroom, he may not be really house-broken at all. Trouble brewed.

Charles protested. "Judie, *must* we have a cuspidor in the living room?"

A little later: "I wish your father wouldn't leave old copies of the Horseman all over the floor."

Again: "He bores our friends to death talking about old races thirty years ago. Maybe we could get your father to go to bed when we have company for the evening."

Finally: "He snores so loud you can hear him all over the place."

This is not to indicate that Mosiman was not a nice turned fellow. But it certainly, on the other hand, is not meant to show anything wrong with old Tomp, who kept his head and held his tongue. He spoke his mind only in a letter to his friend, Kentucky Lloyd, a one-horse guy in Campbellsburg.

"Well, Lloyd, here I am up in Minnesota, cold as all get out," he wrote. "Judie is well. But it is not so good here. I'm not broke to living with young folks in little dude stalls. Charlie's a right nice boy, but not used to a man like me. He is a Republican, smokes cigarettes, and when he don't like things he sort of clamps his tail down like a sulky horse. Got anything against me, does he spit it out? No, he cries to Judie about it. I certainly wish I was out there behind a trotter."

Poor Judie, loyal to her father and in love with her husband, suffered. She used all her diplomacy, but finally despaired. Old Tomp could not be turned out, even for an evening, with the ground deep under ice and snow. Charlie, to do him credit, wanted to be agreeable, and old Tompkins tried. But when a man has chewed tobacco fifty years, it is hard for him to see his error.

Kentucky Lloyd saved the situation.

The last line of his letter gave Tomp his cue. He'd forgotten Gahagen was in the neighborhood, but with the first sign of spring he went outdoors and to work with this old acquaintance.

"NOW, Judie," he argued, that evening, "It will be all right. I'll just be out there at the stock farm at Hamline, and it's where I belong. Don't worry. Man my age needs sumpin' to do, so he can keep outa folks's way."

"But, Dad, you're not in the way here," Charlie lied guiltily.

"I don't aim to be," said Tomp. "It's nice of you to want me, but I'm an old dog and can't learn new tricks."

A correspondent for the Horseman learned Tomp was at Hamline, helping Gahagen. Four days after Tomp complained that these writers never get things straight, he had a letter from a banker. His heart rejoiced—a chance to get up behind 'em again! And Missouri is warmer than Minnesota. Finally, while his work would take him a long way from Judie, the farther off from Judie, the farther off from Mosiman. A man is what he is, of course, and you have to make allowances, and yet—well, when a man is seventy, and tired, and has no place to go, even if the son is

only a son-in-law—still and all—why couldn't he leave an old man be?

"Don't worry, Judie," Tomp reassured her, taking a train south, "I'll be all right." He had seen the old fear in her eyes and he knew she was afraid of a smash-up.

Major Miller, the Moberly banker, gave Todd a warm welcome. If he was taken aback by his new driver's age and evident weariness, he gave no sign. "Todd," he exclaimed, "I'm glad to see you. I've got three horses and I was about to sell them. Couldn't find anybody that could handle 'em. Then I saw your name in *The Horseman*."

"Glad you did," muttered Tomp.

"And I remembered, you're the man that knocked me off three times when I got up to the Grand Circuit—"

"Yes, sir," said Todd. "You had a bay Allerton trotter, and—"

"Bet on you to remember horses," Major Miller chuckled.

Old Tomp sniffed familiar battle and, with no queer son-in-law about, went to work. One old trotter, called Major M., suited him as a level-headed, willing worker. The other, a three-year-old named McKinney Chimes, looked promising under right handling. The third horse, Patchen Star, gave him no cause for worry, although if left to his own choice, Tomp would not have handled any pacer. A pacer is the left-handed man, or queer son-in-law, of the horse family.

"BACK in harness," he wrote to Kentucky Lloyd. "Major Miller brought me down here to Moberly. Got an old trotter marked under ten, a right sweet three-year-old that goes good if unsteady, and a free-legged pacer. We'll start in Missouri and Iowa, hit the Great Western, and if we do any good, wind up on the Circuit. Hope I see you."

He also wrote to Judie, telling her not to worry. He did not mention Charlie, for he did not know what to say to, for or about his son-in-law. If he felt any guilt over his own failure to be agreeable, he at least matched that feeling with wonder at Charlie's attitude toward him. Why couldn't Charlie leave him be? What had he done, anyhow?

Tomp gave most of his time and thought to the baby of his string, McKinney Chimes. Here was one that would go on. The black

youngster with the fiery eyes tried to bluff Tompkins into thinking him a rogue. But Tomp knew more of horses than the baby trotter knew of men. He persisted. Slowly, patiently, he worked to gain the colt's confidence. If young Chimes, once on the track, did not feel like giving his speed for a workout, all right. Old Tomp took him back to the barn. But after a rubdown, out he went to the track again. And again, if need be, until the colt trotted his mile.

Did he throw his black head and wave his black mane, to break from the trot into a run, there was no whipping, no fight between colt and master. Nothing but a gradual, insistent pull, back to the trot again. Little by little, McKinney Chimes learned the slow old man was his friend, and desired nothing but trot of him. The black colt buckled into his work more steadily, and Tomp, as even the oldest horseman will, fell in love with a colt.

"This colt will come on," he wrote to Lloyd.

Early in July he was off on the trail again. As of old, his eyes sparked fire. His brain worked fast and his heart pounded in the thrill of racing. The old trotter, steady as Seth Thomas himself, the colt, the fool pacer—all these were parts of his being. Only the one disturbing thought remained. Some way, somehow, he had not trotted his race up there at Minneapolis, for Judie and Charlie. The key to a trotter, a colt, even a pacer, yes; but the key to this new family problem, no! Blamed son-in-law—

To mid-August he was fairly happy, however, and so was Major Miller, who came traveling twice to see his horses come down in front. But at Galesburg, Todd's luck deserted him. On Tuesday he won with Major M., and received a good offer for the old trotter. A wire from Major Miller told him to sell. On Wednesday he felt sure his black colt would stay on the trot, and gave him his head twice, to go on and win. He should have held the youngster down, for the baby Chimes bolted, in both heats. Tomp was sick over it.

Finally, on Thursday, in the free-for-all pace, Patchen Star was caught between two hobbled pacers, out in front. The horse outside stumbled on the turn, and before his driver could snatch him up, fell over against Patchen Star. Old Tomp scrambled upward in his seat as he saw the jam coming, and tried to pick up his pacer by the reins, to lift and throw him clear. But he could not get out. The falling pacer threw Patchen Star against the other hobbled pacer on the rail, and all three went down.

Tomp landed over the fence in the infield, clear of the hoofs of the following horses, and escaped with a badly bruised shoulder, but Patchen Star suffered a broken leg. "The strapped up pacers got out without a scratch,

of course," he wrote painfully to Major Miller.

"Sell colt for best price you can get, give away harness, I'm all through," wired the Major. That was late Saturday, when other horsemen had shipped for Omaha or Milwaukee. Poor old Todd, hurting in every joint of his tired frame, limped from barn to barn, and downtown, almost from house to house, seeking a buyer for a promising colt combining the blood of the McKinney and Chimes families. Sunday he gave it up as a forlorn hope, and went back to the stable.

McKinney Chimes thrust his big black head, with his wild foretop and mane, and fiery eyes, over the closed lower half of the stall door, and shook it at old Tompkins Todd. Three years

looked at seventy—and communed!

"Ho, boy," muttered Tomp, lifting a painful hand to rub the colt's nose. Suddenly determined, he went back to town, to wire Major Miller:

"Stables all gone no buyers here I offer twelve hundred for colt."

WHEN the message had been sent, he wondered whether Miller would accept his offer, and wondered why, after that last look at the colt, he had decided to invade his savings. Twelve hundred from two thousand leaves only eight hundred, which is not much money for an old man who can't get along with his son-in-law! But Tomp had little time to rue his recklessness. That very evening, he received Miller's acceptance. Back in the racing game again, as trainer, driver and owner! A horse for Todd. The boy and his pup, the little girl and her doll, the old man and his colt!

For two weeks he tended the baby Chimes—rubbed him, schooled him and worked him. In that time, the bruises from the accident wore off, and hours alone with the colt enabled him to frame his plans. Back to the trail, again. So he wrote to Judie:

"I will be in Indianapolis week of Sept. 4 for the Grand Circuit. The next week to Columbus, and then to Lexington. Hope all are well. I'm all right."

A letter from Judie awaited him at the Columbus postoffice.

"Dear Dad," she wrote, "I am glad to hear you are getting along all right. Since you are back on the Grand Circuit, you must be doing well. I hope you have lots of luck. Charlie and I want you to stay with us this winter. We will have some good news before long, and want you to help celebrate."

Tomp read the letter twice. He could hardly believe Charlie wanted him back. Must be lying, to keep Judie happy. He wondered what good news they could have. Maybe Charlie had landed a partnership in his law firm. Maybe he had won a big case and earned some real money. Maybe they were buying a house, and could move out of that little flat. If they could let him have a room of his own, now, and he didn't go broke, he could pay rent and not be a load on anybody. Give 'em all racing room, and trot his own gait.



"He bores our friends to death, talking horse"



Still and all, why couldn't Charlie leave him be?

He still had eight hundred in the bank at Terre Haute, and he had about five hundred with him, scraped out of his earnings and winning bets on old Major M. He could be almost independent. But wait. Minnesota is cold in the winter. And this Charlie was colder still, always clamping his tail down and sulking like an old horse. Republican. Smoked cigarettes. But if he went broke—no! No, no.

Reunion, next day, with Kentucky Lloyd put him back in spirits. Lloyd allowed that the colts out this year were not such a much, except for Cox and Murphy's, and if Tomp's colt had any foot—yes, after looking the colt over, he would say this young Chimes might go on.

So he entered McKinney Chimes in a race for the second week of the meeting, which gave him time to see two other colt races, in one of which Tommy Murphy beat out Cox and Homeward Bound. Then he took the track to feel out his opposition and really try his black buddy before getting to Lexington.

Win? No. You don't go out and trot your head off the first time you hook up with Grand Circuit horses. Not if you're smart. Third place satisfied old Tomp. Fifth in the first heat, won by Murphy's Smarty Dillon, proved young Chimes would stay on the trot. Third in the second, to Homeward Bound, showed he would go up in the bunch, and keep his head. And second in the third heat, won by Murphy—a careful, tight-held second, proved that old Tomp's hand and his colt's foot might hopefully be set against the best at Lexington. Tomp was satisfied. So he wrote to Judie again:

"I'M glad things are all right, and waiting for the good news. Don't know what it can be, but hope it is something you want. Much obliged for asking me to stay with you again. I'd like to, but it's awful cold there for a man who is not as young as he used to be. Kentucky is warmer, so I think I'll batch it out with Lloyd, an old friend of mine who is a Democrat, and smokes a pipe."

He did not say he relied on a baby colt to win his independence, nor did he trust himself to mention Charlie. But he did add a postscript: "Please be sure to send me the good news. I hope it is good news." And his last words were, "General delivery, Lexington."

Not much of a game? Don't say it, and don't think it, unless you've been to the Trots. For Lexington is the Mecca to which all harness horsemen turn their eyes and their feet. In October, all the horse world is there. The runners get the publicity, yet the running people do not start, in Lexington, with the people that love the Trots. These are the people—well, ask anybody.

Go and see. But even if it is your first trip, you will not get half the thrill out of it that old Tompkins Todd got when he unloaded in Lexington for the thirty-second time. As he put McKinney Chimes in a stall beside that of Lloyd's trotter, old Tomp's arteries pounded so hard his poor old veins were hard put to handle their half of the round trip load. His excitement stood out to be seen even through his leathery skin and in his poker eyes.

Only Lexington in October could have brought out that much light-

ness of heart, for Todd was a tired old, worried old man. What if his colt didn't deliver? What if he never could gee with his own daughter's man? Suppose he went flat broke and just naturally *had* to go back and live off of Charlie? Anybody knows a young fellow like him ought to leave an old man be, but would he? He never did, before. And yet somehow, Tomp managed to rise to the spirit of Lexington in October.

A QUERY here and there gave him a better and better line on the other colts. Homeward Bound could be pushed to a break. Smarty Dillon, if hustled too much, would jump. He worked his black colt Tuesday and Friday mornings, growing almost confident he and young Chimes could win when they turned for the money.

He did not start the first week, but lay low, under cover. If it so happened that, on the day when he should start his black youngster, the public favored other colts that had been out to win impressively, then he and Chimes might not merely win but win at long odds. With a horseman's patience, he waited.

Late Friday he encountered Ed Gahagen, and seeing Ed reminded him of Minneapolis. He thought of Judie and Charlie. There might be a letter for him—old Tomp made his way downtown to the postoffice. Wondering what the good news might be, he found the general delivery window and received a letter. But it was not in Judie's handwriting. It was addressed by typewriter. Tomp studied it, then tore it open, drew out the message, put on his glasses and found a place near a window. Slowly, he read the typing.

"Dear Dad," it said. "We would telegraph, but have no address except General Delivery. Judie told you good news was coming. This is it—young Todd Mosiman is with us, weighing eight pounds! Judie and the boy are well. She will write before long, but wanted me to send word right away."



Well, of all—wait, wait, read this again, get it straight. Old Tomp plowed through it, word by word. Yes, that was it! His little Judie—why, just a kid herself! No, hang it, she must of growed on up. That's what it means. A boy, named after him! Grandfather!

Weak in the knees, Todd looked for a place to sit down. Finding none, he looked at the letter again, though his glasses were sort of blurred. Poor little Judie—no, it said Judie was all right. Eight pounds. Boy that big oughta have a purty good pair of hands. Todd Mosiman!

Named after him. Judie must of done that! And yet, Charlie would have to agree to it, wouldn't he? Sure, a man helps name his own son. Mebbe, even, it might of been Charlie's idea in the first place—could he have been wrong about Charlie, all this time? Suppose he was a decent guy, after all! And he'd been wrong, himself, about chewing in the house, and all. Great gosh! Well, old Charlie Mosiman was a purty good fellow! He'd *have* to be, or Judie wouldn't of married him! Well, have to get square—get off on the right foot now, with old Charlie Mosiman, his grandson's father!

A wide grin pushing his gray mustache out almost to his ears, he hurried outside, and took a taxi to the track. Expense? In a case like this? Rats!

"Say, Tomp, that's great," Lloyd exclaimed. "Y'r girl's all right, too! Named him after you, old timer? By George, it's up to us to celebrate. A man ain't a grandpappy every day!"

"YOU bet an ear-boot," proclaimed Todd. "We're goin' down town for supper, right away. I'll set 'em up!"

A colored boy posted to keep an eye on their horses, the two old cronies went off to gorge in style. Old Tomp proudly told tales of Judie's girlhood, and her illness, and her cure. Then he became worried again.

"But they don't know how to raise a kid," he said. "I'll have to—why, Kentuck, I'll have to go back up there, and elbow this Charlie out. They—"

"Hold yo' hosses," Lloyd interrupted. "They've prob'ly raised as many youngsters as *you* have. What could you do? Give him a workout? Measure his oats? Slow down, or you'll go into a break!"

"That's right," Tomp had to agree. "But what can I do?"

"Well, if you want to keep on the trot, buy a present for this here grandson, and send off a telegram—"

"That's the ticket! Come on, Kentuck!"

Up and down the main street they went, and around some corners. Nothing in any of the windows hit old Tomp's eye until they found a jewelry and pawn shop in an alley, near the courthouse. He clutched Lloyd's arm.

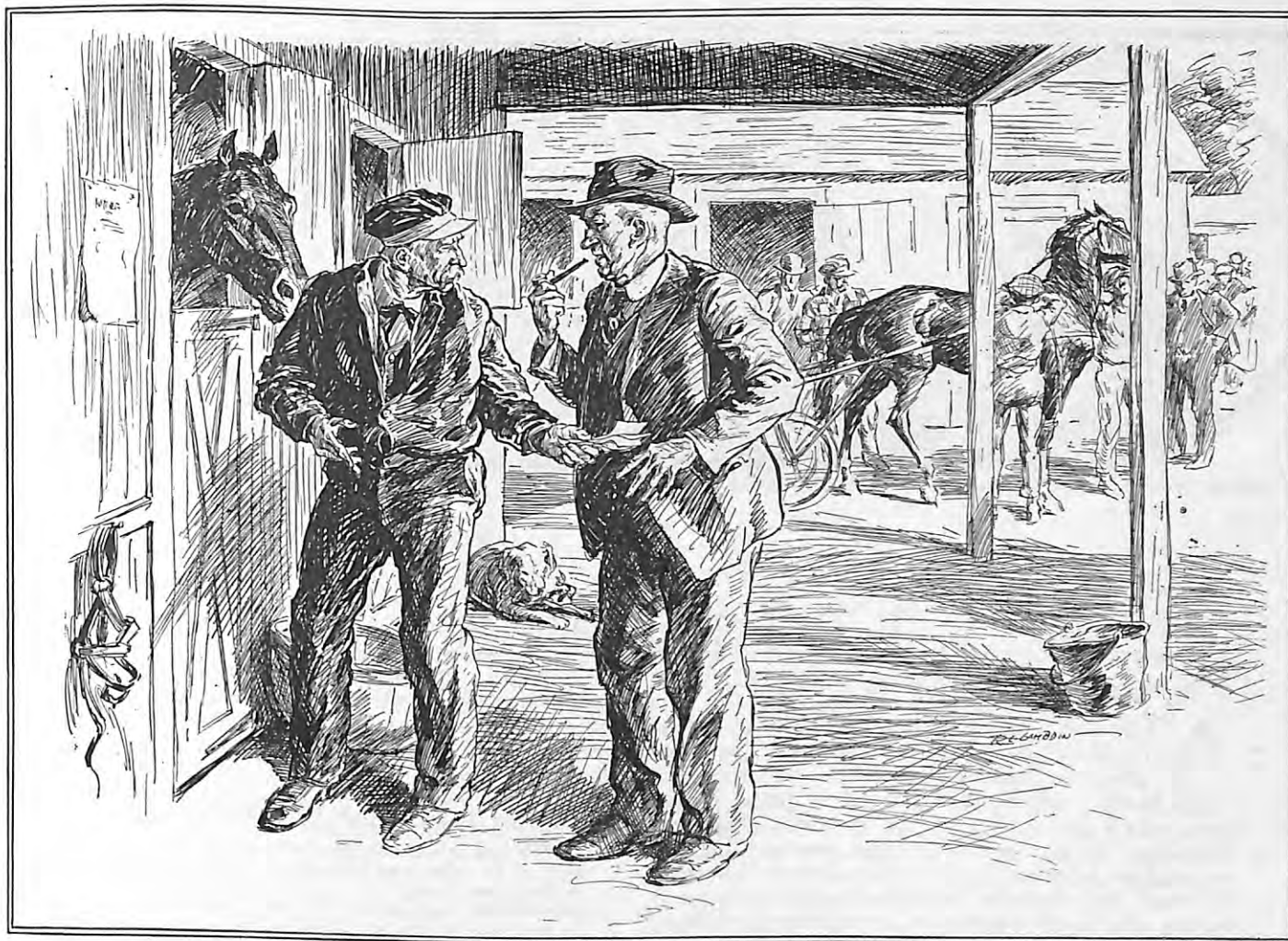
"Look, Kentuck," he almost shouted. "Here's the thing! Look."

Lloyd allowed that a thing like that there would prob'ly cost a sight of money, but undaunted, old Tomp dragged him into the little store.

"That horse there, in the window," he said. "Lemme look at it."

The fat jeweler-broker brought out the horse.

"Here y' are, gents," he said.



"A genu-wine, solid gold horse. Artistic sculptury, and everything. That gold horse was sculptured for old Mose Claybaugh. I can let you have it for next to nothing."

He feared he would have to sell it for just that, because the oldtimers were an unprepossessing pair. Still, they must be horsemen, and some of them carry a roll.

"How much do you want for it?" asked Tomp, less warily than usual in a horse trade. But then a man does not trim in a case like this.

"Well, gents, this is a fine horse, gold—" stalled the dealer. "Worth—"

"How much?" asked Lloyd, 'disinterestedly, pretending to start away. Tomp, the old fool, would pay anything the man asked.

"Every cent of three hundred dollars—I should ask four—"

"Buy a live hoss for that, a trotter, and good one," snapped Lloyd.

"Not a gold one, solid gold, sculpted—"

"That's what you said before," Todd interrupted. Back to earth again, in a horse trade. "Wouldn't give a cent more'n two hundred."

"But look, gents," expostulated the dealer, in horror.

"C'mon, Tomp," and Lloyd clutched Todd's arm.

When they left, Todd carried the gold horse for Todd Mosiman, and had paid not the three hundred asked, but his two hundred bid. And thought he had a bargain, although he was somewhat ashamed.

"You see, Lloyd, the kid won't know whether it's a runner or trotter," he apologized. "Besides, mebbe it was meant for a trotter, and the artist didn't know any better."

An hour later they sent off the telegram, agreeing upon this:

"Congratulate you and Charlie on fine

"Like yo' colt to-day, old timer?" asked Kentuck. "This way, Lloyd," Tomp replied. He pulled out his whole roll with a steady hand. "Get me win tickets"

son and grandson. Proud to have him named after me. Hope everything and everybody all right. Be sure and feed him plenty and keep him warm. Be careful of him. Buying him fine gold horse to remember me by. Lloyd joins in congratulations. Congratulations from proud father and grandfather."

"That's more'n fifty words," Lloyd protested.

"WELL, I got the money to pay for 'em, ain't I? They've got room on their wires," Todd rejoined. "A man don't send off a telegram like this every night." He was as indignant as if he had been rolling in money.

Lloyd led a tired old crony back to the track that they might see if their horses were all right.

On Saturday, jogging McKinney Chimes, Todd had time to think, and he decided not to send the little gold horse for Todd until after the race. So he locked it in the harness trunk and cleared his head of his new grandson, and put his attention on his own baby, the fiery black colt. The horse for baby Todd, Judie's and Charlie's boy, could wait on old Todd's horse.

Monday, he saw Murphy turn the tables on Cox and Homeward Bound by winning the big colt stake with Smarty Dillon. The field was nowhere. Clearly, Tomp's task when he should start young Chimes would be to defeat these two colts. Tuesday morning he sent his baby trotter down for two fast miles. He should worry who saw him, for nobody would dream he was shooting to beat Cox and Murphy. Chimes, full

of life after careful training and few races, gave him all his foot. Old Tomp's heart was still warm long after he had finished cooling out the colt.

He wrote out a check on his Terre Haute account, and took it over to the secretary's office to clinch his entry for Friday's class race for colts. Down went the savings. Thursday he jogged the colt. Friday morning early he went down to buy a new black jacket and cap. His old ones were too frayed and worn, for this last day of the big meeting. On the day of days for himself and his colt, he did not want to be a disgrace to himself, Chimes or Kentuck. Nor yet to Judie, Todd Mosiman, nor good old Charlie! He got a check cashed, cleaning out his savings. Passing the postoffice, he thought there might be a letter from Judie, and went in. General delivery, sure enough, handed out a letter in Judie's writing!

"Dear Dad, I'm not feeling very strong yet, but I'm getting along fine. Todd is the dearest little fellow you ever saw. Brown eyes, like yours, and I think he has your nose. You'll just love him. But Daddy, please don't send the gold horse, if you have not bought it yet. I hate to say this. Charlie was awfully sweet when I wanted to name the boy for you, but he won't like the horse for Todd. You see, he doesn't like horses or racing and—well, you won't mind so very much, will you? Why not use the money to start a savings account for Todd? I'm getting along fine, and will be all right soon. Come up soon. Your loving daughter."

Why—well—now what do you think of that? Damn this Charlie! What's wrong with an honest guy in an honest game? Wouldn't like the gold horse for Todd—what business was it of his? Just

(Continued on page 52)



EDITORIAL

A WORD FOR THE POETASTER

A FEW days ago a little printed card came through the mail from an aged brother who had been a member of the Order for many years. Although arranged in prose form, there was a bit of rhythm to it and a jingle of rhyming. It was not very good poetry. But it did express a joy and pride in his long and happy fraternal associations; and that sentiment, pervading the brief production, somehow made the sentences seem rounder, the meter a bit more lilting, the rhymes a little more apt. And it earned a second reading.

It is no pedantry that prompts the confession to a liking for fine writing for its own sake. The use of just the right words, in just the proper sequences, in well balanced sentences that clearly and exactly express a definite thought, brings an intellectual delight. But it does not necessarily touch the heart. That can be done only when the thought conveyed is worthy, sincere and helpful. When all these are combined, there is literary perfection, a rare achievement.

But it is more pleasing and more profitable to read the lamest of verses, the most poorly constructed prose, if the sentiment sought to be expressed is clean, wholesome and honest-hearted, than it is to peruse the most sonorous poetry, or the most beautifully written prose, which merely sneers at ideals, is empty of all sweetness, or, worse still, which embodies unwholesome ideas.

It is for this reason that much that is written on fraternal themes gives a pleasure and satisfaction quite disproportionate to its literary merit. It is the exception when such productions are not born of a sincere appreciation of the finest concepts of fraternity, a real happiness in its associations and a deep pride in its experienced privileges, that force an attempt at adequate expression. And it would be unappreciative, as well as unfair, not to say that those sentiments are oftentimes most beautifully translated into splendid prose and true poetry.

In any event, if the great percentage of those

outpourings add but little to *belles lettres*, the Order is all the richer for having among its members so many who feel impelled thus to express what really lives in their hearts.

THE TRUE MEASURE OF VALUE

"We live in a day when fraternalism must be alert. The value of an Order to the Nation, or of a subordinate Lodge to its community, is not measured by the numbers of men it brings within its fold, nor by the temples it erects, nor by the wealth it amasses; but by the character of men who compose it and by the good it does in the community in which it exists."

THUS clearly and succinctly did Brother Fred B. Mellman, newly elected President of the California State Elks Association, in his first message to that body, set forth the real basis upon which the Order's claim to approval must be founded. The statement, in its substance, is not new. But in its brevity and directness it effectively restates a fact that is sufficiently important to justify frequent repetition. We are too apt to forget it.

In the very laudable effort to increase membership there is danger of losing sight of the most important feature of new membership, its character and quality, rather than its mere numbers. Every unworthy, or unwisely accepted, addition weakens the whole organization.

In the construction of costly homes and elaborate temples, there is danger that the selfish desire for sumptuous social quarters will blind us to their primary purpose, their only real justification; that is, their value as instrumentalities for the furtherance of the fundamental objects of the Order. And when that is the case, it were better such structures be not erected.

In the activities of our Lodges the ideals of humanitarian service are sometimes subordinated to the functions that are social rather than fraternal, entertaining rather than benevolent.

All these things may very properly occupy the attention of our Lodges and their members. But their respective relative importance should be carefully maintained.



Decorations in dry-point by Ralph L. Boyer

In earlier days fraternalism in its social aspects had the field almost to itself. But nowadays there are many things that compete with it in attracting the interest and attention of men. And the fraternity that would preserve its power and prestige and insure its future, must do so by an ever watchful guard over the character of its membership and by its constant proof of its worthiness through real community service.

President Mellman's reminder is timely and important. Fraternalism must be on the alert if it would fulfill its true mission.

FESTINA LENTE

IN THE general meaning of the term, every good trait of character is a virtue. But there are a few so noble and so helpful in themselves, that they stand out as meeting the most exclusive definition. Among these attributes is Patience, all the more beautiful a virtue because so rare.

In this connection, however, the purpose is not to over-accentuate that sublimated ideal of the poet which involves "smiling at grief"; nor that equally exalted attitude of brave minds which leads to a "scorn of what they bear." Reference is made rather to that homelier aspect of the virtue, which merely curbs impatience and restrains undue haste.

We are living in an age that seems to glorify speed in all things. We move about from place to place so quickly, mechanical ingenuity displays itself on every hand in such rapid production of material things, science has so displaced the slower methods of mere manual skill, that we are all more or less affected by our surroundings and find ourselves driving onward in the unconscious effort to force our physical and mental beings to keep pace. In our pleasures as well as in our tasks, on our vacations as well as when on duty, we are too prone to keep on the run.

If we did but stop to think, we would realize that about the only thing we get by too much hurrying is trouble. Calmness does not mean indolence; nor does leisurely labor indicate lack of interest. On the contrary they are much more consistent with that thoughtful carefulness which alone can insure accuracy and prevent mistakes

which require correction and mean delay in the end.

The human body has its limitations. The brain is peculiarly susceptible to the strain that is born of over-exertion. And undue haste is itself a definite physical tax. Nature is a generous creditor in so far as the extension of time of payment is concerned. But it is inexorable in its ultimate demand. If we insist upon disregarding the difference between ourselves and machines, we incur a debt that eventually we must pay in physical impairment, mental distress, nervous disorder, or even untimely death.

Don't be in too great a hurry. Rather learn the wisdom of the old Latin injunction: *Festina lente*—make haste slowly.

MOTHER'S DAY

THOSE Lodges which in the past have availed themselves of the privilege of formally observing Mother's Day as a Lodge ceremonial, under Grand Lodge provision therefor, have found it a most popular and pleasing occasion. It is so universal in its appeal that there is a very general response on the part of the membership and the public alike, which, of course, does much to promote the success of any fraternal event.

But the success of this particular occasion should not be measured solely by the large number in attendance, nor by the beauty of the musical program, nor the perfection of the ritual exemplification. All these might mark the event and it might still be of questionable value as a Lodge activity. It is only to the extent that the members and their friends are moved to tender recollection that softens the heart and brings uplifting thoughts, and are inspired to acts that give proof of a quickened filial devotion, that the ceremonial can be properly regarded as a real success. For these are its true objects.

It is difficult to conceive, however, how the occasion could be observed with due dignity, after adequate preparation for it, and with thoughtful attention to the ritual requirements, without achieving those objects in full measure. It is so natural a result that it may be confidently anticipated. And this would seem to justify a more general observance of this appealing ceremonial.

The new Home of Hackensack,
N. J., Lodge, No. 658



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

One Thousandth Session of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge a Memorable Event

IN THE presence of a number of distinguished members of the Order, and of the largest throngs ever to attend a meeting there, Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, celebrated recently the thousandth session since its institution, with the initiation of a record class of seventy-two candidates. The notable Elks to witness the ceremonies included James T. Hallinan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; George W. Denton, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin; William T. Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association; Philip Clancy, Past President of the Association and its present Secretary; and many Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of neighboring Lodges. All were introduced by Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler Joseph Brand, of Bronx Lodge, who acted as master of ceremonies for the occasion. The conduct of the initiation was given over, soon after the opening of the meeting, by Exalted Ruler Albert G. Schildwachter to fourteen of the Past Exalted Rulers of Bronx Lodge. In their direction of proceedings this group of delegated officers was assisted, with ability and dignity, by the Drill Team. The class of initiates comprised several men renowned in public life, including Joseph V. McKee, President of the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York; John A. Devany, Jr., Member of the Assembly of New York State; Charles E. Keegan, Deputy Commissioner of Hospitals; and, in addition to these, the sons of five prominent members of Bronx Lodge. Mr. McKee, after the initiation, spoke in behalf of his class; and Mr. Phillips, who, twenty-seven years ago, instituted Bronx Lodge, related in outline some of the most interesting aspects of its history. The concluding address was that of Mr. Schildwachter, and one of appreciation to the response of the members

to the call of the Lodge to make this one thousandth session as memorable in every way as its numerical distinction would suggest. Supper followed the termination of the meeting.

Mineola, Texas, Elks Double Strength Since Institution Last August

Since its institution last August, Mineola, Texas, Lodge, No. 1571, has more than doubled its membership. This was revealed recently in a report issued by the Secretary's office of the Lodge. From their charter membership of seventy-two, the Mineola Elks have now grown to a strength of one hundred and forty-five and this soon, with the coming induction of a new class of candidates, will be augmented further.

Veterans' Night Held and District Deputy Calls at Linton, Ind., Lodge

Two noteworthy events took place simultaneously at Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866, recently. They were the reception of the official call of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter A. Beckerle and the observance of Past Exalted Rulers' Night. The District Deputy witnessed the initiation of a class of six candidates.

W. J. Mulvey, South Dakota State Association Secretary, Dies

William J. Mulvey, Secretary of both the South Dakota State Elks Association and of Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge, No. 262, died recently in that city at the age of fifty-two. His death came suddenly and as the result of an unexpected complication ensuing upon the apparently successful outcome of two necessary operations. Born in Tomah, Wis., Mr. Mulvey was educated in Alexandria, whereafter he moved to Sioux Falls. After he resigned his position with the city government in that city to conduct a motion picture theatre in Madison, Wis., Mr.

Mulvey was among those instrumental in organizing a Lodge of Elks in his new community of residence. Thirteen years later he returned to Sioux Falls and became Secretary of the Lodge there. Surviving him are his widow, Mrs. Marie Mulvey; a son, Donald; and two brothers, all of Sioux City.

300 Guests Greet District Deputy Dobbins at Rahway, N. J., Lodge

Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther and more than 300 other members of the Order, representing every Lodge in the Central District of New Jersey, were present to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Francis V. Dobbins upon the occasion of his official visit to Rahway Lodge, No. 1075. The distinguished visitors who addressed the meeting, besides the Grand Trustee, included District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers George G. Falkenburg and Peter J. Gallagher, who formed a part of Mr. Dobbins' escort; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Rene P. F. Van Minden and William H. Kelley; Thomas F. Macksey and John H. Cose, both also Past Presidents of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Peter Eichele and Judge Fred W. Bain; President Edgar T. Reed of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and Charles Wiberalski, Past Vice-President of the Association. The many guests enjoyed an elaborate collation served in the banqueting hall of the Home.

Past Exalted Rulers of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge Conduct Initiation

Past Exalted Rulers of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, one of whom was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William R. Cullen, occupied all the chairs recently at a meeting attended by many other former heads of the Lodge and by a gathering of other members so large as to tax accommodations to capacity. The Degree Team of Medina Lodge, No. 898, assisted in the induction of the candidates.

District Deputy Maxwell Visits Aspen, Colo., Lodge

Officers and members of Aspen, Colo., Lodge, No. 224, recently welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Maxwell upon the occasion of his official visit to their Home. A banquet, attended by more than sixty Elks, was given at the Hotel Jerome for the District Deputy. At the close of the dinner, all repaired to the Lodge room, where Mr. Maxwell witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates.

Clifton, Ariz., Elks Turn Out in Numbers to Greet District Deputy

One of the largest gatherings Clifton, Ariz., Lodge, No. 1174, has had since the celebration of its twentieth anniversary last fall, turned out recently to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. H. Starkweather upon the occasion of his official visit there. Members of the Lodge were gratified, after hearing Mr. Starkweather's outline of the plans of the Grand Lodge for the coming year, to point to their own record for the twelve months just elapsed. The activities of Clifton Elks have embraced, in addition to hearty and helpful work at such usual times as Thanksgiving and Christmas, a cooperation with the Boy Scouts and Girl Reserves, for whom the Lodge has helped build camps in the mountains; and subscription to the Elks National Foundation. Plans are now being considered for the acquisition of a new Lodge room.

Allentown, Pa., Lodge's "Lawrence H. Rupp Class" Sets a Record

In the presence of a gathering including many notables of the Order, Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, initiated recently its "Lawrence H. Rupp Class" of 116 candidates, the largest number it has ever inducted at one time. Besides Mr. Rupp, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, in whose honor this record group of initiates was named, there were among those at the meeting and at the banquet preceding it Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow; Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee;

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George H. Johnston; Louis N. Goldsmith, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; Harry I. Koch, Past President of the Association; and a host of visiting Elks from neighboring Lodges. Exalted Ruler Gurney A. Afflerbach, of Allentown Lodge, officiated as toastmaster. Speakers at the dinner of welcome to the incoming Elks were Mr. Barrett, Mr. Koch; Fred D. Kutz, Secretary, and Harvey O. Ritter, Past Exalted Ruler, of Allentown Lodge; Judge Richard W. Tobst and the guest of honor, Mr. Rupp. Mr. Grakelow, Mr. Johnston and Mr. Goldsmith addressed those present at the meeting later.

Corning, N. Y., Elks Offer Prizes To Americanization Class Pupils

Following a precedent set in earlier years, Corning, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1071, is offering this year a prize of a silk American flag to all pupils in the Americanization classes, organized by the Lodge, who at the end of the present courses have perfect attendance records. The interest of Corning Elks in this enterprise for the enlightenment of aliens in regard to the requirements and significance of citizenship in this country was aroused in 1926 when Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price visited them. Under the leadership of Ivan M. Bernkopf, then Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, and now District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, they voted for the formation of a committee, with Dr. John A. McNamara as chairman, to cooperate with other bodies in their city in Americanization work. From two separated and irregularly attended classes, the movement has grown, until today, in a single and carefully planned course of training, an average of seventy-five pupils a week receive instruction leading to their undertaking intelligently the responsibilities of citizenship. A supervisor of the school, assisted by three teachers, conducts the classes. These are sponsored by the Lodge, in association with the Corning Board of Education for School Districts 9 and 13, and with the Corning Glass Works.

District Deputy Maxwell Visits Leadville, Colo., Lodge

Leadville, Colo., Lodge, No. 236, recently received an official visit from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Maxwell. After the District Deputy witnessed the initiatory ceremonies, he addressed the members on matters pertaining to the Grand Lodge. A turkey dinner was served after the Lodge meeting.

Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge Mourns Death of Justice E. T. Sanford

For the late Edward Terry Sanford, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court,

The late Edward Terry Sanford, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, who died recently. Justice Sanford was a member and, at the age of twenty-five, the first Exalted Ruler of Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160

Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160, held memorial services recently, a few days after his death, and passed resolutions deploring his passing. Justice Sanford was a charter member and, at the age of twenty-five, the first Exalted Ruler of Knoxville Lodge. President Harding appointed Judge Sanford, then occupying the bench of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Tennessee, to the Supreme Court in 1923. He was a native of Knoxville and received his education at the University of Tennessee and at Harvard University. Some indication of the legal proficiency which later he was to display came during his attendance at the New England institution. Before he was graduated from it, he was admitted to the bar in Tennessee. Justice Sanford's wife, who was Miss Lutie Woodruff, of Knoxville; and his oldest daughter, Dorothy, were not living at the time of his death. The surviving members of his family are his brothers, Alfred F. and Hugh W. Sanford; his sisters, Mrs. Frederick Ault, Mrs.

Hubert Fisher and Mrs. George L. Robinson; and his daughter, Mrs. George Cameron. To these, to his legion of devoted friends both within and without the Order, and to the members of Knoxville Lodge, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to extend its heartfelt sympathy at their loss.

Hampton, Va., Elks Stirred by Speech Of District Deputy Reese

Members of Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, had the pleasure recently of entertaining District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George H. Reese, upon the occasion of his official visitation there. When the initiation ceremonies had been concluded Mr. Reese outlined for the information of his hosts the aims and present enterprises of the Grand Lodge. The Hampton Elks found his talk both instructive and inspiring.

Cambridge, Mass., Elks Celebrate Old-Timers' Night on Anniversary

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank B. Twitchell; Thomas J. Brady, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; and George Stanley Harvey, Past President of the organization, were the honor-guests of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, a short time ago when its members celebrated Old-Timers' Night. The affair coincided with the Lodge's forty-second anniversary. A banquet, at which the officers-elect for the coming year were received, was the initial feature of the evening's festivities. There followed a period of entertainment comprising motion pictures, songs and dances and orchestral music. Dancing and a buffet supper concluded the evening's events.

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Celebrates Forty-ninth Anniversary

Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Hubert S. Riley and three of the seven surviving charter members of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, were among those recently attending the celebration of its forty-ninth anniversary. The three were George W. June, James V. Cook and Dr. Charles Cleaveland. From the four others of the first class ever to be initiated into the Lodge—Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, in New York; the Honorable Harry S. New, in Washington; John Jay Curtis, in Hollywood, California;



Both modern and substantial is the new Home of Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, No. 1448



The ox-drawn covered wagon, entered by Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, which won first prize for floats in the rodeo parade in that city

and Eugene Cooper, in Miami—telegrams of congratulation and felicitation were received, together with expressions of regret at being unable to be part of the gathering. Observance of this anniversary of but one year less than a half-century coincided with the installation of the officers-elect. Grand Secretary Masters, who conducted the ceremonies incident to this procedure, spoke stirringly in the course of the meeting and won applause both spontaneous and extensive.

Board of Grand Trustees Meets in May at National Home, Bedford, Va.

The next meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees, with Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, will be held at the Elks National Home, Bedford, Va., May 9, 10, and 11.

Knoxville, Pa., Elks' Twentieth Anniversary Is Observed

At the Home of Pittsburgh Lodge, No. 11, from among whose membership it originally was derived, Knoxville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1196, observed recently its twentieth anniversary with a dinner and dance. The evening was noteworthy for the gathering together of a number of veteran members of both Lodges, and for the pleasure of their reminiscence and reunion. Knoxville a score of years ago was a suburb of Pittsburgh. Its inconvenience in relation to that city's Elks Home prompted members dwelling there to seek permission to organize a Lodge of their own with a Home easier of access.

Notables Present at Visit of District Deputy to Union Hill, N. J., Lodge

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter J. Gallagher paid an official visit recently to Union Hill Lodge, No. 1357, he was welcomed by a notable gathering of distinguished Elks, including Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin; Henry A. Guenther, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Francis P. Boland; Vice-President Harry McGill, of the New Jersey State Elks Association; and a large representation of Union Hill Elks. About twenty officers and their guests were at the dinner preceding the Lodge meeting. An interesting program of entertainment was presented later in the evening.

Report Made to Provo, Utah, Lodge Shows Active Year of Civic Work

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Provo, Utah, Lodge, No. 849, headed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Farrer, submitted recently to the Lodge a report upon its activities during the preceding twelve months. A digest of this indicates the accomplishment of a number of affairs designed to make the Lodge an informal and yet energetic assistant in the interests of patriotic societies and of city, county and State departments. Examples of how the Lodge had achieved this were the broadcasting, last year, of news of its own Flag Day program and of the American Legion's plans for its Fourth of July celebration; and the opening of the Lodge Home

to the public to hear talks by authorities upon fire-prevention, school and college athletics, farming and game conservation.

District Deputy Fisher Visits Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge

Accompanied by Past Exalted Rulers and officers of his home Lodge, Mount Vernon; N. Y., No. 842, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher made an official call recently upon Poughkeepsie Lodge, No. 275. Mr. Fisher and his staff were first entertained by the officers of No. 275 at a dinner held in the Nelson House, and then went to the Home for the initiation of a class of candidates. In the District Deputy's address, which followed this ceremony, he complimented Poughkeepsie Lodge upon its splendid social and community welfare work.

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Waltham, Mass., Lodge Marked With Two Events

Waltham, Mass., Lodge, No. 953, celebrated a short time ago the twenty-fifth anniversary of its institution with two events. The first was a banquet and dance at Nutting's, on the Charles River, attended by three hundred members of the Lodge and their ladies, and by representatives of the State, county and city governments. The second was a day of open house at the Home, culminating with a buffet supper and entertainment by professional performers. Notable among the guests at the banquet were E. Mark Sullivan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; State Senator George Moyses, who conveyed the greetings of Governor Allen; Assistant District Attorney Warren Bishop, representing Middlesex County; City Solicitor John J. Foster, bearer of felicitations from Mayor Patrick J. Duane; Judge Frederick Crafts; and Edwin O. Childs, former Mayor of Newton and son of one of the earliest Exalted Rulers of Waltham Lodge. Horace C. Twigg, charter member and fifth Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, presided as toastmaster.

Passaic, N. J., Lodge Receives District Deputy Gallagher

With a delegation from every Lodge in his jurisdiction present, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter J. Gallagher made an official visit to his home Lodge, Passaic, N. J., No. 387. After the meeting a supper, during which the guests were entertained by a show, was served in the dining room.

Batavia, N. Y., Lodge Warns Against Man Calling Himself J. L. Decker

Frank H. Homelius, Secretary of Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950, issued recently for the information of Secretaries of other Lodges, a warning against a man representing himself as James L. Decker, of Batavia Lodge, who, according to Mr. Homelius, has cashed worthless checks at several Elks Homes in the West. The Secretary of the Lodge to which this man pretends to belong cites as a substantiating instance a letter received recently from Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260, in which is recounted

that this individual, presenting what appeared to be a paid-up card in Batavia Lodge, obtained thirty-six dollars from the Secretary on a check which proved to be of no value. The records of Batavia Lodge show that James L. Decker was dropped from membership two years ago for non-payment of dues. The paid-up card exhibited is believed to be a forgery.

District Deputy Dobbins Visits New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Francis V. Dobbins, accompanied by a large delegation from his home Lodge, Rahway, N. J., No. 1075, called officially a short time ago upon New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324. The District Deputy was received with enthusiasm. He complimented his host Elks upon the condition of their affairs and thanked them for their generous hospitality.

Tiler of Oshkosh, Wis., Lodge Has Served Thirty-Fifth Year

In Dr. C. C. Finney, for thirty-five years its Tiler, Oshkosh, Wis., Lodge, No. 292, has a holder of that office who, it believes, is one of the oldest, in length of service, in the entire Order. The fact that in the recent annual elections of the Lodge Dr. Finney was renominated for the post promises a further extension of his record.

Tucson, Ariz., Elks' Covered Wagon Wins First Prize in Rodeo Parade

The entry of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, in its city's sixth annual rodeo parade, held a short time ago, was awarded first prize by a committee of five judges. The competition was for floats, and the Elks' representation was in the form of a covered wagon, drawn by six oxen and flanked by protective scouts. The driver wore what is reputed to be the oldest Stetson hat in the State, forty-seven years of age; and he carried a six-shooter of proportionately early design, its manufacturer's serial number being 101. Past Exalted Ruler Jacob Gunst was in charge of the prize-winning float.

District Deputy Decker Visits Home Lodge, Newburgh, N. Y.

In the presence of several distinguished guests and delegations from many Lodges, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jacob A. Decker paid an official visit, a short time ago, to his home Lodge, Newburgh, N. Y., No. 247. Prominent Elks who addressed the large assemblage, besides Mr. Decker, included Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Henry Kohl and James T. Hallinan, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; and President William T. Phillips of the New York State Elks Association. Before the formal session of the Lodge, the Past Exalted Rulers and officers of Newburgh Lodge entertained the District Deputy at a dinner at the Hotel Plaza. During this a vaudeville program provided amusement for the guests. Mr. Decker was then escorted to the Home of No. 247, where he witnessed initiations and delivered an address. Lodges represented at

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The Grand Secretary Tours the South

While the Grand Exalted Ruler Convalesces, Mr. Masters Visits Lodges

ALTHOUGH Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, who fell ill of pneumonia at the conclusion of his visits in February to Lodges in New York, New England, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, was well upon the way to recovery in March, his physicians deemed it inadvisable for him to fulfill the schedule of calls arranged for that month. He therefore remained in Florida to continue the rest demanded for his recuperation. In Mr. Andrews's stead, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper volunteered to make the visits planned for March. These were nineteen in number and all, except the initial one to Savannah, Ga., Lodge, No. 183, were to Lodges in the Carolinas. Mr. Masters, accompanied by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Florence J. Schrader, carried out the first part of the schedule alone. At Durham, N. C., he was joined by Mr. Harper, who continued with him thenceforth.

Met at the Savannah station the morning of March 11 by a committee of welcome from Savannah, Ga., Lodge, No. 183, Grand Secretary Masters was escorted directly to the Hotel de Soto for breakfast, and thereafter conducted to the country home of Col. William L. Grayson at Isle of Hope. The party returned to the Savannah Oglethorpe Hotel for luncheon. At the meeting of the Lodge in the evening, Mr. Masters delivered a stirring address to the host of Savannah Elks assembled, including members of the class just initiated; and to their many guests. These included members of Brunswick, Ga., Lodge, No. 691; Charleston, S. C., Lodge, No. 242, and Green Bay, Wis., Lodge, No. 259. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Traynor, presiding over the session, introduced Mr. Masters. Others who spoke were

Colonel Grayson, former Mayor Thomas M. Hoynes, Exalted Ruler Diemmer and Louis Ludwig, Past President of the Georgia State Elks Association; and Exalted Ruler T. A. Pamperin, of Green Bay Lodge. The sincere regret expressed at the enforced absence of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews was mitigated to an extent by the reading of a telegram from him in which was word of the improvement of his health. The adjournment of the meeting was succeeded by a program of entertainment and a sea-food supper in honor of the Lodge's notable visitors. Mr. Masters remained in Savannah overnight, spending the following morning in the enjoyment of a sea trip tendered by the courtesy of a member of the Lodge there, Captain LeRoy Reinburg, commander of the Coast Guard cutter Yamacraw; and departing later under the escort of a delegation of Charleston, S. C., Elks.

Grand Secretary Masters, arriving the afternoon of Wednesday, March 12, in Charleston, was the guest in the evening of the members of No. 242 at a dinner given at the Lodge Home. The following afternoon his hosts conducted him upon a tour of the chief points of interest of the city and in the evening welcomed him at the meeting of the Lodge, where, in the principal speech of the occasion, Mr. Masters took occasion, after dwelling upon the work of the Grand Lodge, to compliment those gathered to hear him upon the firm financial health of their Lodge and upon their buoyant morale. E. M. Wharton, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, who accompanied the Grand Secretary to Charleston; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Moore, of South Carolina, also spoke and won a cordial response. After resting overnight in Charleston,

Grand Secretary Masters and his party left the city Friday morning for Orangeburg.

Members of Orangeburg, S. C., Lodge, No. 897, entertained Grand Secretary Masters, together with Mr. Wharton, at a luncheon in that city, a little after noon on Friday, the 14th. The visiting Grand Lodge officers were welcomed to Orangeburg by Mayor R. H. Jennings, speaking for the municipality; and by Exalted Ruler C. C. Stroman, extending greeting in behalf of the Lodge. Presiding over the affair, as toastmaster, was Colonel Thomas F. Brantley, a charter member of Orangeburg Lodge. Before Mr. Masters spoke a telegram of greeting was read from Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. At the suggestion of John Cart, of Orangeburg Lodge, the entire assemblage rose to its feet for a moment in token of wishing him a prompt and complete recovery. There followed addresses by the Grand Secretary and Mr. Wharton; and talks of lesser length by Mayor Jennings, Exalted Ruler Storman, Julian S. Wolfe and Dr. T. A. Jeffords.

Traveling by motor from Orangeburg to Columbia, S. C., Mr. Masters and his party late in the afternoon of the same day were met at a point ten miles from their destination by a delegation of officers, past and present, of Columbia Lodge, No. 1190. This committee of welcome, whose numbers required twelve automobiles, comprised five Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1190, Exalted Ruler Robert W. Leonard, the officers-elect for the coming year, and a group of other members. Mr. Masters's suite included Mr. Wharton and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Moore. The guests were escorted first to the Lodge Home for dinner and thereafter attended the quarterly meeting of the South
(Continued on page 60)

Office of the Grand Exalted Ruler

Official Circular Number Seven

District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers

It affords me extreme pleasure to advise Elkdom, generally, that we have had, during my administration, a *superfine body of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers*, who have served the Lodges, in their respective districts, with extraordinary diligence, devotion and loyalty.

I thank each one for his service to me, in my administration, for his great helpfulness to the Order, and I wish to assure them all that I shall ever regard them with esteem and affection.

I am particularly pleased with the support and co-operation they have given to THE ELKS MAGAZINE and the Elks National Foundation.

Mother's Day

The second Sunday in May is observed throughout America as Mother's Day.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks heartily and soulfully joins in the celebration of this day, made sacred to Mother. Our Grand Lodge has adopted and promulgated a *beautiful and sweetly touching ritual* for the use of all subordinate Lodges upon this hallowed occasion.

A loving thought of Mother furnished the first suggestion for the establishment of Mother's Day; but it has since expanded into a nationwide inspiration, that stirs the hearts of men and women throughout America.

I urge every subordinate Lodge of Elks to celebrate Mother's Day, in accordance with our beautiful ritual, preferably in public, otherwise in your Lodge room.

This is not only an Elk duty, but likewise a cherished personal privilege.

The Elks National Home

We have been constantly on the alert this year in the interest of this Home. It was our first big effort upon behalf of benevolence toward our own members.

(Continued from page 5)

It has wonderfully grown and splendidly demonstrated the wisdom of its establishment.

We must very soon provide another building for the accommodation of a large waiting list of our aged and indigent brothers, entitled to residence there.

The Elks Magazine

It is timely to call attention of the new officers to the supreme importance of their wholehearted co-operation with our Organ—THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The Magazine must constantly have information of changes of addresses of our brothers. This will impose some work upon the Secretaries, but it is vitally important that the officers of every subordinate Lodge render to the Magazine co-operation to the fullest extent. Brother Joseph T. Fanning, the Editor and Executive Director, will be delighted to co-operate from the standpoint of the Magazine.

The Elks National Foundation

I am exceedingly proud of the progress made this year by the Elks National Foundation. I traveled through New England with Brother John F. Malley, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Foundation, and I can assure all our brothers that he is devoting his whole heart and a great deal of his time to this work, with marked success and progress.

Some day the Order of Elks will point to this Foundation with *exultant pride* as its *greatest achievement* upon behalf of charity and human welfare.

I have constantly urged my District Deputies to render every possible aid to this great work, and I am much gratified to know they have done so.

Appointments

I announce the reappointment of Brother H. M. Cavender of Manila Lodge, Number 761, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the Philippine Islands.

Also the appointment of Brother John S. Beck, San Juan Lodge, Number 972, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Porto Rico.

Ritualistic Contest at the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City

The Ritualistic Committee will hold its first national ritualistic contest of subordinate Lodges at Atlantic City upon the occasion of the Grand Lodge Reunion. All Lodges desiring to enter this contest should file their entries prior to June 1st, 1930, with David Sholtz, Vice-Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee, at Daytona Beach, Florida, from whom the rules governing the contest and entry blanks can be secured. I would urge your attention and active participation in this very important activity of the Order. The proper exemplification of our ritual is essential to the work of all of our subordinate Lodges.

Conclusion

I regard every word I have written in this circular as very essential to the officers of our subordinate Lodges as well as of the Grand Lodge. I hope that the Secretaries of the subordinate Lodges will read this message in full to their respective Lodges. I am supremely interested in the welfare of our great Order and this circular goes from my heart to all the brothers in Elkdom.

Cordially and fraternally,

Walter P. Andrews.
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Office of the
Grand Secretary

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

**Railroad Rates to Grand Lodge Convention
in Atlantic City**

*Elks National Memorial
Headquarters Building,
Chicago, Ill.
- May 1, 1930*

DEAR BROTHER ELKS:

For the Grand Lodge Reunion, B.P.O. Elks, to be held in Atlantic City, N. J., the week of July 6, 1930, the railroads have granted special excursion fares, under the Identification Certificate Plan. These round-trip excursion tickets will be sold only upon presentation and surrender of Identification Certificates that you are to obtain from the Secretaries of subordinate Lodges.

Under the Identification Certificate Plan two rates are available, viz: Fare and one-half, with return limit enabling the purchaser to spend the week of July sixth in Atlantic City. Fare and three-fifths, with final return limit of thirty days from date of sale. Children over five and under twelve years, one-half the excursion fare for adults. These round-trip tickets will be honored going and returning via the same route only. It will be necessary, when purchasing said tickets, to indicate which is desired, the one and one-half fare or the one and three-fifths fare ticket.

A lower basis than a fare and one-half applies from the Pacific coast and other far western points, and therefore, it would be more advantageous for those from this territory to purchase Summer Excursion Tickets, with a return limit of October 30, good going and returning by different routes and carrying liberal stopovers. Following are typical Summer Excursion Rates from the cities indicated to Atlantic City and return: San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle, \$153.34. Spokane, \$148.03.

No matter in what territory you reside, it is suggested that you see your local ticket agents at once and obtain detailed information in respect to:

A—Specific round-trip fares under the Identification Certificate and Summer Excursion Plans. B—Selling dates. C—Final limit. D—Stopovers en route. E—Routes over which tickets will read, including also diverse routes, that is, going one route and returning another. F—Sleeping-car charges. G—Train schedules. H—Other advice desired.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

J. E. Masters
Grand Secretary



At the Inlet, pleasure yachts await those who would enjoy sailing along the beach or cruising further to the deep-sea fishing banks



The life-saving crew of the Coast Guard launches a boat in the surf. Drills are held regularly, to insure fitness for emergency

1930 Grand Lodge Convention At Atlantic City

Some Views at the Famous Resort



The Elks Home on South Virginia Avenue presents an appearance in keeping with the magnificence of the many other imposing buildings there. Wide windows, deep verandahs and spacious rooms permit taking advantage of all the sunlight and fresh air the seaside affords



The entire permanent population of Atlantic City, comprising about 60,000 people, could be housed in the Municipal Auditorium, which looms up just beyond the bathing beach. It is the world's largest



An airplane view of the almost limitless beach, taken from a point above the Ritz-Carlton and Ambassador Hotels. Every point along its entire length is both safe and suitable for surf bathing



PICTURES
BY ATLANTIC
PHOTO SERVICE

An art which in itself is not permanent, yet which is a permanent part of the life and the sights of Atlantic City, is sand-sculpture, a glorification of the boyhood pastime of molding faces from the soil of the wet beach. While you wait, these artists below the boardwalk will carve figures and scenes ranging from a portrait of Abraham Lincoln to a representation of the Battle of Trafalgar

Office of the
Grand Esquire

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

Official Circular Number One

*Atlantic City, N. J.
May 1, 1930*

*To the Officers and Members of the
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks—*

MY BROTHERS:

By and with the consent of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, I hereby inform you that the parade which will be held at the National Convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, at Atlantic City, N. J., will take place Thursday afternoon, July tenth.

It is the desire and wish of the Grand Exalted Ruler that this parade be the finest and largest in the history of Elkdom. The reviewing stand, where the parade will be reviewed by the Grand Exalted Ruler, all Past Grand Exalted Rulers, and distinguished officials of the United States Government, will be in the Atlantic City Auditorium, the largest of its kind in the world, where seats will be provided for forty thousand.

The Lodges of the State of New Jersey will be hosts to this Convention, and it is their desire, which meets with the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler as well as with mine, that this Reunion Parade be colorful, interesting, and respectful, thus bringing credit to our Order. At least two hundred and fifty thousand people will watch the parade from the sidewalks of Atlantic City, and its wonderful auditorium, and it gives an opportunity for the public, particularly those who are non-Elks, to visualize Elkdom, and in order that they may properly visualize us, the parade will be conducted in a manner befitting this great American Order.

May we not hope to have the hearty cooperation of your Lodge in making this parade a success, not only numerically but in conducting it in such a manner that all Elks will be proud of it?

More detailed information will follow later, and in the course of a very few weeks I will send to each Lodge a questionnaire which I trust will be given your prompt attention.

Trusting that your Lodge will be with us upon this splendid occasion to assist in making it the great success we all anticipate, I am,

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Harry Bacharach
Grand Esquire.



Everett, Mass., Lodge, No. 642, becomes an Honorary Founder of the Elks National Foundation as Exalted Ruler William F. Hogan presents its check for \$1,000 to Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, in the presence of many dignitaries of the Order

Elks National Foundation

Bulletin

THE Foundation Trustees congratulate the newly-installed Exalted Rulers and wish each the greatest success in the administration of his important office. We request your co-operation, Brother Exalted Ruler, in the promotion of the Elks National Foundation.

We send a message of gratitude to the retiring Exalted Rulers for their good will and helpfulness, and we invite those who come to the Convention as representatives to the Grand Lodge to visit our headquarters at Atlantic City.

We are preparing a printed report for submission to the Grand Lodge at the annual session in July. This report will give a tabulation of all subscriptions for Honorary Founders' certificates and all good will donations. The copy will be held until the latest date possible in order to reflect most recent conditions, but we cannot delay much beyond June 1st. Therefore, we urgently request that the Lodges which have taken action favorable to a subscription for an Honorary Founder's certificate, or are contemplating such action, make arrangements for the initial payment to reach this office on or before June 1st.

The State of Maine is at the head of the list and promises to be the first State which will record every Lodge as a subscriber for an Honorary Founder's certificate. New York, as usual, made excellent progress with seven additional Lodges added to its honor group and Pennsylvania and Massachusetts followed with five and four respectively. The percentages

of Lodge enrollment of the leading States (having ten or more Lodges) are as follows: Maine 71 per cent., Connecticut 66 per cent., New York 65 per cent., Massachusetts 43 per cent., Pennsylvania 27 per cent., New Jersey 21 per cent., and California 20 per cent.

The subscriptions and donations during March follow:

	Sub- scription	Pay- ment
<i>California</i>		
San Diego, No. 168.....	\$1,000	\$100
El Centro, No. 1325.....	1,000	100
Brawley, No. 1420.....	1,000	100
<i>Colorado</i>		
Greeley, No. 809.....	200	200
<i>Connecticut</i>		
New London, No. 360.....	1,000	100
Naugatuck, No. 967.....	1,000	100
<i>Illinois</i>		
Springfield, No. 158.....	1,000	750
<i>Indiana</i>		
La Porte, No. 396.....	1,000	100
<i>Iowa</i>		
Boone, No. 563.....	1,000	100
<i>Kansas</i>		
Newton, No. 706.....	1,000	100
<i>Maine</i>		
Rockland, No. 1008.....	1,000	100
Gardiner, No. 1293.....	1,000	100
Sanford, No. 1470.....	1,000	100
<i>Maryland</i>		
Cumberland, No. 63.....	1,000	100
<i>Massachusetts</i>		
Boston, No. 10.....	1,000	100
New Bedford, No. 73.....	1,000	100
Newburyport, No. 909.....	1,000	100
Wakefield, No. 1276.....	1,000	100
D. A. Servais		
Concord, No. 1479.....	10	10
<i>Michigan</i>		
Dowagiac, No. 889.....	1,000	100
<i>Nevada</i>		
Tonopah, No. 1062.....	1,000	100

<i>New Jersey</i>		
Trenton, No. 105.....	1,000	100
Montclair, No. 891.....	1,000	100
<i>New York</i>		
Jamestown, No. 263.....	1,000	100
Niagara Falls, No. 346.....	1,000	100
Lyons, No. 869.....	1,000	100
Newark, No. 1249.....	1,000	100
Ilion, No. 1444.....	1,000	100
Watervliet, No. 1500.....	1,000	100
Bath, No. 1547.....	1,000	100
<i>Ohio</i>		
Dayton, No. 58.....	1,000	100
<i>Pennsylvania</i>		
Allentown, No. 130.....	1,000	100
Rochester, No. 283.....	1,000	100
Oil City, No. 344.....	1,000	100
Philipsburg, No. 1173.....	1,000	* 25
Ellwood City, No. 1356.....	1,000	100
*Previously contributed \$75.00		
<i>South Dakota</i>		
Rapid City, No. 1187.....	1,000	100
<i>Texas</i>		
El Paso, No. 187.....	1,000	100
<i>Vermont</i>		
Brattleboro, No. 1499.....	1,000	100
<i>Washington</i>		
Bellingham, No. 194.....	1,000	100
<i>Wisconsin</i>		
Ashland, No. 137.....	1,000	450

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

News of the State Associations

Pennsylvania

THE Elks Association of the Pennsylvania North Central District held its regular quarterly meeting recently, the members assembling at the Home of Milton Lodge, No. 913. Among the subjects discussed and plans decided upon were the arrangement of a program for the State Elks Association Convention and the selection of the country club of Renovo Lodge, No. 334, as the place of the next meeting of the North District Association. The principal speakers were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George H. Johnston, Past District Deputy D. J. Miller and Past State Association Presi-

dent E. J. Morris, all of Reading Lodge, No. 115. Dinner at the Home of Milton Lodge followed the conclusion of the business session.

Indiana

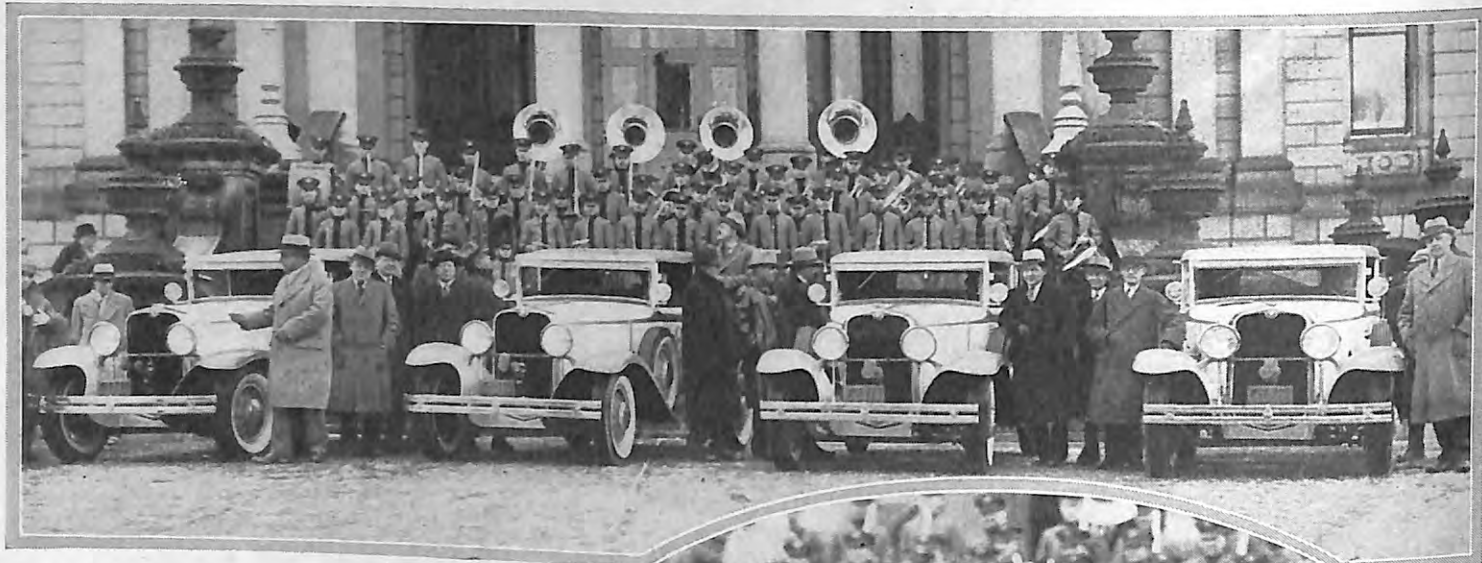
A BANQUET and ball in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, a grand parade and a competition among degree teams for the Joseph T. Fanning Ritualistic Trophy are three of the features arranged by the committee in charge for the forthcoming annual convention of the Indiana State Elks Association, to be held at LaFayette, June 4, 5 and 6, under the auspices of the Lodge there, No. 143. The parade will draw marching delegations from

a number of Lodges in the State and will be headed by the Purdue University Band, an organization sponsored by LaFayette Lodge. The banquet and ball will be held at the Fowler Hotel, the ritualistic contest and business sessions at the Home of the host Lodge.

North Carolina

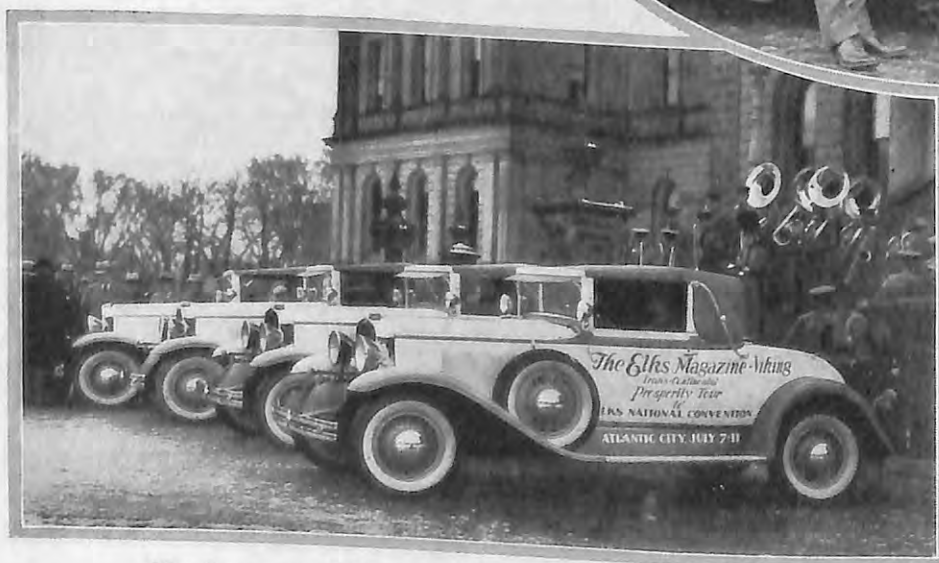
IN THE presence of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, and Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, the North Carolina State Elks Association, meeting at the Home of Raleigh (Continued on page 59)

The Cars of The Elks Magazine-Viking Prosperity Fleet are Christened by Governor Fred W. Green of Michigan



At elaborate ceremonies, held on the Capitol grounds at Lansing, Mich., under the auspices of Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196, headed by Exalted Ruler Frank Pienta, Governor Fred W. Green officially christened the Viking 8's making up the Elks Magazine-Viking Prosperity fleet

Here is Governor Green preparing to break over the radiator of one of the cruising Vikings two bottles, one containing water from the Atlantic Ocean, the other water from the Pacific, symbolizing the bringing together of the two coasts by means of the tour



The first event of the christening program was a luncheon at the Home of Lansing Lodge, attended by the officers of No. 196, members of the Elks Magazine staff, and invited guests from the neighboring Lodges. Those present at this function then adjourned to the Capitol, where they were joined by members of the staff of the Olds Motor Works, manufacturers of the Vikings, to witness the actual christening. In the upper picture on this page is shown the 80-piece band of the Vocational School which furnished music for the occasion, and later headed a parade through down-town streets. Above are the four cars of the Fleet

THEY'RE off! By the time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE reaches the hands of its readers the four Viking 8's making up THE ELKS MAGAZINE-Viking Prosperity Fleet will have left, two of them from Seattle, one from Denver and one from Omaha, on their long transcontinental trip to the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Atlantic City during the second week of July.

Following the ceremony of their official christening at the State Capitol at Lansing on April 7th by Governor Fred W. Green of Michigan, the four Vikings, each fully equipped with the famous new Royal Master tires, the latest product of the United States Rubber Company, were shipped to their starting points and each, driven by a member of the Magazine staff, is now bowling along over its carefully planned route, carrying its message of prosperity and good-will to hundreds of Lodges and thousands of members. An interesting feature of the stops of these cars at the Lodges along their routes will be the exhibiting, by the pilots, of a moving picture film, which will show, among other things, glimpses of the active summer life at Atlantic City; every process in the manufacture of a high-powered automobile, in the manufacture of a modern rubber tire, in the production of high-test gasoline and lubricating oil, and, finally, every mechanical operation in the production each month of the year of more than 800,000 copies of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.



MEN . . .

this method seldom fails!



WHEN you wish to take an evening off, or join the festive gathering at the club, be diplomatic. Ask *her* permission with a box of Schrafft's!

These delicious chocolates and candies have turned many an emphatic "no" into a prompt and gracious "yes"!

Once Schrafft's chocolates and candies were sold only in the thirty-six Shattuck-owned Schrafft's stores. But now, due to recently expanded distribution, they are sold by Schrafft's dealers throughout the country. You'll find them in stores located near you, wherever you see the name *Schrafft's*.

D'or Elegant

Diminutive chocolates in a handsome metal box. \$2.00 a pound.

Chippendale

Small pieces with choice centers of many kinds. \$1.50 a pound.

Jolivet

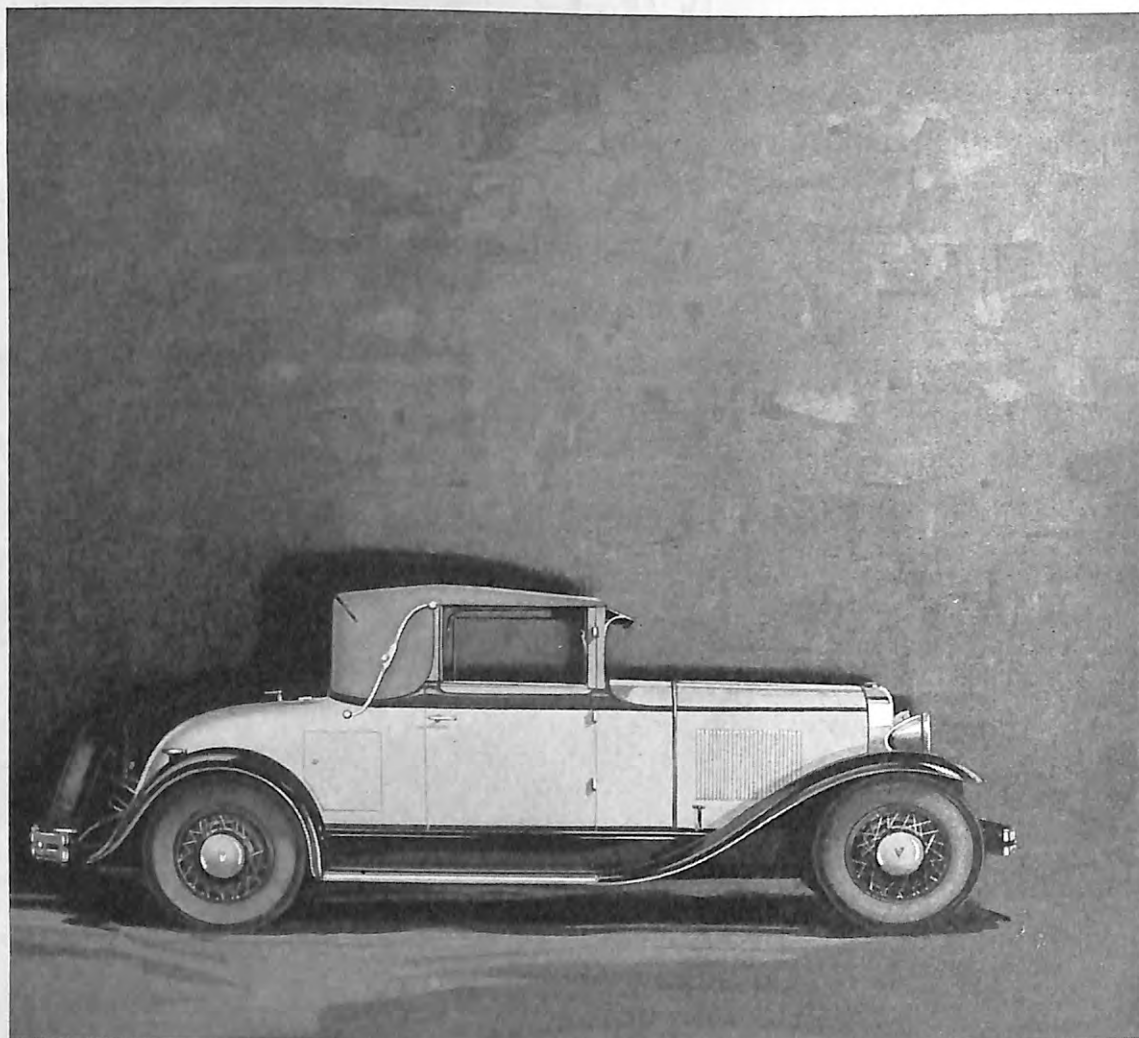
Assorted creams, caramels and nut pieces. . . . \$1.25 a pound.

Plain

Chewy and cream centers. An unusual value. \$1.00 a pound.

SCHRAFFT'S

Chocolates and Candies



HERE'S THE DEPENDABILITY YOU WANT *in your* MOTOR CAR

Elks-Viking Trans-Continental Prosperity Tour Representatives Are on Their Way . . . Assured of Thoroughly Dependable Performance Every Mile of the Trip

Members of the 1930 Elks-Viking Prosperity Tour are now on their way . . . following the broad highways of the Pacific Coast from Seattle on south to Los Angeles—the

first lap of the great trans-continental trip which the purple and white Elks-Viking fleet will terminate at Atlantic City in July.

These four Viking Eights, carrying messages of confidence and good will into practically all cities of major importance in the country, must cover more than 36,000 miles to complete their task. They must travel all sorts of roads—good and bad—over deserts and mountain ranges—from one extreme to the other. And they must fulfill each day's requirements with unfailing ability—for their schedules will permit no delay.

In short, these Viking Eights must deliver thoroughly dependable performance week after week, for thousands of miles. And the Elks Magazine representatives who are driving them know even this early in the trip that they will do exactly that.

For in planning this tour, the executives of Elks Magazine knew the rigid requirements that would have to be met. And they selected Viking only after the most careful examination into its all-round abilities—its speed and power, its roadability and handling ease, its comfort and smoothness. Most emphatically of all they approved its *thorough dependability*. For, after all, that is the most important quality in any motor car.

It is assured in Viking by both progressive design and faithful manufacture. It is checked by test—at Olds Motor Works Engineering Laboratories and at the General Motors Proving Ground. It is proved by the satisfaction of owners everywhere.

Viking's 90-degree V-type eight-cylinder engine provides all-round performance of the finest character. It gives flashing acceleration,

thrilling speed, full-range smoothness, and quiet operation. Its power reserve is ample for the steepest hills and the hardest pulling.

In addition, Viking's smartly-tailored Fisher bodies offer features of comfort and convenience which add to motoring pleasure wherever you drive.

And its powerfully-built chassis contributes to security, ease of handling, and thorough satisfaction over the months and miles.

These features, added to the all-important factor of dependability, explain why Viking won the unanimous and unqualified approval of Elks Magazine representatives.

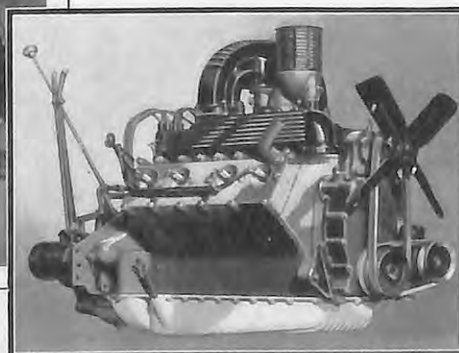
And this same dependability, this same genuine goodness, will win you just as completely when you discover it for yourself.

Visit your Oldsmobile-Viking dealer and examine this car. Drive it and put it to your own performance tests. Check and compare it in every way. Then you'll know that the Viking Eight represents real value . . . that it is thoroughly dependable in every way . . . that it provides everything you want in a fine motor car at moderate price.



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



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 Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 13)

"Yes, yes, I see," said Jerry hastily. "Very nice, too. A beautiful bathroom."

"The water runs kind of slow, sometimes," admitted his landlady, "but it's always good and hot, except in the early morning and at night. You'll find it's nice and hot now."

"Don't think I'll bother with a bath now, thanks," said Jerry, a little defensively, "but I would like to clean up a bit."

"Say, Mister," said a voice from the hall. "Where's my ten bucks?"

"Ah, Henry," said Jerry, taking out his wallet, "I'd forgotten about you. Here you are." He handed him a bill.

Mr. Gay inspected it, front and back, and stowed it in his pocket.

"O. K.," said he.

"Henry Gay," boomed Mrs. Carey, fixing him with an accusing eye. "Did you charge this gentleman ten dollars to fetch him here?"

"Oh, no," said Jerry, "it's all right. Henry's no bandit. That's a little bonus."

"I was goin' to say—" began the lady.

But Mr. Gay, catching Jerry's eye, grinned and took himself off.

"Well," said Mrs. Carey, when they were alone, "I guess you have everything. There's towels on the rack. If you want anything, just ask for it, Mister—you didn't tell me your name."

"Maxwell," said Jerry, after a moment's hesitation. "Jeremiah Maxwell. I'm a novelist."

"A which?"

"A writer."

"You write stories?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Carey looked at him with great earnestness. She opened her mouth as if to say something, but changed her mind and shut it again. Jerry felt extremely uncomfortable under her scrutiny. He wished she would leave him. For he had told her two lies, one after the other.

He was not a writer and his name was not Jeremiah Maxwell.

4-

RELIEVED at last of Mrs. Carey's presence, Jerry availed himself of the hot water she had boasted of to the extent of removing from his face the stains of travel and of his encounter with the dog. All in all he felt well pleased with his situation and with himself. He had found an attractive billet, in a room with an unsurpassed view of the sea. He was in the neighborhood of the object of his mission. He had told, with apparent success, the two chief untruths necessary to explain his advent to the locality. And, as far as he knew, there was no one in the vicinity who would recognize him.

He still harbored certain misgivings as to the wisdom of his challenge to his father. Considered soberly, the whole scheme seemed absurd. Yet it did promise to be entertaining, even hazardous. More, it would call on all his resources of ingenuity and possibly require no little courage. Even the comparatively simple matter of remaining incognito might present unforeseen difficulties. He would have to be constantly on the alert, to guard against unconsciously dropping the casual word that would show him to be sailing under false colors.

At any rate, he reflected, leisurely drying his face, he had plenty of time and would take advantage of that. His father had wanted to impose a ninety-day limit on his undertaking, but he had refused to be so restricted. He would proceed slowly, reconnoitering by easy stages in a way that would arouse no suspicions. In a place as small as Waterboro, he and his affairs would certainly be discussed among the citizenry. The first step would be to establish his status in the local mind so that he would soon cease to be a curiosity. He had chosen the profession of writer as one ideally suited to his purpose. It could be used to cover a multitude of eccentricities; it would assure him the privilege of undisturbed solitude; it would give him a legitimate excuse to enter into conversation with anybody and to ask questions under the guise of gathering material. If necessary, to preserve the illusion in the household, he might even try to write a novel. It probably would not be worse, he reflected, than many he had read,

and it would help to pass the time. He would schedule his daily routine and gradually make himself as familiar a part of Waterboro as was Henry Gay at the wheel of his hack. Then, when he had all the information needed he would make his plans carefully, carry them out, and make off.

These cogitations passed through Jerry's mind as he surveyed the placid scene commanded by the bathroom window. His eye roved contentedly over the trim vegetable garden and the rambling outbuildings, and he congratulated himself on the luck which had brought him to this admirable retreat. From the rear, as from his own room in front, every prospect pleased.

It was not until he thrust his head out of the window and craned his neck to see what lay the other side of the low, connecting shed's leading to the barn that he beheld a disquieting sight. What he saw was a clothes-line, exposing feminine undergarments to the breeze. Now there is nothing extraordinary about a clothes-line bearing the average feminine undergarments. But those on this line, though undeniably feminine, were anything but average.

"My word," he exclaimed to himself, "these can't be real."

He thought the light must be playing tricks with his eyes; and looked again. Then suddenly the truth struck him. There could be but one person big enough to wear garments that size, viz. the girl he had seen at the station—the daughter of whom Mrs. Carey had spoken so mysteriously—the Queenie, to whom Mrs. Carey had said she would speak and "try to make her understand."

"Good Lord," murmured Jerry, gazing in awe at the flapping lingerie. Remembering the positively abandoned manner in which, without provocation, this Queenie had smiled upon him upon the platform that morning, Jerry guessed what the nature of her mother's remarks to her would be. The girl evidently considered herself a charmer of no mean order and needed to be told that the family boarder was taboo. Jerry's guess was correct, so far as it went, but, as he later discovered, it did not go nearly far enough. Queenie was not only an incipient vamp, to coin a term, but she had other idiosyncrasies. If Jerry had known all about her, he would certainly have moved from under Mrs. Carey's roof-tree without delay. As it was, however, though he had a vague premonition that the girl might somehow complicate his existence, the feeling was not strong enough to act on. He went to his room and set about unpacking his things.

CHAPTER II

JERRY'S real name, as has been said, was not Jeremiah Maxwell. His real name was Jerome Marshall. He was the son of the one and only Joseph P. Marshall. Every American old enough to eat spinach knows of Joseph P. Marshall, Jerry's father, and father, likewise, of the Comet Automobile—"A Good Four at the Price of a Bad Six."

Now, Mr. Marshall had realized most of his heart's desires during an active and predatory life. He had become a Captain of Industry. He was so prominent financially that newspapers valued his views on anything from commerce to infant feeding. Yet, despite these triumphs, he was not content. Two of his supreme longings were still unsatisfied. First, he wanted Jerry to go into his factory and learn the automobile business. Second, he wanted to present "Old Thunderbus," his first motor-car, to the Smithsonian, as a permanent memorial to Joseph P. Marshall. With Jerry safely installed as President of the company—he, himself, to be Chairman of the Board, of course—and with "Old Thunderbus" in the National Museum, adequately labeled—he felt he could be at peace with the world.

There were, however, two major obstacles to the fulfilment of these dreams. One was Jerry. The other was Mr. Carmichael.

Jerry was fond of his father, in a casual, undemonstrative way, but he was also an individualist. He had firm views as to the inalienable right of free men to live their lives. More,

he had ideas regarding some of the things he would like to do with his own. Going to work in the Comet factory and learning the business from either the bottom up or the top down was not among them. He wanted an occupation more adventurous and more romantic than carrying on a thriving concern created by some one else. By talking Mr. Marshall into sending him to Oxford, after taking his A.M. at Michigan, he had postponed the hour of reckoning for two years. But his father's letters had expressed an increasing impatience with his absence, an impatience which at length stirred him into candid rebellion. He wrote frankly how he felt about the automobile business, stated that he would never go into it, and intimated that helping to clog the nation's highways with added thousands of cheap cars could hardly be considered a service to the public. Mr. Marshall, who believed that for giving the Comet to the world he deserved to be ranked as a great humanitarian, retaliated by cabling him to sail for home on the next steamer. He had returned some two weeks before this story opens.

On his arrival had begun a glorious row. Mr. Marshall shouted, pounded his desk, tugged at his mustache and chewed up expensive cigars. Jerry countered by keeping his voice down and his hands in his pockets and adopting a bantering tone. On the verge of thundering an ultimatum, the older man suddenly realized that to do so would be to play his last card—possibly in vain. He changed his tactics. He became conciliatory.

"SEE here, son," he said, "what's the use of us fighting?"

"None at all," said Jerry, suppressing a smile.

"You think I'm an old crab," said Mr. Marshall, breathing a little easier.

"Not at all," said Jerry, generously. "But you think I'm a damn fool."

"No, I don't," denied his father, not to be outdone.

"That makes it unanimous, then," said Jerry, lighting a cigarette.

Mr. Marshall's eyes glittered with suspicion, but, detecting no sign of levity on Jerry's face, he kept himself under control.

"I sometimes have a short temper," he went on, "but I don't mean to be disagreeable. And when I say I want you to go to work in the plant it's only because I'm naturally anxious to see you get started right. It means a lot to me. Understand?" He lighted a cigar and forced himself into a position of rigid placidity.

"Of course," said Jerry, matching his father's tone. "I understand your point of view. You get a kick out of being the head of a big business and you want me to carry it on. But you get a kick out of it because it's your baby. You started it and built it up. You fought for it and put it over. I could never feel that way about it because I'd be stepping into something ready-made. Not only that, but I'd be no good at it. I'm not the type. Why, some of those wolves you've got in the company would get the whole thing away from me in a couple of years."

"No, no," protested Mr. Marshall, shocked.

"Oh, yes," insisted Jerry.

"Never," asserted Mr. Marshall. "The men who've grown up with me in the company are absolutely loyal."

"To you, perhaps," said Jerry, "but not to me. If you walked out to-morrow and I walked in, they'd all be figuring how to put the skids under me. And they'd do it. They've got sons, too, don't forget."

"Oh, no. You're wrong." His father looked pained.

"I'm right, sir." Jerry got up and walked about the office, looking at the photographs on the walls. One picture there caught his eye. It was a faded enlargement featuring two gentlemen in the tightly-buttoned jackets and shallow-crowned derbies of 1903, perched like proud squirrels on the seat of a spindly, buggy-wheeled horseless carriage: the Old Thunderbus. One of the pair, easily recognizable despite the years, was Mr. Marshall. The other, whose hand gripped the steering tiller, was a large man with bushy eyebrows, and a spade-shaped beard. When the photograph was taken, the two were partners. A week later they quarreled and parted company. They had never spoken to each other again.

(Continued on page 50)

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value instead of claims—try Ethyl. Your car will prove the difference . . . Always look for the emblem shown here.

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"knocks out that 'knock'" is tetraethyl lead*

ETHYL GASOLINE



Knocks out that "knock"



ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

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The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 48)

Jerry turned to his father and indicated the yellowed picture.

"There's an example," he said. "Carmichael. You'd have said he was loyal. But see what he did to you, first chance he got."

"We will not talk about that, if you please." Jerry looked surprised.

"Didn't you ever get the old car away from him?"

"I don't want to talk about it."

Jerry looked thoughtful. An idea began to trickle into his mind.

"But, the last I heard, you were going to offer to buy it from him, and bury the hatchet—"

"I don't want to talk about it."

The idea took definite shape. He smiled. "Tender spot, eh?"

His father drew in a deep breath and his eyes glittered.

"Leave Carmichael out of this," he said, formally. "He has nothing to do with our conversation."

"But I want to talk about him," persisted Jerry, evenly. "He interests me. You're sore because you think he did you in the eye—"

"Think!" exploded Mr. Marshall. "Think! I know he did. The car was mine."

"But he copped it," said Jerry. "And kept it. Results, you know."

He referred to Mr. Marshall's motto, tastefully spelled out in nicked motor parts on a blue velvet easel and reading: RESULTS ALONE COUNT.

The older man swallowed hard.

"What the devil are you getting at?" he demanded. "Come to the point."

"I was only thinking," said Jerry slowly, "I'd like to get the old bus away from Carmichael for you."

"Don't be a fool," Mr. Marshall said. But there was a gleam of interest in his eye.

"I bet I could."

"Not a chance. It's been tried."

"I bet I could."

"How?"

"Never mind. But I bet I could."

There was a moment's silence.

"You think you could, eh?" mused Mr. Marshall.

Jerry experienced that leap of the heart that comes to every angler when his fish takes the hook.

"I'll bet you five years of my life," he said deliberately, "against a hundred thousand dollars."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Marshall could not wholly conceal his excitement.

"I mean," said Jerry, "that if I lose, I'll go into the plant for five years and do my damndest to master the business. But if I win, you will give me a hundred thousand dollars outright and allow me to pick any career I choose. Sporting proposition."

Mr. Marshall looked from Jerry to the faded photograph of the old car, and back again to Jerry.

"Crazy proposition," he said. "But I'll take you on."

Solemnly they shook hands.

All of which explains why Jerry had journeyed to the remote hamlet of Waterboro, Maine, and why he was anxious to keep his identity a secret. For it was here that Mr. Carmichael lived and here, presumably, he kept the Old Thunderbus.

2.

FROM time to time, as he passed the windows, en route from suitcase to dresser, Jerry stopped to look out at the scene below, and to breathe in the soft spring air, so fragrant with scents of pine and sea. The temptation to leave his unpacking until later was strong, but for a while he resisted it.

The land in front of the house, after its first sharp drop away from the road, undulated gently for about a quarter of a mile, down to the shore of a wooded cove. To the right, beyond the two zoological islands that were the delight of Henry Gay, lay a small archipelago of others, varied in size. Beyond these, against the most distant of which the surf was breaking, glittered the opalescent ocean. Only Monhegan, plainly visible though eighteen miles out, stood between the mainland and the coast of Spain.

Drinking in the lavish beauty of these sights, Jerry gave thanks again that circumstances had combined to bring him to this spot. Uncertain though he felt as to the outcome of his adventure, he determined to let nothing mar his enjoyment of his surroundings.

On his fifth halt at the window, he noticed something that made it impossible to stay indoors any longer. Off to the right, near the shore, at the extreme edge of his range of vision, was a patch of green, surrounded by sand and punctuated by a tiny spot of red which fluttered in the breeze. If those unmistakable signs had not caught his eye, he would probably have kept his resolution to finish unpacking before going out. But golf was one of his passions, and seashore links another. He had brought his clubs, trusting Waterboro would boast a course, if only a scrubby nine-hole affair. And here was a course not more than half a dozen full iron-shots away. Only one green of it was visible from where he stood, but the way that single example was trapped, and its rich, even color, gave promise of general excellence. Jerry could not wait to find out what his chances might be of playing there. Dropping an armful of shirts, he dashed downstairs and burst in on Mrs. Carey, in the kitchen.

"I say," he said, "that golf course—what is it?"

"Hey?" The lady, busy with a lemon meringue pie at its most critical stage, was flustered by this sudden question.

"What's that golf course you can see from the upstairs window—down by the water?"

"What is it?"

"Yes."

"It's a golf course—ain't it?"

"Yes, I know, but what is it? I mean to say, is it the Waterboro course, or a private course, or what? Is it a country club, or what? That's what I mean."

Mrs. Carey looked a little helplessly from Jerry to her pan of frothy white of egg.

"Wait a minute, Mister," she boomed. "Wait till I get this here in the oven. I got to get it in quick, before it all goes flat. Just a minute . . . Now," she said, her concoction safely shut in, "what was it you wanted to know?"

Jerry repeated his question, this time more slowly and clearly. A gleam of understanding lit up Mrs. Carey's genial countenance, to be dispelled instantly by a look of horror. She whirled to the stove.

"Wait," she boomed again. "Wait till I get this meringue out of the oven. It'll be burned to a crisp." She flung open the iron door and gingerly extracted the meringue, baked to a delicate brown. "Just in time," she chuckled, a smile of satisfaction spreading over her moist red face.

"Now, then," she said, wiping a spangle of perspiration from her chin with the edge of her apron, "ask me that all over again." Her voice made the floor vibrate.

Patiently Jerry repeated his question.

"Golf course?"

He nodded.

"That one you can see from upstairs?"

"The same."

"Why, that there belongs to Mr. Carmichael."

"Mr. Carmichael!" exclaimed Jerry, momentarily forgetting himself.

"Yes. You know him?"

"No," he said, hastily. "No. I don't know him. Who is he?"

Mrs. Carey told him.

"A queer fish, what?" he commented, when she had finished.

"A holy terror," she roared, complacently.

"Well, that's that," said he, resignedly. "I'd hoped that golf course might be a club. Not much chance my playing on it if it's private."

"Guess not," agreed Mrs. Carey, adjusting the dampers of her stove.

Jerry thanked her and left the kitchen. He would have liked to ask more questions about Mr. Carmichael and his household, but he did not wish to seem unduly interested, and besides, he found his landlady's voice, in allopathic doses, a fearful strain on the eardrums. He returned to his room and tried to go on with his unpacking. His mind was too occupied, however, with the information he had just received, and its

bearing on his undertaking, to concentrate on the task. And when he caught himself absent-mindedly putting a pair of shoes into a drawer containing clean shirts, he gave it up.

He leaned against the window sash and looked out at the view. Down near the shore the little red flag fluttered provocatively in the breeze. The sight of it made him want to ramble down in the direction of the Carmichael estate and reconnoiter. It also made his fingers itch to swing a golf stick. He decided against the first impulse. There was plenty of time for reconnoitering. To start so soon might arouse suspicions. Selecting a mashie from his well-worn bag, and putting a few old balls into his pocket, he went downstairs to practise chip shots in the level field adjoining the front yard.

3.

HE HAD not gone more than a few yards from the house when he was joined by Lancelot. That remarkable edition of man's noblest friend, who had been skulking under a bush since Mrs. Carey had made a pass at him, now forgot his wrongs in the excitement of a prospective rough-and-tumble with the newcomer. It is a curious fact, but a fact nevertheless, that even though a dog may never have had golf explained to him, he senses at once that a club holds possibilities for entertainment. In this, Lancelot was no exception. Upon sighting Jerry's mashie, he emitted a series of pleased yelps, wrenched the implement out of Jerry's hand and raced in circles, holding it in his mouth. Appeals to him to stop were of no avail. Suddenly, after some twenty laps of the yard, he slumped down and tried out his teeth on the shaft. Fortunately this was of steel. Finding he could not dent it, the frivolous animal lost interest in the thing and allowed Jerry to repossess it.

One of the drawbacks to practising golf alone in a field of stubble is the ease with which a ball can be lost. Though you keep your eye on it and see it come to earth, half the time, on reaching the spot where it ought to be, you discover that it isn't. There are a number of occult matters concerning which man is as yet in darkness; and among them is the power of golf balls to disappear completely.

No less than grouse shooting, meadow golf, where one is in the perpetual rough, requires the services of an active and enthusiastic dog. In fact, there should be millions in store for the man who first produces a reliable breed of golf hound, that will point a ball, or retrieve it, on signal.

Jerry soon found that Lancelot possessed the necessary activity and eagerness, plus the eye and the nose, but that he was deplorably lacking in training. The moment he dropped a ball and began to address it, Lance crouched expectantly in front of him, shivering and whining with excitement. As he raised his mashie in the backswing, the tense dog darted in and picked up the ball.

"Drop it, you brute," commanded Jerry, sharply.

Lancelot, expecting applause, rather than abuse, was startled into dropping it.

"Now then," said Jerry, "stand back." He brandished the stick, and Lance, remembering other brandished sticks, retreated to a safe distance. This time Jerry swung and the ball flew, in a gentle arc, to the other end of the field, with Lancelot in hot pursuit.

"Here, Lance," shouted Jerry, "bring it here. Good dog. Bring it here."

To his surprise, the dog trotted back to him, huge tail carried high in triumph and waving widely.

"Now drop it," he ordered. And the dog dropped it. He stooped to pat him, and told him, again, how good a dog he was.

The second attempt, however, was less successful. In fact, it was not successful at all. Lancelot chased and found the ball, but, instead of bringing it to him, flopped down and began to chew it. When Jerry started after him, he loped off, deaf to all entreaty, taking the ball with him.

Jerry shrugged. A repetition of the first flawless performance had been too much to hope. He laid down another ball and made his shot. He made a number of shots. That he lost a ball or two did not ruffle him. It had been two months or more since he had lifted a club, and it was good to feel one in his hands again. He was glad to find he had not entirely lost the old

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THE BLACK SHEEP



FREAKY, different from his fellows, the black sheep has always symbolized the no-account.

You find him occasionally among the best families of human kind—the black sheep, one who is of less value to society than his brothers.

You find him *often* in a gallon of motor oil—one quart that is of less value as a lubricant than the other three.

It is a quart that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of oil—a quart that has little or no value in lubricating a motor—a quart of waste.

But you never find this quart of waste in a gallon of Quaker State—for Quaker State Motor Oil is not refined in the ordinary way. Every gallon of Quaker State is *super-refined*—carried a step further. This extra step removes the quart of waste that ordinary refining leaves in. In its place you get a quart of the finest *lubricant*. You get *four* full quarts of lubricant in every gallon of

Quaker State—so you really get an *extra* quart in every gallon.

And all four quarts are made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the finest the world produces!

Let your motor show you what a difference Quaker State can make in smoother power, in longer life. Drive up to the green and white service station sign—and have the service man drain your crankcase and fill it with Quaker State. Your motor will tell you—in sweet-running miles—to make Quaker State your motor oil... for life!

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Quaker State Specialized Tractor Oils are designed to give every make of tractor a longer life and a merrier one

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The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 50)

touch. Over in England, where he had developed his game to its highest pitch, some experts declared that Jerry's mastery of the mashie was equal to Bobby Jones's. Certainly it was a thing of beauty to watch.

While he was standing with his back to the road, occupied with his practise, a large open car came silently to a stop in front of the Carey house. At the wheel was the girl of the train. Beside her was the tall, dark young man who had met her at the station. From the tonneau stepped a redoubtable figure in pink—Queenie. The slamming of the door attracted Jerry's attention. He paused in the middle of his swing and looked around. As he stood there, staring, Lancelot, who had buried the first golf ball in a secret cache, bounced up to him, seized the one he had been about to hit, and galloped off with it.

A peal of shrill laughter burst from the balloon-faced Queenie, joined by harsh guffaws from the dark young man. The girl of the train merely smiled. Jerry felt obliged to smile, too. Then, conquering his desire to go up to the car and smack the dark young man, he dropped another ball and lofted it down the field.

When he looked around again, the motor had rolled away. Queenie, however, had not. She was leaning against the stone fence, watching him with undisguised interest. Jerry went over to her.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello, mister," said she.

"My name is Maxwell," he volunteered. "I'm going to board here."

"Pleased to meet you," averred Queenie, with an expansive grin.

"Pleased to meet you," said Jerry.

There was a pause.

"Are you in the pitchers?" inquired the large girl hopefully.

"No," said Jerry. "Are you?" This was a silly thing to say, but he was thinking about the girl of the train.

"No. But I'm going to be, some day."

"Good for you."

Another pause.

"Bet a cookie you *are* in the pitchers," said Queenie, knowingly. "But you don't want nobody to know it."

"No, I'm not. Honestly."

From her expression he could see she was unconvinced.

"By the way," said he, casually, "who was your friend in the car?"

"Him or her?"

"Her."

"She's Miss Sheila Carmichael," said Queenie.

Jerry's heart did a double somersault and fell heavily in his chest.

"My God," he murmured, under his breath.

"What say?"

"Nothing." He turned away to conceal his agitation.

"But the gentleman with her," Queenie went on, importantly, "know who he is?"

"Who?"

"He's a lord."

Jerry started.

"A what?"

"A lord."

"No!"

"He is, too."

"What's his name?"

"He calls it Bogard, but——"

"Bogard!"

"But he don't spell it that way. He spells it B-e-a-u-r-e-g-a-r-d. Can you beat that?"

"Bogard," repeated Jerry. "No, you certainly can not."

"I'll be damned," he said to himself.

For he knew very well that the dark young man was not Lord Beauregard. The real Bogey had been a pal of his at Oxford. This fellow was obviously an impostor—another impostor, like himself. He wondered what his game might be.

Jerry suddenly felt that the presence of Queenie was oppressive. He wanted to be alone. He wanted to think. With a muttered excuse, he left his vast informant and went quickly to his room.

(To be Continued)

Horse for Todd

(Continued from page 33)

when he's figured Charlie was O. K., and mebbe he'd been wrong himself all the time! Old Tomp's heart sank. He stuck the letter in his pocket, and crept out of the building, to find a car for the track.

Turning into a cold anger that crystalized as hard as diamonds, he gave his attention to business. He rubbed, walked and then harnessed young Chimes for his warming-up. His crucial race approached. Homeward Bound and Smarty Dillon must be beaten. Cox and Murphy must be matched and mastered—and so must Charlie Mosiman! Lunch the old man disdained. He was busy planning, hoping. His heart was heavy, so heavy it might handicap his black baby trotter, but he harnessed and blanketed and hitched. Old Lloyd walked the colt while he put on his new jacket and cap. "Like yo' colt to-day, old timer?" asked Kentuck.

"This way, Lloyd," Tomp replied. He pulled out his roll, and with a steady hand, counted out two hundred dollars. "Get me win tickets, will you? They've been in four hard races in three weeks, Cox and Murphy's colts have."

KENTUCK did not know old Tomp was staking almost his last dollar and all the rest of his life on this one struggle.

"Luck, old timer," he said, and hurried away.

Out on the track, Tomp lifted a leg over the bike seat, and climbed aboard. Calmly, he turned for the word. Facing front, the way he wanted to go. Not Charlie Mosiman's way. Damn Charlie Mosiman! Show him.

Now, this was a three-heat race, and only one counts in Todd's adventure. But the first two came before the third—which—they're off! Old Tomp, grim and cold, went away with the rest, and held young Chimes up in the bunch the whole mile. Homeward Bound trotted the sorrel Smarty Dillon to a break in the stretch, and Todd rode up to challenge, but had to be content with second place. In the second heat, old Tomp kept tight hold on his colt's head, and let Dillon and Homeward Bound battle it out for the lead. He sat in behind them, all the way, young Chimes trotting steadily but pulling hard against the bit. Straightened out past the last turn, Cox and Murphy set fire to their mounts, and Tomp rode right along. This time the bay Homeward Bound went up in the air, and Tomp chased Murphy home. Second, again; hard held, both times, most of the way. The crowd roared its approval of the keen duel between

Cox and Murphy, Homeward Bound and Smarty Dillon, but overlooked the grizzled old man and the sturdy black colt.

"Nice trottin', Tomp," said Lloyd. They walked up the track.

"Next time we'll trot our race," Tomp replied, quietly. Together they rubbed the colt, scraped him, blanketed him and walked him to keep him warm. As time approached for the final heat, they returned to the stall.

"Kentuck, take this other hundred, will you, and get it on, to win the race?" asked old Tompkins Todd. He drew out all that was left of his roll.

"But, old timer," Lloyd protested, "they've beat you twice."

"Cox and Murphy have got a first and a third, apiece," said Todd steadily. "I've got two seconds, and I'll get my first, now. They've beaten each other—now I'll beat 'em! We can do it. Not all out yet, by a jugful."

Lloyd stared. It seemed crazy—and yet old Tomp had been out there ridin' against 'em. He should know. "Mind if I put on fifty of my own?" asked Kentuck, suddenly convinced by Todd's confidence.

"Help yourself. Price will be plenty long for both of us," said Todd.

His last cent! Maybe Charlie wouldn't like the gold horse! Didn't like betting, or racing. Charlie could jump in Minnehaha Falls. This black colt would keep him. And the gold horse—he could pawn that. He should worry about winter.

Gambling? Wild, long chance gambling? Perhaps—but not as Todd saw it. When a man has fed, watered, worked, trotted and driven, yes, slept beside his colt for months, he may know what he is doing. Old Tompkins Todd did not feel he was gambling. He had confidence in the colt, and he knew the baby trotter held a world of sure confidence in him.

But he made one overture to the Great God Chance! When Lloyd had gone, the old man called a boy to help him hitch McKinney Chimes and then, as the boy held the colt's head, went into his stall. He opened the trunk and took out the little gold horse. After looking at it a moment, he tried to put it in the pocket of his jacket. It was too big. He tried to push it into a trousers pocket, but the pocket was too small. In despair, he looked about. A piece of string hanging on a nail solved his problem. He tied the string to the gold horse, made a loop, hung the piece about his neck under the

jacket, and buttoned the jacket over it. Then he hurried out to take the reins and follow behind the sulky out upon the track. Young Todd and old Todd against Mosiman, Murphy and Cox—yes, against the world!

"Old Todd's young horse, and young Todd's gold horse," he muttered. "If that ain't a winning combination——"

Two warm-ups down the stretch, and they wheeled for the word. Two trotters and Charlie Mosiman to beat. Make him leave an old man be!

"They'll take it slow to the stretch," thought old Tomp.

"Go!" and they were off to an even start, Dillon, Chimes and Homeward Bound abreast. Old Tomp had come up smartly to get in line, and instead of watching the others, he let young Chimes step right along. Murphy and Cox chuckled to themselves as the old man went out for a ride, thinking he would merely play into their hands. Both took back, to let him set the pace. Each feared to make a race of it with the other all the way. Neither dreamed the old man and his colt could last the distance.

"Let's go, boy," chanted old Tomp. "One good even mile! Get in front, stay there. Last dollar down. Little gold horse! We'll not eat off Charlie!"

Young Chimes, reveling in his first chance to be free, hiked the quarter in thirty-two seconds. He led by two lengths. Cox and Murphy, fearing only each other, rode along behind. In the backstretch, old Tomp took ahold of his black baby and eased the gait, though Chimes struggled for his head. But he held his two lengths. Passing the half-mile post, in 1:05, Murphy and Cox decided this thing was not so good. Had no idea the old fool up there could keep his colt on the trot. Better go get him! Old Tomp read their minds from the back of his cap, for he loosened his grip on his black colt's head ever so slightly. Racing before these two sharps were born, he merely figured what he would do in their place, and anticipated it. So they whirled past the three-quarters faster, despite the turn. And still two lengths to the good.

Old Tomp carried no whip. Bludgeon a baby that would do his best, long as you were decent with him? Not Tomp. But he carried a voice. So when, heading around the turn for home, with the crowd and Murphy and Cox all wondering when that old fool out there in front would

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HE PLAYS BASEBALL FROM THE BLEACHERS

...Yet he has "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

HE practically runs the team from his seat. "Watch that bunt," you hear him yell. "Cover second on that throw"—"s-l-i-d-e"—his lungs get all the exercise, but his feet would feel strange in "spikes."

Yet this hard-playing member of the Bleacher Brigade has a well-defined case of "Athlete's Foot." He is bothered by a dry, scaly condition of the skin between his toes, with i-t-c-h-i-n-g.* It's a nagging infection and seems to be getting worse every day, but he doesn't know what it is or how to get rid of it.

And he is only one of millions of Americans who have the ringworm infection, commonly called "Athlete's Foot," and who wonder what it is!

*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease— So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been 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.

*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.



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 only a very 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.

**QUICK RELIEF FOR
SUNBURN too!**
Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan.

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FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED
SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR
ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS,
CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.



Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write
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410 Lyman Street
Springfield, Mass.

Horse for Todd

(Continued from page 52)

crack, Tomp called on his only resource aside from his hands and his brain.

Murphy came fast, inside, calling for the rail. Old Tomp could feel the sorrel Dillon's breathing, over his left shoulder. Outside, on his right, he could hear the pounding, pelting Homeward Bound as, under urging by the fast finishing Cox, he charged on to make his challenge. They came, the pair of them, smart colts, smart drivers, to pinch off the old man—down the stretch. And—

"Ho-o-o- BOY!" yelled old Tompkins Todd. "Hi-i-CH!"

Firm old hands grasping the reins, seeming now to tighten a pull, now to push at the colt's head, Tomp screamed encouragement to his baby Chimes. "Gold horse, baby," he shouted. He had to pull out slightly to let Murphy in upon the rail. And did so, gingerly, carefully, to avoid upsetting Chimes. Yet enough to force Homeward Bound out with him, at the precise instant Cox least wanted to go wide! Trotting true, the black colt thrust ahead, long striding, and steady. Old Tomp's heart beat faster—home now, just ahead! Not for nothing had he tended and babied his black colt. Trot was all he wanted—trot, and fight!

The sorrel Dillon came fast to the young Chimes shoulder. And hung there. The bay Homeward Bound, Cox driving all he knew, reached the other shoulder, and also hung. But only an instant. Rattling his whip, Cox urged his colt up, inch by inch, hair by hair, until Homeward Bound was nose and nose with

McKinney Chimes. His eyes on the bay colt's head, old Tomp saw Cox's colt was flattened out. If Cox held him there—

"Now, boy, BOY!" shouted Tomp. And in the next instant loosened his reins until they lapped, trusting only in his baby colt's racing sense and fighting heart. At once the answer to his desperate gamble floated back to him. For McKinney Chimes, wild to get away from these colts about him, fairly flew at an even longer and sharper stride. And Tomp smiled.

Homeward Bound's head went up, despite Cox, and the bay colt broke to a bucking, plunging run. And Smarty Dillon faded rearward, plainly outtrotted by the new black colt brought from nowhere by a foolish old man! McKinney Chimes was trotting for the little old man that fed him and rubbed him. McKinney heritage of trot, Chimes heritage of fight—these, and Todd's fifty years of horsemanship, sped the battle down to the wire! In a rush as swift as the flight of eagle wings.

A roar of disappointment as Homeward Bound broke, and a roar of surprise as Dillon's vaunted speed failed to bring him up to this flying black cloud. But as both roars died away, a new and greater uproar of welcome greeted the despised old man and his fiery-eyed colt.

"Horse of gold himself," thought old Tomp, taking his colt in hand as they flashed under the wire. "Two gold horses!" Then, and only then, did his cold old fighting heart warm to excitement. His face flushed in a grin, as he came back and saluted the judge. Licked 'em

all, including Charlie Mosiman. Guess he'd be independent now—as a hog on ice! Long odds, awfully long, on \$300. Purse money, too. Find a rich buyer for the colt. Show them—but when Kentucky quit trying to bring a rebel yell out of his old throat, and came out on the track to beat Tomp on the back, all that Tomp said was this:

"He ain't got no use for a horse." He said it sadly, ruefully.

Next day Kentucky understood for, having collected big winnings, and advised in a handsome sale of young Chimes, who was too valuable for a poor man to keep, he went with old Tomp to the postoffice. He read Tomp's letter, as it was written:

"Dear Judie, I am sorry I can not come up this fall to see my grandson. It is awful cold up there, and besides he will not be ready for work before next summer. Then maybe I can come and walk and jog him. Anyhow, I'm sending a money order for one thousand dollars (\$1,000), for his savings account. And also I am sending the little gold horse for Todd. I hope Charlie will like it, but if he don't—"

"Damn him," spoke up Lloyd angrily, "go ahead and say it!"

"Let him lump it. What I mean is," old Tompkins Todd's now softening heart made him explain, "let him melt it in a lump and sell it for gold. Be good to him, young Todd, I mean, and give him plenty to eat but not too much. Rub him regular, exercise him, and keep him warm."

Blazing the Backward Trail

(Continued from page 29)

the shirt as a mattress, until gradually it became comparatively soft through constant use. The balance of the hides I made into a sleeping-bag by lashing the bottoms and sides together. The deer-skin served as a blanket until the time came to cut it up into clothing; after that I slept in my clothes.

It was not until the third day that a rabbit strayed into one of the four moosehide loops. Food! And, to a limited extent, clothing. My spirits rose at sight of the limp form, although a pound-and-a-half cotton-tail contains little nourishment and no fat whatever. But the moral effect of the catch was of incalculable value at the moment.

A little weak, but triumphant, I walked back to camp, skinned my first rabbit and took up the task of creating fire. Before undertaking my trip into the woods, I chose for my purposes the bow-drill method. But in order that my newspaper articles would not lack the quality of freshness, I purposely refrained from trying out the system in advance. As a result, my first attempt ended, after an hour's strenuous effort, in complete failure! A cold sweat broke out on my forehead; my cave-man experiment seemed about to fail at the outset. In the wilderness, one's world centers in the camp-fire.

For perhaps an hour I rested. Two days without food had left me a little weak. Then, heartened by the indisputable fact that thousands of my prehistoric forebears had built fires by the friction method, I examined my paraphernalia to see what the trouble could be. My ten-inch poplar spindle seemed to be thoroughly dry; my poplar plank, seasoned and of the proper thickness. The permanently bent bow, with the moose-hide bow-string wound once around the spindle, seemed to rotate the latter well enough. But the hand-socket of sandstone, which I used to press the spindle into the poplar plank, so that its rapid revolutions would create enough friction to ignite the dust ground from the two pieces of soft wood, was a weak point in the fire-making apparatus. The sandstone generated too much friction—in the wrong place; and the depression was so shallow that the spindle kept slipping out at critical moments. This I remedied by making a new hand-socket of moose-horn.

With the new equipment and a determination born of desperation, I soon had the poplar

dust smoking. At the end of perhaps a minute the smoke spirals became thicker; in less than three minutes I had transferred the smouldering dust to a handful of carefully dried grass, shredded birch-bark, and wisps of jack-pine moss. Fanned by every cubic inch of lung-power I could muster, the handful of prepared tinder burst into flame—and was in turn transferred to larger strips of birch-bark and fire-killed jack-pine shavings.

The rabbit was cooked, *rôtisserie* fashion, and eaten slowly and carefully. The lack of salt was not a serious deprivation; salt was merely one of the luxuries of civilization that I missed.

I might not have been so pleased with myself that September afternoon had I known that for the next five days there would be no food whatever.

During the first week I was never idle a moment during the daylight hours. There was the making of birch-bark buckets, cups and other utensils; the sewing of moose-hide boots and clothing; a daily patrol of my traps, increased eventually to twelve; the making of photographs and the writing of newspaper articles; the keeping of a diary; a trip to the birch-bark "mail-box" once a week; the exploration of the surrounding country; the cutting and carrying of wood; the chinking of my cabin roof with moss; the search for rocks for the fireplace, and a dozen other tasks.

MY INVOLUNTARY fast was broken at the end of the seventh day when I discovered a pike swimming lazily about in the comparatively warm waters of the lagoon. Earlier in the day I had considered myself too weak to essay the trip to the lake, a distance of a mile and a half, in search of pike, but the instant I sighted this particular one I was galvanized into action. Dropping my birch-bark pail, I rushed to the narrowest part of the slough, about twenty feet distant, and blocked the exit with a partly decayed tree. As quickly as my waning strength would permit, I climbed the hill to my jack-pine shelter, grasped my walking stick, which was about six feet long and pointed at the end, and ran down to the spring. The pike, unaware that danger threatened, still swam lazily about.

Descending into the pool, with its sandy bottom, I approached as cautiously as possible,

hoping to make the battle a short one. But the pike sensed that something was wrong, and headed westward, blindly. That was exactly what I wanted him to do, since the slough became shallow at that end. I splashed, almost up to my boot-tops, after him. The water was becoming muddy, and I feared that he would go to the bottom and sulk, so I forced the issue by beating the water on each side and forcing him nearer shore. This ruse worked, and in a moment he was floundering. On the fourth thrust with my improvised spear, I got him through the gills. Flipping him out onto the grass-covered shore, I dealt him a blow on the head with the walking-stick, picked him up, and carried him in triumph to camp.

Food! After seven days, practically without anything to eat! According to popular conception of men in such straits, I should have bitten into the fish, scales and all, and eaten my catch raw, then and there. As a matter of fact, after a person has gone for two or three days without eating, he loses all desire for food; all he craves is warmth. Besides I knew that after abstaining from food for so long, it would be highly dangerous for me to start in again on solid food; that it would disrupt my digestive tract.

As I set about scaling the pike, which weighed about a pound and a half, I began to wonder how I would cook it. Roasting it over the coals would be the easiest way—but not the easiest on my stomach. I had always detested boiled fish of any kind, but boiling seemed to be the safest method.

RETRACING my steps down the hill, I brought a container of water, with much effort, to the top. Picking up four of the stones with which my outdoor fireplace was lined, I dropped them into the water, amid a great hissing and rising of steam. They didn't quite bring the water to a boil, so I took them out and put in four more hot stones. That set the water bubbling. By suspending the birch-bark bucket just out of reach of the flames and adding a hot rock now and then, in half an hour my "fish chowder" was ready.

Here again, I should perhaps have gulped down a quart of the liquid and eaten the whole fish. As a matter of fact, I dipped out a small

(Continued on page 56)

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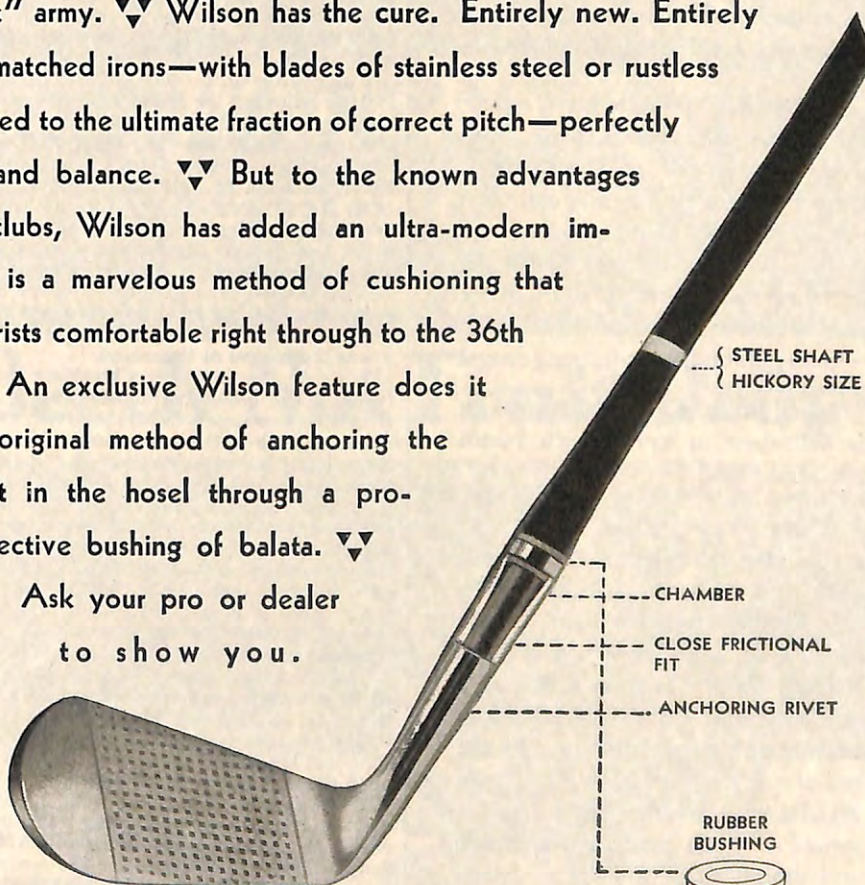
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MEN know the importance of keeping fit. This is why Elks' Clubs and other leading dining-rooms have such a demand for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN gives roughage. Two tablespoons daily positively guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation, ailments that rob men of vitality, enthusiasm and health. In recurring cases, eat it with every meal. How much better—and safer—than pills and habit-forming drugs!

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Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee, a delicious blend of real coffees, from which nearly all of the caffeine has been removed. It retains all the true coffee flavor without affecting sleep or nerves. At all dealers, in sealed vacuum tins.

Blazing the Backward Trail

(Continued from page 54)

birch-bark drinking cupful of the broth, sipped it slowly, found that it tasted rather "flat" without salt, and went very deliberately about reviving my stomach's interest in food. Finding that it accepted the first cupful, I tried a second—and a third, this time with some of the solid content. Then I put the rest away, for the rabbits seemed to have tumbled to the fact that a new and strange animal had invaded their domain and that it was no longer safe to travel along their runs at night.

In the weeks that followed I manufactured an English-style cross-bow, hewing the stock out of a ten-inch jack-pine that had been killed by fire years before. I also built a raft, without spikes or wire, simply by cutting notches, shaped like a pyramid with the upper half lopped off, in the jack-pine logs, driving in a cross-bar at each end of the raft, and using spruce roots to bind the logs together. Meanwhile, I eked out a bare existence with my traps and bow and arrow.

One day, early in November, I decided on a bold stroke: I would cross the Washimeska on my raft and see what lay to the westward, sleeping out in the open in my skin clothing and subsisting, in part, on whatever game I could kill with my bow and arrow. A quarter of a mile inland I came upon another Indian trail. Snow was falling heavily, the sky was dull and overcast and the wind was blowing from the northwest at the rate of approximately twenty-five miles an hour.

After following the Indian trail all day, skirting meanwhile four lakes ranging from a quarter of a mile to a mile and a half in length, I eventually arrived, just before sunset, at the Mikoasas River, although I didn't know the name at the time. In a thick clump of spruce, which would keep off whatever snow might fall during the night, I made a roaring fire and a bed of spruce and balsam boughs. Withdrawing my arms, Eskimo fashion, from the sleeves of my moose-hide shirt, and folding them across my chest, I slept comfortably through the night, although it was the coldest of the season.

The next morning, after a breakfast of rabbit (which I had brought with me), I followed the river down-stream. There were plenty of moose signs along the bank—bushes from which the animals had stripped the ends, and poplar trees from which they had gnawed the bark. After traveling about three miles, I came to a sheltered promontory where two moose had slept the night before. Moreover, the tracks leading away from the melted spots in the snow were not more than four hours old. Thinking I might get within a quarter of a mile of the animals, I unpacked my camera, put in the telephoto lens and took up the trail.

The tracks led almost to the water's edge, where one moose—a female—struck off into the timber, while the trail of the other, a young bull, led on down into the water. Evidently they had heard me coming, and couldn't agree as to the best means of escape.

If the female were on the run, I might as well try to overtake an express train, but the one in the water might still be within camera range. Fully expecting to see the young bull in mid-stream, I dashed out of the woods. This was a tactical error, for, instead of swimming away from me, he was in the act of clambering out of the water, on my side, a quarter of a mile up-stream. Moreover, he saw me.

Now, under ordinary conditions, the jig would have been up right there. But I had broken cover at the point where he and the female had parted company and the youngster apparently believed that I was his recent companion, for I was dressed in moose-hide clothing, with the hair out. At any rate, he was not in the least alarmed; it is altogether likely that he had never before seen a human being. Standing knee-deep in the water, he looked me over as I remained as still as a statue, then walked leisurely ashore and disappeared around the bend.

THIS was my cue to drop everything except my camera and run, not toward the bend, but toward an open spot in the timber where it seemed likely that the young bull would come out for another look. At the end of the sprint,

with my heart beating faster than it had in many a day, I dropped to my knees behind the bushes that lined the river bank and began frantically to replace the telephoto lens with the Schneider f.3.5. I was very busy for perhaps half a minute.

Imagine my consternation, at the end of that time, to hear the heavy footfalls of an approaching animal, headed straight in my direction! When the first twig cracked, the moose could not have been more than a hundred feet distant. I dared not move, for it was apparent that if I could hear his footfalls, he certainly could hear the click of the lens locking device. After a moment the noise ceased. Was he sneaking up on me? At the thought, I looked about for a way of escape. The only tree at the water's edge was twenty feet distant; could I reach it in time?

The footsteps now came nearer and it seemed almost certain that my presence was not even suspected. But this made the situation all the more dangerous; for when a moose makes up his mind to move, he loses no time about it. The uncertainty didn't add to my peace of mind, and as half a minute went by without a sound coming to my ears, I raised my head slightly. There stood the young bull, sniffing suspiciously and peering in my direction, his ears straight up, like a mule's. I carefully took out the telephoto lens; it was now or never.

At the first click, the youngster was on the move; I could hear sticks and gravel pattering on the river bank. Hastily jamming the long-distance lens back into place, I rose to my full height, leveled my camera at the curious moose, now broadside at a distance of less than fifty feet, and "shot" him. Then he was off at a rather hasty and undignified trot.

Just what I thought two weeks later when a telegram (sent from New York and brought sixty miles up the river by McKibbin) informed me that American customs officials had opened my package of undeveloped films in daylight and spoiled the lot, would have to be printed on asbestos paper.

SPEARING the fish and photographing the moose are merely two incidents that have been selected from a dozen others. To chronicle them all would require more space than any magazine could allot to a single article. Besides, they weren't so hair-raising; I had no hand-to-hand encounters with wild animals in which my life was at stake. True, it requires a certain amount of what is known as intestinal fortitude to cut one's self off completely from the conveniences and food sources of civilization; not to know where your next meal is coming from; where you are to lay your head that night; whether or not you can kindle a fire with nothing but some dry sticks. But I emerged from the experiment stronger, healthier, and with a more tranquil mind than when I began. The "stunt" which my friends deplored, in my estimation was fully justified. A decade of physical inactivity had brought about flaccid muscles and alarming waist-line contours; in my "cave-man" experiment my waist-line was cut down five inches and my weight reduced 23½ pounds. I have demonstrated that the average man need not starve to death if lost in the wilderness; that he is something more than a cog in the whirling machinery of a noisy metropolis; that he can go without food for a week or two, if necessary; and that man—even civilized man—is a hardy animal.

It was great fun to turn back the pages of history ten thousand years; to prove that man can adapt himself to almost any situation. For the first time in my life, as I squatted in front of a fire kindled with my own hands, replete with food provided, not by the butcher and grocer, but by myself, I realized what fire must have meant to primitive man and what a simple and independent life he lived. It is a glorious feeling to know that one is living entirely by one's own efforts. Of course, the Stone Age life is not, as a Londoner might put it, all beer and skittles. But I have found it an interesting and novel road to health and increased vigor for the person whose strength and resourcefulness have been impaired by the artificial conditions under which we live.

Wings Across the Sea

(Continued from page 16)

to begin the service with four 'dromes, making flights with mail only. Any defects in the operating system will be made apparent in the first period, before the other "islands" are added and passenger transportation begun.

Until the safety of the scheme has been proved, there may be several "refuge buoys" placed between the main bases. And at all times there will be fast boats ready at the seadromes, in the unlikely event of a forced landing. But with modern engines and with a power-plant of six or more engines, the possibility of this is remote. In case of extremely bad weather, planes can be held at the 'dromes until reports from the next station indicate that all is clear. This is the main difficulty of transoceanic flying now—the lack of suitable weather information covering the entire area to be flown.

For night flying, the seadromes are to be equipped with powerful beacons, Neon fog-lights, and the usual flood-lighting units. Power will be plentiful, being supplied from the 'drome's dynamos on the second deck level.

Though the seadromes can be towed ashore for drydocking and inspection, this will not be necessary for a long time after they are anchored in place, for the iron used below water will not be subject to much corrosion. Provisioning the steel "islands" will be done by ordinary surface vessels in calm weather when they can come alongside.

BUT though the seadrome plan is rapidly going forward, with the backing of capital and the guidance of experienced engineers, the first chain of 'dromes cannot be ready for several years. In the meantime several other agencies are at work on the problem of transoceanic flying. Probably the first regular service will be established by dirigibles of the Graf Zeppelin type, but larger. The reason for this is that the dirigible does not require the intermediate bases necessary for planes with a pay-load. It can cross the sea with a large number of passengers, operating between two stations with mooring masts and suitable hangar facilities.

Undoubtedly, it will later be supplanted by the airplane, because of the low speed of the dirigible and the steadily increasing speed of the heavier-than-air craft. In addition, the airplane is less subject to bad weather, especially when it can alight at a mid-ocean base and wait till a storm center has passed. A violent storm may render a dirigible helpless, for a gale of ninety miles an hour will not only halt its forward progress, but actually drift it backward, though its engines may be wide open. The speed of the dirigible is about seventy miles an hour, at best.

However, the success of the Graf Zeppelin's world-circling flight and its transatlantic journeys have indicated that there is a traveling public ready to use this form of air transport. The Goodyear Company has, therefore, formed a corporation to establish airship travel over both the Pacific and the Atlantic Ocean.

The first ship will fly the Pacific, operating from California to Japan, with stops at Honolulu and Manila. An enormous \$2,500,000 base is being built in southern California, similar to the one at Akron, Ohio, where the two great Navy dirigibles are being constructed. The ship which will inaugurate the service to the Orient is to be the largest passenger dirigible in the world. It will contain 6,500,000 cubic feet of helium, the non-inflammable gas which has replaced the more dangerous hydrogen formerly used in balloons.

One of the great advantages of the dirigible is that space is not at a premium as in a plane. The cabin of the Goodyear ship will be more roomy than that of a plane carrying the same number of passengers. The ship is to transport eighty passengers, ten tons of mail and express for the Islands and the East, and a crew including a weather expert and radio operators. This modern air-liner will cost eight million dollars.

Dirigibles are especially suited for trans-Pacific travel because of the generally calm weather over the Pacific Ocean and also because of the tediously long sea journeys now necessary for travelers between California and the Orient. The airship journey, nicely broken by short stops at Romantic Hawaii and the tropical

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Where the "formula"
calls for Ginger Ale
but your taste
calls for
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satisfy
both with

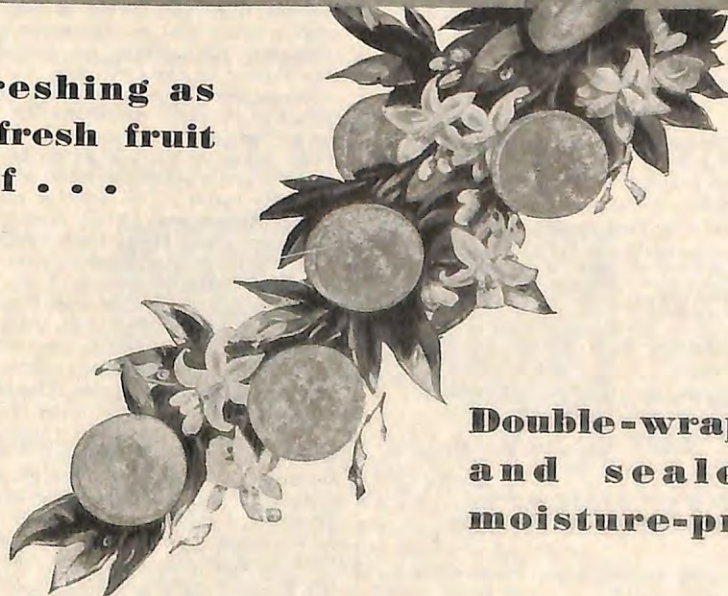
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THE ONLY GINGER ALE MADE WITH WHITE ROCK WATER

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Refreshing as
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itself . . .



**Double-wrapped
and sealed —
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ORANGE ♦ LEMON ♦ LIME ♦ *flavors*

Wings Across the Sea

(Continued from page 57)

Philippines, will be a pleasant relief for the Pacific Ocean traveler. And the speeding up of important mail between Asia and the United States will result in benefits to both countries, as well as to the airship company carrying the mail.

A second trans-Pacific dirigible will be added as soon as possible after the service is begun. When operations have shown the best system of maintaining the airship line, especially as to constant supply of weather data to the ship while en route, a similar service will be started on the Atlantic. The American base for the Atlantic route is already available at Akron and a similar base is to be constructed at Friedrichshafen, Germany.

These airships will be better furnished than was the Graf Zeppelin. They will be heated, provided with a promenade and made more attractive to appeal to the ocean journeyer. By the use of a more elaborate radio apparatus than could be carried on an airplane, constant two-way radio communication can be maintained from dirigible to coastal or island stations, as well as enabling the pickup of weather information from surface vessels at sea.

Several dirigible disasters in the past have given rise to the idea that failure of one or two of the engines meant grave difficulties in controlling an airship. But the Graf Zeppelin was able to return to her base in Germany after an 80 per cent. failure of her power plant, and this has encouraged dirigible backers considerably. As the Goodyear corporation includes German Zeppelin experts in its organization, the projected system will have every modern airship improvement and operating method at hand.

THERE is still another phase of transoceanic flight being considered, though the difficulties seem to outweigh the advantages. With the creation of the huge Dornier flying-boat, the triple-decked DX, rumors of immediate scheduled ocean flights began to circulate. The ship has the advantage of being able to land on fairly rough water, it carries a huge load and its enormous power-plant of twelve engines makes engine failure almost impossible.

The interior of the DX, with its comfortable dining-cabin, its lounging salon and spacious compartments, appeals to the traveler as the utmost in comfort and refinement. But the DX is not fitted for regular passenger service any more than a smaller plane, in so far as its pay-load is concerned. Its twelve engines require an unusually large supply of fuel and to carry enough fuel for a non-stop flight would almost eliminate the transportation of passengers. To pay a fair profit, an arrangement would have to be made for refueling.

Refueling means an established base, unless it is attempted in mid-air, which is not practicable—and not at all safe in weather often experienced over the Atlantic. The big ship might alight and refuel from a tender, but in a bad sea this again would be impossible. Nor could a flying-boat use the seadrome, since the customary landing-gear, on wheels, is necessary for use on the steel deck.

Except for the non-scheduled flights, in the nature of "stunts," then, the DX seems ruled out of regular commercial transoceanic flying, unless trips are always made in fairly quiet weather and refueling is done while the plane is on the water. This may be attempted, according to reports, but it does not offer the safety and reliability of the seadrome plan.

But between the establishment of dirigible service and the perfection of the ocean-going plane, regardless of what type it may be, there may be an intermediate step, if the plans of an American-Canadian-British corporation are successful. This company plans to connect America with both Asia and Europe through a northern route, without any large "water jump."

While this is not strictly transoceanic air travel, it does span the oceans at their narrowest widths. A description of the route has a romantic sound, for the planes are to fly from Winnipeg, Canada, over the wilds of the frozen North, up past the gold country of Alaska and across the Bering Sea where the Round-the-world flyers made their first bad "jump." Thence into the wastes of Siberia, down the coast into Japan and on to the warmer lands to

the south. Shanghai, Calcutta, Suez and all the famous countries and cities of the Mediterranean lie along the routes which could be followed after the first flight.

The east-bound flyer's route is less picturesque. He will board a plane at Winnipeg, having flown there on one of the connecting airways from the United States. He crosses Canada to Reykjavik and the Faroe Islands, with London as his goal. From London he may transfer to the Imperial Airways and fly to almost any point in Europe.

But the difficulties in development of this northern route are many. Bad weather makes Arctic flying perilous to all but the experienced pilot of the North Country. And there must be intermediate fields established in the wilderness, with markings, fuel and food caches all along the route for emergencies and facilities for "blind" flying, which may occur often.

But if the plans are carried out carefully, this northern route may be the scene of busy transport planes winging their way over vast stretches of ice and snow, through blizzards, and on to the warmer countries that lie at the end of these eastern and western airways. For those who wish to save time between Asia and Europe, or speed their mail, it may be the means of realizing their desires before the other two expected methods are ready.

One of the greatest difficulties that would be encountered on the northern route would be overcoming of ice formation on airplane wings. This danger would not exist in the colder regions, strangely, but in areas where the temperature was at freezing, or slightly below. A plane flying through a mist or a cloud at the critical temperature may accumulate a covering of ice before the pilot realizes his acute danger.

Nor is it the weight of the ice alone that causes the trouble. The ice forms on the tops of wings, changing the curve or camber, and alters the surface so that the lifting power is greatly reduced. It also makes the controls hard to maneuver, as ice particles wedge between the edges. And then there may come a blanket of ice which forces the plane down by sheer weight.

Colonel Lindbergh and one or two other ocean flyers ran into ice-forming clouds and freezing vapor while over the sea, and but for their former experiences with this trouble would probably have gone down. It is believed that some of the lost pilots were forced down in this way.

BUT a number of agencies are working on this problem, and it is likely that a sensitive thermometer with a warning light of some kind will be developed to signal pilots when they are in regions of the dangerous temperature, so that they can avoid the cloud, go to a lower and warmer altitude, or to a colder one, where the ice will not form on the plane.

It is certain that this, like all the other problems of transoceanic flying, will be thoroughly overcome by the time the seadrome chain has been established in the Atlantic Ocean. With the latest safety devices, radio guides and the most reliable multi-engined planes, operated by specially trained crews over the safeguarded seadrome-airway, air travel over the seas will cease to be a fantastic dream and will soon be an accepted part of our daily lives.

Perhaps those who ride at first will do so mainly for the novelty, as has been the case in other forms of transportation. But the ocean-going plane has its economic place already marked out for it. Bankers and industrialists are waiting eagerly for a daily mail service with European businesses. Like the air-lines of the United States, started as mail routes and now rapidly progressing as passenger lines, the ocean airways will become a necessary arm of our transportation system.

The cost will not be prohibitive, when considered in terms of time saved. There will be many to whom the saving of three to five days at sea will be well worth a double price.

The results of regular air service overseas can hardly be estimated now. Certainly international trade will be tremendously speeded up. There should be an increase of understanding and goodwill between the countries so connected—once they see that this line of man-made islands has not been extended toward their



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shores with any sinister motive. When this has been done, then American aircraft will at last achieve the dream the nation visioned when Lindbergh made that famous goodwill trip to the shores of the Old World.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 43)

Lodge, No. 735, a short time ago, voted to make permanent the temporary organization it has hitherto been. The following officers were elected and installed by Mr. Barrett: President, D. W. Sorrell, Durham Lodge, No. 568; First Vice-President, John O'Neil, Asheville Lodge, No. 1401; Second Vice-President, R. O. McCoy, Fayetteville Lodge, No. 1081; Secretary and Treasurer, T. B. Kehoe, New Bern Lodge, No. 764; Trustees: for three years, G. W. Munford, Durham Lodge; for two years, O. W. Patterson, Greensboro Lodge, No. 602; for one year, E. A. Braddy, New Bern Lodge. The meeting was called to order by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry T. Paterson. The Lodges of the State represented by delegates were Durham, Asheville, Raleigh, Fayetteville, New Bern Lodges; Salisbury Lodge, No. 699; Goldsboro Lodge, No. 139; and Washington Lodge, No. 822.

Illinois

THE Illinois State Elks Association will hold its annual convention this year August 7, 8 and 9, in Chicago. Trustees of the organization decided upon the place and dates after receiving from Chicago Lodge, No. 4, an invitation for the Association to convene there. Prominent upon the program of business for consideration at the forthcoming meeting will be, as they were last year, plans for the relief of crippled children. This work has become a major factor in the activities of the Association. During the last twelve months more than 5,200 disabled boys and girls have been treated in the several clinics sponsored by Illinois Lodges in conjunction with their State organization. Simultaneous with the issuance of the announcement concerning the convention in August, President Henry C. Warner made public the appointment of the Rev. Joseph Loneragan as Chaplain of the Association, to succeed the late Rev. V. H. Webb who died early this year. Father Loneragan was formerly a national Chaplain of the American Legion. Among the recent events to take place within the Association have been four district meetings. Members of the Southern District gathered at West Frankfort Lodge, No. 1340; those of the West Central at Pekin Lodge, No. 1271; those of the East Central at Streator Lodge, No. 591; and those of the Northwestern at Dixon Lodge, No. 779.

Minnesota

AT THE spring meeting, recently, of the Minnesota State Elks Association, at the Home of St. Paul Lodge, No. 59, it was decided to hold the State Convention at Bemidji, Minn., June 26, 27 and 28. The first two days will be devoted to business and programmed contests; the closing day will provide an opportunity for the guests to visit Red Lake, where they will be shown modern lumbering methods.

New Jersey

FIFTY-THREE of the fifty-eight Lodges in New Jersey, at the third quarterly meeting of the Elks Association of that State, held at the Home of Ridgewood Lodge, No. 1455, pledged recently their participation in the Grand Lodge Parade at Atlantic City in July. The marchers of the New Jersey Lodges will form a solid body of four divisions, headed by Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276. Each Lodge will be uniformed distinctively and its representatives in the procession will conduct themselves according to the rules prescribed by the Better Parades Committee of the Association. Features of the meeting at Ridgewood Lodge, in addition to the confirmation of these arrangements for the Grand Lodge Convention, were speeches by Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin and Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther. Mr. Conklin spoke in eulogy of the late William Howard Taft, former President and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; and Mr. Guenther

(Continued on page 60)

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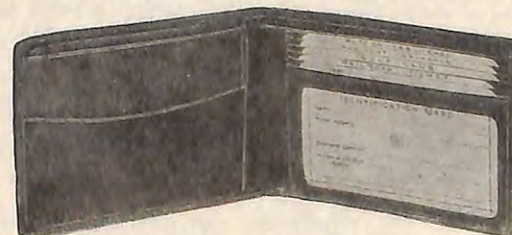
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News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 59)

delivered an address in praise of the late Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney. The Association, at the conclusion of the speeches, passed resolutions of respect in memory of both Mr. Taft and Mr. Rooney.

Arizona

AT ITS annual meeting a short time ago at the Home of Phoenix Lodge, No. 335, the Arizona State Elks Association elected the following officers for the coming year: President, R. William Kramer, Phoenix Lodge; First Vice-President, G. S. Cowden, Douglas Lodge, No. 955; Second Vice-President, Peter Riley, Clifton Lodge, No. 1174; Third Vice-President, W. G. Carlson, Flagstaff Lodge, No. 499; Treasurer, W. S. Thompson, Kingman Lodge, No. 468; Trustees: F. E. Flynn, Prescott Lodge, No. 330; W. D. Claypool, Globe Lodge, No. 489; and A. R. Kleindienst, Winslow Lodge, No. 536. President Kramer announced that he would appoint a Secretary within a short time. Delegates present at this session chose Douglas as the place of meeting for 1931.

Massachusetts

DEFINITE plans for the forthcoming convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association were disclosed recently when the officers of the organization met at the Home of Wakefield Lodge, No. 1276. For those attending the convention, which will be held on the Island of Oak Bluffs, June 7, 8 and 9, there will be provided, as entertainment, a clambake, a midnight show, a grand ball and a beauty contest. The meeting at Wakefield Lodge found not only almost a full quota of Association officers present but also a number of other notables of the Order, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond V. McNamara and Frank B. Twitchell; Past District Deputy

Grand Exalted Rulers Michael H. McCarron and James E. Donnelly; and George S. Harvey and Marshall P. Newman, Past Presidents of the Association. President Thomas J. Brady, after the opening of proceedings by Exalted Ruler William J. Carden, of Wakefield Lodge, presided at the meeting.

Scheduled Meetings

THE following State Associations have scheduled annual conventions to be held at the places, and on the dates, named below:

Alabama—at Montgomery, May 26, 27.
California—at Monterey, October 16, 17, 18.
Georgia—at Milledgeville, May 22, 23, 24.
Idaho—at Pocatello, in June.
Illinois—at Chicago, August 7, 8, 9.
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.
Maine—at Portland, July 23.
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 26, 27, 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, June 18, 19, 20.
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 2nd week in June.
Texas—at Del Rio, May 29, 30, 31, June 1.
Vermont—at Bennington, in October.
Virginia—at Hampton, in August.
Wisconsin—at Racine, in August.

The Grand Secretary Tours the South

(Continued from page 39)

Carolina State Elks Association, held in the Lodge room. A supper and dance at the Ridge-wood Country Club were given later in the distinguished visitors' honor. Early in the course of these festivities Mr. Masters made a brief address. To this the 300 members of the Order and their guests present responded with whole-hearted applause. The Grand Secretary and his suite spent the night in Columbia, departing for Greenville the following morning.

Inasmuch as it fell upon a Sunday, the reception, on March 16, of Grand Secretary Masters by the members of Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858, was informal, the entertainment taking the form of a buffet supper in the evening at the Home. It was attended by seventy-five Greenville Elks. Their Exalted Ruler, C. Fred McCullough, presided at the affair, introducing Mr. Masters as the principal speaker, and those who contributed briefer talks. These were Mr. Wharton; W. G. Sirrine, an attorney of the city; and J. P. Carlisle, a member of the Lodge.

Mr. Masters was welcomed to Anderson, S. C., the evening of the 17th, by Mayor Fant, on behalf of the city; and by Exalted Ruler J. C. Jones, on behalf of the Lodge there, No. 1206. At a dinner given by the members of the Lodge later at the John C. Calhoun Hotel, the Grand Secretary, introduced by Mr. Jones, toastmaster for the occasion, delivered the principal address, one dealing with the work of the Grand Lodge. Mr. Wharton also spoke, and emphasized in his talk the social and community welfare enterprises of the Lodge in South Carolina.

An attendance in proportion to the exceptionally large class of initiates turned out in honor of Grand Secretary Masters when he called, the evening of March 18, upon Asheville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1401. His, the principal speech of the evening, was followed by a shorter address from Mr. Wharton. Asheville Lodge, following the conclusion of the formal meeting, was host to its distinguished guests at a buffet supper in the Home.

The members of Union, S. C., Lodge, No.

1321, entertained the Grand Secretary at a luncheon, held in the Fair Forest Hotel, at noon the following day, March 19. Fresh flowers of purple and white, together with flags similarly emblematic of the Order, made the scene especially gay and inviting in appearance. After a speech of welcome by Exalted Ruler L. C. Wharton, of Union Lodge, Mr. Masters made an address which was heartily received. Mr. E. M. Wharton, of the Grand Secretary's official party, contributed a briefer talk. The visitors departed by motor early in the afternoon for Rock Hill.

Rock Hill, S. C., Lodge, No. 1318, welcomed Grand Secretary Masters and those accompanying him with a banquet in the Chamber of Commerce rooms in that city, on the evening of March 19. After an introduction by Dr. G. M. Williams, toastmaster for the occasion, Edwin Carothers, President of the Chamber of Commerce, welcomed the Grand Secretary in behalf of that organization. Entertainment, comprising songs and dances, enlivened the dinner, after which Mr. Masters, as the guest of honor, spoke upon the ideals and the immediate concerns of the Order as a national body. Both the content of this speech and the spirit with which it was delivered were pronounced noteworthy by all who had the opportunity to hear it. The Grand Secretary's address was followed by a briefer talk by Mr. Wharton, his fellow guest.

The advent of Grand Secretary Masters to Charlotte, N. C., Lodge, No. 392, the evening of March 20, was celebrated by its members by a banquet and ball at the Hotel Charlotte. Mr. Wharton and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul W. Whitlock were other distinguished guests at the entertainment. Former Mayor F. Marion Redd, of Charlotte, delivered an address of welcome at the outset of the festivities; and Col. T. L. Kirkpatrick acted as toastmaster during them. The Grand Secretary's speech at the banquet was received with intent interest and evoked hearty applause. Dancing, enjoyed by about two hundred members of the Order and their ladies, followed the dinner.

Attended by District Deputy Whitlock, Grand

Secretary Masters arrived in Salisbury, N. C., a few minutes before noon, March 21. Members of Salisbury Lodge, No. 699, after extending a hearty welcome, escorted the visitors to the Elks Home for an informal reception and thence to the Hotel Yaddin, where a luncheon was held in honor of the Grand Secretary. Past Exalted Ruler W. B. Strachan, acting as toastmaster, introduced Walter Murphy, the first Exalted Ruler of Salisbury Lodge, who expressed, in behalf of it, his pleasure at the presence of the Lodge's notable guests. Mr. Masters contributed the chief address of the occasion. He left, with his official party, soon afterward by motor.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the Grand Secretary arrived for a brief visit to Lexington, N. C., Lodge, No. 1255. To the gathering of members who tendered him an informal reception at the Lodge Home, Mr. Masters expressed his commendation of the appearance of the Home itself, of the standards of membership maintained and, in particular, of the record of Lexington Elks in charitable enterprises.

AFTER attending a dinner in his honor at the Sheraton Hotel in that city, Grand Secretary Masters was welcomed at the Home of High Point, N. C., Lodge, No. 1155, at an informal reception the evening of March 21. In his address to the large gathering of Elks present he voiced first his regret at the inability of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews to be present and then, in lieu of the head of the Order, proceeded to a consideration of the aims and present undertakings of the Grand Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler T. J. Gold, of High Point Lodge, introduced Mr. Masters. Others to speak were District Deputy Whitlock, Past Exalted Ruler Eugene G. West, of Greensboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 602; and Kelly Caviness, Exalted Ruler-elect of High Point Lodge. It was suggested early in the evening, and unanimously supported by vote, to dispatch to Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews a telegram expressing the Lodge's regret at his absence and its hope for his early restoration to health.

Escorted by a committee delegated by his hosts of the evening before, Grand Secretary Masters arrived in Winston-Salem, N. C., the morning of March 22. At luncheon, during which he conferred informally with Exalted Ruler W. T. Gray, of Winston Lodge, No. 449, Mr. Masters was taken on a drive about the city, returning in time to attend, as guest of honor, the banquet in the evening at the Robert E. Lee Hotel. There he, together with Mr. Wharton and District Deputy Whitlock, were greeted by a gathering of seventy-five Winston Elks. Judge Thomas W. Watson, holder of Card No. 1 in Winston Lodge, made an address of welcome; and Exalted Ruler Gray presided over the ceremonies and read a letter of regret from Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews's Secretary expressing the regrets of the chief executive of the Order at his inability to be present. The Grand Secretary, as the principal speaker of the evening, delivered an address both illuminating in its content and stirring in its manner of presentation.

In visiting Durham, N. C., Lodge, No. 568, on March 24, Grand Secretary Masters was joined by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper. The two former Grand Lodge heads were guests of honor at a luncheon in the Washington Duke Hotel, an affair attended, according to the declaration of Mr. Masters, by more members of the Order than he recalls at any similar function within the last quarter-century of his experience. He spoke only briefly. To Mr. Harper fell responsibility for the principal address and one enthusiastically received. In the course of the luncheon, entertainment was provided from time to time by vocal solos, and by instrumental numbers rendered by the orchestra of Duke University.

As the guests of Raleigh, N. C., Lodge, No. 735, the evening of March 24, Mr. Masters and Mr. Harper were present at the reorganization of the North Carolina State Elks Association, held at the Elks Home in that city, and supervised by Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge. The details of the meeting at which this was accomplished are reported elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, in "News of the State Associations." To the members of both Raleigh Lodge and visiting Elks from other units of the

(Continued on page 62)



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Visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 61)

Order, Mr. Masters and Mr. Harper made addresses concerning the activities of the Grand Lodge. Among other well-known members in attendance was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry T. Paterson.

Five Past Exalted Rulers of Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 130, were among the group, headed by Exalted Ruler Henry L. Moye, which welcomed Grand Secretary Masters and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper there at a noon-time gathering in their honor. Brief though the scheduled stay of the Grand Lodge officers in Goldsboro was to be, their hosts saw to it that it should be memorable. An elaborate barbecue luncheon was served in the afternoon and, after short speeches by the Grand Secretary and the Past Grand Exalted Ruler, the Goldsboro Elks formed an escort of honor to conduct their distinguished guests to New Bern.

Mr. Masters, Mr. Harper, and Mr. Barrett were welcomed at New Bern, N. C., Lodge, No. 764, by Exalted Ruler Roy F. Shupp, Mayor H. G. Tolson, a member of the Lodge; and others

constituting a committee of greeting. After an especially enjoyable dinner, the three visitors attended an enthusiastic meeting of the Lodge and thereafter were its guests at a reception and dance in the Home. They remained overnight in New Bern, departing the following morning, March 26, for Washington under escort of a number of their hosts of the evening before.

Arriving in Washington, N. C., in the forenoon, the travelers were greeted by more than one hundred members of Washington Lodge, No. 822, at an informal meeting at the Home. After an address of welcome by Frank A. Pierson, acting for Exalted Ruler A. G. Elliott, in behalf of the Lodge, and an early buffet luncheon, Mr. Harper, Mr. Masters, and Mr. Barrett gave short talks in expression of their pleasure at the condition of the affairs of the Lodge and of their appreciation of the heartiness of their reception. In the afternoon an escort of Washington Elks drove the Grand Lodge representatives to Wilson, where they boarded the train for Atlanta, Ga.

Little Golightly

(Continued from page 23)

The rest of the boys don't know nothin' but the river. But you're a scholar and you've got learnin'—and besides, it wouldn't be no trick for me to break your neck with my two hands if you let your tongue wag unfortunate—you know that."

"It's not to be denied," said Little Golightly, truthfully. "But what's the matter, Captain?"

"Hell" Bender fetches a groan like a mountain in serious trouble.

"It's that girl," he says.

"Oh," said Little Golightly.

"Yes," goes on "Hell" Bender, "it's that everlastin' girl. You wouldn't think to look at me that I was the marryin' kind, would you? Well, I ain't. But that girl—she's got me so confused and worried, that I'd give my right arm, by gum, to make her Mrs. Bender."

"Well," says Little Golightly, sort of cautious, "folks generally court a girl when they aim to marry her."

"DON'T I court her?" says Bender with another groan, "and me not a courtin' man. But I don't seem to get no further, no matter how I court. And the only consolation to me is knowin' that 'Hardaxe' Boland is in the same pickle."

"I've thought of one way to win her and I've thought of another," Bender goes on. "I've thought of burnin' the tavern and carryin' her off by force. I've thought of tellin' her I'd kill her unless she'd be Mrs. Bender. But there seems to be somethin' lackin' in both these plans—or do you think so?" he asks, anxiously.

"I'd give 'em both the go-by from this here minute," says Little Golightly, tryin' not to shiver—for it's in "Hell" Bender to do such things as those.

"Well, that relieves my mind," says Bender with a sigh. "For it might be quite a nuisance, burnin' that tavern—when Old Thorne can shoot so straight. But now I've thought of another thing," he says, sinkin' his voice—and it seems to Little Golightly as if he was almost blushin', which is incredible.

"Folks write sort of mushy letters to the girls they're courtin', don't they?" says he, almost in a whisper, with his face as red as a beet. "I've heard of it bein' done," says Little Golightly, still cautious.

"Well, then," says Bender and fetches him an awful clout on the back. "We'll try that out for a while. For I couldn't write her no letters before—me that don't know a B from a bull's foot, nor want to either. But now I've got a scholar—and you're him—and you'll write me the best sort of letter you can this very night—for I'll break your neck if you don't—and if you breathes a word of it to the boys—I'll break your neck some more—"

"Seems to be a good deal of neck-breakin' in this here business," thinks Little Golightly, but he gets out pen and paper and waits to take down Bender's words.

"How do you want to start?" he says, after a while. Bender breathes heavy and scratches his head.

"How would it do to begin 'My own sweet sugarlump?'" says he in a voice that's kind of shamed. "A feller I knew down-river wrote that way to his girl."

"You've got to commence a correspondence much more respectful," says Little Golightly promptly—for the mere thought of callin' Arna "Hell" Bender's own sweet sugarlump makes him burn inside. "Dear Miss Thorne," he writes. "I take my pen in my hand—"

"Sounds mighty formal to me," says Bender, disappointed, "but you're the scholar—go ahead—and if she don't like it, I'll naturally break—"

"That's understood," says Little Golightly, and he starts writin'. And then the pride of authorship lays hold of him and he certainly does write Arna a model letter, if it ain't in "Hell" Bender's style. When he's finished he reads it out, mighty proud. Bender listens, breathin' hard and scratchin' his head.

"Well, it ain't as mushy as I hoped for," says Bender, rather dejected, "but it'll do for a starter. And you can take it over yourself tomorrow—for she might ask questions about it, and you're the scholar. But you remember your neck."

"I'll remember," says Little Golightly. And next mornin' he prims himself up as well as he can and goes over to the tavern.

"Here's a letter from Captain Bender for you, Miss Arna," he says, when she lets him in. She looks puzzled and then angry, but by the time she finishes, she's laughin' to herself and her eyes are dancin'.

"Hell" Bender never wrote that letter in all his born days!" she says.

"That he didn't," says Little Golightly, very prompt. "I wrote it. And them's my sentiments. And what do you think of letters like that, Miss Arna?"

Then she simply laughs and laughs, sweet and clear as a mountain-stream.

"I think you're the funniest little man I ever met in my life," says she, "and it's a very nice letter."

"Well, then," says Little Golightly, hitchin' his chair a mite closer, "suppose we start discussin' the answer that must be sent." And before he's left with that answer, he and Arna is talkin' like old friends.

So it goes on for a while, whenever "Hell" Bender ties up by Currier's Bend—Golightly takin' the letters and bringin' back the answers, and him and Arna gettin' better and better acquainted.

But, good as the letters are, they don't seem to help "Hell" Bender's courtin'.

"I can't make it out," says Bender, shakin' his head. "That girl she certainly has an impervious heart. I thought it might be your fault, scholar, at first—for your letters seemed

mighty chilly compared to that feller's down-river. But now you're beatin' him holler—and still she don't heed."

"It's curious," says Little Golightly, smilin' to himself.

"And it's discouragin'—and I'm gettin' sick and tired of it!" roars Bender. "That girl's got to make up her mind! You write me one last letter—and tell her I give her a week. And then, if she ain't come round to bein' Mrs. Bender, I'll go back to one of my first plans, derringers or no derringers!" And Little Golightly knows he means what he says.

Well then, Little Golightly sees he has to think fast and careful. So he writes that last letter—but he don't put in it what Bender's told him to. Instead he puts in all the love that's been growin' up in him for Arna—and all the longin'—and at the end he signs it with his own name.

So, next mornin', he goes to see her, same as usual. "Letter for you, Miss Arna," he says, same as usual, too. But his heart is pumpin' and his voice sounds queer to him. She starts readin' the letter with a smile on her face. And then she looks serious. And when she's half-way through, she turns to him and there's anger in her eyes.

"How dare you write a letter like this from Captain Bender when it's things he never could think of!" says she.

"Keep on readin', Miss Arna," says Little Golightly. "Please keep on readin' till you get to the end."

So she does, and she sees the signature, and "Little—Golightly—" she says with her voice in a whisper. And then she drops the letter—and they're in each other's arms.

Well, we'll pass over what they said to each other at first, because there ain't so much difference in any young lovers' talk, individual as it sounds to them. But when they come out of the first daze of it, they have to start and plan. And then they're up against some mighty hard facts.

Little Golightly has been talkin' about the river and all it means to him and sort of givin' it thanks for bringin' them together, boylike. And Arna listens to him—and then she comes out straight with what's in her mind.

"I hate the river!" she says, and Little Golightly looks at her dumbfounded.

"Hate the river that brung us together?" he says, with hurt in his voice.

"I don't hate it for that, of course," says Arna, rapid, "and maybe I don't hate the river itself—bein' born and bred to it. But it's the ways of it I hate—and the ways of such as 'Hell' Bender and 'Hardaxe' Boland. My Pa was a river man, same as yours, and they knifed my Pa in a river-fight and that broke my Ma's heart. And it's folks like Bender and Boland that's made my uncle what he is. No, the river to me means cruelty and fightin' and evil ways—and our bein' in love with each other makes it worse. For 'Hell' Bender—he's the river and the cruel strength of it—and how are we goin' to break loose from him?"

"We could run away somewheres," said Little Golightly. "We could leave the river, Arna." And that's a great thing for him to say.

"No," says Arna, "the river's life to you—I can't take you away from it. And besides, just runnin' away never settles things. If there could only be peace on the river!" she cries, kind of wild. "If the river could only be a place where decent folks could live without cruelty and fightin'!"

"There won't never be peace on the river while Bender and Boland rules it," says Little Golightly kind of somber. "And you'd have to lick 'em to change 'em. But nobody except the one of them could lick the other. So they'd both have to lick each other, somehow—like the Kilkenny cats the wise man read me about in the reader. But how could you get them together—for they're kind of shy of mixin' it with each other."

"Well, maybe I could manage that," says Arna, "but even then—wouldn't other big men spring up to take their places and do the way they did?"

"There's just one chance," says Little Golightly. "You know that steamboat company that's been tryin' to come up-river? Well, it's Bender and Boland that has kept it from comin'—because when the steamboats do come, the old life on the river's over. And I've helped

'em fight the steamboats up till now—but now—well, Arna, we got some letters to write."

So, when Golightly goes back to Bender's cabin, he carries a letter with him. And "Hell" Bender hears the letter and smiles a smile.

"The girl's showin' sense at last," says he. "Tell her I'll keep the appointment."

Meanwhile a similar letter has gone to "Hardaxe" Boland and he gets it read to him somehow. And all that week Little Golightly is very busy, seein' the steamboat folks in secret and sowin' certain seed among the river-men he knows.

AT THE end of the week, Bender's and Boland's boats tie up by the tavern wharf together—and everybody knows somethin' big is brewin'. The two crews ain't too friendly, but the chiefs has issued strict orders against fightin'. And there's a great hush when "Hell" Bender steps out of his cabin and walks on to the wharf majestic, uglier than ever, with his hair plastered down with bear's grease and a new store-suit on his back. And as he steps on one end of the wharf, "Hardaxe" Boland steps on the other—and he too is dressed fit to kill.

The two men look at each other measurin'ly, while the crews gape—and for a minute it looks like a fight then and there. But I guess they must have decided against it somehow, for, without a word to each other, the two river-giants starts marchin' up to the tavern side by side, and the door opens upon 'em, and closes.

Then there's a great buzz of talk from both crews and they forget their enmity for a minute in bein' curious about what their bosses are up to. And then Little Golightly takes a long breath and steps out on the wharf. He's pale as a piece of chalk and his eyes is burnin' like fire-flies, but his voice is strong and firm.

"Men of the river," says he. "You know me—Scholar Golightly. You know I can tell you things that other folks can't. And now you're wonderin' what 'Hell' Bender and 'Hardaxe' Boland are up to in that tavern. Well, I'll tell you," says he.

"The steamboat's comin' to this river, boys," he says, "and it's comin' to stay." There's a growl from both crews—but he flings up a hand and, somehow, not a man moves towards him. "Yes, I know how you feel," he goes on. "I've felt that way. And I've helped you trick the steamboat men—remember?" And they remember the dodges he's put them up to. "But it's no use, boys," he says. "You can't fight progress. The steamboat's comin'—and I'm helpin' to bring her here. Because it means better times and decent livin' and—." And the gift of tongues has come on him, and he paints the picture of the river as it'll be when decent folks rule it and he paints it well. "And now," he finishes, "I've done. And I got your bosses, Bender and Boland, up in that tavern—because nobody could talk to you sensible while they was around. But it's you folks that's the real river—not them—and you folks that has to decide what's to come to pass. And now I'm goin' to let a man that knows more'n I do, talk to you—a steamboat man who'll tell you that the comin' of the steamboats means money and security for us all—and you can learn from him if I've spoke the truth."

And with that, as neat and pretty as pullin' a rabbit from a hat, he unlocks the door of the wharf-house and out walks a tall stranger—the steamboat-man that Little Golightly's been hidin' there till the right moment come.

And whether it's Little Golightly's white face or his burnin' eyes or the knowledge and sincerity in his voice—when he stops speakin', he's holdin' that rough crowd in the holler of his hand. And where, when he begun, they was ready to lynch every steamboat-man in creation, now they almost give him a cheer. But even so, Little Golightly ain't out of the woods yet by no means.

"You talk pretty, Little Golightly, and we know you're a scholar," yells one feller, "but what's Hell and Hardaxe goin' to say?" And a sort of deep grumble comes out of the crowd.

Golightly looks 'em square in the eye. "Will you give in if they give in?" he asks, and the crowd allows that it will. "But who's goin' to make them give in?" says a voice.

"If I do it!" says Little Golightly, "if I bring 'em both to you—licked! Will you call it a bargain?"

They look at him and think of Bender and
(Continued on page 64)



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Little Golightly

(Continued from page 63)

Boland. And they'll make it a bargain all right—but the general feelin' is that Little Golightly had better start sayin' his prayers.

"All right," says Little Golightly, "it's a bet." He marches up to the tavern, all alone. And the door swallows him, and they wait for him to come out in pieces and start layin' bets as to whether he'll only be crippled for life. And meanwhile the steamboat man is movin' among 'em, passin' out cigars and winnin' 'em over to his side.

But the minute Golightly's inside the tavern, he runs upstairs on tiptoe, makin' no noise. And in one of the upstairs rooms he finds Arna down on the floor, with her ear at a chink in the floor-boards.

"How's it goin'?" she whispers, and he nods. "All right—so far. Is your uncle gone?" he whispers.

ARNA nods. "There's nobody here but us and the nigger-boy—and them," and she points at the floor.

Then Golightly kneels down and puts his eye to the chink in the boards. And there in the room below is Boland and Bender, each with a bottle in front of him and each lookin' suspicious at the other.

"You said you come here for a drink, Bender," Boland is growlin', "and you've had three—and still you ain't startin' to go."

"You said the same yourself, Boland," said Bender, "and I don't see no signs of your leavin'." Then they stare at each other again.

"I got an appointment here in this room—at 3 P. M.," says Boland, finally. "Not that it's any of your business."

"That's certainly funny," says Bender, scowlin' at him, "for I got an appointment—same place and time and mebbe the same girl. And it's past three—and I been hearin' queer noises from the river."

"It's your crew cuttin' up, I guess," says Boland, eager, "you better go out and calm 'em—I would if I was you."

"Go out yourself and see if it ain't your crew!" says Bender. "Here's where I was told to be and here I stay."

Then they walk around each other for a minute like a couple of big mastiffs just before a fight.

But finally they both sit down again, and Little Golightly sees it's just as he suspicioned. Either one is ready to fight his weight in wildcats—as long as he don't have to fight the other. They know each other by reputation too well. And meanwhile, the time's passin'. And Little Golightly's mouth sets down very grim, and he takes a shinin' thing from his pocket.

Arna sees him and she just manages to hold in her scream.

"You ain't goin' to shoot 'em, Joe—and them unarmed," she whispers, low and anxious, but Little Golightly just smiles.

"Knowledge is power," says he. "And I never yet knew a man shot dead with a peashooter." Sure enough, he's got a long tin

peashooter in his hand. And he loads it with a pea, and looks into the room below again.

Bender's over by the window, now, with his back half-turned to Boland. And Little Golightly chuckles to himself, and puts the tin peashooter to his mouth and blows.

Well, Bender jumps back from that window as if a white-faced hornet had stung him.

"Frazzle your vitals, Hardaxe!" he roars at Boland. "You slap me again and I'll give you the fight you're spoilin' for!"

"What the blazin' thunder ails you, you yellin'-toed porcupine!" roars back Boland, surprised and aggrieved. "I never hit you—if I did you'd be in the next county!"

"Well, who in the seven sad angels did, then!" yells Bender. "You're the only other heap of iniquity in this room!" And they argue around for a while, pretty mad at that. But finally they start to calm down. Only Little Golightly don't give 'em time, for he puts the peashooter to his lips again. This time it's "Hardaxe," Boland that jumps as if he'd sat on a newhoned curry-comb. He rises from his chair, slow and deadly.

"I told you I didn't hit you, you dish-faced piece of misfortune," says he. "And you acted like you believed me—and struck me unfair. So now I'll show you the difference when I does hit."

He makes a pass at Bender, and Bender is ready for him, and the fight begins.

Well, they say they heard the noise of that fight as far upstream as Riverbank and laid bets as to whether it was the powder-mill explodin' or just two outsize thunderstorms meetin' head on. But, be that as it may, that fight was a fight to remember and recollect. Down by the wharf the crews and the steamboat man stood frozen and gapin'—listenin' to the shouts and the thumpin's and wonderin' when the tavern would bust apart. Not one of 'em would have given a plugged nickel for Little Golightly's chances of even bein' assembled to show his sorrowin' relatives—but they had to admit that his death-agonies was lastin' somethin' remarkable—though none of 'em hankered to get any closer to the scene of action for fear of bein' dispersed to the four winds.

FINALLY, however, the noise dies down and a calm like Sunday mornin' follows it. And slow, very slow, the two crews begin to steal up to the tavern, to hear the news and help sweep up Little Golightly. They're gathered in front of the door, all sort of awed and respectful—and some of 'em have their hats off already, for though they's only rough river-folks, they has respect for the dead.

Then the door of the tavern opens—and the nearest man jumps back. And there's Little Golightly and Arna and the nigger-boy—all three pushin' and tuggin' at a limp mountain of a man. They get him out on the porch and prop him against the wall—and it's "Hell" Bender all right, but he don't look the same.

No, you might say he was altered almost everywhere. And when they see how he looks—and that Golightly ain't even marked—a long sigh of marvel and admiration goes up from the crowd.

When the three of 'em drag out "Hardaxe" Boland and lay him out beside Bender—and what's happened to "Hardaxe" is evident—that sigh goes up again.

Then Little Golightly steps forward, dustin' off his hands, like a man who's had a piece of annoyin' work to do and is glad it's finished.

"Well, there they lay," says he. "Do I win my bet?"

There's silence for a moment. And then a slow, incredulous voice pipes up from the crowd.

"Do you mean to say you licked those two—you, Little Golightly?" it says.

"Ask 'em," says Little Golightly, perfectly calm. He steps over to Bender and stirs him to life.

"Wake up, Bender!" he says, "I'm puttin' it up to you. Who licked you to-day, 'Hell' Bender? Was it me?"

Bender moves and tries to answer. He ain't rightly come to his senses yet and there's only one eye he can open—but that eye glitters with undyin' hate and rancor against "Hardaxe" Boland.

"If anybody licked me to-day, it was you, Golightly," he says slowly, "for there ain't no disgrace in bein' licked by a scholar. But as for that tub of tallow over there," and he stares at Boland venomous. "He couldn't lick a blind tree-toad with a blacksnake whip."

"You hear him?" says Little Golightly. He turns to Boland. "And what about you, Hardaxe, who licked you?"

"It was you that licked me, Golightly," says Boland, takin' his cue from Bender and likewise his hate, "for as for that giant skunk-cabbage" and he snarls at Bender, "he couldn't lick cream from a dishpan if his tongue was nine miles long."

"Thank'ee for the testimony, Hardaxe," says Little Golightly, and he turns to the crowd again. But this time, he don't have to ask if he's won, for they're all crowdin' round and wantin' to shake the hand that licked the two terrors of that time—and there's a new boss on the river and his name's Little Golightly.

Only some folks never is satisfied. So now the feller that piped up once before pipes up again.

"I knowed you licked 'em," says he, "for I heard 'em admit it. But what I want to know is—how? For it still don't seem quite natural."

Little Golightly glares at him mighty fierce. "I licked 'em by havin' knowledge—which is power—" says he, "and do you think I'd be such a dum fool as to hand you over that knowledge free? No, sir," says he. "I'm keepin' it for me and my home-folks." And the man wilts and Little Golightly puts his arm around Arna and kisses her in front of them all.

"I May Be Wrong—"

(Continued from page 25)

and I judge he is difficult to suit. Almost as difficult as Sam Breadon, head of the St. Louis Cardinals, who is giving "Gabby" Street a whirl this year. "Gabby" is called "Gabby" for the same reason that "Gabby" Hartnett is called "Gabby," I believe. The same reason every gentleman called "Gabby" is so denominated.

"Gabby" Street was a famous catcher with the old Washington club, handling the cannon-ball delivery of the then mighty Walter Johnson. He gained added fame by catching a ball dropped from the Washington Monument, a difficult feat indeed. However, if the Cardinal ownership runs to form, "Gabby" will find catching a ball dropped from the monument a simple little thing compared to managing the Cardinals. Bill McKechnie was largely responsible for the Cards winning their first pennant in 1926, and he suddenly found himself with

Rochester, said to be a subsidiary of the Cards.

Bill won with Rochester, and was called back to the Cardinals to succeed Billy Southworth in mid-season. Now McKechnie takes over the Boston Braves. Judge Emil Fuchs, president of the club, tried the unique experiment of managing the club openly and publicly, instead of subterfugeously, as is the custom of many club presidents, but finally folded up in some disgust, and perhaps chagrin. If Bill McKechnie can get the Braves out of the League cellar this season he is the legitimate successor to Houdini.

It is a toss-up whether his task is tougher than that of Heine Wagner, who takes Bill Carrigan's place as manager of the Red Sox. Bill used to knock off pennants for the Red Sox like breaking sticks, and at the height of his career, he retired from baseball to become a banker up in Maine. This apparently palled on him after some years,

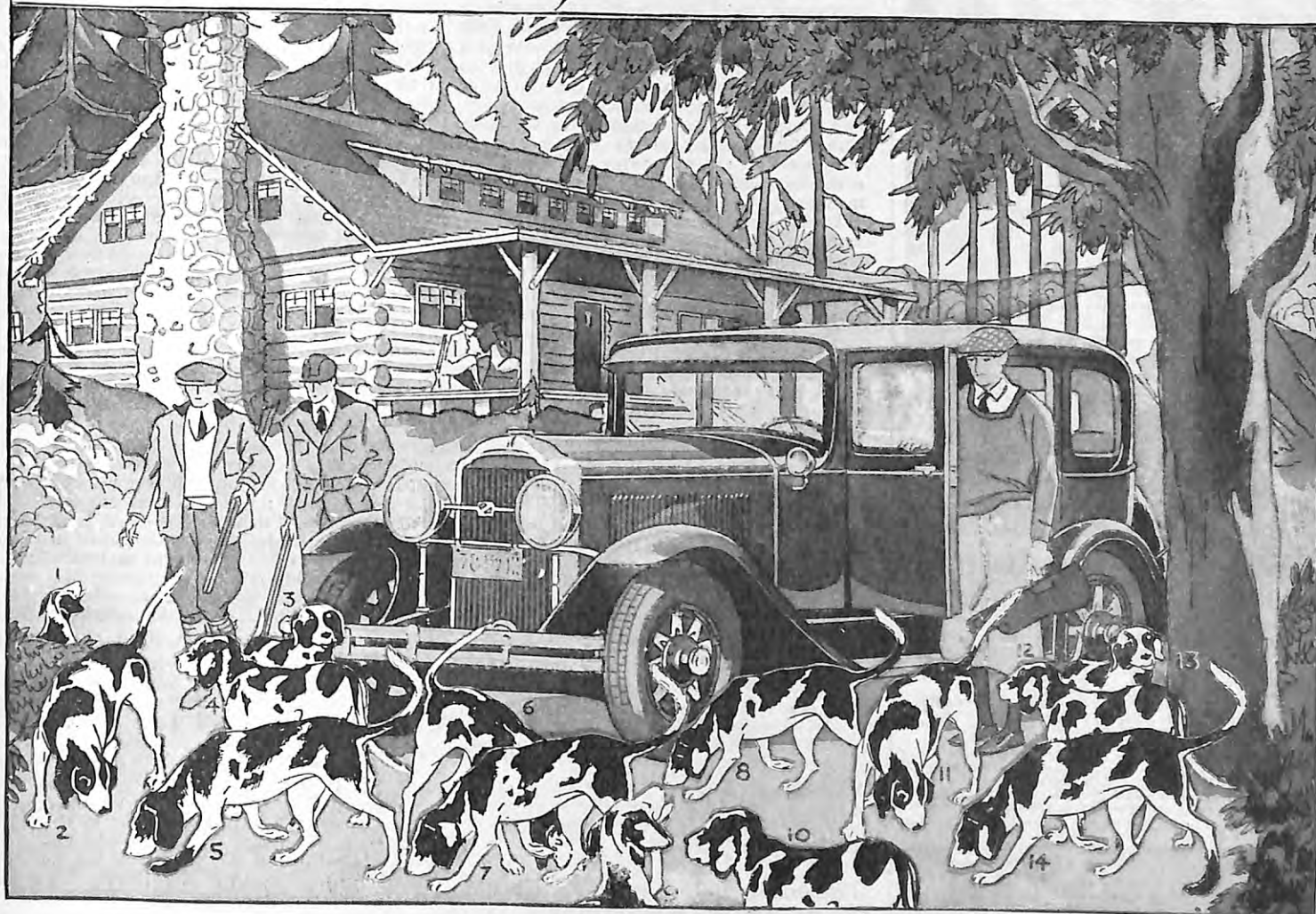
and he returned to Boston in the role of a baseball Moses to lead the Red Sox out of the bulrushes of the second division. As generally happens, Bill found that the pastime had sneaked past him while he was banking, so he has turned the job over to Heine, who was one of his assistants.

Wagner used to play second base for the Red Sox when they were larruping all comers. Never a man lived who could block a runner off that middle sack better than Heine. He was always regarded as a very shrewd baseball man, but he will have to be more than shrewd to do much with the Red Sox this year. He will have to be slick.

I must dismiss the Washington club with short shrift. Walter Johnson, greatest of the great pitchers of his time, was given a club to manage that was commencing to slide, and it will probably continue sliding. The club went from third

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"I May Be Wrong—"

(Continued from page 64)

in 1927 to fourth in 1928, and fifth in 1929, which would normally put it sixth in 1930, though I think it will drift a notch below that. Donie Bush will move the White Sox past the Washington mob, anyway.

At Cleveland, Roger Peckinpaugh, the old short fielder of that club, and of the Yankees, did very well last year, and figures to do better this season. Peck was a grand ball player in his day. Few greater short-stops have ever roamed the stretch between second and third. He has a good disposition for a manager. Moreover, at Cleveland, he has the assistance and counsel of Billy Evans, the greatest umpire of his period, and now one of the officials of the Cleveland club. Alva Bradley, a man with money and enthusiasm, is the new owner, and money and enthusiasm are ingredients that always help a manager.

Bucky Harris, once the sensational "boy manager" at Washington, and the only team leader that ever carried a flag to the nation's capital, is again with Detroit. I think his club will show much improvement, though I do not rate it with the first division. Just a fair club.

The Pittsburghers, under Ens, can scarcely be kept out of the National League's first division. I believe most of the experts pick them second to the Cubs, and some think they may show the way to the McCarthy crowd. I doubt it. I rate 'em third, but they better not stumble, or Bert Shotten, and the surprisingly stout Phillies, may swarm over them. Shotten has a great hitting outfield in "Chuck" Klein, who led the National League in home runs, "Lefty" O'Doul, who was the league batting leader, and Don Hurst, who blasted above .300 last season.

Where Shotten will fall down is on his pitching, which is the thing that will keep Your Uncle Wilbert Robinson and his Brooklyn Dodgers in the National race a part of the way, at least. Your Uncle Wilbert is generally strong on pitchers. An old-time catcher, I think he is

one of the greatest pitcher-coaches in the game. Your Uncle Wilbert likes to bring his club up out of the South in good condition, and to have his pitchers ready to win those early season games, and he rarely fails.

Your Uncle Wilbert once won a pennant for Brooklyn, but I do not think he will repeat that feat this year. Something seems to tell me that Your Uncle Wilbert will be battling down there in the depths of the second division by the time the Fourth of July rolls around.

You may consider it surprising that I have had little to say about the New York Giants. I fear the parade has moved on past the Giants, although the past record of John J. McGraw makes it risky to predict anything but the first division, and indeed the first three, for his club. Of all the baseball managers, living and dead, McGraw, in my opinion, has the greatest record. Certainly he was the most picturesque and colorful team leader that ever walked the field. I say was, because in these times McGraw, now gray-haired, and portly, rarely shoves into the arena of activity. He is content to sit back in the shade of the bench and direct his men from there.

But in the days of his youth, he was the stormy petrel of baseball, and his tribe rode high, wide, and handsome down the big league trail. Flag after flag fell to his daring sorties. The money rolled into the box office in a steady stream as jingling evidence of his showmanship and success. His outfit was always in the thick of the pennant fight, but this year his club does not seem to assay the old-time values.

It takes a bold man to place the Giants—or rather to place McGraw—below such as Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and St. Louis. But let's be bold. The experts in the McGraw camp in the Southwest seem to have high hopes for his 1930 club. I say it will not be in the first division.

I may be wrong.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 38)

the meeting comprised Liberty, which sent a delegation of seventy; and Middletown, which sent sixty; and Haverstraw, Catskill, Kingston and Monticello Lodges.

Visitors Swell Throng at District Deputy Fisher's Homecoming

A large and enthusiastic gathering, including delegations from many neighboring Lodges, assembled a short time ago at Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher upon the occasion of his official homecoming visit. The degree team, composed entirely of Exalted Rulers from nearby Lodges, conducted the initiation. Delegations were present from Yonkers, Peekskill, New Rochelle, White Plains, Mt. Kisco, Queens Borough and Port Chester Lodges.

Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge Entertains District Deputy Hanrahan

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and President William T. Phillips, of the New York State Elks Association, were present a short time ago at Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, No. 480, for the official call of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr. A large attendance of the membership, including Dr. Leon L. Abbey, Vice-President of the State Elks Association, greeted the distinguished visitors.

Two Events Mark Silver Anniversary Of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945, celebrated a short time ago its Silver Anniversary, marking its twenty-fifth birthday, with two social events. The first, confined to members of the Lodge, was a supper in the Home, attended by 100 Elks. The occasion was made the more noteworthy by the presence of a number of Past Exalted

Rulers and for the merit of the vocal and instrumental entertainment provided by members of the Lodge. The second event in the observance of the Lodge's achieving the age of a quarter-century was the holding of the Annual Assembly, at Maher's Auditorium. Seven hundred persons, including many visiting Elks and ladies accompanying them, participated in this, an especial feature of which was dancing.

Past Exalted Rulers of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Preside Monthly

In order to enhance the interest of Past Exalted Rulers in the affairs of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, its members voted recently in favor of a plan to invite one of their former chief officers to occupy the Exalted Ruler's chair at one meeting a month. This arrangement, announced by Secretary Walter Leitch, has, according to the same authority, met with decided success.

District Deputy Pays Homecoming Visit to Queens Borough, N. Y., Elks

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert was among the prominent guests to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin upon the occasion of his official homecoming visit recently to Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878. Some of the many notables present, besides Mr. Hulbert and the District Deputy, were James T. Hallinan, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Louis A. Fisher, of New York, East, and Jacob A. Decker, of New York, East Central; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Clayton J. Heermance and Peter Stephen Beck; and Vice-President Thomas F. Cuite, of the New York State Elks Association. Every Lodge in Mr. Navin's district was represented at the meeting by a delegation. Features of this session included the initiation of a class of fifty-two candidates by the

officers of Queens Borough Lodge, a well rendered musical program by the Glee Club, directed by Mr. Heermance, and a fine exhibition by the Drill Team of the Lodge.

Whist Party Earnings of Rochester, N. H., Elks Uniform Boy Scouts

Rochester, N. H., Lodge, No. 1393, gave a short time ago a whist party, the proceeds from which were devoted to purchasing uniforms and other equipment for Boy Scout Troop, No. 1, an organization sponsored by the Lodge. This is the second such affair to be held. Its arrangement was prompted by the success of the first, which took place last year and which enabled the Lodge to uniform the entire Troop and to permit it, on Memorial Day and Flag Day in 1929, to present an exceptionally smart appearance.

M. G. McCormick, Long Treasurer of Washington, D. C., Lodge Resigns

To the regret of his fellow members in Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, Michael G. McCormick, one of the two living charter members and for a total of thirty-two years Treasurer of the Lodge, voluntarily relinquished a short time ago his service in that office. First elected Treasurer in 1890, Mr. McCormick served until 1894, when he made a trip abroad. In 1902 he returned to be chosen for the post again and to be maintained in it until just recently, when he declined to accept nomination for another year. Representative of Mr. McCormick's achievements in benefiting Washington Lodge during his extended and active participation in its affairs was his success, a few years ago, in enabling the Lodge to clear itself of a \$50,000 indebtedness against the title to its Home, and in organizing thereafter its sinking fund, now grown to \$101,000.

Ashland, Ore., Lodge Celebrates Its Twenty-fifth Anniversary

With more than 300 officers and members present, Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 944, recently celebrated its Silver Anniversary. The evening was filled with brilliant entertainment consisting, in part, of a huge banquet, followed by a special musical program in the dining room; a dance, a moving picture show and an extemporaneous skit enacted by Ashland Elks. Secretary J. Edwin Thornton gave the only talk, a brief review of the history of the Lodge. Of the fifty-two charter members, thirteen are still living in Ashland, and nine of these have been Exalted Rulers of No. 944.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Elks Induct Members Into New Antlers Lodge

Assisted by the degree team of the Lodge of Antlers sponsored by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, the officers of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, instituted a short time ago the first Lodge of Antlers in the inter-mountain territory. The initiation of 106 candidates followed the institutional ceremonies. The occasion was notable for the attendance of a number of prominent members of the Order, among whom were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Rowe, of Utah; and W. F. Jensen, President of the Utah State Elks Association. The meeting of the Lodge was followed by a banquet given by Salt Lake City Lodge for the visiting Juniors and those newly inducted into their Order.

Havre, Mont., Elks Initiate Class, Filling Great Falls Lodge Quota

The officers, the band and a numerous delegation of other members of Havre, Mont., Lodge, No. 1201, journeyed recently to the Home of Great Falls Lodge, No. 214, to participate in the initiation of the class of candidates whose induction marked the filling of the membership quota which Great Falls Elks had set for themselves last December. With the addition of the eighty-one new members initiated by the officers of the visiting Lodge, Great Falls Lodge now has 1,000. Candidates for consideration in the future must remain on a waiting list until vacancies in the Lodge occur. The Havre delegation arrived in Great Falls at noon and, preceded by the drum corps of the host Lodge and their own

band, joined forces with the Great Falls Elks in a parade through the business district of the city. At dinner and later at the Home, the visitors were welcomed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Almon G. LeFebvre, C. T. Greg, President of the Montana State Elks Association, and others, constituting a committee of greeting. The initiatory work followed, the evening concluding with a musical program, a minstrel show and a supper.

Bangor, Pa., Elks Entertain Two Noted Members of the Order

Bangor, Pa., Lodge, No. 1106, was host recently, on separate occasions, to two distinguished members of the Order. The first event was the reception of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. H. Tobias, upon his official call; and the second was the entertainment of Lawrence H. Rupp, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, when he was present a short time afterward at a meeting of the Bangor Elks.

Father and Son Banquet Held At Omaha, Neb., Lodge

More than 200 Elks and their sons were present at the Ninth Annual Fathers' and Sons' Banquet of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, held recently in the Home. An orchestra and a band provided entertainment throughout the dinner. Members heard recitations and speeches by the young visitors, and many prizes were awarded for their merit. Michael J. Ford, the originator of the Father and Son Banquet, presided as toastmaster.

Death Claims J. E. Pottle, Once Head Of Georgia State Elks Association

While dressing to go to court, Joseph E. Pottle, Past President of the Georgia State Elks Association, died suddenly at the age of sixty-three of apoplexy at his home in Milledgeville. Mr. Pottle, the senior Past Exalted Ruler of Milledgeville Lodge, No. 774, was prominent throughout the State of Georgia in legal as well as in fraternal affairs. He was, at the time of his death, President of the Georgia Bar Association. From 1903 to 1916 he served as Solicitor General of the Ocmulgee Circuit, resigning this post to undertake a campaign for Governor. During the Spanish-American war Mr. Pottle fought with the Regular Army in Cuba, having the rank of Captain. He was a graduate of the University of Georgia. Two daughters, a son and one brother, survive him. To these, as well as to his host of devoted friends within and without the Order, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to convey its profound sympathy.

Sanford, Me., Elks Ritual Team Wins State Association Contest

Sanford, Me., Lodge, No. 1470, won first place in the finals of the first annual ritualistic contest of the Maine State Elks Association, held a short time ago at the Home of Waterville Lodge, No. 905. The competition was witnessed by more than 100 Elks from all sections of Maine, and was regarded as one of the finest exhibitions of ritualistic work ever presented in the State, the victors defeating Millinocket Lodge, No. 1521, for first place only by a fraction of one per cent. Prior to the contest there was a special meeting of the Association and it was unanimously voted to contribute \$1,000 for an Honorary Founders' Certificate in the Elks National Foundation. The trustees reported that the second annual meeting of the Association will be held in Portland on Wednesday, July 23.

Many Notables at New York, N. Y., Lodge for Visit of District Deputy

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and many other notables were present a short time ago at a meeting held in New York, N. Y. Lodge, No. 1, to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin upon the occasion of his official visit. Other distinguished guests were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Lester G. Brimmer, John E. Dear-den, James A. Farley, Clayton J. Heermance; and President William T. Phillips, of the New

(Continued on page 69)

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Stock Dividends and Rights

By Paul Tomlinson

"I HEAR that the Noname Corporation is going to declare a stock dividend," said the caller.

"So I understand," said the banker.

"A hundred per cent.; the stock ought to be a buy."

"Shouldn't be surprised," said the banker.

"You don't sound too enthusiastic," laughed the caller. "What's the matter?"

"You know what a dividend like that means, don't you?"

"Well," said the caller, "I know it means that if I buy fifty shares now it won't be long before I have a hundred, just double what I had before."

"And will they be worth twice as much?"

"I don't know about that," said the caller. "They certainly should be worth more."

"Why?"

"Because there are more shares."

"Do you know what a share of stock is?"

"Why, it's—I can't describe it exactly. It's something valuable."

"Sometimes it is," laughed the banker.

"It's a share in a corporation's equity, if you understand what that means. An equity is what is left over after prior obligations are paid. There is an equity in earnings after payment of taxes, interest, and so forth; there is an equity in the property itself after payment of mortgages, liens, and whatever other encumbrances there may be. The stockholders own the equity, and each share of stock represents a share in that equity, in the proportion which that share bears to the total number outstanding."

"For instance?"

"Well," said the banker, "suppose a corporation had one thousand shares of stock outstanding. If after paying all expenses, interest, taxes, et cetera, there was six thousand dollars left over for dividends, the stock's equity in earnings would be six thousand dollars, or six dollars a share. If the business were wound up and the property sold, and after paying off all obligations there was fifty thousand dollars left, the stockholders' equity would be fifty thousand dollars, or fifty dollars a share. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly."

"All right. Suppose you owned fifty shares of this corporation's stock. Your share of earnings would be three hundred dollars, wouldn't it, at six dollars a share? If the property were sold, your slice of the equity in it, at fifty dollars a share, would be twenty-five hundred dollars."

"I understand all that," said the caller.

"Suppose we go a bit further. Suppose this corporation declared a one hundred per cent. stock dividend, and instead of fifty shares you now have a hundred. Declaring stock dividends doesn't increase earnings or increase the value of the property; it means, in the case of a hundred per cent. stock dividend, that the equities in earnings and property are cut in half so far as each share is concerned."

"How do you mean?"

"Why," said the banker, "if there was six thousand dollars to be distributed as dividends and there were a thousand shares, each share would get six dollars; if there was six thousand dollars and two thousand shares, each share would get three dollars. If you owned fifty shares out of a thousand you would receive three hundred dollars in case of dissolution; if you owned one hundred shares out of two thousand you would still get three hundred dollars."

"A stock dividend doesn't mean anything, then?"

"I shouldn't say that. It doesn't change your proportionate interest in the corporation's equity, that's sure. Shares can be split four for one, or doubled, or anything you please, but that doesn't affect the corporation's equity or increase its earnings."

The caller thought a moment. "Suppose a corporation reduced its number of shares, and say instead of giving a new share for each one outstanding cut them in half. What would that do?"

"It would make each new share worth twice as much as the old ones, instead of half as much."

"Is that ever done?"

"Certainly. A man was in here only this morning, all excited because some shares he had were to be called in and half as many issued in exchange. He thought the value of his holdings were being cut in half, when as a matter of fact it was not being changed in any way."

"Why do corporations declare stock dividends?" asked the caller. "If it has no effect, what is the point?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the banker with a smile. "As a matter of fact it has effect, and there is a point. Let me try to explain. Most corporations nowadays like to have as many stockholders as possible; the more stockholders there are the more people there are to advertise and promote the corporation's products. If earnings are large stocks go up and eventually reach a figure where the number of purchasers is limited. There are few purchasers of Rolls-Royce cars compared with Ford buyers, you know. Suppose the shares are selling at two hundred, and paying eight dollars a year; if they are exchanged four for one, and two dollars a share is paid, then the stock will sell at about fifty, and there are many more people who can buy at fifty dollars than at two hundred. The chances are there will be a wider distribution of stock on the new basis."

"But it's worth no more in the aggregate."

"In theory, no. Practically, however, it may be. With a broader market it is probable that the demand will be greater, and when demand increases, price is likely to go up."

"That's a thought," exclaimed the caller. "Stock dividends are liable to help the stockholders then, after all."

"Very often. Sometimes this is done, too: we'll say that earnings might justify a ten-dollar dividend on this stock we have been talking about, the stock that paid eight dollars. Perhaps the directors will split the shares four for one and pay two dollars and a half on the new shares, equal to ten on the old. In a case like that the stockholders getting the larger number of shares most certainly would benefit."

"What about companies that pay dividends in stock instead of cash?"

"NOT a bad idea in many cases. It is done usually by companies that need money for expansion, and instead of borrowing they use their own earnings. The stockholders can keep the shares they receive as dividends and let their holdings pile up, or they can sell these shares and take the cash. Several well-known public utilities pay stock instead of cash."

"Don't some pay part cash and part stock?"

"Yes, there are all sorts of combinations and varieties."

"Tell me," said the caller, "what about rights? What are they?"

"Rights to buy stock?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose a corporation needs cash. They always do, you know, because they are always branching out and extending their facilities, and that sort of thing takes money. Of course they might raise money through an issue of bonds, but for various reasons they may decide that it will be better to sell additional stock. They give their present stockholders the first chance to buy this new stock; they give them the right to subscribe on the basis of say one new share for every five shares they own now. If you owned a hundred shares you would have the right to subscribe for twenty more at a fixed price, usually lower than the current market price."

"But what are the 'rights'?"

"You would receive printed certificates from the corporation and these certificates are the rights, or at least tangible evidence of rights. In this particular case you would receive twenty of them."

"And they have value?"

"Indeed they have. In some cases they are very valuable indeed."

"How is their value determined?"

"By the market price of the stock," explained the banker. "Suppose in this case we are talking about you have a hundred shares of stock selling at a hundred dollars a share, and you are given

rights to subscribe for twenty more shares at ninety. If you had to buy twenty shares at a hundred it would cost you two thousand dollars; with your rights you can buy twenty shares at ninety and they would cost you eighteen hundred dollars. In other words, the twenty rights are worth the difference between eighteen hundred and two thousand dollars, or two hundred dollars; that is, ten dollars apiece."

"Rights are bought and sold just like shares of stock, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes. They are usually listed on some exchange, like the New York Curb, and their value fluctuates with the price of the stock. If this stock we are talking about went to a hundred and ten, each right would be worth twenty dollars instead of ten."

"Suppose the price of the stock went down?"

"So would the price of the rights. If it went to ninety or less the rights would have no value at all. Another thing, rights are only good for a certain length of time; suppose they expired on July first; you would have to exercise your option to buy before that date, or you lose your chance. If you didn't want to exercise the option but decided to sell your rights, you'd have to sell them before that date; otherwise your certificates might be ornamental, but they'd be worth nothing."

"Could I go out and buy rights from someone else and use them myself to subscribe to stock at ninety?"

"Certainly."

"I don't quite see what the advantage would be in that though," said the caller. "If the stock is selling at a hundred, and if in order to buy it at ninety I have to pay ten dollars for a right I'm not saving anything. As a matter of fact I'm involved in two transactions instead of

one, and am only making extra trouble for myself."

"That's true," the banker agreed. "Lots of people have rights to subscribe to an odd number of shares, though, and want extra ones to come out even. Then, you know, there is always a possibility that stock may go up in price and rights bought at ten might show a profit."

"As a matter of fact," said the caller, "don't stocks of corporations which are about to declare stock dividends, or issue rights to subscribe to new shares, usually go up in price? You say that in theory stock dividends don't increase the stockholders' equities, and I can see that, but it seems to me that most people are pretty happy to get them. They don't object to rights either."

"Right you are," laughed the banker. "The truth of the matter is that no self-respecting corporation is going to take any action like that affecting stockholders which is not to their benefit. It has happened, you know, that stock has been split up several times, and that the new shares have become almost if not equal in value to the old before the split. Which points a moral."

"What?"

"That the people who keep stock received as dividends, and who exercise rights to subscribe to new shares, usually come out better in the long run than those who convert these benefits into cash."

"It's tempting, though."

"Yes," agreed the banker. "It has been my experience, however, that the investors who stay with the good companies and add to their holdings, are the fellows who come out on top. In other words, keeping good stocks is more profitable than selling them."

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

York State Elks Association. The active officers and Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1 gave a dinner prior to the opening of Lodge, for the District Deputy. Exalted Ruler-elect Samuel McKee introduced Mr. Navin to the assemblage. The District Deputy witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates and, at the termination of the session, was entertained by the Glee Club of Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878, under the direction of Mr. Heermance.

Many Elks From Santa Monica, Calif., Visit San Pedro Lodge

San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, welcomed more than 200 members of Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, at a meeting held recently in their Home. The officers of the visiting Lodge, under the leadership of their Exalted Ruler, William Flynn, initiated a class of candidates for San Pedro Lodge. An interesting entertainment, provided by Santa Monica Lodge, consisted of the drill team and the band. The evening was brought to a successful close by a lobster supper.

Liberty, N. Y., Elks Buy Home They Occupy, for \$15,000

Liberty, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1545, purchased recently, for \$15,000, the building which is now its Home. About one-tenth as much more money will be expended at once for improving the furnishing of the Home. Little exterior alteration will be made in the structure, however, because of the plans of the Lodge to build, as soon as circumstances permit, a new one upon the plot it has just acquired.

Many at Past Exalted Rulers' Night At San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge

A splendid attendance of members and the presence of visitors from several neighboring Lodges, made Past Exalted Rulers' Night in San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, No. 322, a memorable and enjoyable occasion. After a chicken banquet, served in the dining room of the Home, Santa Maria Lodge, No. 1538, an offspring of No. 322, performed the initiatory ceremonies in a finished manner. Another visiting Lodge, Modesto, No. 1282, provided entertainment in the form of a comedy skit.

Poppy Sale Will Afford Opportunity To Aid Disabled War Veterans

As a contribution to the success this year of the Buddy Poppy Sale, to be conducted the week of Memorial Day by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to give notice in advance of the approach of the enterprise and to urge support of it. The funds derived from the sale will this year, as in other years, be used, first, for the benefit of the disabled and needy war veterans at present in government and other hospitals; and, second, for the support of the National Home for Widows and Children of Ex-Service Men. The poppies themselves are made only by disabled veterans, and this occupation constitutes these men's sole means of livelihood. A copyrighted label on each flower guarantees its authenticity to the public. The Buddy Poppy Sale, planned in cooperation with the United States Veterans' Bureau, is endorsed by civic,

(Continued on page 70)

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

fraternal and religious bodies, as well as by business, professional and labor organizations.

Toledo, O., Elks Initiate Class At Home of Columbus Lodge

A delegation of members of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, which required two special Pullman cars to accommodate, journeyed recently to the Home of Columbus Lodge, No. 37, to conduct initiation ceremonies there. Forty-four Toledo Elks in all made the trip. Before the meeting both the members of Columbus Lodge and their guests gathered together to enjoy an excellent dinner. After the rites incident to the induction of the candidates, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick addressed those in attendance, stressing particularly in his speech the value of fraternal visits such as this occasion represented.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., Lodge Holds Annual Charity Ball

The third annual charity ball for the benefit of underprivileged children was held recently by Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Lodge, No. 251. A number of private dinner parties at the Elks Home and elsewhere preceded the ball and, as a special feature, dancing novelties by professionals provided entertainment throughout the evening. During the last year Cedar Rapids Lodge has purchased 263 pairs of shoes and sixty pairs of glasses for underprivileged children, and is at present building a wading pool for the children at the Home for the Friendless.

Two Montana Lodges Aid to Restore "Robbers' Roost," Famous Landmark

In cooperation with a number of interested citizens of their State, Virginia City, Mont., Lodge, No. 390, and Helena Lodge, No. 193, voted recently to join forces to preserve as a historic landmark the house near Virginia City known as "Robbers' Roost." The building, a two-story structure of logs, is a relic of the gold-rush days and is reminiscent particularly of the grim and lawless activities of Henry Plummer, the sheriff-bandit, and his notorious gang. It is the hope of those contemplating its restoration to make of "Robbers' Roost" an interesting objective for tourists from both Montana and other States.

Notable Guests at New Haven, Conn., Lodge's Forty-Sixth Anniversary

Both District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of Connecticut, Edward C. Cox and John J. Nugent, were guests of New Haven Lodge, No. 25, when its members celebrated recently, with a banquet in the Home, its forty-sixth anniversary. Notable among those who attended also were the Hon. Martin J. Cunningham, President of the newly organized Connecticut State Elks Association; United States Congressman William E. Hull, of Peoria, Ill.; Mayor Thomas Tully, of New Haven; and Adam Walsh, head line coach of the Yale University football team. Orchestral music, vocal solos and other entertainment enlivened the dinner, and the social session which followed.

Newport, R. I., Elks Feast Callers From Quincy, Mass., Lodge

Sixty members of Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, traveling in two motor-buses, made a fraternal call a short time ago upon Newport, R. I., Lodge, No. 104. Arriving early in the evening, they were offered hospitality at once in the form of light refreshments. Somewhat later came cheer of a heartier sort, a New England boiled dinner; and lest their Massachusetts guests feel faint on the journey home, the Rhode Island Elks set before them, toward the end of the evening, a supper of steamed clams. Speeches of welcome on the part of the hosts and of appreciation on the part of the visitors were received with applause. The delegation from Quincy Lodge left by bus at midnight.

North Attleboro, Mass., Elks Conduct Initiation for Attleboro Lodge

In return for an earlier and similar service, the officers of North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1011, conducted, a short time ago, the ceremonies of initiating a class of candidates into Attleboro Lodge, No. 1014. The principal speaker of the evening was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph D. Irvine, a member of the visiting Lodge. At the conclusion of the session, the Attleboro Elks expressed by a rising vote their appreciation of the manner in which the officers of their neighbor Lodge had performed their functions.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Elks Golf Club Building \$15,000 Club House

Under the direction of the golf club of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, construction began recently upon a new \$15,000 club house. Plans call for its being ready for use by the time the golfing season arrives. The facilities of the house will accommodate about 400 players.

Elected Exalted Ruler of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge for Fourth Time

Recently and for the fourth time, John S. McClelland was elected Exalted Ruler of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78. Mr. McClelland was Exalted Ruler for two consecutive terms some ten years ago, and last year Mr. McClelland's friends persuaded him to assume the leadership of No. 78 for a third period.

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Offers Old Home Building to City

In order that patriotic societies of their city may have, as they now have not, adequate quarters for the holding of meetings, the members of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, voted unanimously, at a meeting a short time ago, to present to the municipality their present Home. This gift to the city will carry with it only two provisions: that the city remove the structure from its present site to municipal property; and that the building be devoted to the use of patriotic organizations. Long Beach Lodge, at present occupying temporary accommodations at another location, is about to begin work upon the construction of a new Home, to cost \$400,000.

Bridgeton, N. J., Elks Stage Two-Day Show for Crippled Children's Fund

For its crippled children's fund, Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge, No. 733, presented recently on two successive evenings at a theatre in that city, a vaudeville and motion picture entertainment. Proceeds from the affair are estimated at between \$600 and \$800. The Crippled Children's Committee of the Lodge has a program outlined for the next few months which will call for an expenditure of \$2,000 in welfare work.

Nogales, N. M., Elks Plan New Home And Purchase of Burial Plot

Members of Nogales, N. M., Lodge, No. 1397, at a recent and markedly enthusiastic meeting, decided to undertake, during the coming year, the completion of two projects of importance. The first is the building of a new Home and the second is the purchase of a burial plot. Of both of these the Nogales Elks have for some time felt a need. The twelve months just past have brought about within the Lodge a manifestation of increased interest in its requirements, and confidence is firm now that the near future will see them realized.

Hampton, Va., Lodge Receives From Newport News Elks

Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, was host recently to a delegation from Newport News Lodge, No. 315, at the celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Hampton Lodge. The initiation of a class of candidates into No. 366 was conducted by the officers of the visiting

Lodge. Addresses were made by a number of prominent Elks from both Lodges.

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Receives Visit from Fresno Elk Troop

Two events of interest for members of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, took place recently. The first was their entertainment of thirty-five members of Fresno Lodge, No. 439, several of whom made the journey from Fresno by plane. After initiation ceremonies, conducted by the visitors, the Sacramento Elks provided an excellent dinner. The second event occurred a few days later when the officers and the degree team of Sacramento Lodge motored to Grass Valley Lodge, No. 538, to initiate a class of candidates there.

Oswego, N. Y., Lodge Gives Dinner To Boy Scout Troop

Capt. Stephen D. McGrath of the New York State Constabulary, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James H. Mackin were present at a dinner given recently by Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, for the Boy Scouts' Troop, No. 6, a unit supported by the Lodge. Both Mr. Mackin and Captain McGrath made addresses to the Oswego Elks present and their young guests.

District Deputy Logsdon Visits El Paso, Texas, Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry A. Logsdon made an official call recently upon El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187. Mr. Logsdon's address was forceful and received the close attention of the crowded meeting. For their conduct of the initiation of a class of candidates, the officers of the Lodge received high praise from the District Deputy. A supper was served after the meeting.

Hoboken, N. J., Elks State Ritualistic Champions for Third Time

For the third consecutive time, Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, won the New Jersey State Ritualistic Championship in a most exciting and closely fought contest held recently at Newark Lodge, No. 21. Competing in the finals against the Hoboken Elks were the ritualistic teams of Red Bank, Burlington and South Orange Lodges, winners in their respective districts. For this achievement, No. 74 is awarded the championship plaque, the formal presentation of which will be made shortly by the New Jersey State Elks Association. The plaque will now rest permanently in the Home of Hoboken Lodge.

State Association President Reed Visits Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge

Accompanied by his staff, and officers and members of his home Lodge, Perth Amboy, N. J., No. 784, the President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, Edgar T. Reed, made an official visit a short time ago to Asbury Park Lodge, No. 128. The fine attendance of members of No. 128 was augmented by a numerous delegation from Jersey City Lodge, No. 211.

Harry Bacharach Heads Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge for Fifth Time

Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach was installed recently, and for the fifth time, as Exalted Ruler of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276. The ceremonies of installation were undertaken by Lawrence H. Rupp, of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. The event brought out not only the attendance of an unusually large number of Atlantic City Elks but also a host of visitors from Newark, Paterson and Trenton Lodges.

Binghamton, N. Y., Elks Are Guests At State Troopers' Rodeo

One hundred members of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 852, were the guests recently of Captain Fox, of Troop C of the New York State Constabulary, at the troop's barracks at Sidney. After being escorted from the Lodge Home to

(Continued on page 72)

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Find The Twin Blots

In an idle moment the artist took his brush and made 16 splottches or blots, as he calls them. When he finished he found that they were all different in shape except two and only two. These two were exactly alike in size and shape and the artist found that he had worked out a puzzle that is one of the most unique tests of the observation powers. Can you find the two blots that are exactly alike? Watch your step. Don't make a mistake. If you can find them, just send the numbers of the twin blots on a post card or letter today. If your answer is correct you will be qualified for this opportunity.

We Are Giving \$500.00 Extra for Promptness

Don't delay. Act this minute. Solve the puzzle correctly and you will receive at once certificate good for \$500.00 if you are prompt and win first prize, making total first prize worth \$1885.00 or a Nash Sedan and \$500.00 in cash. Be quick. Find the twin blots. Just write the numbers on a post card or letter, sign your name and address and mail it to us. That's all. All who answer correctly can share in prizes or cash. No obligation. It costs nothing. You may be the lucky winner of the first prize.

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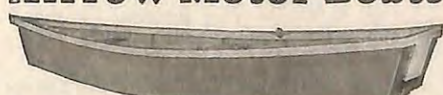
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

the barracks, the Binghamton Elks enjoyed first a dinner served at noon; and thereafter a rodeo given by fancy- and rough-riders of the mounted State police unit. An incident during the dinner was the reception of a message broadcast over the radio from Exalted Ruler-elect William R. Canny, speaking through station WNBK, in Binghamton. It was announced in the course of the rodeo that the participants in it, together with several other special performers, will accompany the delegation of members of Binghamton Lodge to the convention of the New York State Elks Association at Niagara Falls in June, and there engage in another exhibition, under the direction of Captain Fox. The rodeo at Sidney was the second event of unusual interest to Binghamton Elks within the recent past. It followed closely the visit to their Home of the officers of Oneonta Lodge, No. 1312, to exemplify the ritual. Initiation ceremonies and an entertainment subsequent to them were also part of the evening made memorable by this fraternal call.

Wakefield, Mass., Elks Go in Force To Install Haverhill Lodge Officers

In company with more than a hundred members, including a number of other Past Exalted Rulers, Past Exalted Ruler Paul W. Mortimer, of Wakefield, Mass., Lodge, No. 1276, traveled recently to Haverhill Lodge, No. 165, to install the officers there for the coming year. Notable among those to welcome the Wakefield Elks was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond V. McNamara, of Haverhill Lodge. In his address, the principal one of the evening, Mr. McNamara commended enthusiastically the manner in which the visiting officers had conducted the installation ceremonies. At the conclusion of the Lodge meeting a turkey supper was served.

Robert S. Barrett Named Fellow of Royal Geographic Society

For his distinction as a traveler and explorer, Robert S. Barrett, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and at present Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, recently was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society of England. He is a member of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758. Except for Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Mr. Barrett is said to be the only native of his State to hold such a fellowship.

Exalted Ruler's Father Honor Guest at Washington, D. C., Lodge Installation

Major George E. Strong, recently installed in Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, as Exalted Ruler, had the unique distinction of having for the occasion his father, Representative James George Strong of Kansas, a member of Manhattan Lodge, No. 1185; and his law partner, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, as guests of honor. Spirited addresses on the Order were made by both. Six hundred members attended the installation ceremonies and the banquet which preceded the session. The Boys' Band of fifty pieces entertained the gathering with a concert.

New York, N. Y., Elks Honor State Association President Phillips

President Edgar T. Reed, of the New Jersey State Elks Association, five Past Presidents and a number of other officers, both past and present, of the New York State Elks Association, were among the assemblage which gathered recently to welcome the visit of the New York Association's President, William T. Phillips, to the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. In honor of the presence at the meeting there of this host of prominent officials, the occasion was designated State Association Night. Addresses were made by Mr. Phillips, Mr. Reed, and Past President William E. Fitzsimmons and Vice-President Thomas F. Cuite, of the New York State Association. Other prominent Elks present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin, of New York, Southeast;

Louis A. Fisher, of New York, East; Past Presidents of the New York State Association Dr. John E. Dearden, Joseph Brand, James A. Farley and Philip Clancy.

Elks Bowling League Holds Dinner At Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge

The annual banquet of the Inter-County Elks Bowling League was held recently at Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, No. 707. Prizes were awarded to the winners in the various classes of competition and, for the first time in the history of such affairs, members were permitted to invite ladies.

Merced, Calif., Elks Visit Modesto Lodge and Conduct Initiation

Twenty-five members of Merced, Calif., Lodge, No. 1240, headed by their officers, made a trip a short time ago to their neighboring Lodge, Modesto, No. 1282. The degree team of No. 1240 conducted the initiatory ceremonies for their hosts in an impressive manner.

Many Crippled Children Treated by Clinic of Rahway, N. J., Lodge

Some fifty-two crippled children were examined and nine operated upon recently at the clinic sponsored by Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, in the new Rahway Memorial Hospital. Dr. Fred H. Albee, the internationally known orthopedic surgeon, made the examinations and performed the operations. The re-examination of several children previously treated showed that many heretofore unable to walk or use their hands had been restored to normalcy through the contribution of Dr. Albee's services and the support of Rahway Lodge.

Six Hundred Greet District Deputy Creamer at Ashtabula, O., Lodge

To honor the official homecoming visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. E. Creamer and to witness the initiation of a class of forty candidates, some 600 Elks, including several prominent in the Order, gathered recently at Ashtabula, O., Lodge, No. 208. Addresses were made by District Deputy Creamer, for whom the new class was named, and by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles A. Booth, Blake C. Cook and James E. Breen; President William G. Lambert and Past President Fred W. Maerle, of the Ohio State Elks Association; and C. E. Richardson, a charter member and the oldest living Past Exalted Ruler of Ashtabula Lodge. During the ritualistic ceremonies, which preceded a sumptuous dinner in the dining-room of the Home, the Glee Club of twenty-five members from Canton Lodge, No. 68, provided vocal selections. Eight vaudeville acts entertained the assemblage after dinner. Many delegations came from neighboring Lodges, including Lakewood, which sent some seventy-five members; and those at Canton, Cleveland, Warren, Salem, Youngstown, Kent, Marion, Painesville and Conneaut.

Four Hundred and Fifty Elks Witness Initiation at Liberty, N. Y., Lodge

More than 450 members of the Order, representing every Lodge in the district, witnessed the ritualistic ceremonies held a short time ago in Liberty, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1545. Among the distinguished guests present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jacob A. Decker; and William F. Edelmuth, a Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association. Preceding the meeting, Liberty Lodge gave a dinner at the Lenape Hotel for the visiting officers. The ritualistic ceremonies were impressively conducted by the degree team. A class of twenty candidates was initiated. Their induction marked an increase of 100 per cent in the membership of Liberty Lodge in its first year.

Wilmington, O., Lodge's Champion Degree Team Performs at Columbus

After defeating the representatives of Dover Lodge, No. 975, in the final round of the ritualis-

tic contest of the Ohio State Elks Association, the degree team of Wilmington Lodge, No. 797, officiated recently at initiation ceremonies at Columbus Lodge, No. 37, when one candidate from each of thirty-seven Lodges in the State was inducted into the Order. The conduct of these exercises fell to the officers of Wilmington Lodge in honor of their winning of the State championship. Competition for this comprised elimination contests in each of the six districts of Ohio and final contests thereafter among the Lodges proving best in their districts. Eighty-six Lodges, in all, entered teams. Direction of the competition was in charge of a committee chosen by William G. Lambert, President of the State Association, and headed by James R. Cooper, Past President of the Association. After the initiation of candidates at Columbus by the Wilmington officers, addresses were made by Thomas A. Jenkins, of Ironton Lodge, No. 177, Representative of the Tenth United States Congressional District, in behalf of the newly inducted members; Mr. Cooper, for the Ritualistic Committee; Mr. Lambert; Clarence J. Brown, Secretary of State of Ohio and a member of Wilmington Lodge; and Blake C. Cook, Past President of the State Association. An entertainment, including a recital by the Glee Club of Columbus Lodge and a humorous talk by Thurman Miller, of Wilmington Lodge, followed. More than six hundred Elks attended the meeting.

District Deputy Anderson Visits Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson recently paid an official call upon Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, he commended its members on the sound condition of the affairs of their Lodge and upon the efficient way in which the officers had conducted the session. In Mr. Anderson's honor, the Aberdeen Elks orchestra provided a special musical program.

Baltimore, Md., Elks Broadcast Eleven O'clock Toast from Ball

A large attendance and one distinguished by the presence of Governor Albert C. Ritchie, of Maryland, and of Mayor William F. Broening, of Baltimore, made of the fiftieth annual charity ball of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, held recently in the main ballroom of the Lord Baltimore Hotel, one of the most successful affairs of its kind ever to be arranged. Mayor Broening who, as well as Governor Ritchie, is a member of the Lodge, broadcast the Eleven O'clock Toast over the radio station WFBR. The outcome of the ball from a financial standpoint was commensurate with its brilliance as a social event. Proceeds for the charities for which it was given are computed at about \$3,000.

Prominent Elks Witness Initiation At Cherryvale, Kans., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Cornell and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Emile Bouillet and Charles R. Lodge paid a visit recently to Cherryvale, Kans., Lodge, No. 989, to witness the initiation of a class of ten candidates by the officers of Independence Lodge, No. 780. Following addresses by District Deputy Cornell and the two Past District Deputies, the guests were entertained at a banquet in the Home.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Burbank, Calif., Lodge has purchased two lots in the business center of that city upon which it plans to build a new Home within the next two years. The price paid for the property was \$6,000.

Morristown, N. J., Elks have organized a new degree team. For its members especial uniforms have been ordered and a number of distinctive maneuvers conceived.

Spanish War Veterans held a bazar recently at the Home of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, the proceeds from which were devoted to the care of their disabled members. The Lodge cooperated actively in furthering the success of the affair.

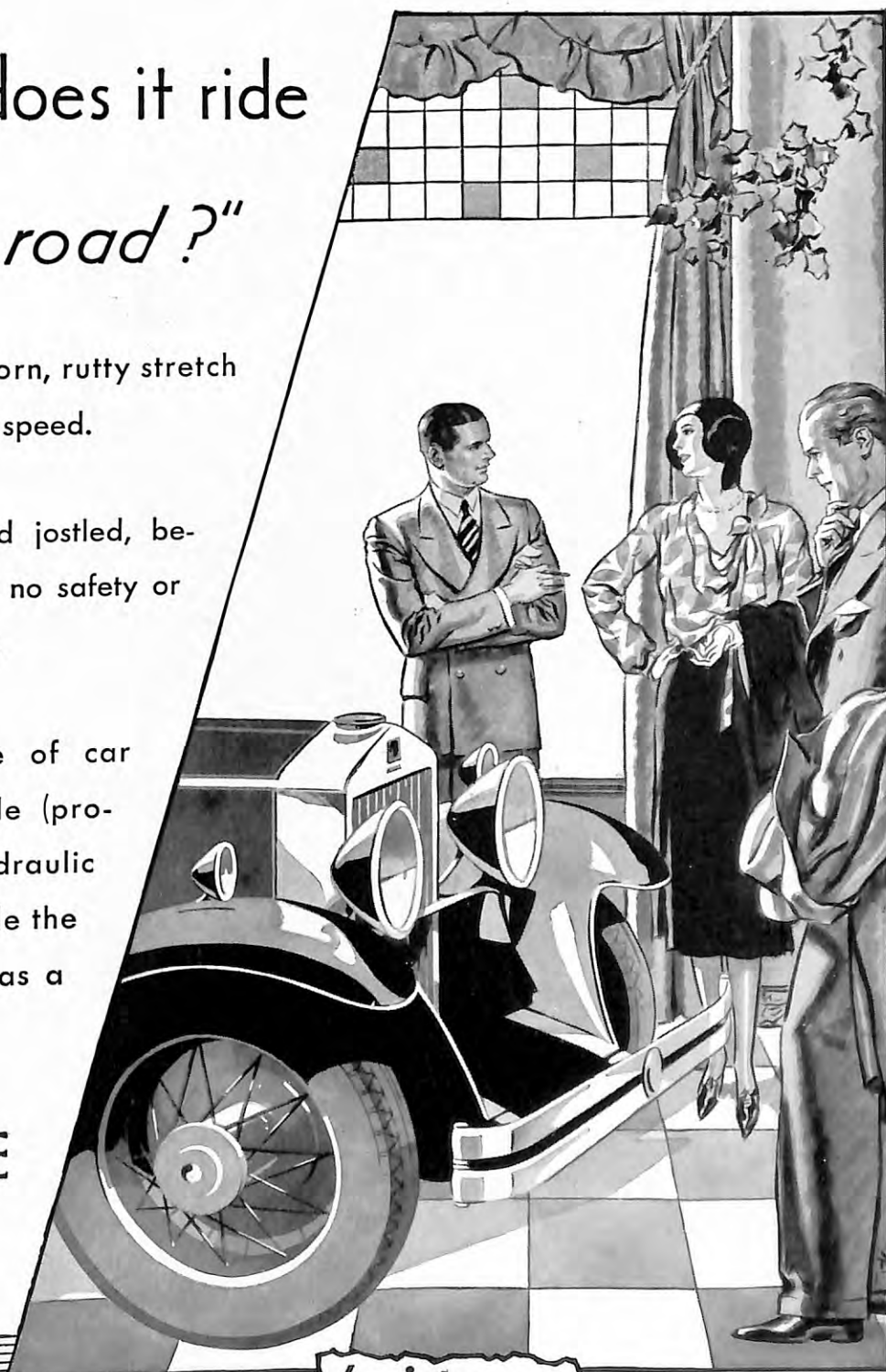
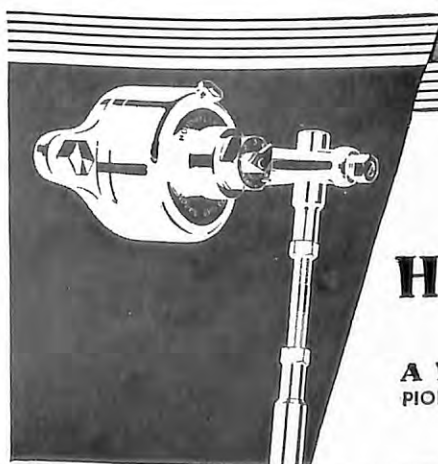
...“but how does it ride
on a
rough road?”

Charge into a badly torn, rutty stretch
of road without slackening speed.

If you are bounced and jostled, be-
ware . . . there can be no safety or
comfort in a bouncing car.

Remember, any make of car
equipped with Houdaille (pro-
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Shock Absorbers will ride the
worst bumps as gently as a
gull on a rolling sea.

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