

# The Elks

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Magazine

JUNE, 1930



In This Issue:  
PRESIDENT HOOVER SENDS A MESSAGE TO THE ORDER OF ELKS



# THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH

*carry on—avoid that future shadow*

"COMING EVENTS CAST  
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"  
*(Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844)*

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**Reach  
for a  
LUCKY**  
*instead*

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



Volume Nine  
Number One

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

## Features for June, 1930

A Message from President Hoover.....	4	The Quest of the Thunderbus—Part II, a romantic novel by John Chapman Hilder.....	28
Grand Exalted Ruler, Official Circular No. 8.....	6	Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren	
There Is a Tide, a story by Elmer Davis..	9	Editorials .....	32
Illustrations by John Newton Howitt		Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Order .....	34
New Wings for America, an essay by Ernest Poole.....	13	Elks National Foundation Bulletin.....	37
Decoration by Ralph L. Boyer		1930 Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City.....	38
Lions, an article by Wynant Davis Hubbard .....	14	Program	
Drawings by Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige		Two New Murals by Eugene F. Savage..	39
On the Map, book reviews by Claire Wallace Flynn .....	18	Elks Magazine-Viking Prosperity Tour...	40
Behind the Footlights.....	19	The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits.....	42
The Miracle Man of the Turf, an article by Jack O'Donnell.....	22	News of the State Associations.....	42
Illustrations by Baroness Dombrowski		Safety and Profits in Bonds, an article by Paul Tomlinson .....	66
The Malarkey Hot Cakes, a story by James Stevens .....	25		
Illustrations by Herb Roth			

Cover Design by Edgar F. Wittmack

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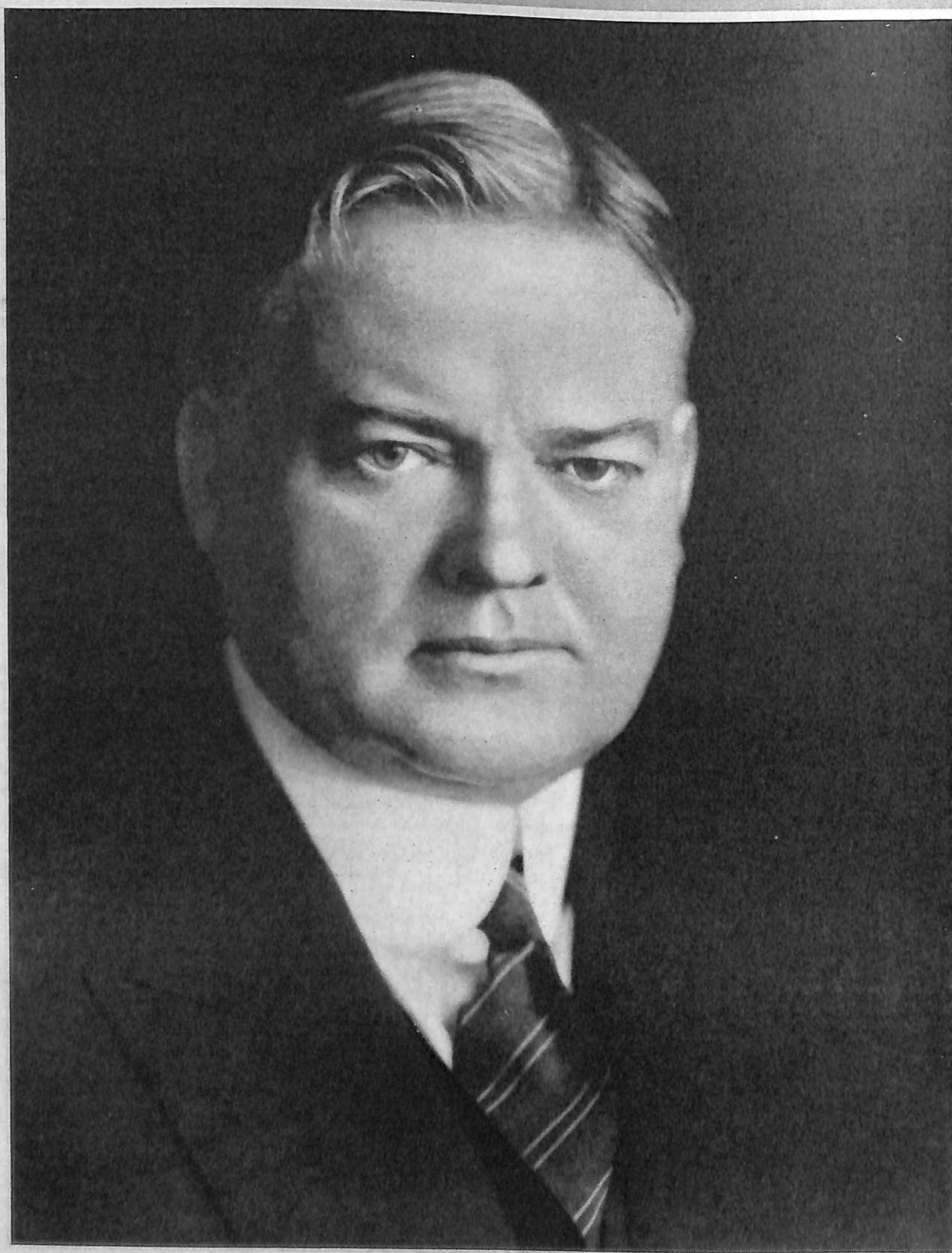
## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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

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





*Herbert Hoover*



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

*Our greatest economic problem is regular and stable employment. To secure it is the assurance of comfort and happiness to millions of men, women and children. Wages sustain not only workers and their families, but also industry and agriculture, whose products they buy.*

*Therefore, in this present period of unemployment you can render a high service to your own community, and to the whole country, by cooperating with all movements to accelerate building constructions, especially of family dwellings, new roads, and local and State public works. These measures will provide employment, enlarge buying power, increase the circulation of money, create markets for farms and factories, and assure prosperity and contented homes.*

*Your Order, which since its inception has identified itself with the interests of our Nation, can play an invaluable part in bringing about this happy result.*

*The White House*

*April 18, 1930*

*Herbert Hoover*



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

Official Circular Number Eight

526-9 Healey Building,  
 Atlanta, Georgia,  
 May 31st, 1930.

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

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

I wish to reiterate all that I said in my recent Official Circular Number Seven, and I would thank the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of all subordinate Lodges to keep the Brothers of their respective Lodges refreshed upon the matters therein contained.

*Flag Day Services*

Section 229 of the Grand Lodge Statutes is so important that I quote it in full:—

“It shall be the duty of each Subordinate Lodge to hold the service known as ‘Flag Day Services’ at the time and in the manner prescribed by the Ritual of the Order. The Grand Exalted Ruler may, in exceptional cases and for good cause, grant a dispensation to any two or more Lodges to hold such Services jointly.”

The birthday of our Flag is June, the fourteenth, and, therefore, that day is set apart as *patriotic* and *sacred*, with all Elks, when they gladly join in their respective Lodges in the beautiful ritualistic services, prepared for that purpose by the Grand Lodge of the Order. These services are *not optional*, but *positively required* by the *Statute*, which I have quoted.

The Order of Elks is proud of being the first American fraternal organization to enact a Statute, making the celebration of the Birthday of the Flag compulsory.

I call earnestly and sincerely upon every Subordinate Lodge to perform the duties of this Section of our Law, not perfunctorily, but patriotically and devoutly. Please appoint your Committees at once, who are to have these exercises in charge, and they should be made ceremonies of great public impressiveness and interest.

We want the World to know that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America is Four Square, and one hundred per cent loyal to our Country and reverential to our Flag.

There is nothing, in American life today, that transcends in importance a real return to the fundamentals of Americanism, which should be taught to all our people, and promulgated throughout the length and breadth of our Country.

Should two or more subordinate Lodges wish to unite in Flag Day Ceremonies, and should they request of me the privilege to do so, I will be glad to grant the necessary dispensation.

*The Grand Lodge Convention*

The Grand Lodge Convention will be held during the week of July, the sixth, in Atlantic City, and the Traymore Hotel has been chosen as the Headquarters of the Grand Lodge. The time is fast approaching when we must arrive in Atlantic City to attend that greatest occasion in the affairs of Elkdom.

It is the *duty of every subordinate Lodge* of the Order of Elks to send an *official* representative to the Grand Lodge Convention, who shall be duly elected and installed as such. This requirement and the provision for his expenses are set out in Section 4, Article III of the Constitution of the Order, and I refer you to that citation. This is compulsory and I hope that no Lodge of our Order will ignore this constitutional provision, for, by so doing, nothing can result save hurt to the neglectful individual Lodge.

Each representative after having attended the Grand Lodge sessions, will return to his own Lodge and make an instructive and inspirational report that must greatly redound to the good and the progress of the respective subordinate Lodges.



I cite Section 128a of the Grand Lodge Statutes and quote same as follows:

"The representative to the Grand Lodge shall submit a report to his Lodge at its first regular session following his return from the Grand Lodge Convention."

Should a subordinate Lodge fail to comply with this duty and legal provision at the approaching Grand Lodge Convention, it will thereby fall out of touch with the vital and progressive activities of the Order, and, doubtless, will enter upon a period of retrogression rather than growth.

I assure all Brother Elks that the approaching Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City will prove supremely interesting and pleasurable to all who may attend.

I suggest that the Exalted Ruler of each Lodge appoint a Committee, at once, of three or five members, who shall be charged with the duty of giving publicity to this Convention and working up interest among the brothers, by forming parties and groups, who will attend the Grand Lodge Convention. These parties may wish to travel by train, motorcars, airplanes, or boat; but, in any event, all can arrange so as to make each trip exceptionally enjoyable and delightful.

Grand Esquire, Brother Harry Bacharach, who is devoting his entire time to preparations for the approaching Grand Lodge Convention, assures me that the Elks parade will be the greatest, most colorful and most impressive in the history of the Order.

I am very anxious that every subordinate Lodge take some part in this parade, either by means of band, marching club, float, flag display, or in State groups.

I earnestly call your attention to the extreme importance of this great parade and urge you to correspond with Brother Bacharach, whose address is care of Executive Offices, Elks 66th National Convention, 122 South Virginia Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

The Grand Lodge Convention Committee, headed by Brother Harry Bacharach, Grand Esquire, of Atlantic City, is making unusual preparations for the entertainment of all those who may attend, whether they be official or unofficial Elks, and such of their families and friends as may accompany them.

In the May issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Pages 40 and 42, are circulars by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach upon the subject of the Grand Lodge Convention, to which I respectfully call your attention, with my request that you read and give publicity to them.

#### *Duties of Secretaries—Mailing Lists*

I call attention to Section 125 Grand Lodge Statutes, which sets forth the duties of Secretaries of subordinate Lodges, with instructions to whom they may legally furnish their mailing lists and rosters; and I urge all Secretaries to carefully read this Section and to withhold mailing lists and rosters of members from all persons or organizations not legally entitled to receive them.

#### *Americanism Prompts Caution*

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America is distinctively and wholeheartedly American; and, therefore, *no subordinate Lodge* of the Order should ever permit the use of any portion of its Home to any person or organization, whose loyalty to our Country, or devotion to our Flag is questionable in the slightest degree.

#### *The Elks Magazine*

In closing this Official Circular, I find a great pleasure in acknowledging the splendid support that I have received during my administration, as Grand Exalted Ruler, from THE ELKS MAGAZINE, which is not only the constitutionally created and adopted Organ of the Order, but it has grown and developed until it has become the essential medium of communication and publicity in all Elk matters and affairs. It not only is entitled to the support of every Brother Elk, but it should receive the heartiest commendations and congratulations from us all.

#### *Finale*

My whole heart, and all my time, have been bestowed, during my term of office, upon Elkdom, its welfare and progress.

I have endeavored, at all times, to practice and disseminate the beautiful Elk Doctrines—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, Fidelity and the Golden Rule; and I have enjoyed this congenial work because the Brothers have so cordially reciprocated these sentiments and have responded with such great appreciation and loyal co-operation.

With my most Cordial Greetings and Sincere Brotherly Love—

*Harry R. Andrews.*  
Grand Exalted Ruler.



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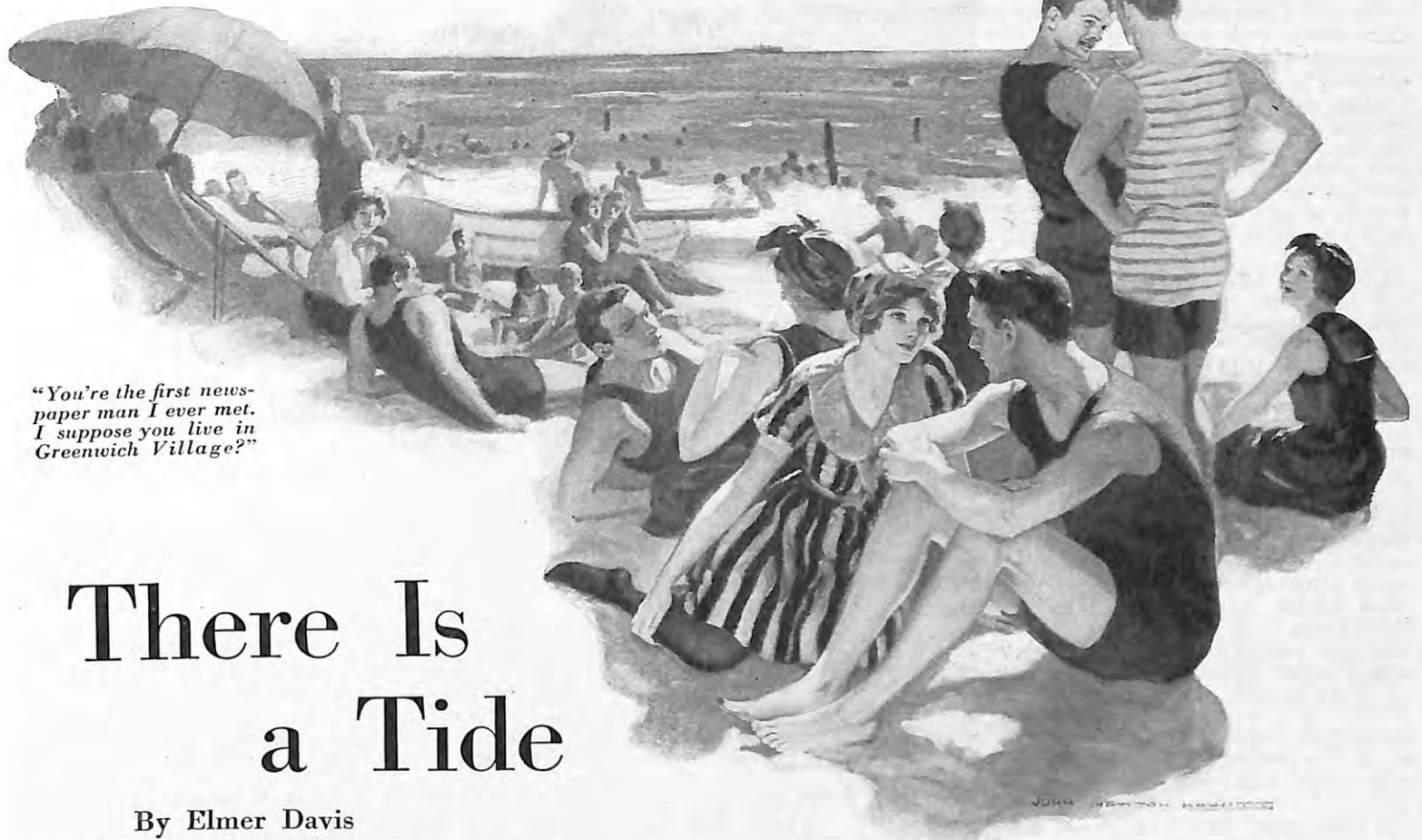
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"You're the first newspaper man I ever met. I suppose you live in Greenwich Village?"

# There Is a Tide

By Elmer Davis

Illustrated by John Newton Howitt

IF YOU'VE read any success stories about Lester McVey—and it's hard to miss them, now that he's become executive head of the biggest newspaper chain in the country, at thirty-eight—you've noticed that he gives ninety-nine per cent of the credit to luck.

But what is luck? McVey's biggest luck was the remarkable woman he married; but he'd never have met her, he might still be an underling in the business office of the New York *Record*, but for a chain of accidents—so neatly linked together that a conceited man would call it not luck but destiny. And perhaps he'd be right. For luck, at most, did ninety-nine per cent; the rest was up to Lester McVey.

There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. It's the men who are keen enough to see it, and bold enough to take it, who get success stories written about them. . . .

It began on a June Sunday at Long Beach, which in those days—fifteen years ago—still retained some tradition of smart exclusiveness. Fifty thousand people were on the sand, all feeling exclusive—which they were, compared to the half million at Coney Island. Lester McVey ought to have been at Coney. The elevated would have taken him there for a dime, and the round trip to Long Beach cost a dollar forty-six—quite a lot of money, when you make twenty-five a week. But he regarded himself as a Long Beach person, not a Coney Island person.

A young man alone could live in fair comfort, in those days, on twenty-five a week; Copyright, 1930, by Elmer Davis.

and Lester had seen no girl who spurred his ambition to make more. His immediate boss, Mr. Minkle, the editorial auditor, was a grouch; but Lester knew that by yessing him he could hold his job, and eventually be raised to thirty or thirty-five a week. Meanwhile, here he was, strolling down the beach in his bathing suit, alone; eyeing the crowd with the cynical shrewdness of a young man born and brought up on Manhattan Island. And then came Accident Number One.

"Why, it's Les McVey!" cried a young man in striped jersey and blue trunks. "Haven't seen you for years, old timer." "George Gabriel!" said Lester. "Well well, well!"

At De Witt Clinton High School they had been classmates, friends, equals—poor boys with no prospects. But George Gabriel was a football star; half a dozen universities bid against each other for his services. So while Lester, too indolent to work his way through college, had gone into an office, George had acquired a varsity letter, a fraternity pin, a diploma; he had risen in the world. Suddenly Lester envied him.

"What are you doing now, George?" "Investment securities—a bore, but it piles up the jack. And you?"

"I'm on the *Record*," said Lester. And before he could say more—

"Gosh, I envy you!" George exploded. "You reporters mix with everybody, see everything from inside—wish I had a job like that."

"It's a great life," Lester agreed with nonchalance.

Like everybody else in a newspaper business office, he despised the news department.

Reporters and editors were only parasites; it was the business office that brought in the money. Moreover, all *Record* reporters (except mere cubs) were on space—paid by the column for what they wrote. Some of them made big money; but the shifts and expedients by which they padded their space bills exposed them to the just contempt of the assistant auditor, on his fixed salary of twenty-five a week.

But Lester knew that for some obscure reason outsiders thought that reporters were romantic persons, who led an interesting life. George, who was getting rich, would look down on an assistant auditor; but he looked up to a reporter. Might as well let him go on looking up; they weren't likely to meet again. . . . But George was with a crowd; he insisted that Lester join it. So presently Lester was being introduced to a dozen young people in bathing suits as a star reporter on the *Record*.

HE DROPPED on the sand beside the nearest girl—Irma Reeves was her name—and listened while the other young men talked. They were voluble, expansive, pompous; they were making good at the office and they didn't care who knew it. The girls, he gathered from the conversation, lived on the upper West Side; daughters of well-to-do families who were in nothing that could be called society, but had gone to good schools and would never need to work. But they looked like society to Lester; he was impressed. He didn't dream that the girls were impressed by his cynical, smiling silence. The other boys talked of money; he looked as if he had got beyond that.



Presently, under cover of the talk, Irma Reeves spoke to him.

"It must be awfully interesting to be a reporter. I read the *Record* every day. I suppose you know Harold Beekman, and Howard Hamar?"

"Sure I know them." He argued with them every week over their space bills—arguments which he always won. "Friends of yours?"

"Oh, no—I just know their names, because they sign their articles. You're the first newspaper man I ever met. I suppose you live in Greenwich Village, don't you? . . . Oh! The West Forties? I wish I lived some place where things were interesting. West End Avenue's deadly!"

**A**MUSED, Lester found himself playing up to her, using the reporters' patter, telling old tales of adventures in news-getting. She was beautiful—a peaches-and-cream blonde, with a luscious figure candidly revealed by her bathing suit; her frank admiration warmed and excited him. But it would have ended there, if she hadn't suggested a swim.

They went alone. Black clouds were piling up, thunder rumbled; bathers were retreating to the shore. They plunged through savage rollers, swam out on the swells. With a swishing rustle the rain swept across the sea; its gray wall enclosed them, all but hid the shore. They turned back, swam shoreward—and found that the tide was setting out. Grim, silent, they strove harder; and still lost ground.

"Take it easy," he panted. "The life-guards can't see us in the rain. We can float till it passes; then they'll come after us." She laughed; her eyes were bright with fierce excitement.

"Who wants to be rescued?" she said. "Come on—we're going in!"

Her gay bravado thrilled him; they started shoreward again. Alone he could never have made it; but with her beside him, a rival and a comrade, he outdid himself. They staggered ashore, breathless, triumphant; the rain swept over them, veiled them in a gray curtain. She stumbled against him; he kissed her fiercely; she kissed him back. . . .

They weren't alone again till George's car dropped them, that night, at an apartment hotel in West End Avenue.

"You're coming up, aren't you?" she asked.

"It's pretty late. Your father and mother must be asleep."

"I said come up, not come in. You'll have to meet them some time, but not to-night."

He went up with her in the elevator; in the corridor, outside her door, she flung herself into his arms.

"Darling, you must let me go," she said at last. "But you'll call me up to-morrow evening, won't you?" He began to come down to earth.

"I work at night." (He didn't, but reporters did.) "Afternoons too. This happened to be my day off." He hated himself for backing out of it, but he knew he couldn't keep up the deception. . . . She drooped.

"Oh, of course if you don't want to—I

suppose you reporters act this way with every girl you meet. But there in the rain, I thought you really loved me." And then all his reason was swept away.

"I did!" he told her. "And I do! I'll call you up at noon to-morrow."

## II

So he said, and so he meant, that night. But the next morning—

He'd never known a girl like her. In strict truth, he had hardly known any girls at all; he thought of them as luxuries, reserved for the idle hours of men with money to squander. But this girl had a gay courage, a fierce resolution; she'd help a man, spur him on. . . .

But she thought he was a reporter; she was interested in him because reporters led interesting lives. She'd never have kissed an assistant auditor. It was a rotten world, he decided, where a man was permitted a glimpse of something like this, and then let down.

The first accident had been George Gabriel's misunderstanding; the second was the rain; the third was this sour morning-after reflection that brought him to the office in a cold rage. Mr. Minkle, his boss, was having a tantrum; Lester had audited the monthly expense account of the Paris office and passed items that Minkle wasn't used to passing. Minkle raved; and Lester, who ordinarily yessed him and kidded him along, turned on him now and called him a parsimonious old fool.

For that, Minkle would have fired him offhand; but it was a merit of the *Record* that nobody was fired till the owner had



*Lester thought it over, scowling, bitter. "Yes, damn you! I'll take it. And I'll show you!"*

reviewed the case. So in due time Lester was taken aside by Steve O'Hara, the Old Man's assistant, the harmonizer of office disputes.

"Look here, McVey, why did you OK those items?"

"Because they're legitimate. I read the paper, I hear the office gossip. I know the Paris office has to spend that money to get news."

"Minkle never OK'd it, when he audited the Paris accounts."

"In the old days he couldn't," said Lester.

"This paper was broke. But now it's making money, and behaving like a new-rich man—extravagant in some ways, tight in others. Well, the Paris office is the wrong place to be tight. Minkle doesn't see that times have changed."

"You're quite right," said O'Hara thoughtfully. "Minkle's been ordered to pass those items, after this. . . . All the same, my boy, you've got to be fired for the sake of discipline. We can't let an assistant call his chief an old fool—especially when it's true. Minkle swears he'll resign if we don't fire you, and the Old Man won't have that; Minkle's been with him since the Year One. . . . But you're only fired from the auditor's office, not from the paper. If you'd care for a job in some other department, I can fix you up."

Lester rolled a cigarette, lit it, and grinned.

"I think," he said, "I'd like to be a reporter."

## III

"**W**HAT the hell?" growled Delano, the city editor, when Steve O'Hara had explained. "Do you think my city room is a penal colony? Why can't you take care of him in the business office?"

"He wants to be a reporter," said O'Hara. "I warned him that he couldn't expect to be put on space till he made good—that you'd probably start him like any other cub, at twenty dollars a week."

"I can't take on any more cubs," Delano grunted. "Hired three or four last week, fresh from college—the dumbest lot I ever saw. But I've got to give them a chance. No room for more. But I'll tell you what I'll do, McVey. A lot of stuff comes in here at night that has to be rewritten—more than the regular rewrite men can handle. Stories phoned in by district reporters, City News copy, canned handouts, and so on. Most of it goes to the space men, of course; if you want to keep fellows like Beekman and Hamar you've got to give them a chance to make a living. But they can't take care of it all."

"So, McVey, if you'll buy a typewriter I'll lend you a desk. Come in at night, and maybe Mr. Partridge will throw you some rewrite. If you write it well enough to get into the paper you'll get half space—four dollars a column. You're not hired, understand; you get no salary, no time allowance; nothing printed, no pay. You probably think that's unfair as hell, and I don't care if you do. How about it?"

"Show me my desk," said Lester.

## IV

Accident Number Four was the volcanic temper and operatic temperament of Joe Partridge, the night city editor. When Lester came to the city room Partridge was not on speaking terms with any of his good reporters. One by one they had told him what they thought of him, and he had told them what he thought of them—but he couldn't fire them. That was Delano's privilege. Joe Partridge could only take the bread out of their mouths.

If a big story broke at night, he had to send out somebody like Beekman or Hamar, who



*"You?" said Eleanor; and her face was white. "I . . . I thought you were the expressman, for my trunks." "I might have missed you!" he said*

difference. On the second Saturday night he sat in with them at the office poker game, and won eleven dollars. He belonged.

But the next day he met Irma's parents.

He knew he must do his best to make a good impression; they were rich, and devoted to their only child. (They called her Baby.) But what worried Lester that Sunday was not the impression he made on them, but the impression they made on him. Mrs. Reeves looked like Irma, and was sixty pounds heavier. It hadn't occurred to Lester that luscious curves in a maid of twenty might turn to unsightly fat, in a matron of forty-five. Now he stared into the future, shuddering—and flushed with shame as he came back to Irma's adoring eyes.

Simon Reeves made buttons—a lot of them, evidently, to support this large, luxurious apartment which reminded Lester of a mouthful of gold teeth. Mr. Reeves was proud of the apartment, of buttons, of himself. The assistant auditor would have conceded his right to be proud; but Lester viewed button manufacturers, now, with a reporter's disdain.

After dinner Irma and her mother left the men together. Simon Reeves gave Lester a rich cigar, and cross-examined him.

"So you have no living relatives? Fine, my boy! . . . Of course," Mr. Reeves added hastily, "family affection is the most beautiful thing in the world. But one family is enough. Mamma and I have always said that when Baby married, her husband would be just the same as our own son."

Lester shuddered again. The Reeves family lived in a warm moist cloud of domestic affection; he might as well work in a laundry.

"But this job of yours—" Mr. Reeves pursued. "Night work— I don't like that. And how is it you make more some weeks than others? Lester explained the space system. "But that's not a business!" cried Irma's father. "You say it is like a salesman but a salesman has a drawing account. Besides, he sells goods for his firm; you sell goods to the firm. Crazy! If you were in a newspaper business office, now—"

"The business office!" Lester scorned the business office, after two weeks in the city room. "I used to work there, as assistant auditor; but—"

"But you didn't know when you were well off. My boy, you must get a daytime job. I won't have Baby waiting up for her husband till two o'clock in the morning, and sleeping till noon when her mamma would want to take her down town shopping. Yes. A day job. If you can't find it on the *Record*, try some other paper."

Some other paper. . . . He was a rewrite man, not a reporter; he'd never gathered news in his life. No other paper would pay an inexperienced man more than half as much as he was making on the *Record*.

"Anyway," said Mr. Reeves, "there is nothing in writing for the papers. But if you used to be an auditor— A man with

could get the news; but the mass of matter that had to be rewritten called for no such skill. Every space writer counted on his share of that, for no small part of his income; and lately Joe Partridge had been taking it away from them, throwing it to the cubs who were on tiny salaries. . . . Only, the cubs this year were a dumb lot; not one of them had learned how to write.

So to-night Joe Partridge got out of his chair, a wad of copy in his hand, and glared balefully about the room. He saw space writers whose eyes met his with frank hatred; he saw cubs, eager and incompetent; and he saw one man he had never set eyes on before. Any man Joe Partridge didn't know suited him better, just now, than any man he did know.

"Here, you!" He descended on Lester. "What's your name? McVey? Write me three sticks out of this, to lead the drownings."

Lester's hands shook as he took the copy—his first assignment. But ten seconds later he had forgotten himself; he was absorbed in the story. An actor drowned at Long Beach—caught off shore in the rain that had continued since yesterday—Lester knew how that man had felt. He also knew that the *Record* didn't care how he had felt, in a three-stick story; all that mattered was the facts. But his fellow-feeling gave an intensity to his work, as he wrote the facts. He sent his story up to the desk; Joe Partridge took it, glanced at it, handed it across to a copy reader. Desperately, Lester wondered if it would get over.

Ten minutes later Partridge shouted to him—

"McVey! Take a story on the phone, from Levinson in the Bronx."

So Joe Partridge thought he would do! After that, Partridge kept him busy; when the first edition came up Lester went through it—column by column— They'd printed almost all he had written; little stories, of small importance, but worth money. He clipped them, measured the space—and gasped. Ten dollars' worth! . . . This couldn't last!

But it did. Joe Partridge kept him busy all week—and busy, for the first time in his life, at work that interested him. On Saturday night he made out his week's space bill, for sixty-two dollars. Good money, in those days; enough to support a wife, in decent comfort.

And on Thursday afternoon he had become engaged to Irma Reeves.

## V

THAT week, and the next, Lester walked on air. He had won the most wonderful girl in the world, and won her honestly; for he was a reporter now. (Or, more exactly, a rewrite man; he told her he'd got his work changed so as to have his afternoons free for her.) And, to his surprise, the other reporters accepted him as one of themselves. Life among the space writers was always a cutthroat game; what one got was snatched from another's mouth. One more mouth, and one more snatching hand, made little



a head for figures I could use in the button business."

"Impossible!" Lester cried. "I'm a newspaper man!"

"Yes, but there is no need for you to be proud of it. I can see that you love Baby, and you make good money for a young man. But before we talk of marriage you must have a day job and a regular salary. If you can't get that on a newspaper—well, a man who made good with me in the button business I could love like a son."

A month ago Lester could have imagined no higher bliss than to be engaged to a rich girl whose father wanted to take him into the business. What was the matter now? Simon Reeves was a sensible and kindly man; the assistant auditor could have got along with him well enough. But he wasn't an auditor, any more; he was a newspaper man. . . . Irma would understand that; and her understanding offered a way out.

At last her parents left them alone together.

"Oh, darling!" she cooed. "They like you! So it's all right."

"Not yet. They don't like my job, and I do. So do you. . . . Irma, we can live on what I make—not the way you live here, but comfortably enough. Will you marry me to-morrow, and get this settled?"

"Oh, darling! They'd be terribly hurt."

"They'd forgive you."

"I couldn't hurt their feelings," said Irma with finality. "Maybe they won't mind your job, if we give them time to get used to it."

That seemed reasonable enough. But he wondered afterward if they hadn't missed a tide, that day, that might have led them on to fortune.

## VI

HE THOUGHT it over one rainy night six weeks later, when things were dull in the office. Outwardly, all still went well. Basking in Joe Partridge's favor he made money—sixty, seventy, sometimes eighty dollars a week. He was writing bigger stories, now, and writing them better; he was studying, listening, watching. Men like Beekman and Hamar, whose bread he was taking out of their mouths, were helping him take it—showing him how things were done, helping him learn his trade. He was reading books, too, that opened up new vistas; he felt as if his life had begun on the day he got a desk in the city room.

But he lived in a house of cards. He wasn't a reporter; he'd never hunted news. He wasn't even an employee of the paper—only a visitor, dependent on the incalculable favor of Joe Partridge. Simon Reeves had better reason than he knew for thinking that Lester's job was nothing to marry on. He was growing more and more insistent that Lester should join him in his business—and Irma had gone over to her father's side. She wanted Lester to make buttons, too.

She had been attracted by the tradition that newspaper men led romantic lives, she had been flattered when one of these romantic creatures fell in love with her; but when Lester talked, now, about newspaper work—his work—he bored her. She'd never had a work of her own; she couldn't understand how he felt about it. No wonder he bored her, sometimes; and—to-night he realized it—sometimes she bored him.

They were still in love, but they were talked out—and again, no wonder. It was a dull life Irma led—shopping with her mother, matinees or movies with her girl friends. And when she tried to talk about something beyond her daily routine, what did she know? She read the paper—sometimes; but she didn't know what it was all about. She'd never worked; she didn't know how it felt to be responsible, to be insecure. She'd have a lot to learn, if she married him and tried to live on seventy dollars a week.

But she could learn it! She'd been magnificent that day in the storm, swimming against the tide. She would always be magnificent in a crisis. . . . But you couldn't create a crisis every day, just to give somebody a chance to be magnificent. Most of life was dull; as dull as the hours he had spent with her lately, except when they were making love.

And there, he supposed, was the answer. Whatever they lacked, they had youth and desire—as much as most people married on. If they set up a household together they'd have a common interest; and another, if he went into her father's business. Why shouldn't he? What more could he ask than a beautiful and loving wife who brought a million-dollar business with her? Why not take her, and her fortune?

"Buttons!" said Lester. "My God, buttons! I'm a newspaper man!"

And then came Accident Number Five.

## VII

"Oh, McVey!" called Joe Partridge. "Some woman on the phone, with what she says is a story. See if there's anything in it, will you?"

In a telephone booth, Lester listened to a cool resonant voice. Presently he reported to Partridge—

"It's about a bird. Somebody's pet canary got lost, and flew into this woman's window out of the rain—a Miss Daingerfield's apartment, in the Titian Studios on Central Park West. She thinks if we print something about it the owner might call for it. . . . Worth a stick?"

"Daingerfield? Why, that must be Rosita Daingerfield, the opera singer; she lives there. Good little human interest story for a dull night—the lost songbird in the songbird's studio. But you ought to see it yourself, get the atmosphere, to do it right. Run up there—it isn't far; then come on back here and write me a nice, pretty little story."

Lester could have written it now, without going out in the rain. But this was the first time he had been sent out of the office. If once they began to let him cover news he might eventually become one of Delano's regular staff of reporters, independent of Joe Partridge's whim. . . . Besides, there was something about that voice. . . .

In the faded, moth-eaten splendors of the Titian Studios he climbed the stairs, rang the Daingerfield bell. A slim dark-haired girl opened the door; her dark eyes questioned him.

"Miss Daingerfield? I'm from the *Record*. About that bird."

"OH! Come in!" said the cool, resonant voice. Lester walked into a huge room, with an immense window opening on the Park—and not a stick of furniture in it except a cot, a wardrobe trunk on which the canary roosted drowsily, and a cushioned bench beneath the window. "But I'm not Miss Daingerfield," she explained. "She's moved out. They're going to tear this place down, and she said I could camp here till the wreckers came. . . . My name? I'm Eleanor Pickard. But you don't have to put that in the paper, do you? It would look like a bid for publicity."

"Publicity?" he asked. "You're a singer, too?"

"An actress. Heaven knows I need publicity, but it would be rather cheap to get it this way. . . . Here's my bird. See how friendly he is, poor thing! If there's any publicity in this, it belongs to him."

Lester knew he ought to waste no time here; every moment he was out of the office he was missing work Joe Partridge might have given him—losing money. And the story had lost most of its value, since she wasn't Miss Daingerfield. But he lingered asking perfunctory questions, pretending an interest in the bird when all his interest was in the woman.

Why? He didn't know; she wasn't beautiful, like Irma; what she made him feel was no such simple and direct attraction as he had felt with Irma on the beach. It wasn't even an attraction at all; rather a sort of recognition. This woman was Somebody—the most perfectly poised and self-controlled, the most utterly unself-conscious person he had ever met. At ease herself, she radiated ease; he felt it, gratefully.

But at last he could think of no more questions; there was a pause that lengthened into a silence. She looked out at the rain, that was falling harder, now; blurring the street lamps.

"You don't have to go back in that, do you?" she asked. "Sit down and smoke, till it lets up a little."

They sat facing each other on the window bench, smoking, saying little; he relaxed, in this sense of ease she gave him. Then—

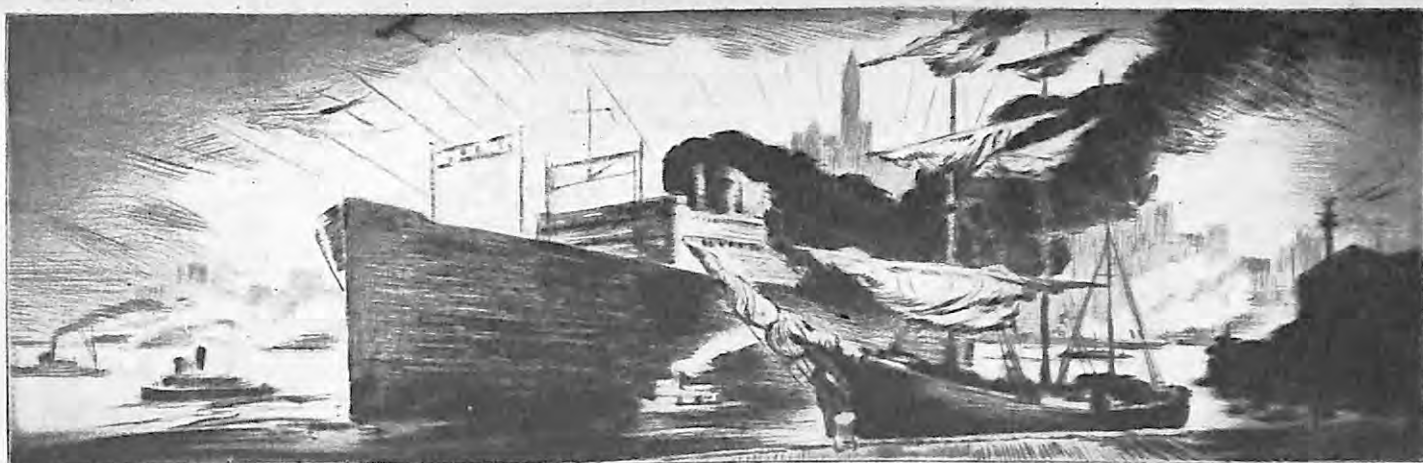
"This must have been a beautiful old place, in its day," he said. "When do they begin to tear it down?"

"They may start any day now. They were to have started a week ago, I believe, but something delayed them—luckily for me. . . . I suppose that's why I felt such a sympathy for the bird. You see, I'd flown in out of the rain, too!" He stared at her.

"Broke? . . . I suppose it's hard for a beginner to break in on Broadway, but I should think you—"

"Beginner?" She laughed. (Continued on page 57)





## New Wings for America

By Ernest Poole

Decoration by Ralph L. Boyer

ONE day on New York harbor nearly thirty years ago, I watched an old five-master, under full sail in a good stiff breeze, bowling out through the Narrows, seaward bound, with the setting sun on her great white wings. They are gone today. What has come in their place? What new wings for America?

We have steamers now, with smoke in place of wings. But bigger and faster, more efficient carriers upon the sea. For here, as all through our industrial life, is the efficiency engineer, figuring on shape and size, on fuel performance, Diesel engines and the turbo-electric drive, vigilant for every improvement, ready to scrap the old for the new, in order to cut down expense or to shorten schedule time.

All romance lost? Far from it. Last week I stood on a North River pier and watched the midnight sailing of a giant ocean liner. With a thousand little lights twinkling from her port-holes, huge and dim and fairylike, she moved out upon the river, slowly swung, and with gathering speed began her race across the Atlantic. No black smoke poured from her funnels; for, like over half of the steamers today, she burned oil instead of coal. What a revolution that has made! I remember a stoke-hole long ago. I went down there at sailing time and found half the stokers roaring drunk. And their jobs were enough to drive one to drink, for the stoke-holes of that era were little hells upon the sea. Rapidly now they are being transformed, as the stokers are replaced by a few expert mechanics, who control the flow of oil.

Fewer men, at higher wages and with better conditions of labor, working shorter hours now but faster and accomplishing more, by the use of machines and through specialized skill, better management, elimination of waste. Can't you see this same big change in shops and mills and factories all over the United States? It's the secret of our prosperity. It's the keynote of this age.

And just as this revolution in our whole industrial life is reflected on the harbor, so too it has brought another great change in this sea gate of our land. For as the demand for cheap unskilled labor has declined, we have checked our immigration. Give the national melting pot a chance to mould into Americans those foreigners already here, we say. And so, on Ellis Island, we see only a few immigrants, where once we saw ten

thousand men, women and children from all over Europe, in clothes bright-colored and picturesque, come pouring through in a single day.

But has this check to immigration severed our ties with Europe? No. In the World War, I saw on the harbor scores of ships with thousands of tiny brown-clad figures starting on their way to France. How hard we had tried to keep out of that war! But we learned that we were bound so close, by ties of trade and commerce, that Europe's life was our concern. For the nations keep drawing closer, these days, and we're part of the world family.

Before the war, our merchant marine was almost *nil*. Now it has grown to hundreds of ships that fly our flag and bear our goods; so we have a new and vital stake in preserving the freedom of the seas. Nor is it because of our ships alone. Our foreign trade has so increased that, though the harbor of New York has over seven hundred miles of docks and waterfront, these days, ships still clamor for more piers. Our American exports have rapidly grown until we are first in the world's trade. We are the richest nation, too, and so our imports have increased, and into the harbor, day and night, pour torrents of such luxuries as our forefathers never knew—silks and laces, rare old velvets, Paris gowns and French perfumes, antique furniture, rich brocades, oil paintings by old masters selling for half a million apiece, jewelry both old and new. Several hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds are smuggled into New York each year.

And these imports, this prosperity and this national rush and crowding, are changing our lives in countless ways. Our homes are changing. All around the harbor at night you may see towering buildings that twinkle with the numberless lights from the apartment homes of today. And you may see them all over the land. What are they doing to our home life? With over half the housework of old times done away with, still the modern wife, if she can, hires servants to do the rest. For she wants to be free for her club or her job or her amusements, her career. She wants few children, or none at all. She wants more freedom, more and more, she grows restless of the old

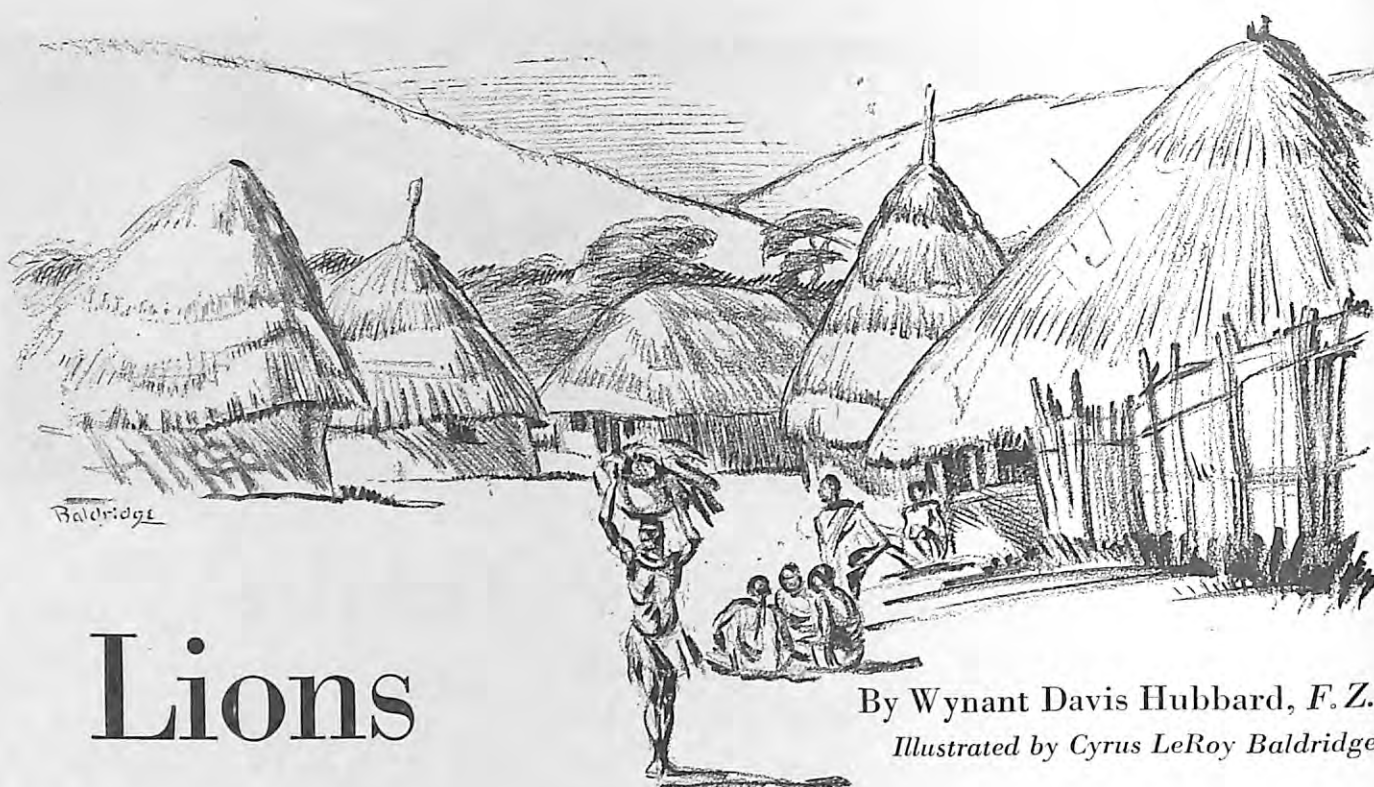
restraints. And so divorces have increased. And this change, so common everywhere that we read it in headlines every day, is seen too on the harbor, where almost every liner takes some one abroad for a Paris divorce.

Prohibition is here, and so many are rebellious against it that speakeasies have sprung up in every section of the country, and bootleggers ply their trade. And into the harbor every night, come liquor smugglers from Rum Row. A crime wave, such as we've never seen, has spread rapidly over the land. And this too is reflected here. For the little green boats of harbor police are far too few for their searchlights, those long glaring arms of the law, to detect the numberless speed-boats of the harbor pirates, who steal alongside of a freighter at anchor, suddenly swarm up on board, and, after killing or stunning the watch, plunder the ship to their hearts' content. So prevalent have they become that many vessels pay them tribute, in order to be let alone. For these gangs are organized. They are the harbor racketeers.

SCANDALS, crime and graft are here. To read the newspapers, you might think that we were headed straight for perdition. We have lost our religion, many gloomy moralists say, and with it our morality and all the fine old-fashioned ideals which have made this nation strong. But have we? The best of the old standards, the finest of the old ideals, are with us still, it seems to me. Only, they seldom get into the headlines, because, like still waters, they run deep. And if some stern old moralist would search a little deeper and with more forward-looking eyes, he might find new impulses, under the moral chaos today, building the foundations for a new national spirit here.

The ships of today have lost their wings, but new wings have appeared on the sea. Many of us will never forget that day on New York harbor when *The Spirit of St. Louis* came like a sea-gull down from the sky. Not only in the daring of Lindbergh's famous flight to France but in his quiet dignity in face of the world's applause, was an exemplification of the finest spirit of this age. And the very applause itself was still more significant. For that thunder of emotion, which burst from every part of our land, was like the thunder of wings to me—new wings for America.





# Lions

By Wynant Davis Hubbard, F. Z. S.

Illustrated by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge

**L**IONS are like babies. They love and sulk, play, growl and whimper just as infants do. When a lion is happy it is very obvious. Its tail thrashes and thumps. Its eyes light up and shine and deep within its throat it makes a growly, whimpery, purry noise which diffuses pleasure and affection. On the veld at night I have hunted lions with an electric spotlight. It is then that they are kings, acknowledging precedence only to the elephant and the rhinoceros. Hunted and caught in the beam of light their coats turn greenish yellow and their eyes enlarge and contract, glowing a pale, luminous green. Enraged or hurt the green kindles, flashes to red and then to green, again to red. Sparks seem to fly. Their teeth gleam, showing white against the dripping red of the gums. Their ears flatten and their heads protrude, the crown coming into line with the back. Roars and chesty growls, snarls so vicious they curl the black-edged lips, rend the remoteness of the night and bring the quivering darkness close about.

Lions call and talk, they whistle chirpily like birds and moan with grief for the death of a mate. When they run their feet sound like the galloping hoofs of a horse and yet again those huge, furry paws with their hidden, clawing hooks of death can move without a sound. Killers they are, clever killers co-operating to the destruction of many an antelope or supposedly securely kraaled ox or cow. Carrion eaters, too, but withal gentlemen and gentlewomen. Full fed they do not kill. Given much to bluster and boasting they yet retain their dignity. Even when giving ground, they do so with an air of proprietorship, which would be amusing were it not that if one laughed aloud the lions might change their minds and prove assertive.

I met my first lion in the Boston Zoo. He was a gorgeous animal, tall, black-maned and serious. Friendship broke through his seriousness and we often played together. I was a mite timid at first, Jim was so very big, but I doubt if he ever realized his power. Certainly the thought of doing an injury never occurred to him. A friend was

one with whom to be careful and considerate.

Later, in Africa, I met many more lions. During three years of wanderings upon the veld I chanced, in Northern Rhodesia, into meetings with lions which gave me quickening nights of roar-cracked slumber. Seven lions in a semi-circle serenaded me one night for hours, at a distance of some fifty yards. In the morning when I went out in the early mists to stalk them I erred grievously and nearly stepped on one. The lion was nearly as frightened as I but it won the honors, because it spat upon my face as it fled. In Southern Rhodesia a cattle killing lion called me out of camp at noon of a blistering day. Two entire nights I spent trying to kill him but I did not succeed. I had thought him alone but when darkness fell two others joined him at the bait which I was watching. One met its death, the first lion I ever killed.

In East Africa, just north of the long, saturnine Quebrabrassa Rapids of the Zambesi I met Portuguese lions. They taught me how lions co-operate to kill antelope; how they first herd them and then, splitting their forces, stampede the frightened animals onto lions waiting below the wind. Lions came into camp. I put heavy mahogany bars across the windows of the huts. Once the kitchen force refused to go to their huts two hundred yards away because of lions waiting between.

One night in Livingstone I went to see Pagel's circus. It is a small one that tours India and South Africa. Madame takes the tickets and browbeats and argues with the natives. I am not certain but that she is the real owner of the show, certainly she bosses it beyond all argument. Except in one department, the big "cats." That is Pagel's own. He is by far the most powerful man I know. Short, almost squat because of his breadth of shoulder, he swings enormous forearms, bitten and chewed by the teeth of lions. He once knocked a full grown lion senseless with a blow of his fist. But for all his strength, he is a vegetarian. His love of animals forbids his eating meat. I have seen Pagel directing a mixed company of lions and tigers and leopards in a small, cramped exhibition cage in acts which no other man I have seen has bested. After

his show was over I cornered him near a new-born elephant and asked him point blank what he considered the basis of his success with "cats." His hand strayed to the baby elephant and played about its ear to quiet it and allay its fear of the strident band beside us. The answer he gave was so simple, that I knew it to be true. "I just love them."

On my last trip to Africa I had seven lions. Some were bought lions and some were wild lions. I was to make a moving picture story involving African animals and lions were to be among the chief actors. Big Pasha was our sultan. He had been Pagel's pet for years. But old age and the constant lack of privacy in circus life had told on his temper and he had turned on his friend and trainer and bitten him severely. For a long time Pagel would not admit defeat. His belief in Pasha was hard to kill. But he could not work with him and although he loved him always he eventually, with tears streaming down his face, sold him to me.

**I**N JOHANNESBURG I purchased four other lions: a pair of females of uncertain age but friendly dispositions and a lion cub about eight months old which had been captured on the veld not long before. His tendency was to attack. You could not blame him. He had had a rough deal. And sustained hate and fearlessness provoke a certain admiration. The fifth member of our troop was Baby Pasha, a lioness cub of some ten months. Where she originally came from I know not. She had been raised by hand with a puppy as a playmate, by some loving person. Three feet long and fifteen inches high, big forelegs bowed as all strong legs should be, patty paws that never showed a claw and the bluest, most trustful eyes I ever saw, she became at once the darling of the camp. Her long drawn meow begging for attention was irresistible. You just had to play with her a little and shake hands several times. Out for a walk on a collar and chain, she was a bit rambunctious but it was only lion play. Baby Pasha never bit or clawed. The remaining two lions of our seven we captured later when we needed them badly to complete some scenes.



Before going north to Rhodesia I bought some forty dogs from the Johannesburg pound at a shilling each and also seven horses. Freight trains are slow in Africa. I wished to take my live stock right with me on the mail train. It can be done upon payment of an extra fee. The manager to whom I presented my request turned it down after considerable thought. His reason was that he did not think that my lion truck should be attached to a passenger train as the roaring of the lions might well cause a disturbance among the passengers and frighten them. Africa is still sufficiently wild for lions occasionally to cause the disappearance of a station master or a lonely ranger. Imagine the consternation if the passengers enjoying their dinner suddenly become imbued with the conviction that lions had boarded their train at some desert stop for water for the locomotive. Oddly, such a thought is not so far-fetched, for as I rode in the dog truck gazing out into the night, between Livingstone and Choma, I did see two lions rush from the trees and chase an antelope across an open vlei.

Animal moving pictures are difficult to make. To be successful in this day and age they must contain human interest, comedy, thrills and above all the animals must be clearly visible and the photography must be excellent. A straight natural history picture or a travelogue is a different thing. Usually such pictures are made by wealthy sportsmen or by institutions who would like, but do not require, to make their ventures commercially successful. The picture which I was to try to make was for a commercial firm. It was to be mainly an animal picture; animals were to furnish the background, in many parts to be the main actors, and we looked to them to furnish the thrills. Ours was a fiction story but no animal scenes were to be photographed which could not be duplicated in actual wild life. The picture "Chang" is far and away the best example of the type of picture which I tried to make.

**MY** INTENTIONS were to attempt to stage in daylight and under the most favorable conditions possible for photography, scenes of animal life which would commonly occur at night, late in the afternoon, early in the morning or in inaccessible places when or where photography would be exceptionally difficult or impossible. I purchased Big Pasha, because he was full maned, big and the living image of what the majority of persons believe wild lions to be but which they very seldom are. All our work was to be out of doors on the veld in as nearly natural conditions as possible. I selected Kabulamwanda as the most healthful, colorful spot in which to construct our main camp. Kabulamwanda is a large native village in the Mashakulumbwe country on the edge of the vast Kafue River Flats. A somewhat vague road a hundred miles long runs from the village to the railroad at Choma.

Big Pasha made his rail journey from Johannesburg in a large crate made of matched boarding. This was well enough for the car with its flat flooring where there was no danger of bumping. The trek wagons were another matter.

For the journey from Choma to Kabulamwanda I had fourteen trek wagons, two Scotch carts and a water cart holding four hundred gallons. In addition there were the horses, dogs, loose cattle, donkeys and fifty or sixty natives. Each wagon was eighteen feet long and was drawn by eighteen oxen. It was in charge of a native driver and was capable of carrying sixteen thousand pounds of freight. My own wagons were new and strong but many of the twelve which I hired

were old and rickety. I repaired them as well as possible before I started. This trek was probably the last big wagon journey which will be held in Rhodesia. Trucks are supplanting the wagons although the wagons with their oxen power can go through mud and water which no truck could ever negotiate.

No one could guess what would happen when the oxen discovered that they were to drag lions behind them. Any number of persons were only too glad to prophesy all manner of disasters. The oxen would bolt and smash the wagons and the crates, letting the lions loose. At night when the lions roared in the camps all the live stock would leave immediately and the chained trek oxen would be in turmoil. Wild lions would attack us in response to the calling of the lions in the crates.

**T**HE road for the first twenty miles was good. Beyond the farms it was less used and was overgrown. In places it was very narrow and was not cleared to any height. The big lion crates on top of the wagons were in danger of hitting trees overhead. The heavy weight of the slow but ponderous wagons (mine weighed three thousand five hundred pounds), smashing against the limb of a tree might well break open Big Pasha's flimsy crate. So I had a new one made. It was eight feet long, five wide, five and a half high inside. Heavy beams of bloodwood made the frame. For additional strength, we strapped the whole cage with flat bars of mild steel an inch wide.

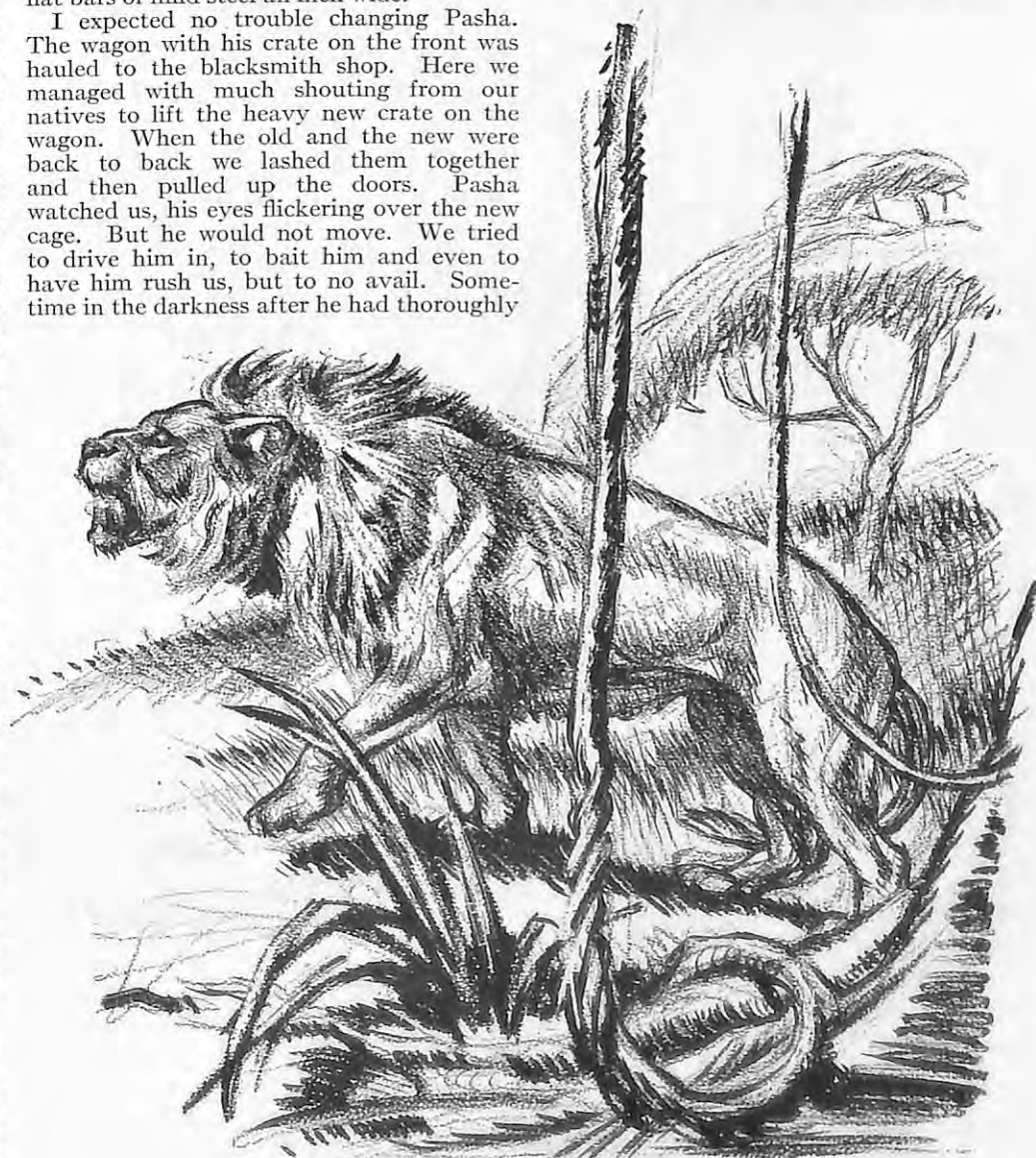
I expected no trouble changing Pasha. The wagon with his crate on the front was hauled to the blacksmith shop. Here we managed with much shouting from our natives to lift the heavy new crate on the wagon. When the old and the new were back to back we lashed them together and then pulled up the doors. Pasha watched us, his eyes flickering over the new cage. But he would not move. We tried to drive him in, to bait him and even to have him rush us, but to no avail. Sometime in the darkness after he had thoroughly

explored the new offering with his nose and eyes, he changed and in the morning the natives shut him in. But although the crate was large, still he could not stand with his head carried at its full height. Truly he was a lion among lions.

Our trek to Kabulamwanda was memorable in many ways. We started in January shortly after the rains had commenced. The season turned out to be a freak one. Usually a lull in the rains occurs about the middle of January and lasts a month. But we ran into the heaviest continuous rains of the season. At the end of our trek, the weather cleared and held dry and fine for so long that crops were in danger.

Trekking is gruelling work and a strain on tempers which it is hard to overcome. The first day was a nightmare. The oxen tried to bolt with the lions. Many of the drivers were new to their spans of oxen. They did not know their names and had difficulty controlling them and making them pull in unison. Wagons stuck hub deep and required thirty-six and fifty-two oxen to pull them out. Trek chains broke under the strains with cracks like pistol shots. Drivers ran amok slashing at the oxen and their leader boys indiscriminately. We covered three miles the first day. But it was something to have gotten the wagons under way and the oxen broken in. At night the lions roared and called, the dogs barked derisive answers and the oxen stirred and pulled at their chains restlessly.

Twenty-nine days to travel a hundred





miles. Less than four miles a day. Wagons went to pieces under the strain and we rebuilt them. Bolts snapped and we made new ones, blowing up our forge in the middle of the veld. The native carpenter with his assistant stalked feverishly up and down the long line of straining wagons on the watch for work. He discovered plenty. Broken dissel booms were every day affairs. Off would go the carpenter to cut down a suitable tree and fashion a new boom with adze and borer. Quickdie forgot his name and worked as never before. He did his part to keep us moving, even to parting with three teeth under my none too gentle ministrations.

The rain came down in torrents. I was never dry. The lion cages were nearly water-

proof but we covered them with thick tarpaulins. Pasha clawed his one night and pulling it into his cage tore the huge canvas to ribbons. The cubs had a thirty-five foot canoe over their crates. They were well protected.

Mud, mud, mud. A hundred miles of mud and rain and water. Wagons overturned precious loads of sugar or flour. Sometimes in a day we unloaded and loaded again as many as ten wagons each with some six thousand pounds of freight. Stuck deep in the mud there was nothing else that we could do. Fifty or sixty oxen pulling strongly together might even pull the wheels out from under the wagon bed, and leave the load sitting in the mud.

We corduroyed miles, reinforced bridges. In places we unloaded the wagons and ferried the freight in the canoes. We started at sunrise in the cold damp mists and stopped any time between sunset and midnight. For miles in places there was no road or track to be seen. Water covered the veld

in every direction. Mosquitoes came out in clouds and attacked us day and night. In one spot we were forced to hitch four spans, seventy-two oxen to a wagon. The water was so deep for fifty yards that the oxen were forced to swim. By inspanning so many, those in front could swim while those behind pulled and then reversing pulled while their brothers swam.

Throughout that month of work and sweat, unloading and reloading, cursing, driving, shivering, wading, the lions were never unloaded. No matter how deep the mud and water, how churned or steep the trail, the lions had to go through. Big Pasha and his cage were too heavy for us to be able to off-load and then reload. I doubt if such a load has ever been hauled along such a trail. We worked so hard to get those lions along, sweated so much and shivered so long in their behalf that we came to love them as a mother must love her children. Big Pasha clawed the driver of his wagon across the back, he clawed his keeper, he fell sick and I nursed and doctored him. Baby Pasha meowed and watched us blaspheming at the wheels, with eyes big with wonder. The other cub growled and spit and cursed his fate. Entire villages turned out to watch us, to see the crazy white man carrying lions into the heart of the veld. We became a travelling circus and reports of our doings were the gossip of the countryside. By report Big Pasha escaped at least once and according to rumor I and my natives surrounded and captured him, three or four of us dying in the attempt.

**WE** FINALLY arrived at Kabulamwanda after a terrific bout with a stretch of seven miles, covered the entire length with water a foot to four feet in depth. After a day or two of rest we picked out a camp site and hauled our precious lions and freight there, unloaded, and began building.

It was a large camp, nine whites, a permanent staff of one hundred and fifty natives with many wives and children, a trading store, horses, dogs, cattle, donkeys, lions, and, as time passed, trucks and wild animals. At one time between four and five hundred natives arrived in war paint and feathers for a great game drive and even greater dance. The dance lasted forty-eight hours with scarcely a break. We had a saw pit to which mahogany, cut on the veld, was dragged and sawn into planks by hand. A blacksmith and carpenter shops, wells, a garden in which vegetables matured scantily, stables, kraals and houses. Veritable roads ran through the camp. We even made and burnt some bricks.

Every evening at about seven Pasha commenced to roar. Soon after the first blasts had rumbled away amongst the trees the lionesses would sound off. It always thrilled me to hear them. There is some quality in the roar of a lion that is more majestic, more awesome than the scream of an elephant, the whistle of a rhinoceros or the honkhonk of a bull hippo. To me it is not so terrifying as many other noises, which I have heard at night on the veld. In civilization I have often longed and ached to hear it come booming and rolling out of the night. The zoo lions and even the degraded noises made in sound pictures give me a thrill.

Sitting in the open air at dinner, the roaring of our lions sounding about us, we often heard wild lions answering. Sometimes they came close, but more often the roars and calls came from a mile or two away. Absent from the camp myself one night, I distinctly heard Big Pasha roaring seven miles distant. It was a quiet night with





rain hanging close, when sound travels far.

Lions came into camp once or twice to visit the captives. One night when we white men were absent on the flats netting lechwe antelopes, lions came on a visit and the cook and other natives, armed only with a 9 mm. rifle, a shotgun, a revolver and a lot of spears, succeeded in killing one. What a laugh they had on us when we returned!

Another evening when we were at dinner the houseboy, whom we had left to guard the children, rushed up to me with his eyes popping out of his head.

"Inkos," he blurted, "the lions have arrived."

We leaped up. Frank rushed to his hut for a rifle and big electric searchlight. I grabbed my rifle and shooting vest, which hung on a pole behind me. Noble made for his hut. Together, with the ladies behind, we advanced on the house flashing the lamp ahead of us. Natives assembled as if by magic and appeared grinning out of the darkness. The gunbearers and trackers armed with spears fell in behind us and old Mangessana, my capitao, was there with his rifle. No lions. A brief search and close to the veranda we found the pug marks of four, one set five inches or more across. We flashed the lamp around again. Not a trace. Unless the lions had passed through the camp they must have gone down into the open vlei near the vegetable garden. We started after them.

AT THE edge of the vlei we flashed the lamp again. Eight glowing eyes shone up at once on the farther side. We pushed forward. Half-way across we flashed the lamp again, for it is nerve-trying to walk toward lions in pitch blackness. There, not a hundred yards ahead of us, were four lions. A huge male climbed an anthill in the beam of light and turned to have a better look at us.

We hesitated. Lions loom awesome and huge at night. Should we go closer or take

*We finally arrived after a terrific bout with a seven mile stretch covered with water a foot to four feet in depth*

a shot from where we were? Snapping off the lamp we went closer. At eighty yards we stopped again. As the brilliant beam stabbed the light I raised my rifle. Longone, my gunbearer, was holding the lamp high above our heads so that we could see the sights on our rifles. The big lion snarled. I heard him plainly. I fired. A flash of red creased through the rays of light. As I snapped open my rifle to reload I saw the lion flop backward off the anthill. I had hit him. Frank fired at a pair of eyes. The light showed nothing but a black veld still and silent. Not a growl, not a sound came to us except the chattering in the camp behind. We swung the lamp. Far away a pair of eyes glowed and then vanished as their owner turned its head.

A rustling in the grass. We whirled. The rays of the lamp searched the open expanse of two foot grass around us. Nothing to be seen. But that rushing sound. A wounded lion stalking us belly to the ground? Ours was not a favorable position. We backed away toward the rise near camp. Then suddenly we ran. Longone was last. Frank slipped, lay a moment and then as if life might be worth something after all leaped to his feet and sprinted with the rest of us. We could not have done anything more foolish. Six or seven men armed and running in the dark to escape a wounded lion. But we did it and reached the higher ground, courage and sense returned. We faced about. The rustling, padding in the grass was right before us. Rifles came up. Longone trained the lamp. The lion, if it emerged, would not have a ghost of a chance. The rustling was near the edge. The grass swayed and parted and out rushed an Airedale dog.

I never felt more foolish in my life. Soberly we returned and very sensibly con-

fessed. In the morning a careful search about the anthill showed several bullet scars, but not a trace of blood. We had all missed. And I am not ashamed to say that I do not regret it. We had plenty of thrills and excitement and a dead animal is very little satisfaction, even though it be a big lion.

The turning loose of full grown lions even in a kraal or pen is an uncertain sort of business. Particularly so if it happens to be unfamiliar work.

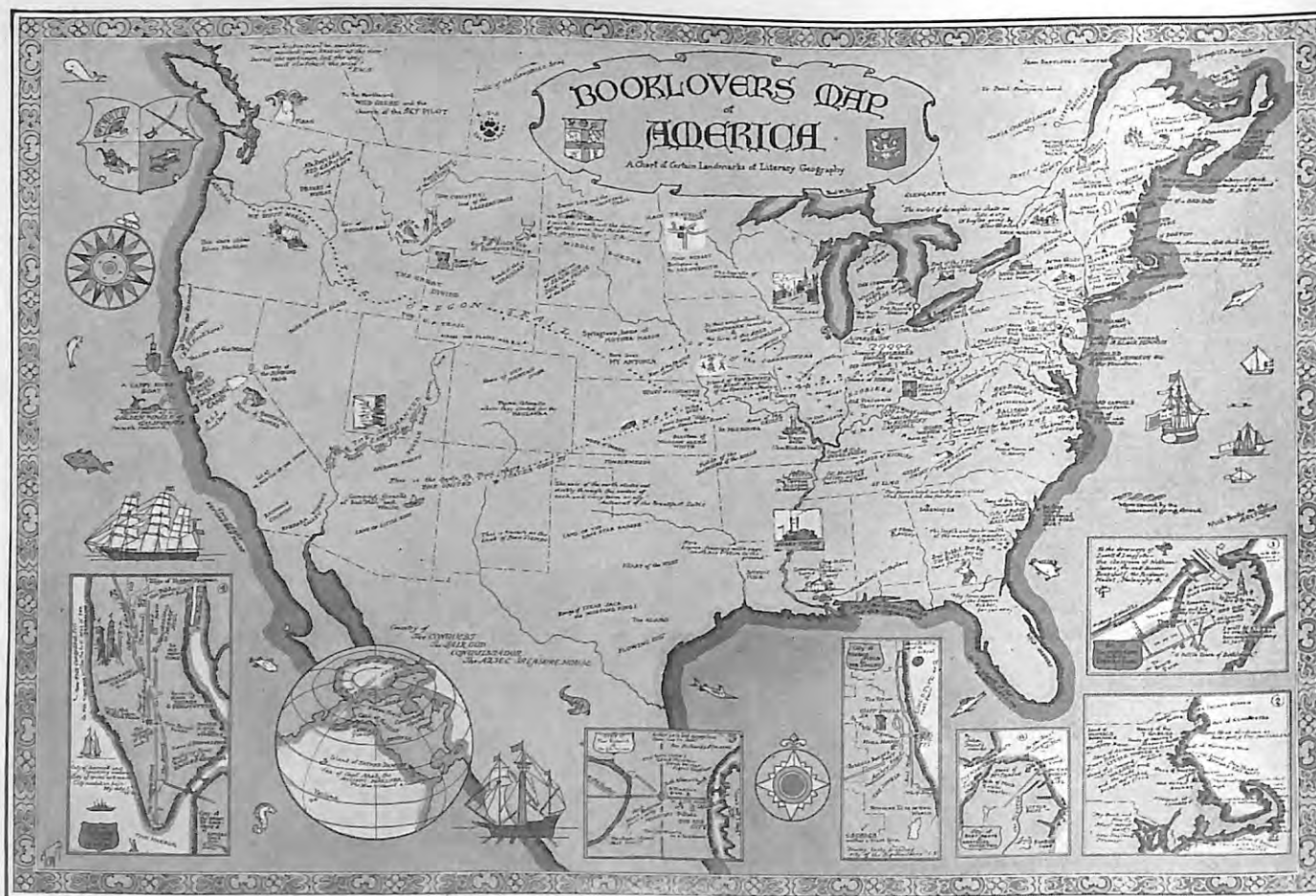
We required a scene which would show a lion prowling about a cattle kraal at night. It did not seem that it would be a difficult scene to stage, but as it was one of our first attempts we took many precautions. The entrances to our cattle kraals were in a corner. The main oxen kraal was a square, walled with strong poles set close to each other in the ground and lashed together with rawhide. The cow kraal jutted out from one half of the main one. In the corner thus formed were the entrances to both and it was here that we decided to stage our scene.

We constructed a wire-enclosed walk for Pasha's prowl. The wire was heavy stock fencing with a mesh of eight inches by four. We ran it up three widths, twelve feet into the air. A lion is reputed to be able to leap fourteen feet. The upper width was none too strong. Many of the poles to which the wire was lashed were limber and green. The walls of the kraal we blocked and strengthened, and for added security piled with thorns. We did not wish the blocking of the poles to appear obviously close nor to be so thick that the cattle behind them would be hidden from view. Pasha was to come from behind the cow kraal as if following along the poles searching for an entrance.

The scene was not a long one nor was it of the first importance. But if well done and if Pasha behaved as we hoped that he would, the scene should carry a thrill and

(Continued on page 52)





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## On the Map

### *Literary and Pictorial Charts Pointing the Way to Old Friends and New*

By Claire Wallace Flynn

THERE is a club-house in Yonkers, New York, which has in one of its big reading rooms a glass-topped table. Under the glass is a map. A map for booklovers. A map showing that girdle of high romance and lusty laughter, of keen irony and deep wisdom which literature has flung 'round the world.

It is a map of magic names, of snatches of quotations, of little intimate sketches, of intriguing allusions—and around it members of that club form a persistent and enthralled group, bending over with excited hands on the glass, fingers following some well-known trail and voices calling each other's attention to some famous spot or book.

That table has become what is called in the language of the theatre a "smash hit." Indeed, it is such a center of attraction that in order to keep the glass top shining and clear an attendant has been commissioned to "stand by" with a damp dust cloth. He is slightly bored and completely resigned, and every once in so often, squeezing in between two thin members, he mumbles: "Excuse me, gentlemen, just a moment!"—does his stuff and retires. And the crowd closes up around the table once more.

This is a true story—not a fable. Neither is it an isolated case calling for scientific research or an alienist. It is simply one little glimpse of the vogue for maps that is sweeping the country.

Why, even grocery shops have now discovered that special maps will make the cash register ring gaily. We came across one of Switzerland, the other day, showing the spots

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where a certain sacred brand of cheese "has the holes put in," and the little town where the milk gets into the chocolate (or vice versa), and the amazing part of the thing is that the funny little map actually gives one an appetite.

Travel agencies flaunt them, of course. Maps of France, for instance, with the picture of a charming balconied house indicating that here you may spend a good part of your noble income on rare perfumes for your wife. Clever marks on that same map mean trees and tables and tell you quite plainly that at this point exists one of those delightful Boulevard Cafés of Paris where you can sit out on the sidewalk and eat and drink and be merry for twenty-five francs.

Again, there are maps on the inside of the covers of mystery and travel books drawing your eye to the spot where the body was found; or to the canal, the whole length of which the hero swam so as to be able, later on, to write a best-seller about it.

And that's not all. In almost every office you'll find some kind of map—colored pins informing the chief where his pink-headed or his blue-headed salesmen are now earning their fat commissions; or with little lines which stand for railroads and tiny drawings of clustered buildings telling the world that here are important freight terminals for the manufacturer.

Even eliminating the charts that school-rooms are papered with, you will admit that at the moment, the maps have it. And the grandest of all are the literary and pictorial maps.

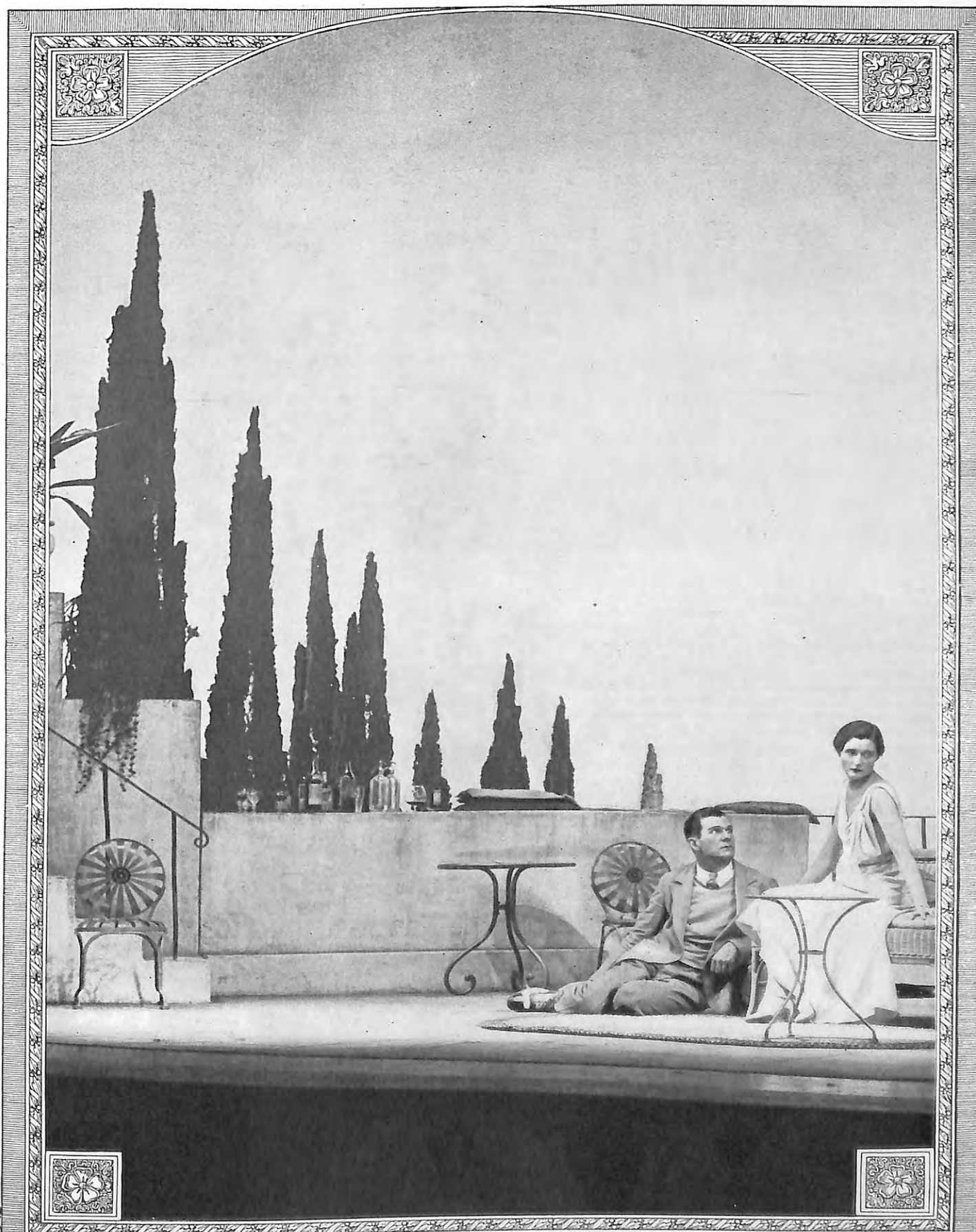
All of them are bright, happy, human affairs, luring you on—mile after mile—to famous books and the haunts of authors, inducing a fresh and comprehensive feeling, a sort of bird's-eye view, of the world of reading. We can think of no one who would not be entranced by them.

One thing that makes us so enthusiastic is the fact that, full as they are of information and suggestion, we ourselves by our own additions to them, can double their value and their charm.

LET us look quickly at the Booklovers Map of America (Bowker & Co., New York). Studying it is like taking a mental motor trip across the continent, stopping to refresh our hearts and our memories on the long road. . . . There, off the coast of Newfoundland, for instance, we see the spot where Harvey Cheyne was rescued by the fishing boat in Rudyard Kipling's *Captains Courageous*. A little farther west we put up for an hour at The Sign of the Golden Dog, that old, old inn in Quebec which Gilbert Parker immortalized in his *Seals of the Mighty*—a marvelous tale of the early days in Canada.

Then down we turn into New York and stow the little car away in David Harum's barn (picture of the barn on the map); and early in the morning up and away again, westward. Do you see a small sketch of a bloodhound? Well, he is telling us that here Eliza crossed the ice, so let us pause here to inquire if we have really read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or if we simply think we

(Continued on page 59)



### Katherine Alexander and Glenn Anders

**T**HE Theatre Guild's final production of the season is Philip Barry's "Hotel Universe". The play derives its name from the former title of the villa in the south of France where the action takes place. Here are gathered a group of American friends of a girl who has retired to this lonely house to devote herself to her brilliant father.

There is an old legend concerning the house which affects all those assembled—a strange clairvoyance toward the past which in a measure destroys their sense of time. It is a very complex play, far too difficult to outline in a few words but brilliant and fascinating to watch. It is very beautifully set and superbly acted throughout—E. R. B.

VANDAMM





From left to right above are Joanna Ross, Eduardo Ciannelli, Lillian Gish and Osgood Perkins in "Uncle Vanya," a comedy from the Russian by Chekhov. Gently this play moves through the lives of the professor and his exquisite young second wife; her brother-in-law and a country doctor, both in love with her; her frustrated young niece and their faithful retainers with only occasional moments of outright laughter, but with a quiet, steady brilliance and a skilful handling of each well-acted rôle. A play to be tasted leisurely and enjoyed like mellow wine



PHOTOS BY  
VANDAM

"Virtue's Bed," a comedy-drama by Courtenay Savage, is the story of an American girl, shanghaied and carried to Cairo. The play opens in northern Africa at the moment when Eileen (Ara Gerald, circle) determines to break with her past. In England she is going to be married, when the British Major who had brought about her reformation (Robert Strange, circle) breaks into the scene and carries her off to South America as his wife. Moderately amusing and well enough acted although not discriminatingly cast



Reviews by  
Esther R. Bien

Joe Smith, Alexander Carr and Charles Dale (left) are responsible for the success of "Mendel, Inc." by David Freedman. Nothing of its kind could be much funnier than the team-work of Smith and Dale, late of vaudeville. They keep the audience in an hysterical state. It is most emphatically low-comedy and broad farce with not much to be said for the threadbare plot

Arthur Goodrich has made a diverting and sometimes genuinely amusing comedy of "The Pluto-crat," taken from Booth Tarkington's novel. Mr. Charles Coburn (right) plays Earl Tinker, a somewhat antiquated type of rather vulgar, noisily noble American millionaire, and Mrs. Coburn (right) his spoiled, domineering wife. We meet the Tinkers on a European cruise with their daughter Olivia, always affectionately referred to by Mr. Tinker as Baby, and their contacts with traveling companions provide many amusing situations nicely set off with well-pointed dialogue



PHOTOS BY  
VANDAMM

"Apron Strings," by Dorrance Davis, is a pleasant, frothy comedy, with plenty of good acting. The modern young heroine returns from a vacation with a wealthy fiancé. After their marriage, however, she discovers that her husband is attempting to mould her life and his in accordance with a series of very conservative posthumous letters from his mother, who, in her lifetime, gave advice to the lovelorn. It takes a lot of persuasion and a bit of applied psychology on the part of the family lawyer to patch up the marriage. Audray Dale, Jefferson De Angelis and Roger Pryor—pictured to the right—give an excellent account of themselves



It is rather unusual to have an operetta presented so late in the season, when the fancy begins to turn lightly to summer revues. "Three Little Girls" is by no means a startlingly good example of the species, either. Its plot is heavily sentimental with an inclination to sadness, and there is a woeful lack of any adequate comedy relief. What redeems the piece is pleasant acting, a tuneful score and some really delightful voices. Natalie Hall and Charles Hedley (left) play the leading rôles and acquit themselves splendidly both as to voices and acting





# The Miracle Man of the Turf

By Jack O'Donnell

Illustrated by  
Baroness Dombrowski



ONE day in the fall of 1922, a small band of trainers, exercise boys and race-track hangers-on formed a circle about a horse that lay prone upon the turf back of G. Ernest Hall's stable at Jamaica race track on Long Island. A veterinarian stood over the animal, revolver in hand, preparing to end the horse's career and misery with a bullet behind the ear.

Into the crowd came a quietly dressed, soft-spoken, weather-tanned man of fifty. He elbowed his way to the inner circle and asked, "What's going on?"

"Ernie Hall's going to destroy that old cripple, Top Sergeant," he was informed by one of the crowd.

The veterinary bent over the horse's head to make sure of his mark.

"Wait a minute!" commanded the newcomer. "Where's Hall?"

"Here!" answered the horse owner. "What you want, Jack?"

"Before the shooting begins," said the man addressed as Jack, "I'd like to make an offer for this hide. Give you fifty dollars for him!"

"Sold!" said Hall. "Sold to Jack Richardson for fifty dollars. That saves me the cost of cartage."

With considerable difficulty Jack Richardson, owner and trainer of thoroughbred race horses, managed to get Top Sergeant to his feet. The poor animal could hardly stand. The tendons of both his front legs were badly bowed. Richardson borrowed some soft bandages from Hall, wrapped them carefully about the horse's legs and led him away to the Richardson barn. Behind him he left a crowd of grinning and doubting Thomases. The oldest and wisest of them shook their heads, saying, "Richardson's made a mistake this time. He'll never get that cripple back to the races!"

When Top Sergeant and his new owner reached the Richardson barn the gelded son of Cock o' the Walk—Fairy Ray was shown into a stall deep with mud. While he stood

*Every day for three weeks Richardson and The Sheriff went for a swim in the ocean*

in the cooling mixture of earth and water Richardson took a hose and played cold water on the sensitive tendons for more than an hour. Top Sergeant then was given a nice box stall, cushioned with clean straw, where he might lie down in comfort.

The next day Jack Richardson began seriously upon the task of bringing one of the worst cripples on the American turf "back to the races"—back, one might almost say, from the dead. A prodigious task lay before him. Tendons badly bowed, feet and ankles puffed and inflamed, Top Sergeant was a hundred to one shot never to face the barrier again. But his new owner had a program mapped out.

Through the short days and long nights of the winter months Richardson bathed and rubbed, soaked and sponged, babied and petted the chestnut gelding. Slowly, very slowly, the tendons assumed a more normal appearance. Veterinarians shook their heads and told Richardson he was wasting his time. Then one day they were surprised to see Top Sergeant out on the track for an exercise gallop. A few months later they were more surprised to see Top Sergeant's name among the entries at James Butler's Empire City track. He was entered in a six-furlong dash with Jockey Walter Anderson in the saddle. The track was heavy that day and, because the bookmakers and form players didn't consider him a "mudder," the layers quoted fifteen to one against him.

"Price doesn't win or lose races," Richardson said. Although practically broke, the owner-trainer managed to gather together \$500 which he wagered on his rejuvenated gelding, averaging twelve to one for his money.

Top Sergeant broke on top, as the saying is, and from the barrier to the judges' stand was "on the Bill Daly," never being headed by Ticklish, Glenlivet or either of the other three horses in the race.

"Another Richardson miracle!" exclaimed race followers.

"Nothing of the sort," said Richardson, pocketing the \$6,000 he had won on the race. "Top Sergeant is a good horse. All he needed was to have his feet fried!"

"His feet fried?" somebody questioned. "What do you mean—fried?"

"Just that," said Richardson. And then he explained how he had literally fried Top Sergeant's feet in a mixture of mutton tallow, turpentine and pine tar until all the inflammation had been drawn from the horse's feet and tendons. He also explained how, for five months, he had rubbed Top Sergeant's tendons until they were hard and strong.

THAT fall at Empire City Top Sergeant won five races and a comfortable fortune for his owner. Bookmakers and the "talent" always expected the horse to break down as he had repeatedly done as a two-, three- and four-year-old, so the former always quoted liberal odds on him and the latter turned up their noses at him.

The following spring season he won six more races in Richardson's colors before he was claimed for \$5,000 at Belmont Park.

"Top Sergeant was one of the best selling platers that ever lived," Richardson told me recently. "He wasn't a great horse by any means, but he was fairly consistent, could go a route or give a good account of himself in a sprint. He liked a muddy track as well, if not better, than a fast one. He won a score or more races after I saved him from the gun at Jamaica. Yes, he was a sweet horse to me. He saved me from financial ruin."

Jack Richardson came honestly by the title of "miracle man of the turf." Thirty-five years ago, down at Brighton Beach, long ere he was granted a trainer's license, he showed originality in the training of horses. At that time he was exercising thoroughbreds for various stables. B. Wolf, better known to present day followers of the turf as Collie B., had a horse named The Sheriff which was cursed with bad underpinning. So brittle were this old boy's legs that it was almost impossible to prepare him for a race, because he would often come



out of a workout sore and lame. The hard tracks burnt his feet.

Wolf knew the horse had plenty of speed and could win if he could be exercised into condition without going lame or sore. But how to give him exercise without running him was a problem. Wolf and his helpers were discussing the question at the stable one afternoon when Richardson spoke up, saying, "I know how you can get him into condition without running him, Mr. Wolf."

"How?" asked Wolf, expecting some foolish suggestion from the youngster.

"Swim him!" said Richardson.

"Swim him?"

"Sure! Right out there in the ocean! Horses love to swim and if swimming is good exercise for a human why wouldn't it be for a horse?"

**WOLF** was impressed. The more he thought of it the more convinced he became that the lad was right. Finally, he said, "All right, Jack, I'll take a chance. Every day from now on it will be your job to take The Sheriff for a plunge. Take it easy at first, but gradually increase the length of time in the water. Go to it!"

Richardson "went to it." Every day for three weeks he and The Sheriff went for a swim. The lad watched the horse carefully. He noted the improvement in the animal's wind; the gradual reduction of his weight and the hardening of his muscles. The salt water also seemed to have a good effect on The Sheriff's feet. Then, one day, Wolf sent The Sheriff an eighth of a mile for a fast workout. He was amazed at the burst of speed shown by The Sheriff.

"He's in better condition than I've ever seen him!" he declared. "We'll make a killing with him now!"

A week later, when The Sheriff was entered in a two mile race "on the grass" at Sheepshead Bay, bookmakers and handicappers laughed. Nobody had seen the horse on the track for weeks and all thought Wolf had put him in the race for a work-out. The books told bettors to "write their own tickets." Wolf, taking them at their word, did, and cleaned up a fortune when The Sheriff romped home in front of a good field.

It wasn't until after he got his trainer's license and went to the far West to train

and race horses that Richardson's talents were recognized.

One day, in the spring of 1911, while racing in the Southwest, he attended a "weed-out" sale of Barney Schreiber's horses down at Houston, Texas. While looking over the platers that were to go under the hammer he noticed a skinny, limping animal called Dr. Mayer, which looked as if it would appreciate a nice soft bed. Richardson liked the conformation of the horse, however, and looked up his breeding. He found that its sire was Sain and its dam Chaminade.

"Well bred hide!" he mused. "Wonder what's wrong with him!"

Aside from the fact that Dr. Mayer was a three-year-old which had never won a race; that like most of Sain's get, he had bad feet and ankles, with a running sore on one of the latter; that he was poor in flesh and weak in strength, there wasn't much wrong with him.

When Dr. Mayer was offered for sale the assembled horse men grinned. There was just one bid for him—\$600, by Jack Richardson.

All that spring, summer, and fall Richardson carried Dr. Mayer over the bush circuit from Texas to Oklahoma, from Oklahoma to Montana, from Montana to Idaho, and from Idaho to California. Every day, when not traveling, the new owner worked on Dr. Mayer's legs. He healed the sore, took the fever and filling out of his feet and ankles by rubbing and heating treatments, and made life generally pleasant for the Schreiber cast-off.

At that time California was the Mecca of winter racing enthusiasts. Emeryville, across the bay from San Francisco, was in full blossom. Here were gathered the biggest racing stables, the biggest bookmakers, and the biggest crowds to be found in the racing world.

To Emeryville, Richardson took his little stable of horses. Times were pretty tough for the Texas horse-owner, but he had faith in Dr. Mayer—faith in the old adage that "blood will tell." He knew there were few horses at Emeryville with better blood in their veins than flowed through the son of Sain-Chaminade.

Dr. Mayer was entered in a selling race with seven other platers, most of which had won races while the Richardson gelding was still a maiden. But the meet was nearing its end, Christmas was but two days distant and the Richardson exchequer was at low ebb.

"Schreiber was making book at the track," said Richardson, telling of the race, "and as he had bred Dr. Mayer I went and told him I thought the horse had a good chance to win. Barney laughed at me, but being a sentimentalist like most horse men, he said he'd make a complimentary bet on him just the same. When the bookmakers put up their prices I was glad to see 15 to 1 quoted against Dr. Mayer. I had scraped together \$500. I showed this money to 'Happy' Buxton who rode my horse that day, saying, 'Happy, this is all the money there is in the world. I'm putting it on Dr. Mayer's nose. If he wins I'll eat turkey day after to-morrow. If he doesn't, Christmas will be just another day in the week for me. Take the Doctor out there and win. He's got it in him!'"

**BUXTON** put up a great ride on Dr. Mayer that day. He got the horse off fourth, but was shut off at the first turn and forced to drop back to sixth position. Then he came again on the outside, was fifth at the half, fourth at the three quarters, overtook the leaders entering the stretch, passed them an eighth of a mile from the wire and came home to win by three-quarters of a length.

Richardson ate turkey Christmas Day!

The most surprised man on the track that day was Barney Schreiber. He told Richardson that his belief in miracles had been restored. After that race Dr. Mayer went on and beat the



One of the craziest thoroughbreds that ever raced on the American continent



best selling platers in the west before the winter ended.

It was while horse racing was enjoying its heyday in the far west, that Richardson performed a feat which caused a mild sensation in the turf world. At that time horse racing was almost a lost sport in the East owing to unfavorable legislation in New York and other Atlantic seaboard States, so many of the big stables operated solely on the Western circuit in California, Idaho, Montana, and Utah. Allen, Idaho, near Spokane, Washington, attracted huge crowds to its mid-summer meetings. Here could be found the cream of the equine world, the Riley Grannans and the Pittsburgh Phils of the betting fraternity, and the Tom Shaws and Petie Blongs of the slate and chalk brigade.



AT THE close of the winter meeting at Juarez in April of that year Richardson, who was then training for Al Voiland of Kansas City, bought for practically nothing from John Lowe, trainer for Joe Schreiber, a horse named Doncaster. Lowe had been carrying Doncaster for two years without being able to get him in condition for a race, so wanted to get rid of him and avoid paying freight charges back to Kentucky.

The horse was in such bad shape that he had to be assisted up the ramp when it came time to ship him north. Three of his legs were unsound, he was thin and slightly rheumatic. But Richardson liked his breeding—he was by Yorkshire Lad out of Minnie Alphonze—and believed he could get him in shape for the summer meeting at Allen.

The change of climate benefited Doncaster. He lost his rheumatism and filled out soon after he reached Idaho. Richardson worked hard on the animal's bad legs. He rubbed them for two hours daily, provided a special soft turf paddock where he exercised him by sending him round and round it for an hour every day, schooled him to break quickly from the barrier, and in June of the same year entered him in a mile race.

Form players disregarded him in handicapping that race, figuring, as handicappers will, that a horse which has not been to the races in two years hasn't a Chinaman's chance until he has a race or two under his belt, and the bookmakers offered 15 to 1 against him.

Confident that Doncaster was ready and fit for the race of his life Richardson advised his employer, Voiland, to bet plenty on him. When Richardson and Voiland started setting in their checks in the betting ring, Doncaster was the outsider at 15 to 1. When they stopped betting, their horse was the favorite at 2 to 1.

Doncaster took the track at the start, entered the stretch six lengths in front of his nearest competitor and coasted home to win by three lengths. The next morning turf writers from coast to coast marveled at Richardson's feat, and in big type told of the "big killing" made by the owner and trainer of Doncaster.

When Richardson came East again he

demonstrated that he deserved the title of "miracle man of the turf"; that he had a real "feel" for horses and knew more about their peculiarities than 90 per cent. of the men who wear trainers' badges. It is one thing to correct faulty feet. It is another to correct faulty mentalities.

Take the case of Between Us, one of the craziest thoroughbreds that ever raced on the American continent. Between Us was by Golden Maxim out of Spanish Match and was jointly owned by Colonel E. R. Bradley and Cliff Hammond. He never took kindly to

training, was eccentric, nervous, high strung and unruly. One of the worst post actors of the turf, he was never to be trusted. At the start of a race nobody ever knew whether he would take a notion to jump the fence, run the wrong way of the track, wheel, prop, or refuse to leave when the webbing went up. Disgusted with the temperamental gelding's conduct Bradley and Hammond sold him while he was a two-year-old.

He changed hands often and finally became the property of former jockey Harvey Boyle who was racing him up in Canada. Richardson, then training for John Lumsden, a wealthy horse owner and lumberman of Ottawa, Canada, saw possibilities in Between Us and advised his employer to purchase him. Boyle had been unable to win a race with the horse, found it difficult to get a boy who cared to ride the "crazy" horse, so was glad to get rid of the oat-eater for a few hundred dollars.

Lumsden shipped the horse to Richardson at Baltimore with the statement "Between Us hasn't won a heat in his last sixteen starts. Maybe you can do something with him, but, pardon me, I have my doubts."

Richardson found that Between Us had two bad knees, the result of favoring his two bad feet. Patiently he worked on the feet until all the inflammation disappeared, then he doctored the knees until the filling left them and they were sound. By treating the animal gently and kindly the trainer won his confidence. Every day for months he schooled him at the barrier, until he became as gentle and well behaved as an unspoiled child.

When Between Us was a five-year-old Richardson took him to Canada. At Kenilworth he started him in a sprint with some of the best selling platers in Canada and he won with ease. Later he was entered in a race with Colonel Bradley's good horse, Blind Baggage, which had run second in the Kentucky Derby, and thirteen other handicapped horses.

Just before the race Richardson gave \$200 to Jack Atkins, the well known California sportsman, and asked him to bet it

for him on Between Us. Atkins, who knows horses pretty well, didn't think Between Us had a chance in a hundred to beat Blind Baggage and was tempted to hold the bet, or make book on the race. But knowing the uncertainties of racing, he bought \$200 worth of tickets for Richardson, made a big bet for himself on Blind Baggage and then went to the clubhouse lawn to watch.

Atkins regretted that he did not hold the bet when he saw Between Us get off last in the fifteen horse field. He wasn't so sure he was right, however, when he saw Richardson's entry go up fast on the outside as the field went into the far turn, and he was glad he hadn't held the wager when he saw Between Us fairly running over horses in the stretch, coming home the winner and establishing a new record for the Canadian track. As Between Us paid 55 to 1 in the mutuels Atkins would have had to pay Richardson \$11,200 out of his own pocket, had he followed his hunch to book the race.

Between Us won many races after that and never again displayed any of the bad qualities which caused Colonel Bradley and Cliff Hammond to dispose of him as a two-year-old.

Richardson succeeds with crippled or temperamental horses where others fail. One of the best illustrations of this is in the famous case of Carefree, the sterling son of the great undefeated Colin which made turf history in this country back in 1907-8 when he won fifteen straight races and everlasting fame.

WHEN a yearling, Carefree was bought at the Saratoga sales by A. C. and Charles Schwartz, the well-known sportsmen. Under the careful handling of Joe Notter, the former jockey who often rode Colin on the New York tracks, Carefree developed into a fine looking two-year-old. In his trials he gave every promise of having speed enough to beat any baby racer in the country. Then, quite unexpectedly he developed a temperament that any grand opera star might envy—for publicity purposes. Sometimes he would take a notion not to leave the paddock for the post. Another time he would go docilely enough to the post only to refuse point blank to break from the barrier. If he felt in the mood he'd break and show his heels to his competitors. But it was always a gamble as to what he would do. The betting fraternity considered him a bad risk, yet they always feared to bet against him.

Notter did his best with the colt, but finally gave up in despair. The Schwartz Brothers believed the horse had a future, however, so instead of selling him, took Notter's advice and turned him over to other trainers to see if they couldn't iron some of the kinks out of his brain. Al Clopton had him for a while and so did Johnny Hastings. Still, Carefree did as

he pleased, when he pleased and where he pleased.

"Let Sam Hildreth have him for a while," somebody suggested to Charles Schwartz. "If anybody can do anything with him, Sam can."

Hildreth, busy training the large and valuable Ranccocas Stable, (Continued on page





# The Malarkey Hot Cakes

By James Stevens

Illustrated by Herb Roth

STOVE LID MALARKEY, dean and master of Columbia River logging-camp cooks, ponderously composed himself in his private padded chair for a solitary hour of reading before bedtime. The range fire was still smoldering. A single light shone above the private chair of the kitchen czar. A drizzling rain droned softly on the tin roof. The cook settled himself in the comfortable chair and a huge sigh of content wheezed and rumbled up from his vasty deeps of flesh. He adjusted steel-rimmed specs on his rubicund nose, and turned the glistening pages of the *Steward and Chef Gazette*. In a moment his air of solid comfort and satisfaction vanished.

"Flumdummery furriner!" he snorted.

The *Gazette*, its lower edges resting on the cook's bulging middle, was opened at a succulent account of an Elks' banquet. A bust portrait of one Henri Thibault, chef of the Olympian Hotel in Portland, covered one-quarter of a page. This picture had brought the first rumbling snort from Stove Lid Malarkey. The second was fetched by the menu Chef Thibault had devised for the banquet.

"Measly!" snorted the camp cook.

Yet something very like envy gleamed from his dimple-like eyes as he read on. Every paragraph lauded and acclaimed Chef Thibault as an artist. The cook wheezed out a doleful groan as he ended his reading of the eulogy. There was something direly wrong with the country when a foreigner, and a French foreigner at that, could win renown by putting up such a frippery feed.

"Fol-de-rol vittles," grumbled Stove Lid.

His gaze remained fixed on the offensive page, however, while many moments ticked on. In the end the page no longer offended, for the ponderous cook had succumbed to the elf of fancy, as he always did in his solitary readings of the *Gazette*. The portrait of the flumdummery foreigner and the account of his measly menu vanished from the page. In their stead appeared a photographic representation of the massive and majestic figure of the star cook of all the

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Columbia River logging camps. It bulked over half of the page. Above it flared:

ART OF AMERICAN COOK ENTHUSES ELKS' CONVENTION—ANTLERED HOST APPLAUDS MALARKEY HOT CAKES AS THE CREATION OF A MASTER—CALLED TRIUMPH

As the fancy went on it acquired attributes of splendor. Before the Olympian Hotel swung a mammoth sign:

HOME OF THE MALARKEY HOT CAKES

The cook saw himself in a vast and glittering kitchen, parading in pomp and panoply before batter bowls and griddles. Out in golden dining-rooms, Elks and Rotarians and Shriners, roused to a madness of enthusiasm by a perfect rendition of honest American vittles, rose from their tables in acclaim.

The face of Stove Lid Malarkey was wreathed in a roseate smile as he emerged from the gorgeous fancy.

"Just once," he sighed gustily. "Just once I would like a chance at Elks with honest vittles like hot cakes."

Again he sank blissfully into the dream, his weighty frame quaking with a yearning for acclamations and awards such as those bestowed on Chef Thibault, caterer to Elks.

For thirty years Stove Lid Malarkey had been an undisputed cookhouse monarch in every lumbering region that had enjoyed his presence. Camp foremen, even camp owners, had kow-towed to him as to a royal personage, knowing how the best loggers were always drawn to the camps that boasted the best cooks. For nearly thirty years

Stove Lid Malarkey had waxed fat in contentment with his regal powers and the fervent adulations of plain loggers. Then Jupe Gavin, scalawag heir of the Gavin Timber Company's tough and grizzled owner, had turned a neat trick by introducing the *Chef and Steward Gazette*.

JUPE'S sly hope had been to stir the cook's pride to the point where he would attempt to emulate the artists celebrated in the *Gazette*. He yearned for the spectacle of bully loggers sitting in bewilderment and suspicion before concoctions such as those served in the Olympian Hotel by Chef Thibault. Jupe's attempt had backfired, however. Stove Lid Malarkey was aroused, true enough, but it was with the zeal of a missionary to the heathen. Instead of being beguiled into astounding the Gavin loggers with frippery French dishes, he yearned to compose honest American vittles for Elks and other good men who were the prey of flumdummery foreigners.

For a time Jupe egged the majestic cook on in this fancy, but he soon tired of it. Nothing happened to satisfy his demand for rowdy humor. He even failed to get a rise out of the cook when he told tremendous tall tales about the hot-cake masterpieces composed by Cream-Puff Fatty, who had mixed batter in the kitchen of Paul Bunyan, inventor of the

lumber industry, Malarkey was solemnly impervious to the whoppers. He and his art were above humor.

Lately the young lumberman had settled down seriously to business in Portland. His trips to the camps were rare. On his last two visits he had not attempted a prank or spoken a jest to the cook. Malarkey had come

*ARE you happy in your friends? Gelett Burgess, one of our foremost humorists, believes in friends and will give you the benefit of his mellow wisdom in the difficult art of friendship in an early issue. Don't miss "The Game of Neo-Friendship"*



to believe that the lad was settling down to be a real logger, like his father. In time he might learn a proper respect for hot cakes and see their high place in the life of logging.

That optimism of Stove Lid Malarkey's was the first condition of the most prodigious event of his cook's career. The event was breaking now. Even as he indulged in fancy from the depths of his private padded chair, Jupe Gavin was addressing Barney Bresnahan, bull of the woods, in the camp office.

"I only want to borrow him for to-morrow evening and the next morning," young Jupe was saying. "Surely the loggers won't miss him for that long, Barney."

"You don't pin me down to any yes or no," the camp foreman said firmly. "Malarkey is the absolute boss of his kitchen. If he wants to leave the gettin' of a camp supper and breakfast to his second, it's his responsibility. I won't take it."

"Who is running this camp, you or Malarkey?" The young lumberman's voice was impatient.

"Son," said Bresnahan kindly, "you got a hell of a lot to learn about logging. The first principle of conducting a camp is to let your cook have full swing in the kitchen. If I've got to tell my cook yes and no, he's not fit for the best of the Gavin camps. You ask your old pap. Even he wouldn't give Stove Lid Malarkey an out-and-out order."

"Well, I've got the plans all set for the breakfast club," said young Jupe, with something like his father's firmness. "And I've got to have Malarkey to put them over."

"It's my idy you'd better leave well enough alone," said the bull of the woods. "But I ain't saying yes or no. Malarkey knows that if Conk McGlory and some of the other top hands don't take to the meals his second puts up, and they raise hell or quit, why, it's his responsibility."

"Well, I'll take the responsibility myself," said young Jupe. "With the old man, I mean."

"That's understood, certainly. So it's none of my funeral." With that Bresnahan waved his pipe and turned to his scale sheets.

"The livest-wire bunch of young Portland business men are in this breakfast club, and I'm going to knock them cold," stated Jupe. "When they see Stove Lid Malarkey cooking hot cakes, they'll heave with wonder."

"Well, you got him to talk into it first."

"HUH!" Jupe's freckles shone in a grin. "That's easy. All I need to do is to tell him they're Elks, Shriners, and Rotarians."

"Your funeral," said Bresnahan. "All I got to say is to go easy and slow. I know cooks like books."

"And I know artists," said Jupe. "This human mountain of yours thinks he's an artist. Watch him move to me."

When Stove Lid Malarkey was startled out of his solitary dream of grandeur by the opening of the kitchen door, he instantly assumed the workaday expression and demeanor of the kitchen czar. He supposed the intruder to be some logger after sandwiches to sustain the common carcasses of woodbucks and choker-setters engaged in a game of stud. Thirty years of experience with such men had made the cook serene in maintaining an august presence before them. At the sight of Jupe Gavin, however, he squirmed like an elephant feeling the goad.

He expected tricks and jokes unfitting to his dignity. He discreetly shoved the *Gazette* behind him. His eyes gleamed with suspicion at Jupe's genial greeting.

"Hello, Stove Lid. Still tilting the scales at about a ton, I see."

Usually the young heir to the Gavin interests hid his humorous intentions behind a mask of exaggerated solemnity. Jupe was evidently up to new tricks. The cook regarded him cautiously.

"Howdy, Jupe," he rumbled. "Yes, I'm still maintainin' my ponderous heft, as a cook should."

"As a cook should." Jupe half-sat on a corner of a mixing table and dangled his left foot. "I've heard of cooks who wouldn't take a kitchen job unless there was a good place to board near by."

"Such cooks is skunks," stated Stove Lid Malarkey, with succinct force. "A cook who can't maintain ponderous heft in his own carcass ain't fit to propergate vittles for his feller-man. It's my pride that my ponderous heft has come from vittles that nobody but me, Stove Lid Malarkey, has propergated. You betcher."

"Such a man!" marveled Jupe.

"Meals make the man," Malarkey repeated his favorite aphorism. "And I've been made the man I am by my own meals. I eat what I cook, and here I am, Jupe, the proof of the puddin'."

"Have a cigar, chief," said Jupe suddenly.

The cook took the proffered delicacy with renewed suspicion. Expensive smoke should not lull him into forgetting to watch for tricks. As he puffed, he sat solidly in his private padded chair, and waited watchfully.

"Good cigar, hey, chief?"

"I ain't for a fact found nothin' opprobrious in it yet," admitted the cook.

"Pride myself on my cigars," Jupe squinted through the curling blue smoke. "Paragons. I smoke no others."



The cook was still non-committal. He silently savored the smoke.

"Paragons," said Jupe again. Then, negligently: "Like your hot cakes, chief."

The cook's eyes flickered once. He repressed the words that surged up at the mention of the subject nearest his heart. He remembered the vow made when Jupe had held forth so ridiculously on the fabulous hot cakes of Cream Puff Fatty.

"Nevermore will I extol and expound my hot cakes to a young jacknapes like Jupe Gavin," he had vowed.

And he would not extol and expound them now. On the subject of hot cakes his silence could not be shaken. He was resolute in that. His resolution, however, availed him nothing. For Jupe's next words penetrated the most secret recesses of his being and opened to the light his most cherished dream.

"Chief," said Jupe, with the earnest air of man to man. "Chief, how would you like to cook a hot-cake breakfast for a gang of effete city folks down in Portland? For the real leading men, such as Rotarians, Shriners and Elks. The genuine, twenty-four-carat elite. How would you like to see them wading into stacks of the Malarkey hot cakes, hey, chief?"

Stove Lid Malarkey wheezed out one gasp and sagged into the depths of his private padded chair. A predatory light shone in the eyes of Jupe Gavin as he observed the effect of his words. A purplish spot appeared in each of the cook's bulging cheeks. He was blushing with embarrassment.

His first thought was that Jupe had somehow read his mind, and was now hideously bent on parading forth in dreadful nudity his most cherished secret dreams. Then, as Jupe talked on, genially, but seriously, with an engaging air of confiding in an elder friend, the cook's suspicions were lulled.

Jupe had reformed and settled down, he said; he was attending strictly to business and associating with the best people of Portland: Rotarians, Shriners and Elks, no less. He was an honored member, for example, of the Olympian Breakfast Club, which was composed of strictly

live-wire young business men, lawyers, doctors and salesmen.

"The associations have made a changed man of me," declared Jupe soberly. "They've done wonders for me, these leading men have, and I've been wanting to do something for them. Now I've got the chance. For they've delegated me to put on a lumbermen's program at this week's breakfast. And my idea is to make logging-camp hot cakes the grand feature of the program."

Stove Lid Malarkey did not yet dare to hope that his dream was actually flowering into reality. Tremendous emotions began to throb for expression, but he held them down. He forced himself to listen with judicial attention to Jupe, who was still under suspicion.

"IT WOULD break your heart, chief, to see how these fine, upstanding, two-fisted he-men have been made slaves to the notions of Chef Thibault of the Olympian," said Jupe earnestly. "Did you ever look on French ham and eggs? No. You could never have survived that, chief. And that chef even denies us waffles."

The repellent word dragged utterance from the cook.

"Waffles!" he snorted. "That degenerate offspring of honest hot cakes. Waffles!"

"And when the boys are begging for waffles, even you can imagine how hot cakes would simply knock them dead."

"Not if they are propergated by a flum-dummery furriner," stated Malarkey jealously. "Such a chef would be bound to make hot-cakes frippery. Such as he could propergate would only disappoint the Elks. You betcher."

"There!" exclaimed Jupe. "I knew you'd see it! Wasn't I just going to say that myself? Wasn't I now?"

The cook was cautious again. He only nodded.

"The Malarkey hot cakes are what the Elks must have, if we are going to knock them dead," said Jupe, with an air of triumph. "I'm glad you see it my way, chief. For I've got it all arranged for you to perform. All we're waiting for is your word. Barney says it's all right with him."

"Eloocerdate," ordered the cook majestically.

"Here's the plot," said Jupe. "You say the word, and I telephone Bill Edgewood, manager of the Olympian, that all is O. K. To-morrow you go to Portland and report to him. He and Chef Thibault will give you carte blanche, as the Elks say. They'll go the limit."

"You mean I can promulgate orders to them?" Stove Lid Malarkey's expression was on the borderline of the fatuous. Jupe Gavin gazed on him with the look of a fisherman who has just hooked the biggest bass in the lake.

"Absolutely, chief," he said, "so long as you are carrying out my plan. Here's it. There's a stage in the breakfast room. We'll mount tables on it, with electric plates and griddles. You must do your batter mixing in full view. And in full view you'll boss your helpers at the griddles. Bill and the chef will have bins and a mixing table set up for you on the stage. In plain sight of the best Rotarians, Shriners, and Elks in Portland you'll propagate the Malarkey hot cakes. What do you say, chief?"

"Honest vittles," mumbled Malarkey to himself. "I would like a chance at Elks with honest vittles."

"Oh, yes," said Jupe carelessly. "You should take your Wiggins sifter and mixing ladle along. They're important."



The wall behind continued to resound with dull thuds, and dishes were knocked from the tables

"Toby sure," sighed the cook, now struggling but weakly on the hook. "Them noble implementers."

Certainly Chef Thibault would have nothing in his grand kitchen to compare with the five-gallon sifter and the scoop-sized ladle fabricated for him by Wire Rope Wiggins, the great logging blacksmith.

"NOW, remember, chief," Jupe's brisk young voice was suddenly imperative. "Remember, the great idea is for you to perform exactly as though you were in your own kitchen. You're the star chef, monarch of all you survey, as you mix your batter and boss the cooking. The flunkies'll be high-toned waiters, but don't mind them, or Chef Thibault, either. Be yourself, or you'll spoil the show."

There was something ominous in this admonition, but the cook could not fathom it. He was helpless before the opportunity to realize his dream, the chance to enter the kitchen of the great Olympian Hotel and feed Elks honest vittles. Majestically he succumbed, shoving doubts and fears out of his mind.

"When I'm feedin' anybody, even if it's bisops, I'm nobody but Stove Lid Malarkey," he said impressively. "Bishops or loggers, Jupe, it's all the same to me when I propergate hot cakes."

"All right, then," Jupe swiftly slid from his perch on the mixing table. "I'll go call Edgewood and tell him to make

ready to feed his breakfast club the Malarkey hot cakes. Thanks a lot. Well, good night. I'm riding out on the speeder. We'll meet at the Olympian day after to-morrow morning. Don't fail me now."

He was gone before the cook could utter another word. With his breezy and ingratiating personality gone, Stove Lid Malarkey began to have doubts. For one thing, he doubted the ability of his second cook to put up a supper and breakfast that would satisfy the rigid demands of star loggers like Conk McGlory. For another, he was dubious about the procedure of mixing batter and cooking the cakes in full public view. For thirty years these sacred mysteries had always been performed out of the sight of the men he fed.

"He talked of performin' like I was a actor, Jupe did," brooded the cook.

Then there was old Jawn Gavin to consider. Jupe's tough and grizzled sire had an eye for nothing but the business of logging. He valued cooks precisely for their high worth in this business. There was a good chance that he would, to use his own terms, raise hell and halleluiah over the fancy ideas of his heir. But old Jawn was supposed to be out with a cruising party. He might never hear a word about this grand enterprise of giving Elks a chance at honest vittles.

Such doubts and fears at last subsided, as the cook sank back into his roseate

(Continued on page 62)



# The Quest of the Thunderbus

By John Chapman Hilder

Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren

## Part II

THE discovery that the girl of the train was Carmichael's daughter and that the young man with her was a counterfeit peer had come as a double shock.

In spite of his intense curiosity as to the real identity of the person who called himself Lord Beauregard, and in spite of the overwhelming desire to meet Sheila Carmichael, Jerry realized that for the time being both this curiosity and this desire must be restrained. He reminded himself that in his present position it scarcely behooved him to go about nosing into other people's identities. He reminded himself, also, that he had come to Waterboro to accomplish a specific undertaking. Granting that he had committed himself to it in a moment of desperate bravado and that it now seemed pretty foolish, he was just enough the son of his father to determine that no added obstacles should be allowed to hold him back.

Sheila Carmichael was undeniably the loveliest thing he had ever laid eyes on, but that circumstance could not be permitted to alter his plans. After all, his whole future was at stake. If he failed in this undertaking and was obliged to go to work in the Marshall factory for five years, he probably would stay there for the rest of his life. The vagrant thought slipped into his mind that if Sheila Carmichael would marry him he'd be content to go into the motor-car business, or any other. But that idea not only savored of cowardly, defeatist propaganda, but it was premature. He had not even met the lady. When he did, he might find that she was not the fascinating creature she appeared to be. Again, she might take an instant dislike to him. Even supposing she proved to be all he pictured her and that she liked him, as soon as she found out who he really was, she would drop him like a hot plate. Ever since he could remember, Jerry had heard Mr. Carmichael described as a reptile. Undoubtedly Sheila had heard his father described in similar terms. The outlook for romance was patently hopeless. He must dismiss it from his mind.

It is one thing, however, to tell oneself to stop thinking about a situation and quite another to make the brain obey. Not being an adept in that far-eastern philosophy whose disciples are trained to focus their thoughts at will, Jerry was unable to place Sheila Carmichael in a vacant pigeonhole of his consciousness and concentrate on other matters. To begin with, there was the ques-

tion of the bogus lord. He was not Beauregard, that was certain. Well, then, who was he? What was he doing in this place? How and why had he insinuated himself into the Carmichael household? To steal something? To win Sheila—who would be a considerable heiress? Or both? Whichever it might be, one thing was plain: he was on terms of easy companionship with the girl. He was in the position of being on the inside, looking out, while as yet Jerry was on the outside, looking in.

It required no clairvoyance for Jerry to see clearly that the self-styled Lord Beauregard would have to be very carefully watched. First on the scene, he would assuredly resent any attempt on Jerry's part to wedge himself into the Carmichael establishment and would take active steps to keep him out. Sooner or later, Jerry foresaw, he and the other impostor would be forced to a show-down.

Meanwhile, like Br'er Rabbit, he would lie low, say nothing and keep his eyes and ears open. He would play his rôle of an earnest young novelist, devoting his mornings ostensibly to work and his afternoons to simple bucolic pursuits, such as training the dog Lancelot to retrieve golf balls, or rambling innocently about the countryside.

2.

JERRY'S first meal with the Careys was an occasion he never will forget. At the foot of the stairs, a cowbell in her hand, Mrs. Carey was waiting for him. "Mr.

Maxwell," she boomed, "would you want to eat alone, or will you set down with us?"

Jerry hesitated.

"I can give you a comfortable little table in the parlor."

"That would be fine."

"Or we'll be glad to have you set with us."

"That's very kind of you," he began.

"But—er—"

"If you'd sooner be alone—I know what writers are—"

"More than I do," he thought. But he didn't say that. He didn't know what to say. He was anxious not to offend her.

"It's just whichever you want," repeated Mrs. Carey.

"Why, thanks very much—I think I'd like to sit with you."

"I CAN fix you a table in the parlor, or you're welcome to eat with us in the kitchen."

"Oh, in the kitchen, with you, by all means," said Jerry, hoping to end this niggling. He had had no lunch and was beginning to feel ravenous.

Mrs. Carey's flushed face was suffused with honest pleasure.

"I want to make you comfortable," she explained, in a voice that shook the stairs.

"You are," said her boarder, becoming more uncomfortable every minute.

"Come on in and set down, then," she



## The Outer Gate of Opportunity Opens to the Wiles of One Impostor, and Another Is Revealed in His True Colors



*Mrs. Carey looked at him for a moment as if she did not understand. "It's all right," the Sheriff said. "This young feller can be trusted. Can't you?"*

said. "The Sheriff ain't home yet, but he's always late. We won't wait for him."

Jerry followed her into the kitchen, where the table was laid for four. Queenie was already there, grinning enormously and swaying from one foot to the other, like a picketed elephant. The dog, Lancelot, his attention divided between something Mrs. Carey had on the stove and the lemon meringue pie which was placed on a side table, perilously near the edge, stood flapping his ample nostrils with an air of optimism. Jerry also stood and sniffed. The atmosphere of the kitchen was a blend of delightful aromas.

Mrs. Carey suddenly swooped, opened the oven door, brought out a black pot of bubbling and fragrant beans and put it on the table. She scooped the contents of a frying pan into a dish and placed that beside the beans. From another recess of the stove she produced a pan of biscuits which she dexterously slid onto a plate.

"Now then, Mister," she boomed, "set right down and help yourself." She mopped her face with her apron and pushed the bean pot toward him. "These here's beans, and this"—handing over the other dish—"is frizzled beef. You like frizzled beef?" she asked, anxiously.

"You bet," said Jerry. "Nothing like frizzled beef. Beans, too. Nothing like beans." He took some of each and passed them to his hostess.

"Biscuits!" shouted Mrs. Carey.

"Biscuits," echoed Jerry, taking two.

"Sweet pickle!" she bellowed, pointing at a saucerful.

"Sweet pickle," echoed Jerry, reaching for the saucer.

"Cottage cheese!" thundered the lady, indicating a bowl of it.

"Murder!" shrieked Queenie, who until this moment had been a fascinated spectator of her mother's efforts to do the right

thing. "Murder!" she shrieked again. "Look! Lancelot!"

The other looked. The lanky pup, standing on his hind legs, was gulping down the last of the lemon pie that had been on the side table.

"Rowf!" roared Mrs. Carey, rearing up with a suddenness that rocked the entire supper. "Get out a here, you brute!" She swung her chair at the startled animal, catching him a glancing blow on the rump that made him howl with fright and dash for cover. "My beautiful pie," she moaned to Jerry. "I made it for you, that pie. I'll kill that dog, I swear I will." She sat down again, breathing heavily.

"Too bad," said Jerry, as sympathetically as his desire to laugh would allow. "Whose dog is he?"

"Queenie's," said Mrs. Carey.

"He's Pop's," averred Queenie.

Jerry did not press the point.

"Well," he said philosophically, with a mouth full of frizzled beef, "'s a young dog."

Mrs. Carey snorted.

"He's a blankety-blank," she observed feelingly.

"Who's a blankety-blank?" inquired a voice from the kitchen door, a voice Jerry had not heard before.

He looked up to see a lean, lantern-jawed man, with splayed eyes, approaching the table.

"Lo, Pop," chirped Queenie.

"Lo, daughter."

"Oh, it's you," said Mrs. Carey. "Late again."

"Who's a blankety-blank?" demanded the Sheriff.

"Lance," volunteered Queenie.

"He just ate a whole lemon pie," supplemented her mother.

The newcomer surveyed Jerry first with one eye, and then with the other, an operation which required a sixty-degree turn of

his head, for he was the exact opposite of cross-eyed. Then he winked, heavily.

"Ah," he said. "I thought maybe you was speaking of this young feller."

"Not yet, Sheriff," he said. "She doesn't know me well enough for that. I only arrived this afternoon. My name's Maxwell. I'm stopping here for a bit."

"Pleased to meet you," said the Sheriff. "Sit down and go ahead. Don't let me disturb you." He took his own seat.

"Frizzled beef," said Jerry, passing him the dish.

"Beans," rumbled Mrs. Carey, handing over the black pot.

"Sweet pickle," said Jerry.

"Yes, sir," said the Sheriff heartily. He spooned liberal portions of everything onto his plate. With one eye he looked at his wife, who was on his left, while with the other he looked at Jerry, on his right. Then he winked again, the left eye.

"Cider, Ma," he said.

Mrs. Carey looked at him for a moment as if she did not understand.

"It's all right," he said. "This young feller can be trusted. Can't you?" He turned to Jerry.

"Yes, sir," said Jerry promptly.

The cider was brought.

"LOOKIN' at you," said the Sheriff, raising his glass.

"Looking at you," responded Jerry, doing likewise.

He had heard of the celebrated cider of the old-time temperance State, but had never tasted it, and was inclined to be cautious. He sipped it tentatively.

"No call to be afraid of that," the Sheriff reassured him. "Ain't a headache in a barrel of this cider." He drank down his glassful.

Jerry followed suit. The liquid had a curious bitter, earthy taste, with a sort of overtone of the flavor of apples that was rather pleasant. He noticed no immediate effects from having drunk it.

For a few minutes the quartette ate in comparative silence. Jerry began to feel a little warm. He attributed this to the consciousness that the Sheriff's right eye was on him and that the moon-faced Queenie was watching his slightest movement. After a while the Sheriff spoke.

"Cider, Ma." He nodded toward Jerry's glass.

"Maybe he don't care for it," suggested Mrs. Carey, always the perfect hostess.

"But I do. It's top-hole."

"Top-hole," repeated the Sheriff. "English, hey?"

"Lived over there," said Jerry. "American, really."



"He's a writer," said Mrs. Carey, pouring the cider. "Writes stories."

"Lookin' at you," said the Sheriff.

"Cheero," responded Jerry.

"Writer, hey? Any money in the writin' business?"

"Lots," said Jerry, beginning to feel very warm indeed. The personal channel into which the conversation had been led was embarrassing. Peculiarly searching, that eye of the Sheriff's. He would have to watch his step.

"Ever write scenarios, Mister?" This from Queenie.

"Oh, yes," said Jerry. He knew as soon as he had said this that it was reckless, but it had slipped out.

"Tell us about 'em." The huge girl propped her balloon face on her blimp-like arms and regarded him with unalloyed admiration.

Jerry wiped his forehead.

"That's a big order," he said.

"Well—just the titles."

Jerry gulped some cider to gain time, and thought fast.

"Let's see. Titles. 'Purple Husbands,' that's one. 'Scarlet Daughters,' that's another. And 'Synthetic Love,' that's another. And—"

"Gee," breathed Queenie. "Some titles. Tell us some more."

"Don't bother him," said her father sharply. "You'll have to excuse her, Sonny. She's got movies on the brain."

Jerry mopped his forehead again. The room was becoming unbearably hot. It was making him a trifle dizzy. He finished his glass of cool cider. He grew hotter.

"If you don't mind," he said, stifling a yawn, "I think I'll turn in. Your air up here. Not used to it. Hardly keep my eyes open. Awfully sorry. You won't mind?"

"Go right ahead, boy."

Jerry got up and gravely shook hands with all three of them in turn.

"Charming evening," he said. "So glad to have met you. So jolly to be here. G'night."

Making his way unsteadily to his room, he bolted the door, sat on the edge of the bed to untie his shoes, and—sank back, fast asleep.

#### CHAPTER IV

SINCE the death of his wife, when Sheila was in her sophomore year at college, Mr. Carmichael had lived a simple and secluded life. Sheila, who adored him, was content to stay at home and look after him. Though she was seldom thrown into contact with people of her own age, she found plenty to interest her, in her gardens and in the never-fading enchantment of the sea.

Mr. Carmichael at times indulged in a gift for satire. Young male persons, coming to call on Sheila and taking themselves very seriously indeed, usually fled, never to return, upon having their egos punctured and deflated by her father's penetrating jibes. Sheila had long ago given up protesting at his treatment of her prospective swains, and had come to believe, with him, that a man who could not stand a little joshing was unworthy of deep consideration. She knew, as did a few of his older intimates, that his barbs, though sharp, were not poisoned and that, as with a hedgehog, there was a kindly nature beneath his prickly exterior.

Despite her apparent indifference on the train—she had been to New York on business for her father—Sheila had by no means been insensible to Jerry's presence. Aside

from observing his obvious interest in her, she would have been less than human had she not felt some slight curiosity about him. Even a girl accustomed to being stared at finds it difficult not to be a trifle stirred when the starrer is over six feet tall, has Apollonian shoulders, crisp, unruly bronze hair and blue eyes in which humor lurks. And Sheila knew too few young men to have become impervious to such attractions.

Discovering Jerry's whereabouts the very afternoon of his arrival distinctly pleased her. If her companion had not demurred, Sheila would have lingered a little to watch him at his practice. A keen golfer recognizes form at a glance, and she could tell, the moment Jerry raised his mashie, that he was no ordinary performer. There is an intangible quality inherent in certain race-horses, dogs and athletes which raises them above the common run. It is called "class." No one knows exactly what it is, or how it can be acquired—if at all—but almost anyone can sense it, in an animal or in a man. Whatever it may be, Jerry had it and Sheila saw that he had it. That easy swing, that clean follow-through, that perfect balance of the body, and the crisp click as the ball sped away, were a delight to eye and ear alike.

But Beauregard, who, a few moments before had laughed loudly at the antics of Lancelot, had done so only to avoid calling Sheila's attention to the fact that he was in anything but a laughing mood. He had just received a letter at the Waterboro post-office and he wanted to get back to the house to read it as soon as possible. It was not the sort of communication he cared to open except in the privacy of his room, where there was a fireplace. To begin with, he knew that it would be sure to irritate him, when he read it, to the point of causing him to utter language unbecoming to a lord. And secondly, he was aware that if it were seen, inadvertently, by Sheila or anyone else, his status as a guest of the Carmichaels would immediately become null and void. Worse than that, it would almost certainly lead to his confinement, for an

On the other hand, it might be merely another demand for action, coupled with another threat as to what would happen if such action were not forthcoming soon. Beauregard was anxious to find out which it might be, and that is why he demurred when Sheila suggested that they watch Jerry.

He was a good enough actor, however, to cloak the depth of his personal desire to drive on by reminding Sheila how greatly her father disliked lateness at meals, and by evincing an interest in Jerry that he did not really feel.

"Don't you think we'd better push along?" he said, looking at his wrist watch. "You know how your Pater feels about having dinner on the dot. I'd love to watch that chappie, myself. He has beautiful style, beautiful. But don't you think? What?"

Sheila assented. Her father never ate lunch and, in consequence, was apt to be savagely hungry when evening came. It was six, now, and they dined at half-past. There would doubtless be other opportunities to watch the Careys' new boarder. Later on, perhaps, when she knew a little more about him, she might suggest that Mr. Carmichael invite him over to make a foursome.

IT SEEMS unfair, since you already know that the dark young man staying with the Carmichaels was not the real Lord Beauregard, to make you wonder any longer who he actually was.

The names with which he was christened—as may easily be verified by anyone who cares to take the trouble—were Alfred Walter Griggs. In his home town of London, England, he was variously known as Wire-finger Alfie, or Stinkpot Griggs. The former cognomen had been given him because, chiefly for entertainment, he had developed an extraordinary skill in opening safes and locks. The latter had been bestowed because of his aromatic achievements with chemicals.

Born into a decent, upper middle class family and endowed with an analytical turn of mind, he was educated to be a chemical engineer, a profession in which he might have gone far. But he was one of those men who, as Oscar Wilde so neatly put it, could resist everything but temptation. In short, he was a bad one. Not content to confine his talents to lawful channels wherein a livelihood was rather slowly to be earned, he turned to shady, but more lucrative, enterprises. At length, on the suggestion of an associate, a Mr. Fred Meaney, he devised a method of making money that so closely resembled the real article that many thousands of pounds worth of it were passed before it was discovered to be spurious. When the first hue and cry was raised the pair had already left England for distant shores and, with what was left of the spoils, proceeded to set up a laboratory for the manufacture of more or less harmful concoctions, which were sold, by Mr. Meaney, under well-known—but imitation—labels. Realizing that this activity could not go on unchecked forever, Griggs made off with all the money he and his partner jointly possessed—without telling the latter of his intention, of course—and set sail for the United States. Here, wearied for the nonce with a life of excitement and tension, he applied for, and obtained, a job in a large firm devoted to engineering research. By chance he heard of Mr. Carmichael and heard, also, of a certain formula in that gentleman's possession. It was the formula for a new and deadly gas and, according to



Sheila  
Carmichael

indeterminate period, in one of the nastier prisons of the British Isles, following an unpleasant international amenity known as extradition. The letter was from a gentleman who, as the saying goes, had him by the short hairs and who, for some time now, had been evidencing an inclination to apply the celebrated tweezers. There was a strong possibility that this letter was an ultimatum.



his information, Mr. Carmichael had refused a stupendous offer for it from a foreign government. The thought occurred to our friend Mr. Griggs that the theft of the formula and its sale to the said foreign government would place him beyond the possibility of indigence for the rest of his days. A few discreet inquiries gave him the data he needed about Mr. Carmichael and his mode of life. And he was wondering how best to worm his way into a position which would make the theft possible, when suddenly he was confronted, on Broadway, New York, with his old associate, Mr. Fred Meaney.

"Ho," said that worthy, with blood in his eye. "I've been looking for you, you dirty so-and-so."

It was no use trying to run away. Mr. Meaney was larger and faster than he, and Stinkpot realized at once that no hope lay in flight.

"I'VE been looking for you, too," he lied. "It was a nasty bit of work for me to leave you in the lurch. I was sorry the moment I'd done it. I didn't really mean to, but I got the wind up and lost my head."

Mr. Meaney laughed raucously.

"That's a good one, that is. Lost your head, eh? No, my lad, you haven't lost it, yet. But you're going to lose it, and no mistake."

The other paled. There was a quality in Mr. Meaney's voice that he did not like. His expression was similar to that of a mon-goose in the act of springing upon a cobra.

"Sorry that you left me in the lurch, are

*"You needn't imagine you can nip the idea and do it yourself," said Griggs. "You couldn't do it without me in ten thousand years"*

you? That's a good one. You jolly well will be sorry when I get done with you. Slink off and left me to carry the bag. You come along with me, you this and that."

"Where to?" queried Mr. Griggs, edging away.

"Never you mind where to. Come along." Gripping his elbow with a large strong hand, Mr. Meaney propelled him firmly along up a side street and into the lobby of a hotel catering to the better class of small-time vaudeville artists and second-rate gunmen. On the tenth floor, the large man led his quarry to a door at the end of a corridor, and kept hold of him while fishing for the key with his free hand. Once inside the room, he gave his man a lusty push and, turning, double-locked the door.

"Now then," he said, taking off his coat. "What?" asked Mr. Griggs, who had been thinking fast.

"You know what, you one thing and another," said Mr. Meaney, grimly, rolling up his sleeves.

"Suppose I yell?"

"You can yell till you're blue in the face. This is New York, my boy, not London. Yells mean nothing here."

Having thought fast, Mr. Griggs began to talk fast.

"Look here, Freddie," he said, "I've told you I'm sorry for what I did and I am. You can go ahead and slaughter me, for all I care, but what good'll it do you? When I said

I was looking for you, I meant it." Putting a large couch between him and his former partner, he continued: "I've just got hold of the tightest proposition either of us ever ran across. If you'll let me off, I'll take you in on it and make you more money than you ever dreamed of. But if you knock me about, we'll neither of us get anything out of it. See?"

"Think I'd ever trust you again, Stinkpot? What do you take me for?"

Mr. Griggs shrugged with infinite weariness.

"All right. Hurry up and get it over with."

Mr. Meaney took a step forward and clenched his fists. The muscles on his forearms bulged unpleasantly. But he was hesitant.

"What is this good thing of yours?" he asked.

"Promise to let me off and I'll tell you."

The heavy man laughed drily.

"I don't think," he said. "You tell me first. If it's as good as you say it is, then perhaps I'll let you off."

"You needn't imagine you can nip the idea and do it yourself," said Griggs. "You couldn't do it without me in ten thousand years."

"Spit it out, then," said Meaney, harshly.

Briefly the other outlined his scheme.

"All I have to do," he concluded, "is to get into the house and find out where the thing is kept. Then I can copy it and no one will be the wiser."

"Hm," said Meaney. "Sounds like something."

(Continued on page 46)





## EDITORIAL

### OUR PATRIOTIC ANNIVERSARY

**A**LTHOUGH June 14th has come to be so generally observed as Flag Day that it may well be regarded as a national occasion, the Order of Elks, under a long standing Grand Lodge enactment, has been so identified with the celebration and has played so conspicuous a part in creating and extending its popularity, that we have a good right to look upon it as a patriotic celebration that is, in a sense, peculiarly our own.

The celebration of the birth of the American Flag has a very definite value, if it be wisely conceived and properly conducted. But the mere effort to arouse a temporary emotional response, by a theatric display of the national emblem, by inspiring music and fervid speeches, although it may provide an entertaining program, falls far short of the true purpose of the occasion. And it fails to achieve what the Order seeks to accomplish by its prescribed ceremonial.

True patriotism is not a mere transient emotion. It is a fine sentiment of continuing loyalty and fidelity to high national ideals. And it is most securely established in one's heart when it is intelligently based upon a knowledge of the country's history, its traditions, and its exalted aspirations. "He can love his Country but little who knows but little of her story."

The Flag Day ritual adopted by the Order of Elks has for its primary object the education of its members, and of the public, in this knowledge. It seeks to accomplish this in a colorful and picturesque manner that will impress its lessons upon the mind. It endeavors to exert an influence that will abide. And the annual ceremonial, as conducted throughout our Country, is a repeated refreshment and renewal of patriotic ardor.

It is in this way that the Order continues to serve the nation in times of prosperity, happiness and peace. Marching soldiers moving to battle, martial music and the glamour of war, awake their own fire and zeal. But our Country's need of patriotic enthusiasm and intelligent loyalty is an ever-present one. It is peculiarly a need of peace.

Therein lies the value of the service rendered

by the Elks on Flag Day. It should inspire every Lodge of the Order to an adequate response to the Grand Lodge mandate, not merely because of its provisions, but because of the deep satisfaction that comes from participating in an occasion so essentially patriotic in all its aspects.

### PATHS OF GLORY

*"The Paths of Glory Lead But to the Grave."*

**T**HE oft-quoted line from the famous Elegy states a very definite truth. But so do all other paths that men tread lead but to the grave. Still the paths of glory are none the less glorious because at the end is found the same haven that is reached by all other human routes.

If men should accept the supine philosophy which many attempt to read into the passage, the world would be a dreary place in which to live. There would be little inspiration to endeavor.

But in any event, the paths of glory, rightly interpreted, are not necessarily those attended by "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power." Wealth and fame are not essential incidents of glorious experiences. Rather are such experiences born of the consciousness of duty well performed.

If that recognized duty leads one to climb the heights where man's acclaim may please the ear, and coveted rewards are gained, so much the better. These things are not to be despised nor belittled. But just as truly glorious is that life which follows the beckoning finger of duty along the lowly path that winds away from the glamour of world-success, away, perhaps, from pleasing surroundings, to where the vistas are shrouded in darkness and the light beyond must be visioned by faith because unseen by the human eye.

Alike they come at last to the same end. And the courage and calmness with which that end may be faced will not depend upon the plaudits of the world that may still ring in the ears, nor the riches accumulated only to be left behind, but upon the consciousness of an earnest endeavor to be ever faithful in all the relations of life. It is only they who walk with that high purpose in their hearts who tread the real paths of glory.



Decorations in dry-point by Ralph L. Boyer

### FRATERNAL REDEDICATION

A VERY unusual, and a very significant, event occurred recently in one of the smaller and less active subordinate Lodges of the Order. It carries a lesson that justifies its narration here.

The Lodge had rather indifferently prepared to receive the visit of certain Grand Lodge officers who had been designated to that service by the Grand Exalted Ruler. There was an informal dinner served in the Club House, attended by only about thirty of the members. No arrangement had been made for any Lodge meeting. There was no evidence of any special interest in the occasion. On the contrary, there was every evidence of a total lack of enthusiasm and fraternal spirit. It looked as if the affair would be a failure.

The first Grand Lodge official to speak, however, made no comment upon the obviously unsatisfactory conditions in that Lodge. But he talked earnestly of the general need for a more serious consideration of what the obligation of an Elk involved. He spoke as if he were addressing the whole Order, instead of the small group there assembled. And the responsive attention soon became marked. It was apparent that the right chord had been sounded.

The next official to speak followed the same theme most effectively. And in the course of his address he suggested that it would be a fine thing if the members of the subordinate Lodges would occasionally stand collectively before their altars and fraternally rededicate themselves by again assuming the obligation of Elkhood.

Immediately a member of the local Lodge, moved by the obvious sincerity of the speaker, and under the influence of the splendid atmosphere which had been created, arose at his place and said: "LET'S DO IT NOW!" And with one accord the entire assemblage left the tables, proceeded to the Lodge room, took their places before the undraped altar and, led by Grand Secretary Masters, again solemnly assumed the obligation of membership.

The meeting then continued informally in the Lodge room with a pervading spirit of renewed loyalty and devotion that was a real inspiration to every Elk present.

The suggestion has been frequently made that a formal ceremony of rededication might well be adopted as an annual event in each Lodge. It may

be that such a ceremonial, performed under mandate upon fixed occasions, would lose much of the desired effect. But certainly the event above related gives proof that, under propitious conditions, the reassumption of the obligation before the altar is productive of a feeling of fraternal re-consecration.

The idea is commended as worthy of serious consideration; and its incident suggestion might well be tried out upon appropriate occasions.

### ATTENDANCE OF LODGE REPRESENTATIVES

THE imminence of the next Grand Lodge session brings to mind the perennial question of the attendance thereat of the representatives elected by the subordinate Lodges. It is a matter of real importance, for too many of the Lodges have been accustomed to disregard their obligations in this matter.

The constitution provides for the election of a representative by each Lodge and for its payment of his expenses in attending the Grand Lodge. The statutes provide that he submit a report to his Lodge at the first regular meeting after his return.

It is obvious that these provisions are mandatory and that they are based upon a wise policy. The fact that the Order has not been diligent in administering discipline for failure to comply with the law, does not justify continued refusal to obey it.

The Order as a whole and the subordinate Lodges severally have a mutual interest in the general observance of these statutes. Each instance of failure denies to the Grand Lodge the contribution to its deliberations which is its due from the delinquent Lodge. And it deprives that Lodge of the benefit that comes from participation in those deliberations.

The expense involved is rarely any serious strain. In most of the cases of failure to send a representative the trouble is to be found in the indifference of the local Lodge to its connection with the Grand Lodge. This only makes the extent of the delinquency more unfortunate.

It is hoped that the Convention at Atlantic City will set a new mark for the percentage of representatives in attendance. It would be a most pleasing evidence of a much desired and much needed revival of fraternal interest throughout the Order.





### **Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge Dedicates Its New \$200,000 Home**

**B**EFORE a gathering of 400 Elks, among whom were notable members of the Order and men prominent in the public life of both the county and the city, Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, No. 18, dedicated recently its new \$200,000 Home. The exercises of dedication, presided over by Exalted Ruler Christian J. Bannick, were followed by a program of speaking. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Blanchard delivered the principal address. This was supplemented by talks by Mayor J. D. Marshall, of Cleveland; and by Judge Harry L. Eastman, of the Cuyahoga County Juvenile Court. The Glee Club of Columbus Lodge, No. 37, rendered selections during the ceremonies. The Lodge received telegrams of congratulation and felicitation from Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and from Governor Myers Y. Cooper of Ohio. The new Home of Cleveland Lodge is an imposing structure of three stories, with accommodations for a Lodge room, clubrooms, billiard rooms, offices and a restaurant.

### **Elmira, N. Y., Lodge Will Sponsor Three Baseball Leagues for Boys**

Three midget baseball leagues, for boys of sixteen and younger, are being formed under the direction of the officers and members of Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, No. 62, who will supervise the games throughout the summer months. Free baseballs are to be provided by the Lodge for each team and at the close of the season a banquet will be given to all the young players and a trophy to the winning teams in the several Leagues. It is expected that between 300 and 400 boys will take part in these contests.

### **Exalted Ruler-Elect of Compton, Calif., Lodge Killed in Accident**

Recently, one week before he was to have been installed as Exalted Ruler of Compton, Calif., Lodge, No. 1570, for the current Lodge year, Esteemed Leading Knight E. W. Weller was killed in an automobile accident. In the emergency created by Mr. Weller's death, Exalted Ruler Glen Rood was chosen to continue in office for another term. The officers of Inglewood Lodge, No. 1492, installed Mr. Rood.

### **Celebrities Attend Dixon, Ill., Lodge Banquet Honoring Henry C. Warner**

Officers of the Grand Lodge and of the Illinois State Elks Association, together with members of the Order representing eighteen Lodges in the northern part of the State, were present recently at a banquet in honor of Henry C. Warner, President of the Association, given by his home Lodge, No. 779, at Dixon, Ill. The sponsor of the affair, Louis Pitcher, Chairman of the Committee on Inter-Lodge Relations of the State Association, acted as toastmaster. Among those whom he introduced as speakers were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John W. Dubbs and William J. Savage; George W. Hasselman, Secretary of the Association; the

Reverend Father Joseph Lonergan, Chaplain of the Association; W. R. Fletcher and William M. Frasor, Past Presidents of the Association; State Senator Harry G. Wright, Judge Eugene Welch, and the guest of honor, Mr. Warner. The Lodges represented included Woodstock, Sycamore, DeKalb, Oak Park, Mendota, Galesburg, Rockford, Sterling, Canton, Rochelle, Princeton, Aurora, Joliet, Blue Island, Harvey, La Salle, Elmhurst and Dixon, Ill., Lodges; and Charleroi, Pa., Lodge. An entertainment in the Lodge Home followed the banquet.

### **G. A. R. Veterans Entertain Members Of Faribault, Minn., Lodge**

Five members of the Michael Cook Post of the Grand Army of the Republic recently entertained, at a banquet, representatives of Faribault, Minn., Lodge, No. 1166, and of Faribault Post No. 43 of the American Legion. The affair constituted a return of the courtesies shown by the Elks and the Legionnaires to the Civil War veterans in the past. For the last eight years, on Lincoln's Birthday, Faribault Lodge has been host to these fast-dwindling survivors of the Union Army; and it has been the custom also of the American Legion Post to have them as its guests on days of patriotic significance. Three of the G. A. R. veterans who acted as hosts at the dinner at the Harvey Hotel are themselves members of Faribault Lodge.

### **Denver, Colo., Lodge Active in Social And Welfare Work, Report Shows**

The annual report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, submitted recently to Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, revealed that many unfortunates had received aid and thousands of children been entertained during the last twelve months. Through the efforts of the committee, 2,000 children enjoyed an outing at the Orphans' Picnic and another 500 witnessed the athletic meet at the Denver University Stadium. In addition to this, more than 150

needy families were provided with coal, shoes and money. The committee obtained also thirty-nine positions for men and women out of work, and made arrangements at hospitals for several emergency cases.

### **Lewistown, Mont., Elks Initiate Largest Class into Their Lodge**

Lewistown, Mont., Lodge, No. 456, initiated, at a recent session, 109 candidates, constituting the largest class in its history. The officers conducted the ceremonies so skilfully that the entire class, divided into two groups, was initiated in less than two hours. Inasmuch as the members of Lewistown Lodge expect to move into their new Home soon, this will be the last class to enter No. 456 during the occupancy of its present quarters.

### **Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan Heads New Orleans, La., Elks Again**

Colonel John P. Sullivan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, was re-elected, a short time ago, Exalted Ruler of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30. This marks Mr. Sullivan's tenth term, since joining the Lodge, as its Exalted Ruler.

### **New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Cures Several Crippled Children**

Seven disabled children have been cured and seventy improved in condition through the efforts of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, during a twelve-month period recently ended. This was disclosed in the report of the Lodge's Crippled Children's Committee, submitted at a meeting a short time ago. On the list of the committee, for examination or treatment, are 360 lame boys and girls. Sixty of these are at present under the care of the physician in charge. Forty-five are new cases. Dr. Hoffman, associated with the committee in this work of physical rehabilitation, has performed thirty operations. Massage treatments given exceed



Grand Secretary Masters visits Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge. He is standing at the left of Exalted Ruler Earl C. Wolf. Second from the right of the picture, in the front row, is Past Grand Tiler George W. June, charter member of No. 13



*The band of Gary, Ind., Lodge No. 1152, honored recently with a banquet*

3,000. In addition to the provision of this help, the committee reports that it is in the process of making a survey of the district within its jurisdiction which will supply complete and accurate information upon the requirements there for rehabilitation, educational and vocational training and institutional care. The entire work of relief and cure of crippled children has been given special impetus by the establishment of a \$25,000 trust fund in its behalf by a member of the Lodge, Arthur Bishop.

#### **"Al McCoy Night" Celebrated by Orange, N. J., Lodge**

In the presence of several prominent Elks and representatives from ten neighboring Lodges, "Al McCoy Night" was observed recently by Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, in honor of its distinguished Past Exalted Ruler, Allen R. McCoy, a Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of New Jersey, Northeast. Other notables attending the meeting were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Falkenburg, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers James H. White and Thomas J. Dunnion; and Senior Past Exalted Ruler James M. Belden. The second largest class of candidates ever accepted by Orange Lodge, one of whom was his son, was initiated under Mr. McCoy's supervision.

#### **A. C. Griffith, Secretary of Newport, R. I., Lodge, Retires**

After thirty-eight years of official service, Allen C. Griffith, Secretary for the past ten years of Newport, R. I., Lodge, No. 104, retired a short time ago from active duties. Mr. Griffith has been a member of the Order for forty-one years. He was elected Exalted Ruler of Newport Lodge twice and was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Rhode Island in 1898. He is now the dean of Past Exalted Rulers of No. 104 and the oldest living Past District Deputy in Rhode Island.

#### **Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge Receives Vice-President Herman Engel**

An exceptionally large attendance of members, representing every Lodge but one in the district, gathered recently in the newly remodeled Home of Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, to greet Vice-President Herman Engel of the New York State Elks Association. Among the other distinguished guests present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher; President William T. Phillips; Vice-President Thomas F. Cuite; Secretary Philip Clancy and Trustee Fred A. Onderdonk, of the Association. After the regular meeting, a social session was enjoyed.

#### **Past District Deputy J. J. Koepfer, Of Easton, Pa., Lodge, Dies**

After an illness of a year, John Joseph Koepfer, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Pennsylvania, Northeast, died a short time ago at his home in Easton at the age of sixty-three. Mr. Koepfer, one of the applicants for the

charter of Easton Lodge, No. 121, was its first Tiler. He was, at the time of his death, third among the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers, in point of seniority, and its Secretary. His widow is his sole survivor.

#### **San Francisco, Calif., Elks Visit Oakland Lodge and Initiate Class**

The officers of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, accompanied by a delegation of other members, traveled recently to the Home of Oakland Lodge, No. 171, and there conducted initiation ceremonies. This visit followed a similar one, on the part of Oakland Elks, to San Francisco Lodge a few days before.

#### **Grand Lodge Officials Honor Guests Of Watertown, Wis., Lodge**

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Frank P. McAdams, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William F. Schad were guests of honor a short time ago at a banquet preceding the meeting of Watertown, Wis., Lodge, No. 666. All of these distinguished guests spoke in the course of the evening and, at the formal Lodge session, participated in the installation of officers for the coming year.

#### **Buffalo, N. Y., Elks Unveil Tablet In Memory of Departed Members**

Several hundred members of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, attended recently the unveiling and dedication of a bronze tablet erected in the Home in memory of members of the Lodge

no longer living. The memorial occupies a niche adjoining the Lodge room, a place designed expressly to contain it when the Home was built, several years ago. Past Exalted Ruler George E. Morgan conducted the ceremonies of dedication and made an address in eulogy of those 905 members whose names the memorial perpetuates.

#### **Sycamore, Ill., Elks Send Child to Chicago Hospital for Operation**

As a part of its work in behalf of crippled children in its community, Sycamore, Ill., Lodge, No. 1392, arranged recently to send a lame girl ten years old to a hospital in Chicago, for an operation which may enable her to walk.

#### **Elks Band of Gary, Ind., Lodge Closes Successful Season**

The Elks Band of Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, was entertained recently at a banquet given by the members of the Lodge in appreciation of its faithful work throughout the year. During the 1929-30 season the band has appeared in public thirty or more times. It has given concerts at the Lake County Tuberculosis Hospital, the County Poor Farm and the County Detention Home. Its performances include also the leading of the Memorial Day Services and playing at many affairs at the Home of both Gary Lodge and others. Throughout the year the band has maintained an attendance at rehearsals and concerts of 92 per cent.

#### **Merced, Calif., Elks Hosts to District Deputy Moran on Official Visit**

Accompanied by a delegation from his home Lodge, Tulare, Calif., No. 1424, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Glenn L. Moran made an official call recently upon Merced Lodge, No. 1240. Representatives from several Lodges, including those at Nebraska City, Cairo, Tonopah, Napa and Stockton, were present to greet Mr. Moran. After the initiatory ceremonies and the District Deputy's delivery of the principal address of the evening, his hosts served supper and presented a program of Hawaiian music.

#### **Rutherford, N. J., Elks Active in Community Welfare Work**

The reports of the Crippled Children's Committee and the Social and Community Welfare Committee, submitted a short time ago to Rutherford, N. J., Lodge, No. 547, disclosed that both these groups have performed extensive services in behalf of unfortunates during the last twelve months. The Crippled Children's Committee enlisted medical aid for the little patients under its care and purchased for them a large number of casts, braces and surgical appliances. It acknowledged, in its report, its appreciation of the co-operation of Dr. Keppler,



*The new Home of Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, built at a cost of \$200,000*





*Shelbyville, Ind., Elks just before the start of their annual Easter Egg Hunt for children*

who performed free of charge all the operations necessary. The Social and Community Welfare Committee furnished building material for sleeping quarters at the Boy Scout camp, financed summer vacations for sixteen worthy boys and girls and rendered relief to twenty-three needy families.

#### **Many Present for Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Sacramento, Calif., Lodge**

An attendance of about 500 members gathered at Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, recently to observe Past Exalted Rulers' Night. The occasion was crowded with interesting entertainment, including a special sketch, several vocal numbers and a show given by a group of Elks from Berkeley Lodge, No. 1002.

#### **First Meeting of Attleboro, Mass., Lodge in New Home is Notable**

The presence of a number of notable members of the Order and the initiation of one of the largest classes of candidates in its history made especially memorable the first meeting, recently, of Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1014, in its new home. Prominent among those who attended were E. Mark Sullivan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph D. Irvine and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas E. McCaffrey. The Attleboro Elks, their distinguished guests and newly inducted members enjoyed a buffet supper after the termination of the Lodge session.

#### **Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge's Clinic Treats Nearly 1,400 Lame Children**

Nearly 1,400 disabled boys and girls received treatment at the Crippled Children's Clinic sponsored by Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, during the past year. This was disclosed recently in the report to the Lodge of the committee in charge of this welfare activity. Within the period covered by the report, clinics have been held on ninety occasions, with four nurses assisting the doctor in charge. The committee's aid to crippled children has comprised, in addition to surgical and medical attention, the provision of braces and other appliances and the transportation of the little patients and their parents to and from the clinic.

#### **Albany, N. Y., Lodge is Host to State Elks Association Head**

A majority of the Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers, together with numerous members, of Lodges in the northeast district of New York visited Albany Lodge, No. 49, recently upon the occasion of its entertaining William T.

Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association. Accompanying Mr. Phillips were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr.; and Joseph Brand, Past President; Leon L. Abbey, a Vice-President; and J. Edward Gallico, Trustee, of the Association. Before the meeting at which he was welcomed to Albany Lodge, Mr. Phillips, in company with Mr. Brand, called upon Past Grand Trustee William E. Drislane, who was confined to his home by illness.

#### **District Deputy Ziegler Calls Upon Juneau, Alaska, Lodge**

At a special meeting held recently, members of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. H. Ziegler upon the occasion of his official visit. The District Deputy delivered an interesting address to the Elks present and witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates.

#### **Jersey City, N. J., Lodge's Welfare Committee Performs Many Charities**

The annual report of the Community Welfare Committee of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, submitted to the members of the Lodge a short time ago, disclosed a record of charitable achievements both valuable and varied during

the last twelve months. The committee's activities included providing outings for children, for the aged and blind; relief to those made homeless by fire; the adjustment of dispossess cases, and the securing of jobs for 200 unemployed. Sixteen physicians co-operated with the members of the committee by giving their services free of charge.

#### **Dowagiac, Mich., Elks Observe Past Exalted Rulers' Night**

William Dixon Brown, President of the Michigan State Elks Association, was the guest of honor at Past Exalted Rulers' and "Old Timers' Night, observed recently at the Home of Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 889. The 125 Elks who attended, several of them visitors from Saginaw and Lansing Lodges, enjoyed an evening of varied entertainment, including a banquet, a program of speaking and of other features of interest.

#### **Grand Tiler Among Visitors to Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge**

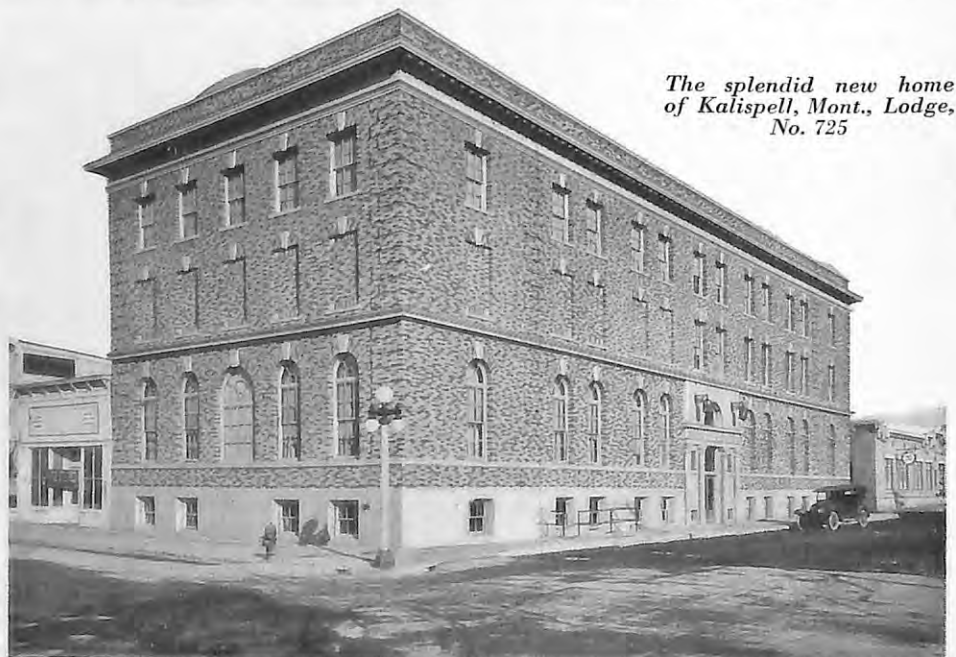
Grand Tiler R. W. Jones, of Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge, No. 674, together with a number of the Lodge's officers and a group of its members, paid a fraternal visit a short time ago to Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85. The occasion was marked by the presence, in addition to that of the Grand Tiler, of several prominent Elks, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Rowe, of Utah; and Harry J. Fox, Secretary-Treasurer of the Idaho State Elks Association. All of these distinguished guests gave short talks in the course of the meeting.

#### **One Thousand Elks See Initiation At Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge**

A thousand Elks, members of the several Lodges in the southwestern part of Washington, gathered recently at the Home of Aberdeen Lodge, No. 593, to witness the conduct of the initiation of a class of 100 candidates by the officers of Tacoma Lodge, No. 174. The admission of these new members into Aberdeen Lodge brings its numerical strength to twice that of four years ago.

#### **Paterson, N. J., Elks Give Crippled School Children Bank Accounts**

At the last graduation exercises of the crippled children's class in School No. 2, in Paterson, N. J., each pupil received from the Crippled Children's Committee of Lodge No. 60 in that city, a bank account of \$10 and other gifts. These presents were those of the committee members themselves; they were not paid for out of the crippled children's fund of the Lodge. This was made known recently in the Committee's report to the Lodge upon its activities (Continued on page 68)



*The splendid new home of Kalispell, Mont., Lodge, No. 725*



# Elks National Foundation

## Bulletin

AT THE Olympic Games it is the custom to give special honor and acclaim to the victor of a championship event by raising to the top of the central flag pole the national flag of the country which he represents. We are adopting a somewhat similar method by placing at the heading of our bulletin the official emblem of the State of Maine, to which the Elk Lodges within its borders have brought special honor and distinction by 100 per cent. enrollment as subscribers for Honorary Founders' certificates of the Elks National Foundation. This is the first State of the Union to be so honored. Let us hope it is a prophecy. New Englanders at least are familiar with the slogan "As Maine goes, so goes the nation." The Lodges of Maine have fulfilled the promise made to Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews at the banquet in Portland last February. Maine meets the rising sun. It is the first State of the nation to see the light of each day. Its motto, "Dirigo," in free translation means "I show the way" or "I lead." Therefore, it was most appropriate that the Lodges of Maine should lead the march of the States in establishing the 100 per cent. enrollment record of the Elks National Foundation. District Deputies Arthur C. Labbe and L. Kenneth Green, and Past District Deputy Lester C. Ayer should be given credit for this achievement.

There are other States entitled to special mention. New York is making a wonderful record. Think of it, brothers, New York with a total of ninety subordinate Lodges already has sixty-seven enrolled as subscribers for Honorary Founders' certificates, and there is good reason to believe that many more will subscribe during the next two months. Of the eight District Deputy districts in New York State, four now have 100 per cent. enrollment in the honor group of the Elks National Foundation. The District Deputies who have accomplished this result during the current year are Brothers John H. Burns, John T. Buckley, and William H. Evans. The Lodges of New York Southeast subscribed last year under the leadership of District Deputy Peter Stephen Beck.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert has directed the enrollment campaign in New York State and has aided by his enthusiastic advocacy of the National Foundation.

Connecticut is close to the goal of complete enrollment. Pennsylvania has been making rapid progress, and Massachusetts is holding its place among the leaders. Florida and California show eight and five Lodges, respectively, enrolled during the month of April. Here are the percentages of the foremost States (having ten or more Lodges): Maine 100 per cent., Connecticut 79 per cent., New York 74 per cent., Massachusetts 53 per cent., Pennsylvania 40 per cent., Florida 28 per cent., and California 27 per cent.

The month of April has been the record month in number of subscriptions for Honorary Founders' certificates—a most encouraging indication for the current lodge year. The subscriptions and donations during April follow:

	Sub- scription	Payment
<b>Arizona</b>		
Douglas, No. 955	\$1,000.00	\$200.00
Clifton, No. 1174	1,000.00	100.00
<b>California</b>		
Stockton, No. 218	1,000.00	100.00
Redlands, No. 583	1,000.00	100.00
Calexico, No. 1382	1,000.00	200.00
Ontario, No. 1419	1,000.00	100.00
Oceanside, No. 1561	1,000.00	100.00
<b>Connecticut</b>		
Meriden, No. 35	1,000.00	100.00
Bridgeport, No. 36	1,000.00	100.00
Winsted, No. 844	1,000.00	100.00
<b>Florida</b>		
Florida State Elks Association	1,000.00	200.00
Tampa, No. 708	1,000.00	100.00
Miami, No. 948	1,000.00	100.00
St. Petersburg, No. 1224	1,000.00	100.00
Lakeland, No. 1291	1,000.00	100.00
Bradentown, No. 1511	1,000.00	100.00
Sarasota, No. 1519	1,000.00	100.00
Clearwater, No. 1525	1,000.00	100.00
Eustis, No. 1578	1,000.00	100.00
<b>Idaho</b>		
Caldwell, No. 1448	1,000.00	100.00
S. Earle Boyes (Caldwell, No. 1448)	5.00	5.00
<b>Maine</b>		
Maine State Elks Association	1,000.00	100.00
Rumford, No. 862	1,000.00	100.00
Eastport, No. 880	1,000.00	100.00
Waterville, No. 905	1,000.00	100.00
Bath, No. 934	1,000.00	100.00

<b>Massachusetts</b>		
Lowell, No. 87	1,000.00	1,000.00
Haverhill, No. 165	1,000.00	200.00
Worcester, No. 243	1,000.00	*100.00
Brookline, No. 886	1,000.00	*593.00
Norwood, No. 1124	1,000.00	200.00
Revere, No. 1171	1,000.00	100.00
Marlborough, No. 1239	1,000.00	100.00
Greenfield, No. 1296	1,000.00	100.00
<b>Montana</b>		
Great Falls, No. 214	1,000.00	100.00
<b>New Hampshire</b>		
Berlin, No. 618	1,000.00	100.00
<b>New Jersey</b>		
Rahway, No. 1075	1,000.00	100.00
Dunellen, No. 1488	1,000.00	100.00
<b>New York</b>		
Syracuse, No. 31	1,000.00	100.00
Little Falls, No. 42	1,000.00	100.00
Oneida, No. 767	1,000.00	100.00
Fulton, No. 830	1,000.00	100.00
North Tonawanda, No. 860	1,000.00	100.00
Dunkirk, No. 922	1,000.00	100.00
Malone, No. 1303	1,000.00	100.00
Whitehall, No. 1491	1,000.00	100.00
Great Neck, No. 1543	1,000.00	*200.00
Liberty, No. 1545	1,000.00	50.00
<b>Pennsylvania</b>		
Bethlehem, No. 191	1,000.00	100.00
Kittanning, No. 203	1,000.00	1,000.00
DuBois, No. 349	1,000.00	100.00
Shamokin, No. 355	1,000.00	100.00
Clearfield, No. 540	1,000.00	100.00
Washington, No. 776	1,000.00	*100.00
Mt. Pleasant, No. 868	1,000.00	100.00
Milton, No. 913	1,000.00	100.00
Lansford, No. 1337	1,000.00	1,000.00
<b>Vermont</b>		
Rutland, No. 345	1,000.00	200.00
<b>Wisconsin</b>		
Appleton, No. 337	1,000.00	100.00
F. P. McAdams (Watertown, No. 666)	100.00	20.00

Note (\*) denotes second instalment.

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



# 1930 Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City, N. J., in July

## Complete Official Program By Days

### Saturday, July 5

**ARRIVAL** of Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committeemen and District Deputies of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

All Grand Lodge officers and visiting delegations will be welcomed upon arrival at railroad stations by the nationally famous "Legion of Honor" and "Mounted Guard" of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, official guides, "276" Greeters, Reception Committee and Transportation Committee, who will supervise transportation to hotels and do everything necessary to avoid delays and inconvenience.

Registration of Grand Lodge officers and members at the Traymore Hotel, Boardwalk and Illinois Avenue, which will be Grand Lodge Headquarters during the Convention.

Registration of Elks and their ladies at Registration Headquarters in the Community Center Building, 138 South Virginia Avenue, adjacent to the Home of Atlantic City Lodge. Assignment of hotel rooms, distribution of badges and programs, and issuance of hospitality coupon books.

### Sunday, July 6

Special services in churches of various denominations with addresses by speakers of national prominence.

2:30 P.M. Arrival of THE ELKS MAGAZINE "Purple and White Fleet" of Viking automobiles after triumphant transcontinental tour. Welcome to the caravan by the Mayor of Atlantic City in the Concourse of the Municipal Auditorium.

Registration of Elks and their ladies at Community Center Building, 138 South Virginia Avenue. Distribution of badges, programs, and hospitality coupon books.

Registration of Grand Lodge Officers and members at Grand Lodge Credentials Committee Headquarters, Traymore Hotel, Boardwalk and Illinois Avenue.

Concerts by visiting bands and glee clubs at various recreational centers.

### Monday, July 7

Registration of Grand Lodge officers and members at Grand Lodge Credentials Committee Headquarters, Traymore Hotel, Boardwalk and Illinois Avenue.

Enrollment of visiting Elks and their ladies at General Registration Headquarters, Community Center Building, 138 South Virginia Avenue, adjacent to the Elks Home. Issuance of hospitality coupon books, distribution of badges, detailing of guides, dissemination of information and other helpful services, assuring a week of unalloyed pleasure.

Registration Headquarters will be open daily from 8:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M.; and it will be absolutely necessary for all to register.

9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Yachting trips for registered Elks and their ladies, leaving Yachtsmen's Wharf on the Inlet at frequent intervals.

9:00 A.M. Automobile tours, leaving a central place, to include the principal points of interest in Atlantic City and vicinity, including Absecon, Pleasantville, Somer's Point, Ocean City, Longport, Margate, and Ventnor.

Visit to, and inspection of, the Betty Bacharach Home for crippled children at Longport, a charitable institution of national prominence conducted by Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, B. P. O. Elks.

10:00 A.M. Inauguration of Elks Second National 54-Hole Golf Tournament, 27 Holes, Medal Play at Handicap, at the Country Club of Atlantic City, at Northfield, on the Shore Road.

1:00 P.M. Trapshooting practice as a preliminary to Elks Sixth Annual National Trapshoot at Westy Hogan Gun Club on Absecon Boulevard.

8:00 P.M. Official public session in the ballroom of the Atlantic City Auditorium, celebrating the opening of the 66th Grand Lodge Convention. Addresses of welcome by the Governor of New Jersey, Mayor of Atlantic City, and other dignitaries, and response of the Grand Exalted Ruler. This event, which is open to the general public, will be marked by a musical program of great excellence, and other attractive features.

### Tuesday, July 8

10:00 A.M. First business session of the Grand Lodge in the ballroom of the Atlantic City Auditorium.

Grand Lodge Registration will be continued at the Traymore Hotel and registration of Elks and their ladies at the Community Center Building.

9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Yachting trips for registered Elks and their ladies, leaving Yachtsmen's Wharf on the Inlet at frequent intervals.

9:00 A.M. Automobile tours, leaving a central place, to include the principal points of interest in Atlantic City and vicinity, including Absecon, Pleasantville, Somer's Point, Ocean City, Longport, Margate, and Ventnor.

Visit to, and inspection of, the Betty Bacharach Home for crippled children at Longport, a charitable institution of national prominence conducted by Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, B. P. O. Elks.

10:00 A.M. Inauguration of the Sixth Annual Elks National Trapshoot at the Westy Hogan Gun Club on Absecon Boulevard.

10:00 A.M. Continuation of Elks Second National 54-Hole Golf Tournament at the Country Club at Atlantic City, Northfield, on the Shore Road. Twenty-seven Holes, Medal Play at Handicap.

2:00 P.M. Annual Convention of the New Jersey State Elks Association in the Lodge Room of the Elks Temple, 122 South Virginia Avenue.

6:30 P.M. Annual Banquet of the New Jersey State Elks Association at the Elks Temple, 122 South Virginia Avenue.

8:30 P.M. Reception, entertainment and card party, at the Elks Temple, in honor of the ladies attending the Elks 66th National Convention by the Ladies' Auxiliary of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, B. P. O. Elks.

9:00 P.M. Athletic Carnival in the Atlantic City Auditorium, free to all Elks and their ladies registered and properly equipped with hospitality coupon books and badges. Four Stellar Boxing Contests and a Whirlwind Wrestling Match.

ALL DAY. Free admission to Steeplechase Pier to all Elks and ladies registered and equipped with hospitality coupon books and badges. Free attractions during the day in "Steeplechase the Funny Place" include, Battle of Chateau Thierry, Shooting Gallery, Cannon Shots, Sand Pit Slide, Jumbo Slide, Pony Track, Windy Bridge, House of Trouble, Barrel of Fun, Uncle Sam Swing, Whirl-O-Ball, Open Air Dance Floor, Carnival Suits, Penny Arcade, Human Mixer, House of Glass, Human Roulette Wheel, Compressed Air Laughs, Panama Canal, See-Saws, Soup Bowl Slide, Swings, Kelly Slide, Razzle-Dazzle, Carousel, Picnic Houses, Motion Pictures, Kentucky Derby, Funny Benches, Balloon Racer, Ferris Wheel, Chair-O-Planes.

### Wednesday, July 9

10:00 A.M. Grand Lodge business sessions morning and afternoon in the Atlantic City Auditorium.

9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Yachting trips for registered Elks and their ladies, leaving Yachtsmen's Wharf on the Inlet at frequent intervals.

9:00 A.M. Auto tours, leaving a central place, to include the principal points of interest in Atlantic City and vicinity, including Absecon, Pleasantville, Somer's Point, Ocean City, Longport, Margate, and Ventnor.

Visit to, and inspection of, the Betty Bacharach Home for crippled children at Longport.

10:00 A.M. Continuation of the Sixth Annual Elks National Trapshoot at the Westy Hogan Gun Club on Absecon Boulevard.

10:00 A.M. Grand Handicap Golf Tournament at the Country Club of Atlantic City at Northfield, with many valuable prizes based on both gross and net scores.

10:30 A.M. Drill contests in the Atlantic City Auditorium.

11:00 A.M. Exhibition Drill of the "Buffalo Bills," mounted patrol of Buffalo Lodge, No. 23, to be held on the Strand between Virginia and New Jersey Avenues.

1:30 P.M. Band contests in the Atlantic City Auditorium.

5:00 P.M. Massed Band Twilight Concert at Park Place and the Boardwalk.

9:00 P.M. Grand Ball in the Atlantic City Auditorium for all Elks and their ladies.

11:00 P.M. Reception to the Grand Exalted Ruler to be attended by the Governor and his staff, military and naval commanders of the district, and representatives of all civic organizations.

ALL DAY—Free admission to Young's Million-Dollar Pier to all Elks and ladies registered and equipped with hospitality coupon books and badges. Free attractions during the day include:

Deep sea net hauls (12:00 noon and 4:30 P.M.).

Aquariums open all day (wonderful exhibit of denizens of the deep).

Million-Dollar Pier Minstrels 3:30 P.M., 7:30 and 9:00 P.M. Dancing 10:00 P.M. to 1:00 A.M., music by Sol Henry and his North Carolinians and Eddie Worth and his County Fair Orchestra.

All-talking Pictures, Hippodrome Theatre, 2, 5, 7, and 10 P.M.

Stage presentations and revue by Jack Pomeroy and his players, Hippodrome Theatre 3:30 and 8:30 P.M.

General Electric searchlights at end of pier.

Eight searchlights, each of 60,000,000 candle power.

Inspection of Capt. John Young's residence, No. 1 Atlantic Ocean, a home and garden over the bounding main. The world's most unique homestead.

ALL DAY—Free admission to the world famous Steel Pier to all Elks and ladies registered and equipped with hospitality coupon books and badges. Free attractions afternoon and evening include:

Aldrich's imperial, Hawaiian divers, featuring 100-foot one and one-half dive into the Atlantic.

World's most spectacular novelty, "The High-Diving Horses."

Fearless Gregg's. Autos that pass in the air.

Madame Alexme, the "Human Cannon Ball." Shot from the muzzle of a giant siege gun.

"Dare Devil" Oscar Babcock. Looping-the-loop on a bicycle. Steel Pier Minstrels in the Casino Hall. Mirth and melody "as you like it."

The latest talking pictures, in the Casino Hall, Ocean Hall, and Music Hall.

(Continued on page 67)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER A. JULY &amp; SON

## Two Beautiful New Paintings Completed By Eugene F. Savage for the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

**T**HE two magnificent murals reproduced here have just been completed by Eugene F. Savage for the Grand Reception Room of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago.

Readers of the Magazine will remember that just one year ago we reproduced in these pages three ceiling panels painted by Mr. Savage for the same room, which were awarded the Gold Medal of Honor for Painting at the 1929 Exposition of the Architectural League of New York.

The two recently completed paintings are entitled *Armistice* and *Paths of Peace*. Of the first, Mr. Savage writes: "The principal figure near the center below is the Madonna. Rich in religious and symbolic association, particularly as the be-reaved mother of the Prince of Peace, she is here represented in the gesture of stopping contending forces from opposite sides. She looks sorrowfully upon the figure of Truth who is chained to a gun caisson in the lower left side of the picture, the horses and driver of the gun caisson, representing ruthless force, have come to grief and defeat in the trenches where an old clock, hanging on the retaining thatch, indicates the hour of the Armistice.

"Soldiers are climbing from the trench which bisects an ancient chapel, where the image of a saint, partly fallen from its niche, is giving the traditional admonitions to a heedless world.

"In expressing their joy at the cessation of hostilities, some soldiers are ringing a bell, that had fallen in the chapel, and are carrying it forward over the trenches, with a peasant girl sitting upon the wooden structure. The dove, olive branch and rainbow fill out the pattern."

Of *Paths of Peace*, the artist says: "The

figures in the lower right are planting in adversity, with the hopeful anticipation of the abundant fruition of their plans, represented above by the harvest procession."

In the sculptural ornamentation and the magnificent murals which decorate the great Memorial Hall, the Grand Reception Room and other parts of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, is represented some of the finest work of other such outstanding American artists as the sculptors Adolph A. Weinman, James E. Fraser, Laura Gardin Fraser, and Gerome Brush, and the painter Edwin Howland Blashfield.

More than seventy thousand members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks were in the service of their country during the World War. Of these, more than one thousand laid down their lives in its protection. To the valor and sacrifice of those heroes the great, serene Elks building, looking out over the green of Lincoln Parkway to the blue waters of Lake Michigan, is a worthy and fitting memorial. Dedicated on July 14, 1926, it stands as evidence of the pride and love in which a great national organization holds the memory of those who brought it imperishable glory; and of its wealth, power and prestige in American life.

***TO THE thousands of Elks who will pass through Chicago next month on their way to and from the Grand Lodge Convention an opportunity is given to visit this magnificent memorial and headquarters of the Order. It is an opportunity of which every member, for his own pleasure and pride, should avail himself***



# The Start of The Elks Magazine— Viking Prosperity Tour



**T**HE starts of the various cars of THE ELKS MAGAZINE-Viking Prosperity Fleet on April 28 were impressive affairs. In Seattle, Wash., Denver, Colo., and Omaha, Neb., committees from the Lodges in these cities had arranged for public ceremonies befitting the importance of this nation-wide cruise, undertaken in the interests of fraternal good-will and national prosperity. The pictures and the accompanying captions on these pages show details of some of these enthusiastic occasions, and of the receptions accorded several of the cars at early stops on their routes.

For the benefit of those readers who missed the accounts, published in earlier issues, of the plans and purposes of THE ELKS MAGAZINE-Viking Prosperity tour, we are including herewith a brief outline.

First, the program calls for trips across the four continental highways of our country by the four Viking 8 motorcars making up the fleet, each of which is driven by a member of THE ELKS MAGAZINE staff. Some four hundred Lodges will be visited by these emissaries during the course of their long journeys to Atlantic City, N. J.

The purpose of the tour is threefold; to carry a message of business confidence, affording the Lodges called upon an opportunity to support the efforts of President Hoover to imbue the American people with faith in the economic soundness of the country; to carry information of, and arouse interest in, the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Atlantic City, N. J., in July; to establish personal contact between the Magazine and thousands of its readers, and thus further cement the fine understanding and goodwill that already exist.

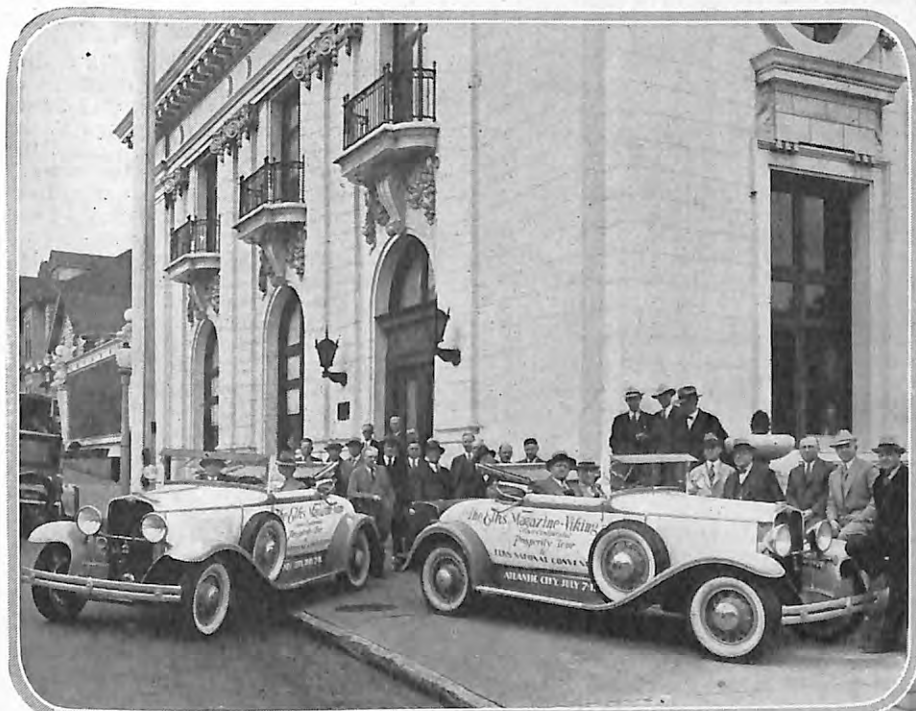


In the picture at the top are shown the car, the driver, and officers of Omaha, Neb., Lodge 39 just before the start. Left to right they are: Secretary Walter C. Nelson; Exalted Ruler Harry B. Jones; Driver George L. Alpers; Esteemed Leading Knight J. C.

Travis and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Dysart. In the circle Mayor R. L. Metcalfe, a member of No. 39, is presenting to Mr. Alpers a message of greeting to be delivered to the Mayor of Atlantic City, N. J., at the end of the journey



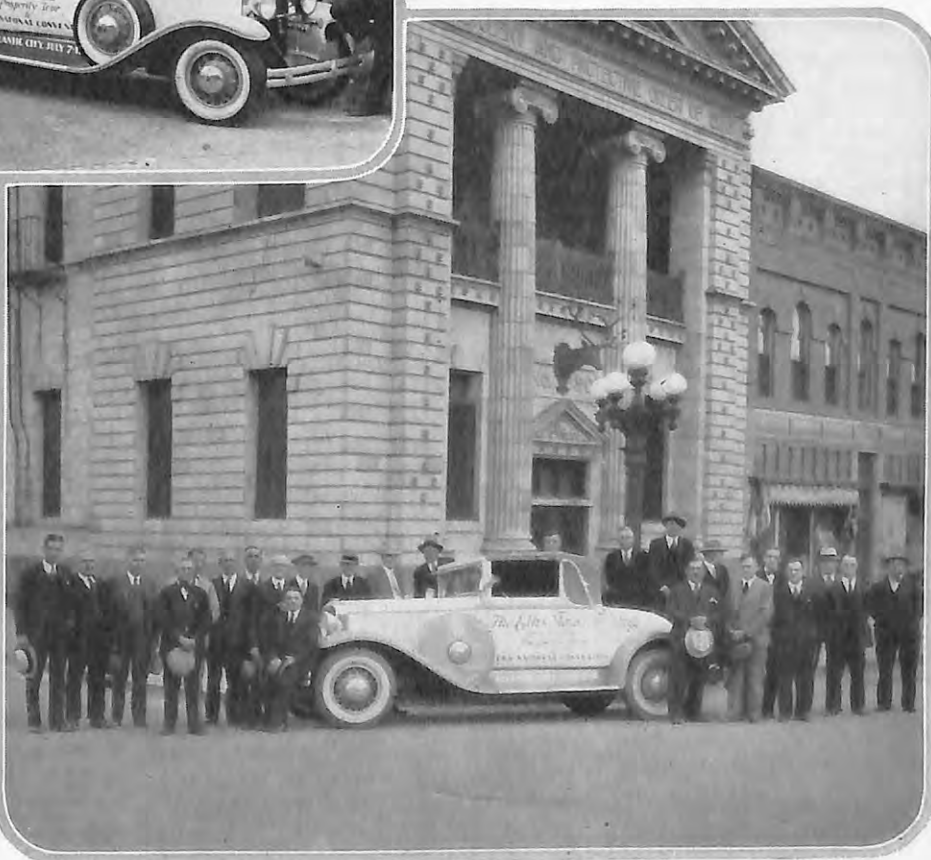
FRANK JACOBS, INC.



CHAPIN BOWEN, INC.

Above are the two Pacific coast cars in front of the Home of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, their first stop after leaving Seattle. Here the drivers were welcomed at a dinner in the Lodge Home, at which they were greeted by Exalted Ruler J. G. Merrill, Secretary T. C. Mallory, and a number of other officers and Past Exalted Rulers

At the right is the Viking which left from Denver, Colo., snapped in front of the Home of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge, No. 90, where driver W. B. Hart arrived at the end of his first day on the road. As the photograph shows, his arrival was the cause of considerable interest among the members and officers, and he was heartily welcomed by the large committee



T. M. UCHIDA

Here are shown the two cars which are making the complete journey from coast to coast, lined up for the start in front of the Home of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, following a luncheon in honor of the drivers, W. J. Cunningham and Robert E. Clift, at which were Exalted Ruler Peter Oos, Secretary Victor Zednick, Rev. Dr. Hilton, Chaplain; Walter F. Meier, Justice of the Grand Forum; Past Exalted Rulers John C. Slater and Arthur S. Morgenstern, and many other prominent members and citizens



# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

## Mr. Andrews Tours the Central South

SETTING forth from his home in Atlanta, Ga., upon the first series of visits he has made since his illness in February, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews called upon twelve Lodges in five different southern States during the last two days in April and the first three days in May. His tour began with a visit to Birmingham, Ala., Lodge. His itinerary led him thence into Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Tennessee, terminating with a call upon Memphis Lodge. In several instances the exactions of the Grand Exalted Ruler's schedule precluded visits to the Homes of Lodges, and limited his opportunity to meet their membership to brief gatherings at the railroad stations of cities through which he passed. Upon the entire journey Mr. Andrews was accompanied by John S. McClelland, Exalted Ruler of his own Lodge, Atlanta, Ga., No. 78.

Not only Elks from Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, but also others from Blockton, Bessemer and Ensley Lodges, together with the Fireman's Band, met Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews upon his arrival at the Terminal Station in Birmingham. From that point those who had greeted the head of the Order and his suite proceeded to the Hotel Bankhead, where Mr. Andrews was to have headquarters during his stay in the city. There followed a tour of the city and, in the course of this, a visit to the home of George B. Ward, on Shades Mountain. There the Grand Exalted Ruler received a huge bouquet, as a token of esteem. In the course of the day, the Grand Exalted Ruler also made a call upon Ensley Lodge, No. 987. The officers of Birmingham Lodge accompanied him. A dinner at their Lodge Home ensued, with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ben Mendelsohn officiating as toastmaster. Mr. Andrews spoke twice, first to the members of Troop 41 of the Boy Scouts, an organization sponsored by Birmingham Lodge; and later to the members of the Lodge and their many guests. On both occasions he won a hearty response. Others who gave talks were District Deputy Mendelsohn, Exalted Ruler McClelland, of Atlanta Lodge; Exalted Ruler J. G. Theilman, of Birmingham Lodge; Exalted Ruler George Handle, of Blocton Lodge; and Exalted Ruler George Bell, of Ensley Lodge.

A little before noon the following day, Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews's train, en route from Birmingham, passed through Meridian, Miss. At the railroad station there a delegation of members of Meridian Lodge, No. 515, greeted him. Both they and Mr. Andrews expressed regret that his schedule, curtailed necessarily on account of his recent illness, permitted his remaining in Meridian no longer than the ten-minute stay of his train there. This meeting with the members of No. 515, brief though it was, was characterized by a fine cordiality.

Although Mr. Andrews's schedule did not grant him time enough to visit the Home of Jackson, Miss., Lodge, No. 416, it did permit arrangements for a meeting with the members of the Lodge at the railroad station there, during the few minutes that the train carrying him to Vicksburg halted at Jackson during the early afternoon of April 30.

Members of Vicksburg, Miss., Lodge, No. 95, met Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews upon his arrival in the city the afternoon of May 30 and, after the brief interval required for his establishment comfortably at the Hotel Vicksburg, conducted him upon a tour of sightseeing. This embraced both points of interest within the municipal limits and others beyond, including the National Military Park. At the Home the Vicksburg Elks arranged a reception in Mr. Andrews's honor, followed by a banquet at which he was the principal speaker. Mr. McClelland also spoke interestingly, although more briefly; and Exalted Ruler George E. Hogaboom delivered an address of welcome to the visitors. A delegation of Elks from Pennsylvania, visiting the historic Mississippi city for the dedication of two statues, was present at the banquet. Music by the band of St. Aloysius College enhanced the pleasure of the evening.

When the Grand Exalted Ruler's train reached Monroe, La., the following day, May 1, a delegation of members of the Lodge there, No. 454, greeted him at the station. The group was headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Sol B. Pressburg, who joined the party accompanying the Grand Exalted Ruler to Shreveport.

The visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews to

Shreveport, La., Lodge, No. 122, was marked by a degree of heartiness exceptional even among the series of interchanges of cordiality to occur during the earlier part of his tour of the central south. The fact that it was the first time the Grand Exalted Ruler had ever been in the city endowed the visit with an especial interest for him. At the meeting on the evening of May 1, at the Elks Home, Exalted Ruler D. B. Samuel, for the Lodge; and Mayor L. E. Thomas, for the municipality, made addresses of welcome. Mr. Andrews's remarks in response, together with his outline of the aims and the current undertakings of the Order as a whole, stirred all who heard him to an unusual manifestation of enthusiasm. Among others to be presented to the gathering and to give talks, were Mr. Pressburg and Mr. McClelland. A buffet supper and a dance in honor of the Lodge's celebrated guest followed the formal assembly of Shreveport Elks. With an escort comprising Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Talbot Field, L. C. Butler, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 122; and a number of members of that Lodge, Mr. Andrews drove the following morning to Texarkana.

Fifty members of Texarkana, Ark., Lodge, No. 399, together with a number of officers of luncheon clubs of that city, entertained Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews at a luncheon at the Hotel Grim, Friday, May 2. In making the chief address of the occasion, Mr. Andrews was introduced by Will Steel, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Arkansas, West. Among others presented to the gathering were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leonard R. Ellis, of Arkansas, East; Mr. McClelland, T. L. McDonald, Exalted Ruler of Hope Lodge, No. 1109; and prominent members of Hot Springs Lodge, No. 380, and of Shreveport, La., Lodge, No. 122. Before departing by motor for Little Rock, the Grand Exalted Ruler paid a brief visit to Hope Lodge, No. 1109. There, at a meeting at which Exalted Ruler T. L. McDonald presided, Mr. Andrews addressed a large representation of members gathered to greet him; and spoke also to the Lodge of Antlers sponsored by his hosts.

(Continued on page 67)

## News of the State Associations

### Florida

TWELVE hundred Elks, many of them accompanied by members of their families, gathered recently at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., as the guests of Lodge No. 1517, to attend the twenty-fifth convention of the Florida State Elks Association. The meeting, opened with an address of welcome by Mayor Thomas E. Hoskins, extended over a period of four days. Outstanding among its events were the election of officers for the coming year, the ritualistic contest among Lodges of the State, the selection of the place of the 1931 convention, the grand parade and the grand ball on the final day. Officers chosen for the next twelve months were J. L. Reed, Sr., Tampa Lodge, No. 708, President; J. Edwin Baker, West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352, First Vice-President; W. K. Collins, Tallahassee Lodge, No. 937, Second Vice-President; L. L. Anderson, Cocoa Lodge, No. 1532, Third Vice-President; Paul Randolph, Sarasota Lodge, No. 1519, Fourth Vice-President; George Cowley, Pensacola Lodge, No. 497, Fifth Vice-President; A. L. Cusson, Jr., St. Petersburg Lodge, No. 1224, Secretary-Treasurer; W. B. Delaporte, Orlando Lodge, No. 1079, Historian; and John Jensen, De Land Lodge, No. 1463, Tiler. The executive committee named included Curtis Lindstrom, De Land Lodge; W. J. Kennedy, Jacksonville Lodge, No. 221; and H. G. Eollidz, Daytona Lodge, No. 1141. On the day preceding the election of these officers, the

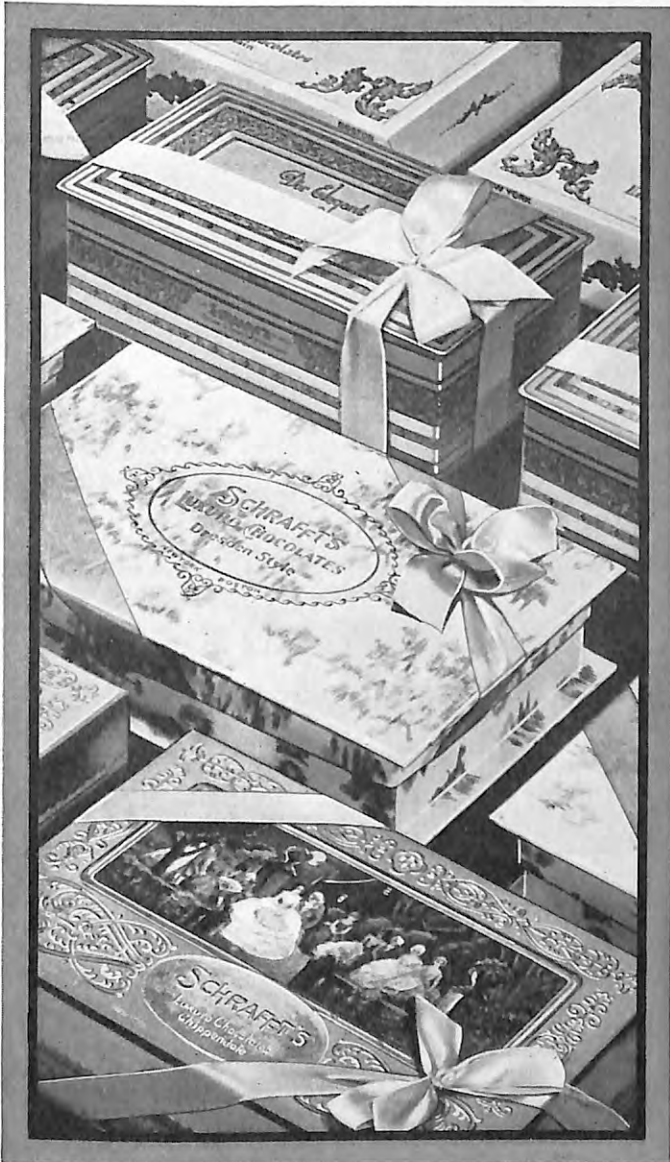
ritualistic contest was held. The winner was the team of Cocoa Lodge, with that of Daytona Lodge second. The Association voted later in favor of sending the victors to compete in the national contest at the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City next month. Cocoa Lodge gained additional honors in being awarded a loving cup, donated by President Colee, for displaying the greatest growth, in proportion to its membership, of any Lodge in Florida during the past year. Among other decisions reached during the business sessions was the choice of Clearwater as the convention city a year hence. The last day of the convention witnessed the grand parade, in the afternoon; and the banquet and grand ball, in the evening, at Trion Gardens. Six hundred marchers participated in the procession through the central part of Fort Lauderdale. At the banquet later, given in honor of the retiring President of the Association, Harold Colee, of St. Augustine Lodge, No. 829, a distinguished guest and the principal speaker was Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, who has been convalescing in Florida from the illness he suffered in February. Other prominent members of the Order who attended the convention were Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; E. M. Wharton, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; David Scholtz, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. Chapman.

### Indiana

SEVERAL officers of the Grand Lodge and of the Indiana State Elks Association, and more than a hundred representatives of Indiana Lodges attended recently a meeting of the Indiana North Association at the Home of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981. Delegates were present from ten of the twelve Lodges members of the North Association. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. J. Greenwald, presiding as chairman, introduced to the gathering, following the roll-call, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight F. J. McMichael, Charles E. Witt, Assistant to the Grand Secretary; Florence Schrader, of the Grand Secretary's office; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Burke; and Fred C. Cunningham, President; William C. Groebel, Secretary; and Harry K. Kramer, Treasurer, of the Indiana State Elks Association. The chairman then called upon the delegates of the Lodges for a report upon their activities. In response, summaries of their Lodges' progress since the last meeting of the Indiana North Association were made by representatives of South Bend, La Porte, Elkhart, Michigan City, Hammond, Valparaiso, Goshen, East Chicago, Gary, Whiting, and La Fayette Lodges. The meeting was at this point adjourned for dinner. Assembling again, an initiation of candidates was held, with the officers of both visiting Lodges and of East

(Continued on page 68)

*These newcomers are diverting  
the attention of whole bridge parties!*



WHAT was bid is completely forgotten. What is trump nobody knows. Who should lead just doesn't matter—for the topic of talk has suddenly turned from tricks to taste. Schrafft's chocolates are being sampled!

Under the spell of such out-of-the-common goodness, it is pardonable for anyone to forget all else for the moment. Schrafft's chocolates and candies *are* uncommonly delicious!

They have long been the favorites of the well-informed—in New York, Boston and Syracuse. Now, through recently expanded distribution, we predict that these famous candies will be the favorites everywhere!

You'll find them in stores near you—wherever good candies are sold. And you'll find them surprisingly better than any candy you ever before tasted!

*D'or Elegant—\$2.00 a pound; Chippendale—\$1.50 a pound; Dresden—\$1.25 a pound; Jolivet—\$1.25 a pound; Plain—\$1.00 a pound; Pall Mall—\$1.00 a pound; Nuts, Fruits and Creams—\$1.00 a pound.*

# SCHRAFFT'S

CHOCOLATES AND  
FINE CONFECTIONS



# *This* DEPENDABLE PERFORMANCE *will serve you - - too*

## Viking's Stamina and Fine Performance Permit Elks Prosperity Tour Representatives to Pass Half-Way Mark On Schedule

Holding faithfully to their rigid schedule all the way, the four cars of the Elks-Viking Transcontinental Prosperity Tour fleet have now passed the half-way mark of the trip. With their task thus far completed, and with the most gruelling part of the tour behind them, these cars continue to roll steadily and smoothly over the miles . . . carrying the

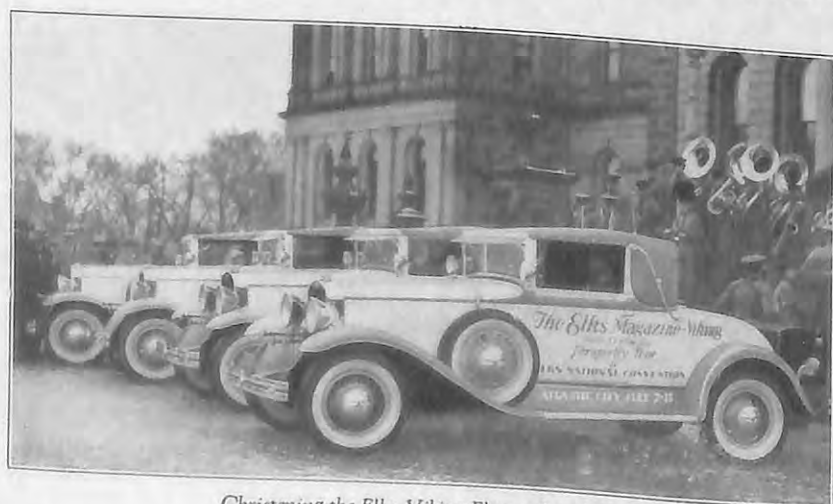
Elks Magazine representatives from each stopping point to the next *on schedule* . . . drawing closer, day by day, to their destination — Atlantic City.

This splendidly consistent performance is the chief factor which influenced sponsors of the 1930 Elks Magazine Prosperity Tour to select Viking as the ideal car for their requirements. And Viking is completely justifying that selection by delivering thoroughly dependable, thoroughly capable all-round performance every mile of the trip.

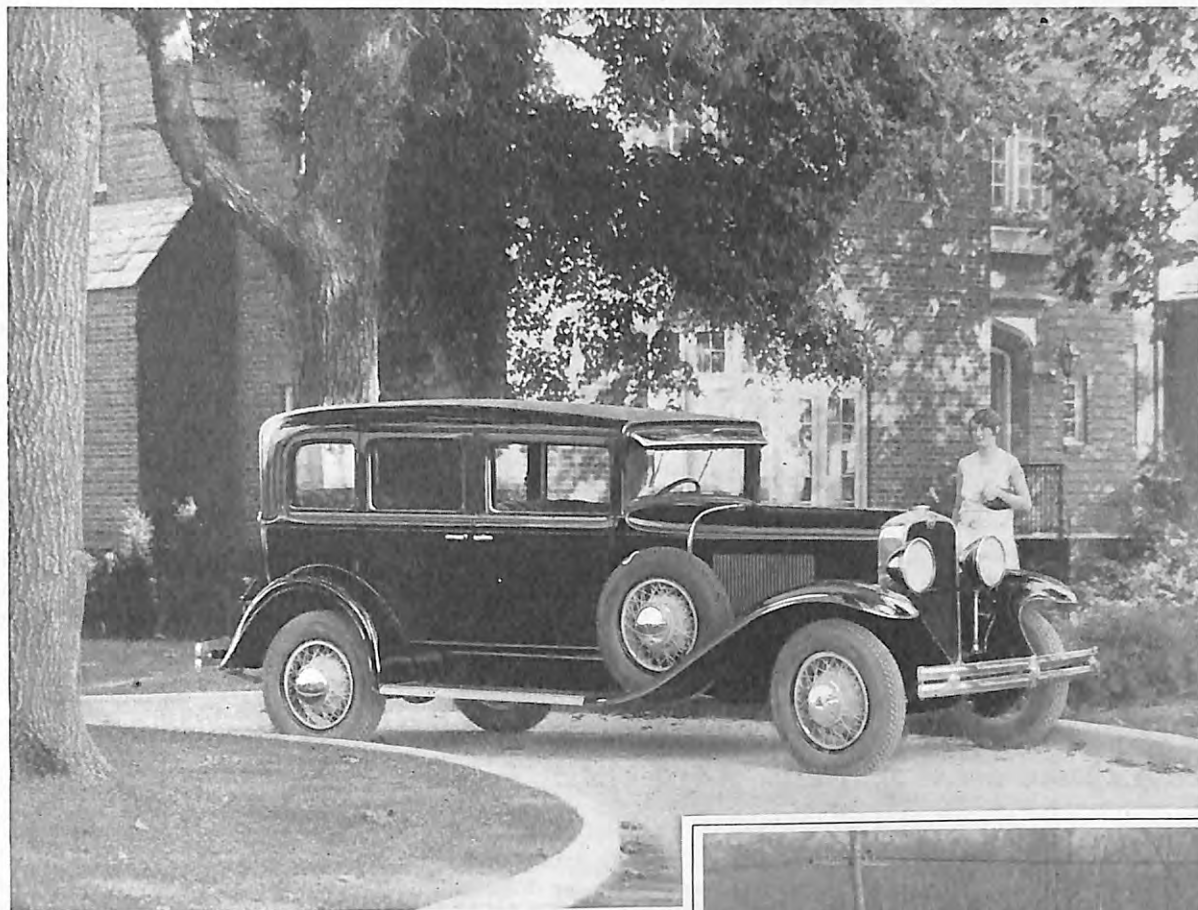
Considering all the facts, it is not surprising that the Viking Eight should prove so worthy in every respect. For Viking's engineering background is enough to indicate the character of the car. A product of Olds Motor Works and General Motors,

it combines the same fine engineering and faithful manufacture which have made Oldsmobile so popular throughout the country. Like Oldsmobile, too, it reflects the many important advantages of General Motors parentage — the great formative influences of the General Motors Research Laboratories and the General Motors Proving Ground.

The high quality assured by this engineering background is evident



Christening the Elks-Viking Fleet at Lansing



*The Viking Eight De Luxe Four-Door Sedan*

throughout Viking's construction. Its mighty 90 degree V-type eight-cylinder engine is a marvel of compactness, efficiency, and simplicity. Its smartly-styled Fisher body is distinguished for its sturdiness and strength as well as its luxury and beauty of finish and appointments. Its long, low, powerfully built chassis reveals many unusual features of comfort, handling ease, and safety—the results of balanced chassis design—which contribute to true motoring satisfaction.

These features, however, tell only part of the Viking Eight's story. You can read it more fully in the thorough satisfaction that Viking cars are giving in this year's great Prosperity Tour.



*One of the four Viking Convertible Coupes making the Elks-Viking Transcontinental Tour*

Or, better still, visit your Oldsmobile-Viking dealer . . . see the Viking Eight and drive it yourself. You will enjoy its brilliant all-round performance, its restful comfort, its genuine style and luxury. And you will find, when you really know the Viking, that its moderate price represents a remarkable *value*—one that you'll find difficult to match in any other fine eight-cylinder motor car at comparable price.

# 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 31)

"It is."

"But," said the other, suspiciously, "how do I know you won't do me in the eye again?"

"Don't be a fool, Freddie," retorted Mr. Griggs. "You'll know where I am. You'll be able to check up on me. Besides, I want to make up to you for that other time."

"Yes, I daresay," observed Mr. Meaney, without conviction. "Not far from Canada, Maine isn't. Once across the border and a fine chance I'd have of collaring you." He inspected his large red knuckles.

Mr. Griggs played another card. He had still another up his sleeve.

"I might remind you," he said, "that if you wanted to, you could get me a nice stretch for that banknote business. There's still a John Doe warrant out, I suppose. An anonymous letter would do the trick."

"I'd already thought of that," replied Mr. Meaney, "but there's a warrant out for me, too. I almost tipped them off to you before, until I remembered that."

"Think of everything, don't you?" said Stinkpot, amiably.

"Have to, doing business with crooks," retorted Mr. Meaney. "And I think, now, the best thing for me to do is to chuck you out of the window. It's not much of a drop, and unless you land on your head you'll be still breathing when you're picked up. They have a first-rate ambulance service in this neighborhood." He took three steps toward his victim and then abruptly stopped.

Mr. Griggs had drawn a large automatic and was pointing it at him. Mr. Meaney slapped his rear pocket and cursed.

"My gun!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly," said Stinkpot. "You ought to know better than to carry 'em on your hip. But then you were always careless. I pinched it while you were opening the door. And now don't you agree that it would be better to let bygones be bygones?"

What Mr. Meaney said cannot be quoted for family consumption. But he was forced to admit, when he had run out of expletives, that the other had the advantage of him.

"You and I always got along," pursued Mr. Griggs, slipping the automatic into his own pocket, "and we did pretty well. Up to the—hm—up to the last time, we split fifty-fifty. And that's what we will do in this Carmichael thing. And to make up for your loss on the medicine business, this time I'll take all the risks. The only trouble is, I haven't thought of any way yet of getting introduced to the old buck. Once I get in with him, I ought to be able to win his confidence. Because I can talk chemistry and all that sort of thing."

"Mm," grunted Mr. Meaney, mopping his forehead with a gaily colored handkerchief. "What do you have to meet him for? Why not simply break in some night and bag the damn formula?"

"We can't afford to be crude, that's why. The thing's too big."

"Well, I don't feel up to brain-work this afternoon," said Mr. Meaney. "Let's have a spot of Scotch. Maybe something will come to us."

"What kind is it?"

"It's good stuff. No need to be afraid of it. I've got two brands: one for my trade and one for myself." He opened a closet door, disclosing half a dozen cases of whiskey.

"In the business now?"

"Yes," said Mr. Meaney, extracting a square black bottle from a dark corner. "It's a nice business. My customers think I'm a steward off a British boat." He chuckled. "If all the bootleggers that call themselves stewards off British boats really went to sea, there wouldn't be any room on board for the ruddy passengers."

While he produced glasses and a siphon, Mr. Griggs idly picked up a newspaper and began to read the headlines. Suddenly he slapped the paper down on the bureau and called excitedly to his partner.

"I've got it, Freddie," he exclaimed. "I've got it. Here. Look at this."

Mr. Meaney read the headline at which the other was pointing and shook his head, dully.

"What about it?" he asked.

"Read it again, stupid."

Mr. Meaney did so, and this time a light came into his eyes.

The headline was as follows:

ENGLISH STUDENTS  
VISITING U. S. PLANTS  
TO LEARN OUR METHODS.

"Simple as pie," said Mr. Griggs. "Don't you see? I shall be an English student come over to learn the latest wrinkles in chemistry. And where could I learn more than from Old Man Carmichael?"

"How do you know he'll be taking any?"

"I'll write him a letter. You know my letters. And I'll give myself a title. Americans never can resist titles."

At this, Mr. Meaney had a cerebation all his own.

"I know," he chortled, "I know who you can be."

"Who?"

"Guess."

"Oh, drop it. Who?"

"Remember that little jossor you were taken for once or twice? What was his name? You know. That funny-looking—I mean that little jossor they took you for down at Ascot. Remember? Lord somebody or other. And he was an engineer or something, too?"

"Of course. Beauregard. Lord Beauregard. Son of the Earl of Bottington. You're right. I'd forgotten all about him. Went to Oxford, didn't he?"

"Think he did," said Mr. Meaney, "but that doesn't matter. It must have been Oxford or Cambridge. And if anybody says anything, you can tell 'em you went to both. They'll never know the diff."

Thus it came about that Mr. Alfred Walter Griggs, alias Wirefinger Alfie, or Stinkpot Griggs, was, at the time this story opens, a guest in the household of Mr. Carmichael of Waterboro, Maine, having foisted himself upon that gentleman by means of a forged note of introduction.

3.

THINGS had turned out, so far, even better than he had anticipated; for, not only had he been able to pass muster with Mr. Carmichael, but he had managed, to a certain extent, to ingratiate himself with Sheila.

In fact, so pleasant had he found conditions on the Carmichael estate, that he had been tempted to abandon the idea of stealing the formula in favor of trying to marry a fortune instead. Reflection had shown him, however, that if he did succeed in marrying Sheila, complications would be bound to follow when she discovered, as she would be sure to, that he was an impostor. Reasoning from that point on, his devious mind conceived what seemed to be an even sounder scheme. He would marry Sheila, then tell her he was not the person she believed him to be and demand the formula, together with a sum in cash, as the price for (A) his consent to an annulment of the marriage, and (B) his future silence.

Only two things threatened his fulfilment of this masterly program. The first was the seeming reluctance of Sheila to allow intimacy to tincture their relationship. The second was the unreasonable attitude of Mr. Fred Meaney. Sheila was agreeable, but reserved. Mr. Meaney was the reverse. He had a notion that the self-styled Lord Beauregard was taking too long over the job and that he had some ulterior motive in dawdling. In other words, remembering how he had been let down once before, he suspected that the same Lord Beauregard was preparing to double-cross him again. He did not keep the suspicion to himself. On the contrary, he wrote a letter to his partner taxing him with being up to some trick or other and warning him that unless he made haste and delivered the goods, he, Meaney, would expose him to Mr. Carmichael.

Vainly did Lord Beauregard disavow any duplex intentions. Vainly did he reassure Mr. Meaney that all would be well if only he would hold his horses. Vainly did he point out that if the other exposed him there would be no money forthcoming for either of them. Mr. Meaney remained stubborn. The bootlegging

business was flourishing, he said, and he did not really need money. What he wanted was some tangible evidence of his associate's good faith. He wanted results. And, he added, if he didn't get them soon, he would jolly well open things wide.

That was the way matters stood on the day of Jerry's arrival in Waterboro. And that explains why Lord Beauregard, with an unopened letter from Mr. Meaney in his pocket, was anxious to get to his room so that he could read it, rather than sit with Sheila, watching a stranger knock golf balls around a meadow.

## CHAPTER V

WHEN Jerry awoke, he found, to his dismay, that he was fully dressed. He looked at his watch, which said half-past four. At first he thought it must be afternoon, but the rising sun, casting rosy rays into the room, proved that it was not.

"By George," he chuckled, stretching, "I must have been fairly pipped."

He got up, slowly, and looked at himself in the mirror. Except for tousled hair and a bristly chin, his appearance was nothing to be ashamed of. He shook his head, expecting it to rattle a bit inside, but it didn't. He laughed softly.

Through the window floated the staccato putting of motor boats—lobstermen, as he later learned, going out to visit their pots. It was a marvelous morning; clear, yet with a pinkish haze all over everything. He could hardly wait to get outdoors. Hastily stripping, he put on a bathing suit and a pair of sneakers, threw a raincoat over his shoulders and, treading lightly, crept downstairs.

On the garden path, he stopped a moment to breathe deep of the cool, scented air. The zinnias, looking freshly washed, held drops of dew nestling among their petals. The fragrant white flowering tobacco blossoms had not yet closed for the day and their perfume drenched the atmosphere.

"By George," said Jerry once more. He crossed the road and walked through the field which stretched down to the cove he had seen from his window. The shore was rocky, for the most part, but he found a sandy basin, some thirty feet across, which shelved off into water deep enough to swim in, even at low tide.

Anyone who claims that an early morning dip off the coast of Maine does not require courage of the highest order is either grossly ignorant or a plain liar. When you must walk in—as Jerry had to on this particular morning—up to the waist before you can submerge, every step is agony. The water stabs at you like a thousand knives, and makes your legs ache. You die by inches, as it were, gasping with every inch.

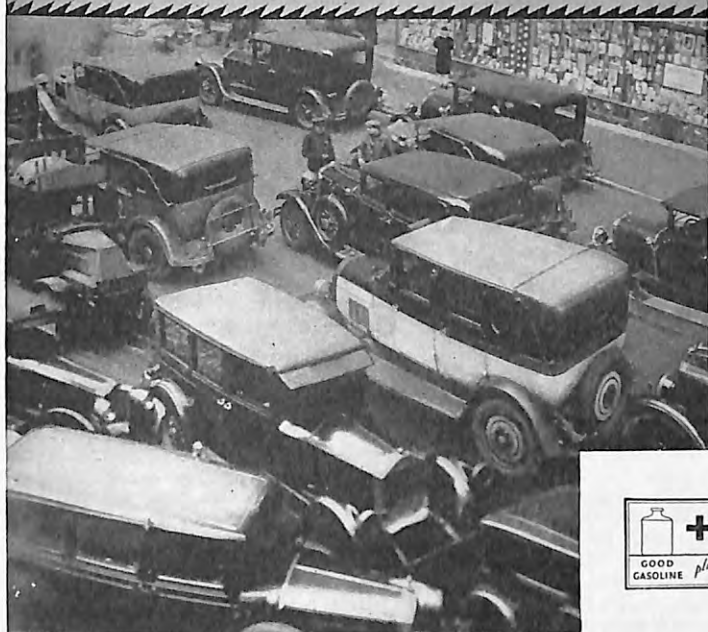
After the first few steps, Jerry was ready to retreat, but he gritted his teeth and went on. He flung himself at last into the deeper pool, took three strokes, turned, and scrambled out, blowing like a porpoise.

"By gravy," he muttered, and was about to add "never again," when the reaction set in and he suddenly found himself tingling with warmth and feeling strong enough to uproot trees. Having no immediate use, however, for an uprooted tree, he contented himself by doing an exuberant war dance on the beach. In the midst of this exercise, the thought of breakfast intruded itself vigorously into his mind. He told himself it was too early, that none of the Carey household would be up yet—not even Lancelot, apparently, having been awakened by his sortie—but the vision of bacon and eggs, or anything else that might be provided, and the prospect of coffee, turned his steps toward the house. Thin blue spirals issuing from the chimney and the delicious scent of wood smoke reassured him. There was life about the old homestead, after all, despite the hour.

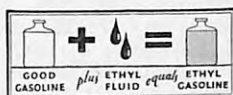
As Jerry entered the gate in the picket fence, an excited yelp sounded from the direction of the side yard, and in a moment its author, tail waving mightily, galloped onto the scene, bearing one of the golf balls he had hidden the previous afternoon. Dropping the ball at Jerry's feet, the dog displayed an accomplishment he had evidently been holding back the day before, which consisted in sitting upright on his haunches and holding his fore paws together as if in prayer. His heavy jowls and long-nosed muzzle,

(Continued on page 48)

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ETHYL GASOLINE



# The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 46)

coupled with the look of rather wistful expectancy in his solemn eyes, gave him much the appearance of a venerable curate soliciting a donation from a rich parishioner.

"Good morning," said Jerry.

"Yowp," said Lancelot, tilting his head coyly.

A peal of laughter floated down from above. Jerry looked up. The spherical face of Queenie protruded from a bedroom window—his bedroom window.

"He wants for you to throw it," said she.

"So it seems." Jerry felt annoyed at her being in his room. She might have waited and ask permission to enter. Still, he reflected, probably her mother had sent her in to make the bed. He would have to ask that tidying up be deferred on other mornings until he gave the word. It wouldn't do to have people poking into his things. There were some clippings in his wallet that would give him away. It seemed hardly likely that Queenie would have gone through his pockets and found the wallet, but the thought that she might have done so made him uneasy. There was also a sizeable sum of money in it, in big bills.

He picked up the golf ball and threw it into the meadow. Queenie squealed with laughter again as the lumbering pup loped after it. But Jerry did not watch the performance. His damp bathing suit had begun to chill him. He went upstairs and chivvied the girl out of his room. When the door was bolted, he felt for his wallet. It was in his coat and, so far as he could tell, had not been touched in his absence. The bed had been smoothed, but nothing else seemed to have been moved.

"Mornin', son," said the Sheriff when Jerry, a few minutes later, appeared in the kitchen. "You're an early bird. What's the trouble? Didn't you sleep good?"

"Slept like a turtle. Never moved once. Why?"

"Kinda thought you would sleep pretty good." The Sheriff grinned. "You come near dropping off right at the supper table, last night. That's why I wondered. Most city folks can't seem to get enough sleep in this country. They don't usually wake up till late—seven, eight o'clock.

"I couldn't lie in bed on a morning like this," said Jerry.

"He didn't sleep in the bed," volunteered Queenie, sapiently, helping herself to butter. "He slept on the outside."

"Sh-h!" hissed Mrs. Carey, like escaping steam.

JERRY reddened. "You certainly have cold water up here," he said, changing the subject. "Right out o' the well," observed Mrs. Carey. "I meant the ocean."

"Never been into it," said the lady, complacently.

"I have," said the Sheriff. "Last time was about ten years ago. Cold? Say! I never been so cold before or since. It was April. When the boat went down under me and I felt that icy water, I swore if I didn't get drowned that time, I'd give up lobsterin' for good. And I did, too. Took to sheriffin' instead."

"Couldn't you swim?"

"Hell, no," said the Sheriff. "Ain't any fisherman can swim. What's the use? Water's too cold, anyway. Suppose a feller knew how, he couldn't keep goin' long enough."

"Wish I could swim," said Queenie, looking pointedly at Jerry. "I can float real good, but when I try to swim I don't get any place."

Jerry caught the hint, but ignored it.

"How many miles is it to the village, Sheriff?" he inquired.

"About five, I reckon. Want to go?"

"Yes."

"You can ride with me, if you want."

"Thanks, very much. Perhaps you wouldn't mind introducing me at the bank. I'd like to open an account."

"Sure thing." The Sheriff looked at his watch. "Half after six. Bank don't open till nine, but I got a call to make before I go to my office. Can you be ready in ten minutes?"

"Certainly." Jerry went to his room to make sure that he had left no tell-tale evidence of his identity lying about, and joined the Sheriff in

the barn. He was amused to find that the Carey automobile was one of his father's manufacture, and even more amused to hear the Sheriff's opinion of it.

"These blankety-blank Comets," said that worthy, cleaning a spark plug, "are the worst to be so bad. Used to stand up pretty good. But last two, three years, they been puttin' bum stuff into 'em. See this here hood, how thin it is? Just a sheet of tin." He shook his head. "They're all right when they're new, but when they start goin' bad they go to pieces every place at once." He replaced the spark plug and wiped his hands on a bit of burlap. "Climb in if you're ready."

The Sheriff took his place at the wheel, started the motor, and backed to the road. "She's hittin' on all four, now," he observed, "but I'll bet by to-night that plug'll be fouled again."

"She's not exactly silent," said Jerry, as they began to move forward.

"Silent!" said the Sheriff, grimly, "wait till you hear her on a hill."

The little Comet, bouncing and rattling as it gathered speed, made an ear-splitting din. It was the first time in years that Jerry had ridden in the family product, and he felt a keen sense of shame that so conscienceless an example of workmanship should bear his father's name. His opinion of the car had never been high—a sore point with Mr. Marshall—but he had always believed that it gave purchasers their money's worth. The amusement he had felt on first hearing the Sheriff's denunciation of it turned to indignation. He had an impulse to tell the man who he really was, to apologize on behalf of the Marshall factory for having swindled him, and to buy him an expensive machine by way of making amends. He dismissed this idea, of course, as being impractical for the present, but resolved that when his mission hereabouts was accomplished, he would certainly make his father do something of the sort. And he resolved, too, that should he fail in his undertaking and therefore, be forced, under the terms of his wager, to go into the Comet plant, he would devote himself to turning out a car that nobody need be ashamed of.

These spiritual thoughts were interrupted by the Sheriff, who was calling his attention to a high stone wall, covered with Virginia creeper.

"Carmichael's place," he shouted, over the noise of the car.

"Oh," said Jerry. "The man who owns the golf course."

"Yeah. What don't he own! Automobiles, boats. I don't know what all. Must have pretty near a dozen cars, or more, in his garage."

"Well off, eh?"

"Say, if you and I had a penny for every dollar old Carmichael's got, we'd never have to worry. Why, I wouldn't mind having the money this here wall cost. There's more'n a mile of it, twelve foot high all the way."

As they drew abreast of a wide gateway, the Sheriff stopped the car. "Look in there," he said.

Jerry looked. The Carmichael driveway was straight as an arrow for about a quarter of a mile, and was flanked by flat, open lawns, bordered by rows of slender spruces. At the far end, where it forked, was a clump of thick shrubbery and evergreens.

"See that patch of green down there," said the Sheriff, "well, back of that is a little house where the watchman hangs out. Strangers who drive in can get just that far, and then they are stopped. Can't anybody come in or out without he spots 'em." He set the car in motion again.

"Why the precautions?" asked Jerry, innocently. "The old man afraid of somebody?"

"Afraid? He ain't afraid of nothin'," replied the Sheriff, emphatically. "But he's got a lot of secret stuff in his workshop, I reckon, and he ain't takin' no chances."

Jerry mentally digested this information. It was evident that trying to emerge surreptitiously from that driveway with the Old Thunderbus would be like trying to hide in a Fifth Avenue shop window on a Saturday afternoon. He refrained from further inquiries. He did

not wish to seem too curious; and, besides, competing with the squeaks and rattles of the car was a strain on the vocal cords. The Sheriff volunteered no additional data, but concentrated on driving.

Passing the high stone wall of the Carmichael estate again, after the Sheriff had made his call further along the line, Jerry wondered by what subterfuge he could contrive to get on the other side of it. He was anxious to have the opportunity of making sure that the Old Thunderbus was actually on the premises, and not stored away in some remote warehouse. He was anxious, likewise, to come in contact with the dark young man who called himself Lord Beauregard. And, most particularly, was he keen to achieve an introduction to the girl of the train.

He realized, however, that it would not do to be precipitate. His first step must be to spend a few days in making character. While thus engaged, he could be working out a plan for insinuating himself into the Carmichael ménage in a way that would seem perfectly natural.

## CHAPTER VI

HAVING deposited a substantial sum to his credit in the Waterboro Bank and Trust Company—the cashier of which all but kissed the hem of his garments—Jerry purchased tobacco and some day-old New York newspapers and strolled out of the village onto the road leading to the Careys'. Both the Sheriff and the bank man had offered to drive him to the house, but he had declined on the ground that he needed the exercise. The fact is, he was a little tense. Acting a part was a new experience for him, and he had not yet become sufficiently accustomed to his rôle to be able to relax in it. The bank cashier, in the manner of that peculiar species, had asked him at least a hundred questions, and he felt that he had answered them satisfactorily. But the examination had been trying and, for the time, at any rate, he wanted to be free from human companionship. He had never before realized how exhausting a life of duplicity can be.

After covering some four of the five miles to his destination, he saw a familiar-looking car parked outside a house, with a familiar figure seated behind the wheel. It was Henry Gay, demon taxi driver.

"Mornin', Mister. Everything okeh up to the Careys'?"

"Absolutely."

"Fine lady, Mrs. Carey."

"She certainly is."

"The Sheriff—he's a fine man, too."

"Yes," agreed Jerry, heartily.

Mr. Gay was silent for a moment. He regarded Jerry with a speculative eye.

"What do you think of Queenie?" he asked, at length.

"Why?"

Henry leaned toward him mysteriously and signed to him to move closer.

"Don't say I told you, Mister," he began, in a low voice, "but you want to look out for that Queenie. She—" he broke off abruptly. The door of the house had slammed and a woman was approaching the car.

"Well, so long, Mister," he said. "Good luck."

"Thanks," said Jerry, resuming his walk. What, he wondered, was the matter with the blimpie Queenie? What was the secret Henry Gay had just been on the verge of revealing? What sinister trait lay coiled beneath the rolls of that young mastodon's fat?

His mind was diverted from the subject of the stout girl by the appearance, far up the road, of a black speck enveloped in a cloud of dust. The speck rapidly came nearer and Jerry recognized it as the large foreign limousine in which Sheila Carmichael had been driven away from the railroad station the previous day. To avoid the dust, he left the road and stood several feet back until the motor should have passed. The girl was not in the car. A stout, florid-faced chauffeur was at the wheel, a well-polished suitcase beside him. Within, his chin propped on the knob of a walking-stick, and an expression of gloom on his features, sat the dark young man who called himself Lord Beauregard. He paid no attention to Jerry in passing.

"Going away," mused the latter, taking to the road again after the dust had settled.

(Continued on page 50)



# Said the Purple and White Fleet of 1929 to the Purple and White Fleet of 1930, "Get that Extra Quart!"



**T**HE 1929 Elks Magazine Transcontinental Fleet learned about flawless lubrication from Quaker State—and passed on that knowledge to the Elks Magazine-Viking Fleet, now en route to the Elks Convention to be held in Atlantic City.

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## QUAKER STATE

### MOTOR OIL

*Get that extra quart in every gallon*



# The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 48)

"Well, that's one mystery I shan't have to bother with for a bit. Wonder if he's coming back?"

Upon entering the front gate he was greeted by Queenie, who was apparently engaged in transferring weeds from one part of the garden to another.

"Goin' swimmin' again this morning, Mister?" she asked him hopefully.

"I have to work," said Jerry briefly.

"Goin' to write a story?"

"Yes."

"What's the name of it?"

"I don't know yet."

"What's it about?"

"I never discuss stories before they're finished."

"Will it be a movie?"

"Perhaps. I hope so."

"Can I read it when it's finished?"

It being clear that she was not to be denied, he said she could.

2.

NOTHING can be more stubborn than the human brain. It is like a mule. The more you whip it the more it balks. Then, all of a sudden, when you have given up all hope of its leading you anywhere, it seems to come to life and move on of its own accord.

For the next few days Jerry tried to drive his mind in the direction of a solution of the problem of getting into Carmichael's place and actually seeing the Old Thunderbus with his own eyes, if it were there to be seen. But concentrated thinking seemed to get him nowhere. All the plans he evolved proved, on examination, to be too fantastic and complicated to be workable. He was beginning to think he might be forced to resort to the obvious but risky experiment of climbing the wall in the middle of the night on the chance that one of the garage doors might be unlocked and that he might be able to sneak in and identify the old car in the dark, by the touch system. But the more he considered this, the less he liked it. In the first place, it was crude; in the second place, it was far too uncertain. The possibilities of being caught, on the grounds, or inside the garage, if he got as far as that, were too great. He knew Mr. Carmichael kept a watchman. He knew also that he had a chauffeur. But he was not familiar enough with the watchman's habits, or with the lay of the land in general, to effect an entry safely. Probably the chauffeur slept in living quarters connected with the garage, in which case the chances of wandering about among the dozen or more cars housed there without being heard were about one in a hundred. He would only need to stumble over an oil can, or unwittingly touch a horn button, to give the alarm. And of course, to be caught under such circumstances would effectually put an end to all his hopes. Even if he managed to fight his way out and escape actual capture, he would have been seen, and that would be enough. He abandoned the idea and concentrated on the invention of some more open method of securing the necessary information.

But though he stayed in his room all day under pretext of working on a plot, emerging only for meals, he succeeded merely in driving his mind to the balking point. Even the consumption of many ounces of tobacco and scores of cigarettes failed to help him arrive at a solution. As a matter of fact, although the windows were open, the air in his room became so turbid with smoke that by the evening of the second day he began to feel thoroughly drugged. Also he began to feel desperate. Few things are so depressing to the spirit as the pursuit of an idea which relentlessly refuses to materialize. At supper he was so subdued and unlike his usually affable self that the Sheriff was moved to comment.

"Workin' hard, son?"

"Yes," said Jerry.

"Thought so. You look kind of tuckered out. Having kind of tough sleddin'?"

"Yes," said Jerry.

"What's the trouble?"

"Oh, nothing much. Trying to work out a plot. Always have a bad time with plots."

The Sheriff nodded sympathetically.

"Like me, I reckon, trying to dope out a

puzzling case. I get so steamed up after a while I can't seem to think any more."

He poured himself a glass of cider and offered the jug to Jerry. The latter declined, however. After his first experience with that potent beverage, he was afraid of it. He feared that it might put him off his guard and cause him to say something he ought not to say. The Sheriff went on:

"What you want to do," he said, "when you get all balled up in your head that way, is to take a day off and stop tryin' to think. I found that out. When I was new to the sheriffin' business I used to get nearly crazy—didn't I, Ma?"

"Yeah," boomed his wife. "Nearly drove me crazy, too."

"That's right," chuckled the Sheriff, winking at Jerry with his near eye. "Ma used to yell at me to come to bed and stop using my head. Said I wa'n't used to it. Funny thing was, I'd fall asleep, and when I woke up in the mornin', many a time I'd have the answer just like that—" he snapped his fingers—"without knowing how I got it. Nowadays, when I get all het up, I just kind of takes it easy. Do something to take my mind off the case, like working on the car or goin' to the movin' pitchers—"

"There's a swell pitcher on to-night," put in Queenie, hopefully.

"And," continued her father, ignoring the interruption, "by and by things seem to work themselves out right easy."

Jerry nodded.

"It's the subconscious mind," he said. "It goes on working even when you're asleep." Like many another who has read psychology, it had not occurred to him to apply it.

"Don't know what it is," remarked the Sheriff, "but it's the truth, just the same. Take yourself, now. You'd ought to lay off for a spell. Go down to Pemaquid Point and see the surf. There's pretty good fishin' off the rocks down there. Only cunnners this time of year, and they ain't good for much. Still and all, you could have fun catchin' 'em."

"Nothin' the matter with cunnners," rumbled Mrs. Carey. "They're a mighty good pan fish, once you get 'em skinned."

"How far is it—the place you mentioned?" asked Jerry.

"'Bout fourteen, fifteen mile, I reckon. Not far."

"A bit of a walk, though, there and back."

"Mm," said the Sheriff, reflectively. "I was goin' to say I'd drive you there, but I just remembered I got to go to Rockland to-morrow."

"I might get Henry Gay," said Jerry. "And don't you give him no ten dollars, either," bellowed Mrs. Carey. "You could buy a car cheaper than hire him at that price."

"By George," said Jerry. "Why don't I buy a car?"

"Sure," echoed the Sheriff, "why don't you? You could pick one up in Waterboro. Then you'd be able to get around. Only don't get a Comet. You can buy them for next to nothin'—used ones—but they're a bunch of trouble."

"No," agreed Jerry, with a smile, "I won't get a Comet. Where's the best place to go for a car?"

"Waterboro Garage," said the Sheriff. "Billy Gay—that's Henry's brother—he runs it. You ride in with me to-morrow and I'll take you in and tell him to treat you right."

"A sound idea," said Jerry.

3.

THE next morning found him looking at the machines in the Waterboro Garage. Billy Gay, a larger edition of Henry as to appearance, lacked the loquacity of his taxi-driving brother. Whether it was that the Sheriff's injunction to "treat Jerry right" inhibited his selling instinct, or whether he felt that a gentleman who had only yesterday deposited five thousand dollars cash in the bank—the news had spread—could not possibly be interested in his wares, it is difficult to say. At any rate, he had little to offer in recommendation of the automobiles in his establishment.

To tell the truth, there was not a great deal

that even an enthusiastic salesman could have said without stepping beyond the bounds of accuracy. There were five cars, each looking a little seedier and more disreputable than the last.

"How about this one?" asked Jerry, walking over to an elderly and considerably battered Cadillac coupé.

"She runs good," said the garageman, rubbing his chin with a grimy palm.

"Or this?" pursued Jerry, turning to a hard-bitten-looking Buick standing alongside.

"She runs good, too," vouchsafed Mr. Gay, gloomily.

Jerry ran an appraising eye over both these exhibits. They were incredibly dirty, inside and out. At least one thing could be said for their present owner: he had not tried to camouflage their condition under a coat of what is known to the trade as "molasses." But though Jerry was not really a snob, he could scarcely picture himself defacing the landscape in any of these near-wrecks.

"What are you asking for this one?" he inquired, pointing to the Buick.

"Three fifty," said Mr. Gay.

"Is she a bargain at that price?" asked Jerry, naively.

"She runs good," said the garageman.

"You haven't anything better? I wouldn't mind paying a bit more."

"These here is all I've got in used cars. I could sell you a new one." He waved toward a group of shiny Comets that still had the brown paper on their running-boards and the warning labels on their windshields.

Jerry went over and looked at them more closely. With the Sheriff's injunction in his mind, a new Comet had not suggested itself to him. They were not bad-looking little machines, he thought. It would be rather fun to buy one, even if he had a lot of trouble with it. He would be able to rag his father unmercifully. But just as he was beginning seriously to consider taking the plunge, the sound of a rich and melodious motor horn at the garage door attracted his attention. It also attracted the attention of Mr. Gay, who scuttled rapidly away. Curious to see what could have animated this lethargic merchant, Jerry followed him to the door. There he saw the Carmichael chauffeur just getting out of a beautiful custom-built roadster.

"Billy," he heard the chauffeur say, "fill her up while I go to the post-office."

As the man walked down the street and Billy Gay proceeded to fill the gas tank, Jerry inspected the car. And, as he did so, a little bell suddenly tinkled in his brain.

"By George," he exclaimed. "The old subconscious. Why didn't I think of it before?"

"What's that?" queried Mr. Gay.

"I was just wondering," said Jerry. "Mr. Carmichael has a lot of cars, hasn't he?"

"Yup."

"Do you think he'd be willing to sell me one?"

Mr. Gay rubbed his chin with his palm. It seemed to be his most eloquent gesture.

"Mebbe," he said. "You can ask Dennis."

When the chauffeur reappeared shortly, bearing a large bundle of mail and newspapers, the garageman introduced Jerry to him.

"This man wants to know whether your boss'll sell him a car."

Jerry explained who he was, and that the Sheriff had told him what a number of machines Mr. Carmichael possessed.

"I'd have liked to buy one from Mr. Gay," he said. "But he hasn't got one I want. Don't you suppose there's an old foreign car in Mr. Carmichael's collection that he'd be willing to part with?"

"I dunno, sir," replied Dennis, looking him over with a keen blue eye. "We 'ave a number of machines. Whether Mr. Carmichael would sell any of 'em I don't know. 'E might. There's 'arf a dozen we never use."

"Well, Dennis," said Jerry, "wouldn't it be possible for me to look at those? Then, perhaps, I might make an offer that you could transmit to him?"

"Certainly, sir. There'd be no 'arm in your looking at 'em. We 'ave a little Lancia run-about and a couple of others you might fancy."

Jerry managed to keep the exultation he felt out of his voice.

(Continued on page 52)

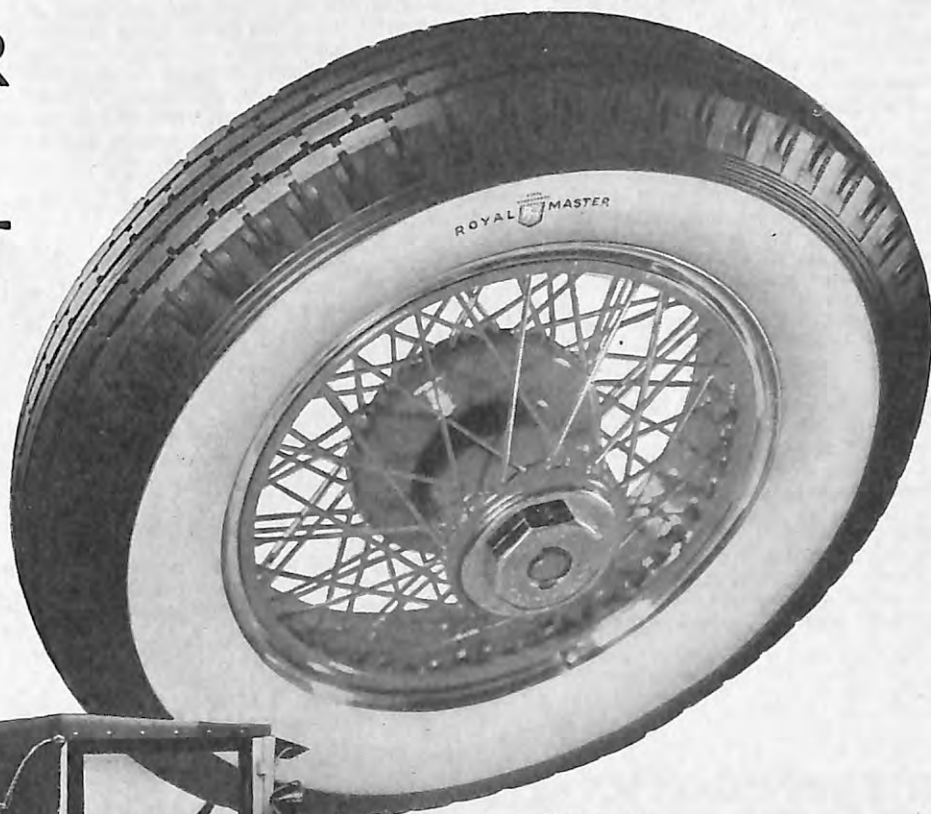


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# The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 50)

"When would be a good time for me to come over, d'you think?"

Dennis pondered.

"I think I'd better speak to Miss Carmichael about the matter, sir," he said. "Then if she thinks the master would not object, I could telephone you."

"Good. I'm at the Careys'."

"Yes, sir, I know."

"News travels round here, doesn't it."

"It does, sir," agreed Dennis. He touched his cap and got into the car. "I'm going by there, Mr. Maxwell, if you'd like a lift."

"Thanks very much," said Jerry, getting in beside him.

On the way to the Carey homestead they discussed the weather, the Maine coast, and London as Dennis had known it long before the war. A pleasant fellow, the Carmichael's chauffeur, the old family coachman type. Jerry warmed to him at once.

His return was the cue for a sound of scrambling on the second floor, followed by a thud which shook the house. Taking the stairs three at a time, with Mrs. Carey running a good second, Jerry reached the landing in time to see an extraordinary sight.

The redoubtable Queenie was crawling along the floor, quivering with anguish and unable to get up because of something tangled around her ankles. Closer inspection showed that something to be no less than Jerry's best pair of plus fours. It took little imagination to guess what had happened. Queenie had been in the act of trying on the seductive garment in Jerry's room. When he returned, sooner than expected, she had tried desperately to get them off. Fearing he would catch her, she had started to run to her own room. And the outraged knickers, whose seams she had severely strained, had vengefully tripped her half-way between his room and hers. Upon seeing that there was no

escape, the unfortunate girl buried her face in her blimplike arms and abandoned herself to grief.

Though he was alarmed at the possible fate of his favorite knickerbockers, Jerry could not keep a straight face. He leaned against the wall and laughed until he had to stop from sheer weakness.

Mrs. Carey, however, saw nothing funny in the situation. On the contrary, she was speechless. Her face assumed the hue of a modernistic purple sunset. With lips twitching and eyes bulging, she stood wringing her apron in her powerful fingers and glaring at her daughter.

After some minutes, the lady controlled her emotion sufficiently to enable her to articulate. Taking a deep breath, she opened her mouth.

"Queenie!" she roared, "take off them pants!"

The large girl, who lay sobbing like a convulsive jellyfish, redoubled her wails.

"Queenie. Do you hear me?"

"I ca-ca-can't," sobbed the miscreant. "They won't ca-come off. . . ."

"They won't, hey!" Mrs. Carey, taking off her shoe, advanced menacingly.

At this point, Jerry, who thought Queenie had suffered enough, intervened. Suppressing another gale of laughter, which was working like yeast in his inside, he went to the rescue.

"We'd better help her," he said, suiting the action to the word. "You unbuckle one leg and I'll do the other."

By dint of careful manipulation, they worked the knee bands of the knickers over the bulges of Queenie's pneumatic calves. The rest was easy.

"Lemme see 'em," said Mrs. Carey. "Are they ripped?"

"No," said Jerry, generously, "I'm sure they're all right. He carried the breeches to his room, closed the door and examined them in the privacy thereof. They were, of course,

ripped at the seam which might have been expected to let go under the circumstances, but the damage was not irreparable. He hung them up in his cupboard and was snickering afresh over the incident when he heard the telephone.

Answering the call himself—Mrs. Carey was still closeted with the errant Queenie—Jerry was elated to hear the voice of Dennis. Miss Carmichael had said it would be all right for him to look at the cars, and if he would like to come right over, he, Dennis, would call for him.

He was in the middle of a jubilant buck and wing dance in the lower hall when Mrs. Carey came upon him. There were tears in her eyes.

"Mr. Maxwell," she said, beseechingly, in as low a whisper as she could achieve, "don't let the Sheriff know what happened. Please don't tell him. If he was to find out, he'd take a whip to her. It ain't her fault she takes things that don't belong to her. She can't help it. She's always been that way. She don't mean no harm. Shes a—she's a—"

"Kleptomaniac?" suggested Jerry.

Mrs. Carey nodded, and dabbed her eyes with her apron.

Jerry put his arm around the poor soul's shoulders.

"Don't you worry," he assured her. "I won't say a word."

"God bless you," said she. "It's been a terrible trial to us, Queenie's weakness has."

"It must have been," said he, sympathetically. "We get mad, but that don't do no good."

"Of course not."

"We've tried to beat it out of her, but what's the use?"

"Exactly," said Jerry.

Mrs. Carey sighed, then smiled maternally. "You are a fine young feller," said she. Her boarder blushed.

(To be Continued)

## Lions

(Continued from page 17)

lend atmosphere to the whole film. Especially as this film was to be tinted to represent night.

Everything was in readiness. The cameras were set up, their lenses projecting through the wire at different angles. Frank had his rifle beside him and Noble had his, as well as a still camera. Native hunters were posted at strategic points from which they could shoot in the event anything went wrong. Pasha was a mighty big lion. We knew that he was a killer, that in spite of our friendship developed through the bars of his cage, he would cheerfully maul anyone of us to death, given half a chance.

The gunbearers and other natives climbed up on Pasha's cage to open it. My skin prickled and tingled. (The moment before a lion is let out always thrills me.) Inside the cage I could see Pasha standing motionless listening to the natives fumbling about above him.

"All ready, everyone," I called, looking anxiously over the staging. "Let him out."

The cameras clicked. I motioned to the natives to draw up the door. Tightening my grip on my rifle, I stood ready. Pasha looked as if he were planning to rush out. If he did and charged either Frank or Noble down the full length of the set the wire might not hold. I dug my toes in for a sprint.

The door was up. The natives on the kraal poles stiffened. Not a sound except the clicking of the cameras. Pasha stood staring out of the door at the poles opposite him. We waited in silence for him to make up his mind. It was best for our scene that he walk out quietly as if alone and unnoticed at night. No one spoke. Full five minutes passed and Pasha never moved a muscle. I walked quietly up to the bars and spoke to him. He whirled and rushed at me growling. One huge paw flashed out through the bars. He was nervous. That open door worried him. He wanted to go out, but the scene was unfamiliar to him and lions are very cautious beasts. Hunters have a saying that no lion will

jump into a kraal into which he cannot see and from which he cannot see a way out.

Another five minutes passed. Pasha lay down facing the door. This was a situation that required thought on his part. And on ours as well.

Should we force him out? If we succeeded, what would he look like out by the kraals? Might he not be so angry that he would merely charge and fight? That would not give us what we wanted and no one could foretell what might happen. Pasha weighed more than four hundred pounds and stood nearly as high as a donkey. While we discussed the situation Pasha lay quietly thinking. We gave him half an hour. But still no action.

Then we tried to bait him out. Chunks of meat were dangled in front of him just outside the door. Pasha watched them intently as they swung to and fro. I am positive that his eyes twinkled with amusement. He had seen that trick before. One piece came closer than the rest and with a lightning sweep of his paw he hooked it into the cage. Another lull of half an hour while he licked and finally ate the meat.

The morning passed trying to coax Pasha out. But at lunch time he was still watching us amusedly. So we shut him in and went to eat. Time was a consideration. It cost a good deal of money to keep a large number of people on a single job for hours, with no tangible results. We decided to try and force Pasha out during the afternoon.

Even that method failed. I tried to push him out with a padded beam. He tore it to splinters with his teeth and knocked it around so that I on the outer end could scarcely keep my feet. When he faced the bars his tail hung out of the door. Mangers succeeded in seizing it and giving it a yank. Even that did not bring Pasha out although he whirled about and uttered very uncomplimentary remarks about taking an unfair advantage. After four o'clock the light became flat and thin. In desperation I threw a little dry grass into the front of the cage and set

fire to it. Pasha backed into a corner and watched it burn. I had not the heart really to threaten him with fire and he knew it. He was certain that I would not hurt him. So he won the victory and our day was a failure.

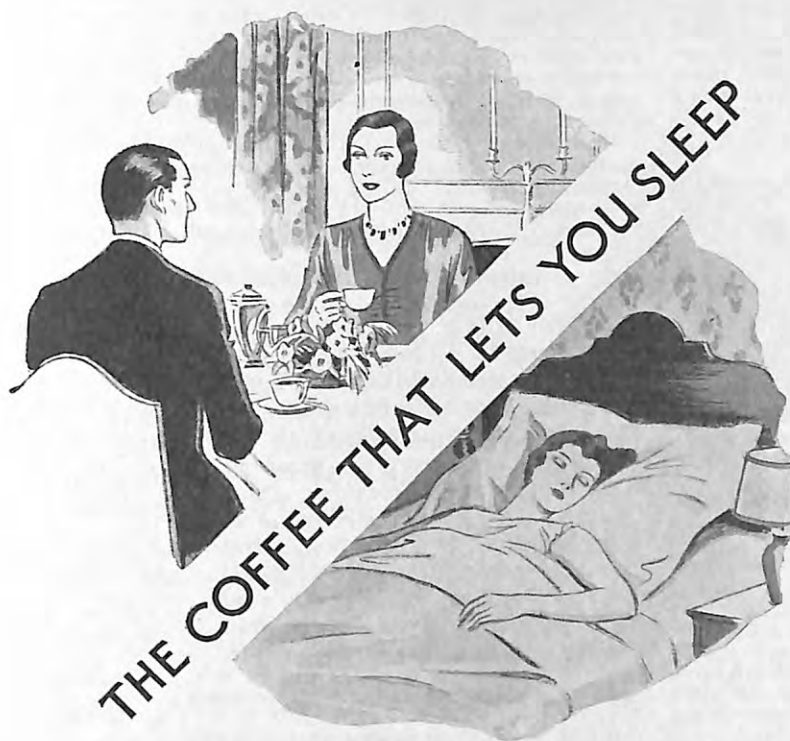
The next morning we tried again. We already had a good many feet of film of kraal poles but starting all over again the cameramen ground away. We had to have the actual entrance of the lion and even though the day before had been a failure, there was no telling what might occur. The door was pulled up. Pasha, with a roar, rushed out and almost before we realized it was standing in the open by the kraal entrance, his tail lashing back and forth as he stared about him. Gasps sounded from many points. He was big. Standing free with his mane sweeping the ground and his head held high he looked magnificent and fearsome. For a long minute he stared at us behind the wire. Then he looked up. Great heavens, was he contemplating a leap! The cattle shifted restlessly behind the poles. They could see and smell the lion. If they were as nervous as we were that first minute, I feel sorry for them. Then Pasha examined the poles. Just what we wanted. He prowled back and forth looking for an opening, but the poling was too close. He could not get through. Undecided, he stood staring at the cattle behind and then sat down like a great dog and looked at us. It was as much as to say, "Well what now? Here I am." We waited. Then he lay down facing us. This was not action. The cameras ceased clicking. We shouted at him, but Pasha just stared at us contemptuously and silently invited us to come on in and argue. We threw sticks at him and small clumps of dirt. We did not hit him and finally desisted.

We stood watching and talking. Pasha seemed contentedly settled for hours. Then his tail twitched at the tip. Noble had sense enough to start grinding his camera. Without other warning Pasha sprang to his feet, whirled about, and

(Continued on page 54)

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## Lions

(Continued from page 52)

plunged through the seeming solid into the cow kraal. There was a shout. I saw a flash of tawny yellow in the main kraal. Rushing around the wire, I sprinted for the poles at the far end. A shot rang out. Roars and a growl. I found an opening and pushing my rifle through, took a rapid look. Pasha was in a corner halfway up the poles on his way out. I could see blood dripping from his side where a bullet had hit him. Through my mind flashed the thought that he was heading for the camp and the compound. The children were there and many natives. I pulled the trigger. Just as I fired another shot rang out. Frank was on the spot as well as I. Pasha collapsed and sank down. Tears started in my eyes. Pasha had been a friend and I had grown to love him. Frank came up. Neither of us looked at the other.

"Murder," muttered Frank.

Heartbreaking? Yes. Murder? Not actually, though it seemed so at the time. I doubt if anyone could have foreseen that a lion the size of Pasha could have forced his way through an opening four inches wide. But we had misjudged his power. He had forced aside poles buried two and a half feet in the ground and lashed to other poles in a line forty feet long. It was that first lightning spring and his great weight that had given him the power.

SUCH are the heartbreaks in the making of wild animal pictures. In the attempt to obtain genuine thrills it is necessary to use really vicious animals and to take real chances. Although much can be done to help along the action by differences in the angles from which "shots" are taken, by cutting and by closeups, actually dangerous action must be staged and photographed at times.

The male cub met his end fighting. He never capitulated. The story called for a lion cub. Ours were somewhat large to catch, yet had they been smaller they would not have shown up to advantage. Between Baby Pasha and her companion there was no choice. Baby was far too tame. She would want to play and rough house if we went after her. We must have action and the little male was the one to give it to us.

We knew that it would be a risky business. Risky both to us and to the cub, for we could not send our natives after a half-grown lion without their spears. If the cub really turned and fought, the men must have permission to defend themselves.

Before actually turning the cub free for the chase and catching scene, we staged a closeup capture which looked from the outside to be full of action. But the cub was not entirely free. We made this scene first so that we would have some film in the event that the cub escaped us or was killed and to give us some spare film for cut ins. It is nearly impossible to secure too much film of animal scenes. Flashes of this, that and the other break up an otherwise continuous scene and impart action, speed and variety.

We selected an open piece of veld for our capture scene. One camera was placed on the ground and the other on a truck in order that we might be able to follow the action if necessary. Shots showing the cub running across the veld, the natives running after it, and the natives and cub together, were what we wanted.

The crate was placed just behind the truck. The natives selected for the chase gathered at one side, their spears ready and their faces split in wide grins of excitement. Up came the door and the cub shot out and bounded across the veld. He went so fast that the natives lost ground at first. Then they drew level and the cub turned on them. They surrounded him but he was very savage and they dared not lay hands on him. It was a good scene up to that point. It was real. The cub charged and broke through the circle, the natives tumbling over themselves trying to get out of the way of those outflung paws and that snarling mouth. They chased him whooping and yelling. I started the truck and backed after them. Frank picked up his camera and ran. Roars sounded above the engine. I heard a yelp from a dog. Then a crescendo of shouts and yells, a savage growl and then silence. The cub had charged an over-brave

native, nearly caught him and the native in desperation had speared him through the throat, killing him instantly.

If he could not have gone free, I try to believe that that little demon would have preferred to die quickly in a fight. No one really cared for him. He was too continuously cantankerous. We could not but admire such an infinite capacity for hatred and contempt as he had shown. But had he lived he would have become a very dangerous lion, a killer.

A full-grown lion which we caught gave us more thrills and laughs than almost all our other lions together. He was a heavy lion, not so tall nor nearly so handsome as Pasha, but thicker and, I think, more powerful. He was very vicious, but withal cautious and a thinker.

We had to photograph some fillers and cut-ins to supplement other scenes. One which we particularly required was a close-up of some natives on kraal poles about to spear a lion below them. We wanted plenty of action and

**DONALD E. KEYHOE**, whose article "Wings Across the Sea," published in our May issue, has brought us many letters of congratulation, confesses to an unfortunate error. In speaking of Lieutenant Bromley's trans-Pacific flight, he referred to it as a Seattle to Tokio hop. As a matter of fact, the take-off point is to be Tacoma. We are glad to publish this correction, and give credit where credit is due.

this wild male seemed just the fellow to give it to us.

A short distance from camp we constructed a triangular set. At the large end was a line of poles sunk firmly into the ground and lashed together. At the small end we placed the heavy Bell and Howell camera. From it and just outside the view of the lens ran heavy stock fencing connecting with the line of poles out of sight of the camera. All that one could see through the lense was the floor of the kraal and a line of poles with spear armed natives perched amongst them. At one corner was an opening to permit the entry of the lion. At the opposite side, bars to the front, was another large crate, but in it were Noble and his camera. He was well protected. The lion might spit on him and make passes at him through the bars with its paws, but it could not get at him.

ABOUT ten one morning, when the light was at its best, we pulled up the door and waited for the lion to come out. I expected him to rush out, for he had only been caged three or four days. But no. Like Big Pasha he was cautious. Those humans standing about were capable of any devilment. When he did not at once emerge, I walked around in front of his cage to see what he was doing. He was staring across the open space at Noble in his crate. Hearing my footsteps, he whirled about and threw himself savagely against the bars. Snarling, he glared at me and made slanderous noises deep in his throat. Then abruptly he turned and walked quietly out into the kraal. The natives slammed down the door and the scene was on.

In that small space he looked enormously powerful. A cage makes a great difference in the size and appearance of an animal. It dwarfs him and strips him of some of the power and majesty which the open gives him. When all is said and done no matter how much work one does with lions, tame and wild, how familiar one may be with them they always remain animals of great power, capable of springing fifteen

feet or more, jumping a twelve-foot fence, dragging an ox hundreds of yards. Armed with claws an inch and a half in length, backed by legs in which the muscles lie one on another as coiled springs in a motor, a man alone stands no chance with them.

But this big fellow, he who had fought so hard for liberty, walked quietly around the kraal. By Frank's camera he growled once, but went on. The poles with their natives interested him not one whit. A careless glance was all that he vouched them. Were we to get no action at all? Evidently not, for the lion suddenly sat down in the exact center of the kraal and stared at me sullen and enquiring. He was inviting me to step in with him. If he could have spoken he could not have issued his invitation more clearly. I read it in his eyes, his ears and the careless but taut attitude of his body. "Oh, if I can just lay one paw on him," he thought, "just one paw, and perhaps one bite."

I came down, but on the outside of the wire. The lion was interested. I saw an ear flick in my direction and the tip of his tail twitched just once. But he did not move. I rattled the wire. With a roar he charged, but I had gone and was running around the back of the poles. He followed. Back and forth I ran, with the lion after me. I was sufficiently far ahead of him to be out of the picture. The natives came down lower on their poles and called the lion names and dared him to climb. But I was the one wanted. "Just one paw and perhaps a bite." White meat was evidently more desirable than dark.

A FEW minutes of this and I was blown. Without thinking I walked up to Frank to ask him how it looked. I thought that I was hidden from the lion by the tall grass which was tied to the wire. Either he saw me or he suddenly made up his mind to try for Frank. He charged. Down the full length of the kraal he rushed. There was a roar. A crash. The lion hurled himself against the wire. It bulged and creaked under the impact. The camera toppled over. Frank leaped to one side with a yell.

With a growl of disgust the lion went back to lie down by the poles. We picked up the camera. The sun shade had been bitten off. There were four holes in it where the lion's teeth had met. The vertical gear was broken. But Frank had turned his handle until the lion actually hit the camera. It might be a picture. Frank certainly had plenty of nerve. The entire action had not lasted thirty seconds but that rushing lion must have been a sight to startle, seen through a lens. Frank assured me most emphatically that it had been.

Blocking up the camera and tying it firmly, we resumed work. The lion was discouraged. What was the use? The wire was baffling and the natives too high. The white men would not come inside, so what could he do? I poked him with a reed. He seized it and chewed it savagely. Mangineera was just above him. He climbed down and waved his spear. But the lion took no notice. What was a spear to him? I promised Mangineera a new pair of pants if he would climb low enough to swat the lion. After a brief argument as to the quality of the pants in question, he agreed, and climbing down, smote the lion smartly on the head.

A cloud of dust. Roars. The lion shot up and was six feet up the poles before I realized what had happened. But Mangineera wanted those pants to make a showing with at the next beer drink. He shot up also and just escaped. To add to the excitement, I ran and the lion followed. At the far corner I turned and came back. The lion was a little behind me and I reached the corner first, and turning it, hid, as I thought, behind the grass. Whang! The lion slammed into the wire and, horrors, his whole head and neck suddenly shot through the grass and protruded within a foot of my face as I squatted on the ground. Run? I flew for at least twenty yards. Then I turned and looked. The lion had pulled his head back. Evidently he had hit the center of one of the openings in the wire and the force of his impact had speared it.

We had secured the action which we wanted. Then came the question of getting the lion back into his crate. He was very thirsty and hot. Sending everyone except his keeper away I told the lion boy to put water in the crate and then wait quietly. If the lion went in, he was to drop the door. Within an hour we had him safe.



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## The Miracle Man of the Turf

(Continued from page 24)

devoted as much time as he could spare to the prima donna of the turf, but after two months turned him back to the Schwartz brothers.

About that time Mars Cassidy, starter on the metropolitan tracks, put up the bars against Carefree, on the grounds he was too uncertain a quantity for races on which the public speculated. Then the Schwartz brothers decided Carefree was "not a horse." They were beginning to weary of paying his feed bills, so put him up for sale at Saratoga.

Richardson bid \$1,550 for him, but when it came time to pay he didn't have the money. Going to Notter he explained that he was temporarily out of funds and got Joe to go to the Schwartz brothers with the proposition that he would take Carefree, win a race or two with him and pay them with the purses won. They agreed, probably glad to get rid of the animal on any terms.

The miracle man started in by giving Carefree a good rest. He spent every moment of his spare time with the horse in stall and paddock, petted him and babied him until he insinuated himself into the horse's affections. He gave orders that a whip was never to be used on Carefree or to be even carried where the horse could see it.

While the fall meetings were on at Belmont Park, Aqueduct and Jamaica, Richardson got Mars Cassidy's promise to give Carefree another chance. Hour after hour Richardson schooled the horse at the barrier. He rewarded him with the things Carefree liked when he broke well, and punished him by keeping those good things away from him when he acted badly. In other words, he played on the animal's intelligence and cravings.

When the fall meeting opened at Empire City, Carefree's entry was accepted, and when he went to the barrier he was so ill considered by the speculatively inclined that the bookmakers laid 30 to 1 against him. Richardson made only a small wager on his chances, being in financial distress at the time, but some person or persons who knew of the miracle that had been wrought by Richardson bet so heavily on the horse that his price went from 30 to 1 at opening to 3 to 1 at post time.

Carefree raced kindly that day. He left the barrier flying and George Carroll, who had the leg up, had nothing to do but sit still. The son of Colin beat a 2 to 5 shot in that race, winning by 10 lengths.

THE stewards of the Jockey Club considered Carefree's race one of those form reversals which harm the sport of kings. They issued an order barring him from the metropolitan tracks. The order was without prejudice to Richardson, however, the stewards stating that the horse was too uncertain for formful racing.

Since that day at Empire City Carefree has been running on the tracks outside New York and has won fifty or more races. He is a well behaved, consistent racer and in the last analysis shows himself a worthy son of the great Colin.

Of all the horses that Jack Richardson has owned and trained the one that occupies the softest spot in his heart is a selling plater named Harrissii, by Santol out of Lady of Ghent. It was Harrissii that started Richardson on a winning streak in 1926 in which the miracle man cleaned up approximately half a million dollars.

Richardson bought Harrissii from the Laurel Park Stud for \$2,500. It was a big price to pay when it is considered that the horse had three bad feet and a bowed tendon. Richardson didn't know that "Carey" Winfrey had given the horse to the Laurel Park Stud because everybody said his racing days were over. But the miracle man was satisfied with his purchase. He knew that if he could get Harrissii back into condition he could win races with him, for the horse was well bred and had some good races to his credit.

In the spring of 1926 Harrissii filled out, and under Richardson's careful treatment the tendon hardened and the soreness left the horse's feet.

That Richardson's judgment was sound was demonstrated at the spring meeting at Aqueduct when Harrissii won a mile and three-sixteenths

race at the good price of 10 to 1. Richardson was in debt that spring, owing bookmakers and merchants \$82,000. The day of the race he borrowed \$500 of Ed Soule, the well-known handicapper, bet it on Harrissii and won \$5,000.

That started Richardson on a winning streak. He took Harrissii and half a dozen other selling platers to Saratoga for the August meeting. Harrissii won four races for him out of five starts, while others in his stable accounted for six more. Never before had an owner of nothing but selling platers won ten races at the Spa in one season.

While Richardson's luck was good he pressed it. Inside of ten days he had paid off the \$82,000 he owed and began shooting for the big money. One day when he had lost four bets in a row he looked over the entries in the fifth race and saw entered a two-year-old maiden filly named Alleviate. He had seen this baby work and knew she had plenty of speed. Going to the betting ring he asked for the price on the filly. The bookmakers were holding the horse at 2 to 5.

The idea of making a maiden the odds on favorite in this race aroused Richardson's indignation. He objected to the odds and intimated that the price makers were a bit grasping.

"What would you lay?" one of them asked him.

"Even money and take all you want!" he replied.

There was a rush on the part of the bookmakers, runners, clerks and sharpshooters to get these odds from Richardson. When the horses went to the barrier Richardson had bet \$72,000 against Alleviate. There wasn't a man on the lawn who didn't figure Richardson was a sucker. Everybody felt that Alleviate was the surest thing on the card that day.

When the barrier went up, however, the filly stumbled and went to her knees. She recovered quickly, but before she could get into her stride the others were far in the lead. Alleviate was game and fast, however, and she came through the stretch like an express train. She passed everything in the race but one horse and ten yards from the wire it appeared she would get up in time to beat that one. The pair went under the wire together and nobody in the stand knew which had won until the numbers were hung up. Alleviate had finished second.

The stewards, hearing of Richardson's betting on that race, called him up and asked him if he "knew something" that caused him to "lay the favorite." He told them how he had lost four straight bets and that he didn't think 2 to 5 was a fair price on a maiden. He admitted that he had in a moment of anger offered to lay even money against the horse, and explained that he couldn't back down after he had made the offer. They suggested that he wager more modest sums in future, and dismissed him.

It was at this same meeting that Richardson lost \$102,000 on one race and won it back on the next. It will be remembered that Colonel E. R. Bradley's Bubbling Over, winner of the Kentucky Derby that year, was expected to beat everything in the east that fall. He was in fine shape at the Spa and Colonel Bradley entered him in the Grab Bag Handicap. Richardson liked the good son of Black Toney and bet \$102,000 on him at 11 to 10.

Bubbling Over had the race well in hand when he entered the stretch turn. Then everybody on the lawn and in the stands was amazed to see Bubbling Over suddenly bolt to the outside fence, permitting Rock Star and other horses to pass him. Bubbling Over came again, however, and managed to get up to finish third.

It later developed that Bubbling Over had bolted when he came to a big wet spot on the track, a spot made that morning when the water cart used to lay the dust had broken down at that point on the track and the driver had forgotten to turn off the water.

Disgusted with his bad luck, Richardson started for home. He was making for the gate when he saw Clyde Phillips, then trainer for the Greentree Stable, saddling a colt in the paddock. Richardson looked the horse over and said, "Nice looking colt you have there, Clyde!"

"Yes," admitted Phillips. "He'll win this heat."



Richardson knew the youngster had been working well and the longer he looked at him the better he liked him. Changing his mind about going home he went back into the betting ring and backed the colt until he stood to win \$100,000. As Phillips had predicted, the horse won easily and Richardson cashed in \$100,000, recovering all but \$2,000 he had lost on Bubbling Over.

The miracle man's betting of that year placed him in a class with Pittsburgh Phil, Riley Grannan, Plunger Walton and Charley Ellison. His bets on Alleviate and Bubbling Over were the largest made in the last fifteen years and, some horsemen say, were larger than any Pittsburgh Phil ever made.

As betting is frowned upon by the Jockey Club, the stewards, toward the end of the Saratoga meeting, again advised Richardson to cease his plunging activities. Being a wise horseman and desiring to do nothing to harm the game, Richardson no longer makes big wagers.

"A fifty dollar bet is a big one for me these days," he told me recently. "I lost plenty last year, but from now on I'm going to confine my activities to the making of good selling platters out of bad cripples."

He had his work cut out for him, too. In his barn at Jamaica he had always twelve horses with only four good legs among them and they are on four different horses.

But four good legs out of forty-eight are enough for Richardson.

## There Is a Tide

(Continued from page 12)

"I've been on the stage sixteen years—since I was five. My parents were in stock, out West. I've played in stock, in road companies out of Chicago, even in tents—everything from Topsy to Hedda Gabler. But on Broadway—I had one bit, in a show that ran most of the winter; but even Bernhardt couldn't have made them notice her in that. Since then I've had nothing at all."

"But I can't understand that!" he told her in amazement. "Why, you're Somebody! Anybody who talks to you must feel that."

"Thanks," she said, with a faint smile. "It seems to have escaped general notice. . . . I don't pretend to be a wonder, you know. I've had a lot of experience and I think I'm fairly intelligent, but I haven't got that—that last touch of showmanship that puts you over, with an employer or an audience. Perhaps I'd have done better somewhere else than on the stage. But this is what I've always done, and what I want to do. So I'm going to keep on till they have to notice me."

"Of course!" he said fiercely. "If it's what you want to do—you wouldn't give it up, would you, just to—to get rich?" She laughed.

"I've never had the chance—Oh! You mean to marry rich? . . . I've only had that chance, once. A man in Denver last year, who wanted me to give up the stage. I was rather wild about him, too; there was a moment when I might have given in, if he'd put it up to me—yes or no. But he missed that moment—and a week later, I was glad he had. . . . He couldn't understand, you see, how I felt about my work. His work was only the way he made his money."

"No, they can't understand that," Lester mused. "They want me to make buttons. Buttons are all right, if that's what you want to do—"

"They?" she said. "I suppose you mean she. . . . Wife, or fiancée?"

"Fiancée. Her father makes buttons. She doesn't understand why—"

"It's your fault," said Eleanor Pickard fiercely, "if she doesn't understand! If you love her you ought to make her understand—put it up to her, yes or no. For her sake as well as your own. If she's got the stuff, you owe her a chance to show it."

"Oh, she's got the stuff," he muttered. If he'd put it up to her that first day he met her parents—made her give him an answer, yes or no—He stared out of the window a while; absently, he noticed that the rain had stopped. . . . He turned back to the girl. "What are you going to do," he asked, "when they tear this place down?"

(Continued on page 58)

SHE MERELY CARRIED THE DAISY CHAIN  
... YET SHE HAS

## "ATHLETE'S FOOT!"



SO fragile, so freshly feminine, so altogether lovely—the very Spirit of Youth and daintiness to all who beheld her—

Yet even as she trod the velvety green of the campus, a tiny twinge reminded her of that slight rash-like redness that she had noticed lately between her smaller toes—noticed and worried about, for the persistent eruption seemed such a slander upon her daintiness.

She doesn't know it, of course, but her affliction is a most common form of ringworm infection, known to millions in America as "Athlete's Foot"!

**\*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. 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

**\*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.



**QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN too!**  
Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan

say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

**It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ**

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved 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.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 410 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.





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*Bike* is the finest one-piece, all-elastic supporter made. Ingenious design doubles its strength and service. Easy to wash and wear. Easy to buy, too, at 50 cents and up. At all druggists and sporting goods dealers.

# Pal

## and BIKE

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY  
Chicago • New York • Toronto



## There Is a Tide

(Continued from page 57)

"Ah, that's the question. I could go up to Pittsfield, and play in stock. But that would look like running away, after I'd made up my mind to break into New York. Besides, I like this town. . . . Still, that's the only thing in sight at the moment; I may have to take it."

"Look here," he said. "There's no sense in your not wanting publicity out of this bird story. It won't be much, but there's a good human interest touch in it—too good to waste. If—"

There came a drowsy chirp, a flutter of wings. Something streaked past them, through the window, out into the dark. . . . The girl laughed.

"There goes your story, and my publicity. But I suppose the bird can find his way home. After all, that's what we wanted." She looked at her wrist watch, then at him. "Do you know it's half past eleven? Don't you have to go back to the office?"

As they walked in silence toward the door, he felt as if he were going back into the rain. . . . Absurd; the rain had stopped. Still, he felt as if he were leaving a warm, familiar home, going out into something obscure and ominous and unsatisfying. At the door he paused; they looked at each other, silent. He wondered if she would offer him her hand; he rather hoped she wouldn't. . . . She didn't. Well, that was that.

But when he went to bed that night he lay awake for hours, seething with a strange excitement. He felt that all his life, till to-night, had been wasted on trivialities. He mustn't waste the rest of it—at least, no more than he could help. He wouldn't make buttons.

And Irma? He drowsed off, wondering; but when he woke he knew what he ought to do about Irma. Eleanor Pickard had told him. He owed Irma the chance to use the courage and resolution he knew she had; the chance to do her best, be her best. A man who loved her owed her that. . . . Of course he loved her.

So after breakfast he went to the telephone to call her up. But as he reached out his hand to the receiver the bell rang—a call from the office. Mr. Delano wanted to see him.

### VIII

MR. MINKLE, the auditor, had appeared that morning in the office of the owner of the *Record*, a batch of papers in his hand and a smolder of just resentment in his eye.

"I thought you were going to discipline young McVey," he said.

"We did discipline him," the Old Man recalled. "We transferred him, reduced him to a cub reporter's salary—"

"Reduced him?" sputtered the outraged Minkle. "Mr. Delano put him on space! Here are his space bills—sixty dollars, seventy—eighty-two dollars, last week! That's as much as you pay Beekman or Hamar; more than you pay me!"

The Old Man reached for his telephone.

"City desk, please. . . . Oh, Mr. Delano, I'd like to see you at once."

An hour later Lester walked into the city editor's railed enclosure. Delano rose, and ceremoniously shook hands with him.

"McVey, I congratulate you! The powers that be are pleased with the work you've been doing for Mr. Partridge. They feel that you've earned a regular position on the staff." Lester stared at him; this was too good to be true. "Hereafter," said Delano, "you report at 1 P.M. for assignments, like everybody else. Your salary will be twenty-five a week."

"Twenty-five?" Lester exploded. "But I've been making two or three times that much—"

"By a fluke, my boy; by a fluke. Reporters have to show the stuff before they make that kind of money. You can write news, but you don't know and I don't know whether you can get it. If you can, I'll put you back on space in six months or so. Meanwhile, will you take twenty-five here, or go down to Park Row and see if you can find somebody who'll pay you thirty?"

Lester thought it over, scowling, bitter. . . . No other paper would pay him more money; without experience, no other paper was likely to hire him at all. . . .

"Yes, damn you! I'll take it. And I'll show you!" Delano grinned.

"You might, at that. . . . McVey, you think the way we've treated you is crazy and unfair. Well, this is a crazy and unfair world, and the sooner a man gets used to it the better. If you can get news as well as you write it—well, you've had experience in the business office. They tell me you'd have been good down there if you hadn't been so damn lazy. Up here you've learned to work. . . . We fellows up here despise the business office, but it's part of the paper. No man can ever hold down a really big newspaper executive job unless he understands money, and how the paper makes it. You've got a glimmer of that, at least; if you keep on, you may go farther than Beekman or Hamar will ever go. . . . But in the meantime, twenty-five a week."

"It's one o'clock," said Lester. "What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing, today. This is your day off, from now on. You've been taking Sunday, but I've got too many men off on Sunday. Go chase yourself, till one o'clock tomorrow."

Lester chased himself—uptown, in the subway, toward an apartment on West End Avenue. He told Irma the whole story, from beginning to end; and as he talked her face grew weebegone and petulant.

"Twenty-five a week?" she said at last. "You're crazy! We'd starve on that. And when papa wants to take you in! You wouldn't talk such nonsense, if you loved me!"

He saw that it was useless to try to make her understand that he wouldn't have asked her to take this chance if he hadn't loved her—or at least loved the memory of her, that day on the beach. . . . Where was the gay courage that had stirred him that day? He supposed she had it still; she would show it in a storm, a fire, a shipwreck. But she had only one kind of courage; it was physical, not moral—nor financial.

"Well!" he said. "You know how I feel about it. Yes or no?"

He knew the answer before she spoke. There were tears, there were recriminations; but at last he walked out, free.

He rode down town on a bus, in sunshine that had never been so bright. Just above Columbus Circle he got off, and walked over to Central Park West—and then, in the doorway of the Titian Studios, he stopped, horrified, and wondered what on earth he was doing.

He was free! You didn't know what freedom was worth, till you lost it. Now he had regained it—and he was going straight from one woman to another. Eleanor Pickard—he had seen her once, talked to her for an hour. Whatever that hour had done to him, it couldn't have done enough to justify this. Such things didn't happen, more than once in a million times. He'd better wait, think it over, see if it endured. If he still felt this way next week, he could call her up—

"Next week?" said Lester. "Why waste another minute?"

He ran up stairs, rang the Daingerfield bell.

"You?" said Eleanor Pickard; and her face was white. "I—I thought you were the expressman, coming for my trunks. They're going to start tearing this place down, tomorrow. I'm going to Pittsfield—"

"I might have missed you!" he said. "I might have missed you! . . . You're not going to Pittsfield! You're going to stay here—with me."

"You? B-but you're engaged," she stammered.

"Not any more. I gave her her chance, and she said no. I was pretty sure she'd say no. If she hadn't—! Well, anyway, she did."

She was leaning against the door, staring at him.

"You may think I'm crazy," he admitted. "I don't suppose such things happen once in a million times. I've seen you once, talked to you for an hour. But talking to you I felt at ease, at home; for the first time in my life everything was all right because you were there. Because we were there together. . . . Eleanor, I make twenty-five dollars a week. It may be months before I make more. We'd be poor;



sometimes we might even be hungry. But I want you anyway—right now. We wasted enough time before we met each other. I've got an awful nerve to ask this of the most remarkable woman I ever met, but—"

"Most remarkable—good heavens!" she said. "I'm nobody special. If you think I am, it's only because you're in love with me."

"Oh, of course I'm in love with you; but that's only part of it. Last night, as we talked, I never thought of trying to make love to you—" She broke into sudden laughter.

"Hasn't it occurred to you, even yet?"

It was a long time before either of them spoke again.

"Once in a million times!" she murmured at last, in his arms. "I couldn't believe, last night, that it was happening to me—and when I woke up this morning I didn't dare hope it had happened to you, too. I thought you'd never come back. . . . Then, when I found I had to move out, I was simply wild. I had to go to Pittsfield; and if you ever did come back, or try to call me up, you couldn't trace me—"

"Why didn't you call up the paper, and leave a message for me?"

"Because—" She laughed unsteadily. "It's so funny," she said. "You see, I don't know your name."

## IX

ANYBODY who knows Eleanor Pickard McVey will tell you that she's done wonders for her husband. He'll go farther; he says she made him.

Well, she's a remarkable woman; he's had a lot of luck. But give him a little credit for the stuff he showed when he needed it, in that moment when he was hesitating outside her door. He had the sense to realize that a woman he had seen once, and talked to for an hour, was worth more than freedom. He had the imagination to perceive that a thing that happens once in a million times had actually happened to him. And he knew better than to waste a week, or a minute, after he had made up his mind what he wanted.

It's the men who see things like that, and act like that, who get success stories written about them.

## On the Map

(Continued from page 18)

have read it?—having been brought up on it, so to speak. Taking this road or that, it is not long before you come upon James Whitcomb Riley's *Old Swimming Hole*, and the home of Tarkington's *Penrod*, and, speeding on, we presently roll aboard a quaint steamboat on the Mississippi, and lo, and behold! there's Mark Twain in the pilot house, and he keeps us there for hours while he spins incredibly splendid yarns. Edna Ferber's *Show Boat*, called "The Cotton Blossom," pulls up alongside—so, of course, there's no tearing ourselves away after that.

The next day, however, we manage to make a break, and dash on into the cool, high country of William Allen White; then north, striking the Oregon Trail and we wonder if we can catch up with that well-known affair of library shelf and screen entitled *The Covered Wagon*. Willa Cather's *My Antonia*, the map points out, had its locale around here, and some distance north an X marks the ranch of Owen Wister's *The Virginian*. Still further north we rest awhile in a rough log house, famous as the place in which T. R. studied his West, and we tell ourselves that we must take down that volume of Roosevelt, *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*, and read again: "I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life."

Well, he needn't have worried much about our ignoble ease, need he?

Across the Great Divide, which William Vaughn Moody used as a symbol in his best-known play, and then on, swiftly, into *Roaring Camp*. Here, around a huge fire, the peerless voice of one Bret Harte is heard singing the saga of the Forty-niners. A last spurt takes us to a hut in the hills—a little shanty where a great fraud was perpetrated and a great story written.

(Continued on page 60)

## LE MOMENT DÉSESPÉRANT

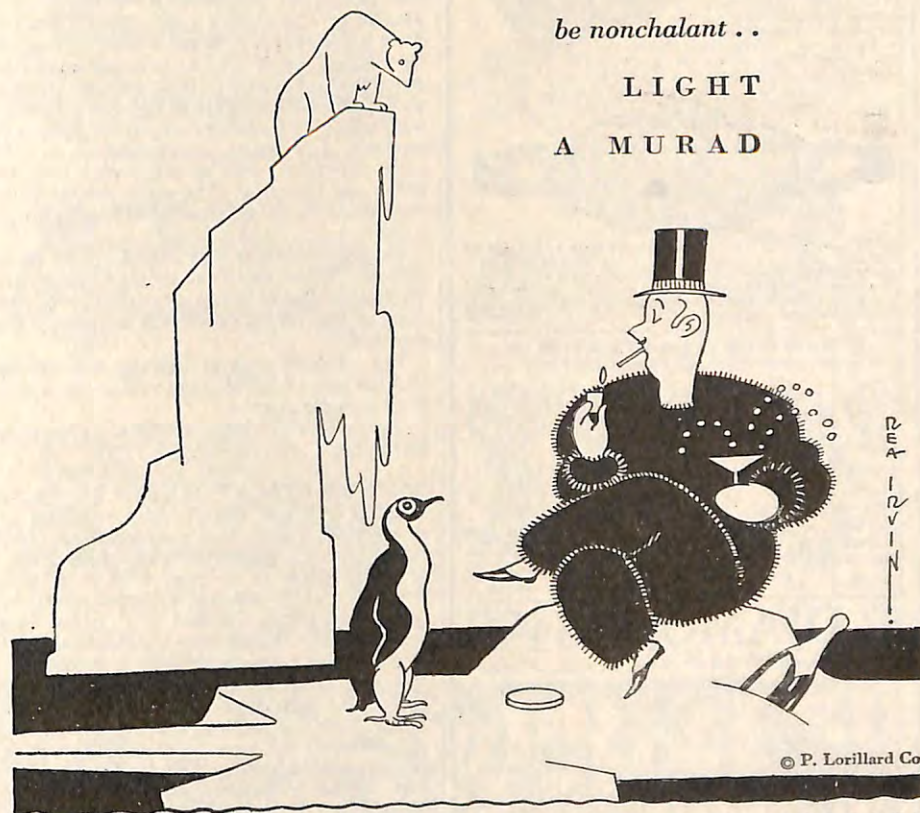
(THE DESPERATE MOMENT)

When you are down to your last tin of truffles and  
there is no relief in sight . . . composez votre visage  
(keep a stiff upper lip) . . . Bien! (pronounced bien)

be nonchalant . .

LIGHT

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## On the Map

(Continued from page 59)

This is the lying Silverado mine and here Robert Louis Stevenson stayed and scribbled and made friends with the mountaineers and fought to win himself some health in the California sunlight.

Off the west coast, on this bewitching map, lie some boats—evidently waiting for us: Cappy Ricks's neat little steamer (you remember Peter Kyne's *Cappy Ricks* stories, of course!), and a fine full-rigged clipper ship. How well we know it! And how well we remember when we first met those glistening sails and immaculate deck in *Two Years Before The Mast*, by Richard Henry Dana.

Well, there you are. That's just a meagre idea of the way the maps lift you up and carry you away. You can't resist them. They are little brothers to the Magic Carpet. And when they have been studied and roamed over, there remains this added joy—that you can put them up on the walls of your study, your bedroom, your office, your library—anywhere; and as you read new and important books you can do a little extra-illustrating on the maps with your own notes and sketches. The great trouble will be that everyone in the family will want to lend a hand.

Ourselves—we have just traced a line on our map, a little roadline running down from Kansas into Oklahoma, to the spot where Yancey and Sabra meet the notorious highwayman.

But enough! Let us get down to business and tell you properly about one of the season's most popular novels:

*Cimarron*—by Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York).

**YANCEY CRAVAT**, the hero of Edna Ferber's latest and undoubtedly best romance, is a swaggering, tremendously captivating, wholly melodramatic figure rightfully belonging to only two places in the world—on an American frontier or in the pages of a Dumas novel.

Dumas, perhaps for lack of time due to the pressing activities of one d'Artagnan, having neglected to immortalize such a gentleman as Yancey, Miss Ferber has gathered him to her breast, set a picturesque white felt upon his "great buffalo head" and sent him forth seeking an adventurer's Utopia in the Oklahoma country when that part of the United States was first opened to settlers with the famous Run of '89.

Up from practically nowhere, carrying a glittering and somewhat mysterious past, Yancey Cravat first goes into Kansas, marries Sabra, daughter of the Venables (late of Mississippi), and ultimately so fires her imagination by his own vision of empire building that she leaves her weeping family and drives off with him and her little son to the new Territory.

The author, imbued with a veritable passion for her subject, approaches the task of writing what one may broadly call an historical novel with a pen dipped in bright colored paints instead of mere ink. Boldly ignoring the more subtle shades, she splashes away in vivid and even gaudy hues until a truly remarkable picture of the settlement and progress of an Oklahoma city—its soul and its body—emerges from her pages.

She gives us the story of a town—the growth of a single night and forerunner of a great modern city; its fantastic social background; its cruel, humorous, hair-trigger, indomitable evolution; the Indians; the oil boom; and, finally, the skyscrapers.

It is in her ability to evoke a sense of actual participation in such a dashing process of development that Miss Ferber achieves her greatest distinction. As in *Show Boat*, she proves herself a sympathetic and lively story-teller, always at her best when her action is quickest. Her careful research, her feeling for the scene, and her mature technique are everywhere apparent in this book.

Yancey and Sabra dominate every line, and though their adventures are, for the most part, objective, Miss Ferber has not totally neglected the inner conflict of her characters. One may have longed for a little more probing of their hearts (indeed, there are times when the plot demands it) but one must always remember

to what class of excellent, robust, and non-analytical fiction this novel belongs.

As we read *Cimarron* (a name derived from a stretch of bad lands on the Texas and Indian country border) we have a feeling, shared undoubtedly with every other follower of this tale, that if someone should suddenly call out, "Next stop" Hollywood! every character would straightway prepare to hurry out of Miss Ferber's book as people unerringly sure of their destination, and would thereupon leave us holding the empty covers of her thrilling volume in our forsaken but still fascinated hands.

There are some other books, as well, that you must note upon this American map once you have read them:

*The Great Meadow* by Elizabeth Maddox Roberts (The Viking Press, New York).

This is fast coming to be called a real American classic—this story of the men and women who followed Daniel Boone into Kentucky. It is, of course, upon one particular man and woman who went forth to conquer a frontier that Miss Roberts concentrates her interest and ours. The result, however, is not only a personal drama but a wide, historic spectacle. A superb book that should not be missed.

And again on that portion of your map which is Kentucky, you must make a note, marking this time the place in James Boyd's latest work, *Long Hunt* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), that was the scene of the tragic parting of Murfree Rinnard and his sweetheart.

Mr. Boyd's volume is a fine story of the same era and the same portion of our country that Miss Roberts chose for her *Great Meadow*. His hero is a "long hunter" in the outlying districts of the first settlements: districts rich in game and terrible with the menace of the unfriendly Indians. A true child of the wild, Murfree's conflict surges around his passion for a life completely free as he sees it, and his love for a North Carolina girl. An authentic and beautifully written story of a courageous epoch.

There, upon that deep blue part of the map which represents the dark, cold waters of the Atlantic off the coast of Massachusetts, please draw the picture of storm-tossed schooner. But be a good sport and promise that you will draw it in only after you have read *Gloucestermen*, by James B. Connolly (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). This is a generous, even lavish, volume containing twenty-seven powerful fishing-fleet yarns by a real deep-sea writing man.

An annotation on the little detail map of New York City will help you later to remember that you have read *Making Money in The Stock Market*, by Orlene D. Foster (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York)—an intelligent and helpful book concerning stock market practice. It contains some hints that may keep you out of hot water even if it does not precisely tell you how to get in the multi-millionaire class.

And then you will have no end of fun embellishing your New York map with lurid red marks that will retrace for you the various clues of a good murder story, *The Night Club Mystery*, by Elizabeth Jordan (Century Co., New York), and will recall what a jolly time you had trying to solve the puzzle of the crime. They say that in the writing of this tale Miss Jordan called to her help in the matter of local color and criminal codes not only two district attorneys, one judge, and two sporting editors, but also several flesh-and-blood thugs who had a grand time thus vicariously breaking into literature.

But we must spend no more time in America. There is that utterly lovely "Pictorial Map of France" yearning to get some attention. This one, drawn by Harold Haven Brown (Bowker & Co., New York) is a thing of real artistic value, a joy to browse over and make friends with.

Much as we are tempted, we cannot go into its alluring particulars, nor even try to describe the fascinating border that surrounds it, but must merely suggest that you use it to-day as a background against which we throw the names of two books which are worth your while to read.

First comes *Clemenceau*, by Jean Martet (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), which is

the life of the old Tiger of France as he roared it out to his secretary. To follow this history of a great statesman and a great human being is to take part in some of the most vital thoughts and the most stupendous happenings of the age.

Now look at the bottom of the French map, follow the line of the Riviera until you come to Nice, roam back of the town into the hills, get your bearings and then sit down and enjoy, doubly, a new and delightful story by William J. Locke called *The Town of Tombarel* (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York).

LOCKE is at his best in this volume and gives us the most beguiling pictures of a small, earnest French community, its mayor and chief wine-grower, its curé, its startling Madeleine who led so strange and sensational a double life. Since *The Beloved Vagabond* we think no book of Locke's has so completely stolen our heart away. (Tombarel is really the little town of Creille).

Of more than ordinary interest is the "Picture Map of the Holy Land" (by the same artist, and published by the same company, as the "Map of France"), for on the new book lists are several volumes that link up excitingly with the names and places thereon indicated.

As we gaze on Mr. Brown's colorful map, especially at that point where he has drawn the little picture of Jerusalem, we are reminded of a glowing book which you all must read: *Crusaders—Iron Men and Saints*, by Harold Lamb (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York).

Here we have the feeling of all Europe marching beneath the floating white banner with the red cross! All Europe bent on wresting the Holy Land from Moslem rule! Monks—barons—adventurers—villains—highwaymen. All turned their eyes toward the East. You can see for yourself what a story this must be. Harold Lamb has put years of study into his book, has—on the very scene of his tale—drenched himself with medieval history. Great stuff.

*Saladin—Prince of Chivalry*, by Charles J. Rosebault (Robert McBride, New York), is another romance that must be read in connection with the places so graphically shown on the chart, and it forms a sort of companion study to Mr. Lamb's ambitious volume. It is, in short, the other side of the shield, and presents an admirable and dramatic picture of Saladin, the great Saracen knight and hero who, when the Christians had won the Holy City, seized it once more from them and gave it back into the care of Islam.

The "Literary Map of The British Isles" (The Macmillan Company, New York) is, perhaps, the most magic of them all. This is an abundantly illustrated and richly colored treasure of facts; a real companion to even the most modest bookshelf that can boast a few good volumes of English poetry and a half dozen representative works of fiction.

Here, surely, the names are a roll-call of the immortals. It stirs the heart to bend over this map and fondly to imagine oneself free to take any of those dear roads—to Hardy's country—to Stratford Town—along the way traversed by the Canterbury Pilgrims (see one Mr. Chaucer)—to some inn where Mr. Pickwick once put up overnight with his faithful Sammy to give a Sunday polish to his boots—to Sir Walter Scott's beautiful home!

Ho, hum! Perhaps some day we will all be able to make just such a thrilling visit to those places from which our own splendid literature sprang. Meanwhile, we have a good bit of reading to do, to be completely prepared and qualified.

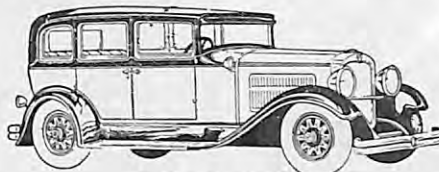
In the matter of new books suggesting names that might be added to your British Map, it will be interesting to look over *A Good Rich Man*, by Louise Schultz Boas (Longmans, Green, New York). This is a biography of Sir Walter Scott, whose romantic house, Abbotsford, is so charmingly shown on the map. It is an uncritical book, but very human and jolly and intimately told.

*Byron*, by André Maurois (D. Appleton & Co., New York) is being read by everyone just now, and it throws some new light on this famous poet whose work was a flame in the dull Victorian days. Mr. Maurois is coming to lecture on French literature at Princeton in the autumn, and about the same time there will appear in

(Continued on page 62)

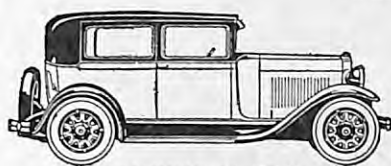
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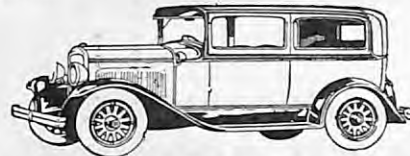


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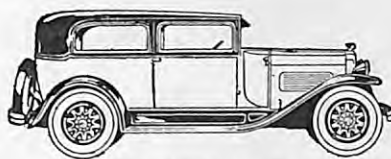
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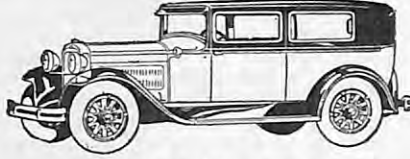
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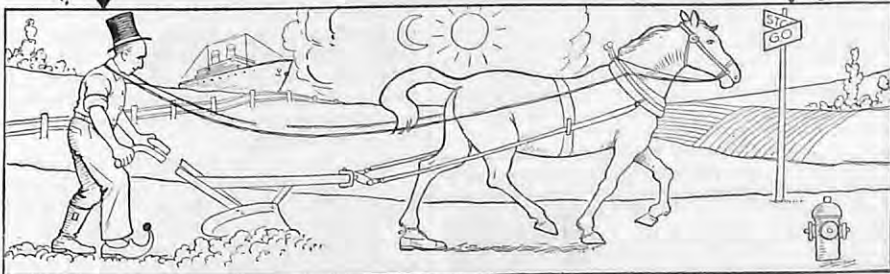
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## On the Map

(Continued from page 61)

the bookshops his delightful children's story entitled *The Land of Do As You Please*.

A most helpful book to have if you are going to the British Isles for your summer holiday, or if you are simply going to “do” England by way of this alluring map, is the new 1930 Baedeker—*London and Its Environs* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). We can think of nothing that provides so well the illusion of travel to those of us who have to stay at home as these real guide books with their mine of information and detail.

We could go on talking for hours about these maps, but before we reach the very last line of space that our hard-hearted editor has allowed us, we want to give you the name of a few other charts that may meet your special need:

“Pictorial Map of English Literature” (Rand-McNally, New York).

“Children's Map of The Ancient World” (Bowker & Co., New York).

“A Map of the Wondrous Isle of Manhattan” (Washington Square Bookshop, New York).

“Map of Adventurous Tales and Trails” (For boys and girls)—(Bowker & Co., New York).

“The Lindbergh Map” (John Day Co., New York).

And here, at the very end, are a few hastily gathered ideas for the decorative uses to which these maps may be put after you have learned them by heart:

They may be used in the making of screens; or fitted to panels on the walls; or simply framed and hung. We have known them to look especially attractive over fireplaces, and once we saw one neatly filling the broad panel of a study door. The top of a folding card-table carries one to great advantage, and varnished and enhanced by a border of bright paint this makes a most attractive little piece of furniture.

Children, of course, are among the great lovers of all these maps, and a more appreciated or more stimulating gift to any youngster than one of these, it would be hard to discover.

## The Malarkey Hot Cakes

(Continued from page 27)

dream. Again a black caption flared before him:

LEADING CITIZENS HAIL MALARKEY HOT CAKES IN BREAKFAST GATHERING

That was it. There was the great thing. At last the Malarkey hot cakes should be acclaimed by leading men too long seduced by fol-de-rol vittles.

“A prodigious event,” murmured Stove Lid Malarkey. “It may mean the beginnin’ of the end for flumdummy furriners. Most prodigious, you betcher.”

THE members of the Olympian Breakfast Club were slowly assembling. Some were unshaven and heavy-eyed. Others were yawning behind limp hands. A few were brisk and bright, ruddy and sleek from early walks and cold showers. All of them, between exchanges or salutations, looked curiously toward the familiar stage as they entered the vast room and passed on to the tables. Music did not greet them on this particular morning. In place of the usual pianist or trio from some obliging radio studio, a mountain of a man, with a billowing cook's cap for a snowy peak, towered and bulged from behind tables joined together in the shape of a horseshoe. The tables curved over the great part of the stage's foreground. The breakfast clubbers whose curiosity brought them close observed that the tables supported electric plates, which in turn bore great iron griddles. It was the mountainous figure of the cook, however, that held the curious gazes. Wonder and awe shone in the eyes of every man who continued to watch him.

Stove Lid Malarkey was by no means unconscious of the attention vouchsafed him thus early in the banquet, as he insisted on calling the breakfast. Jupe's insistence that the batter be mixed and the cakes cooked in public had forewarned him. But he had not expected the attention to take the form of certain remarks that were passed.

“Is he real?” the cook heard a passing breakfast clubber say.

“He's the morning's entertainment,” the speaker's companion said.

“I didn't know the Barnum circus was in town.” The first man grinned. “Where else could Jupe Gavin have got him?”

“Leave it to Jupe. He's the fair-haired David to go out with a sling-shot and come back with a Goliath.”

“I'm not leaving anything to Jupe. I'm ready for that card. He'll find himself the deuce of the deck instead of the joker, if he tries any rough stuff this morning. I'm ready for him.”

“Give him a chance, Red. I think Jupe's really trying to put on something good this morning, no fooling.”

“Well, he'd better make it straight humor. I'm fed up on him. And I'm ready. We're sitting directly in front of the speakers' table. If this playboy of the timber tampers with my

digestion in this circus breakfast of his, I'm going to throw things. Doc Parmelee just stuck me a hundred for fixing this digestion of mine, and I don't aim to have it made the butt of no practical joke, nosiree!”

The speaker, a burly, square-jawed, red-thatched man spoke the last words loudly, obviously intending the mountain of a man on the stage above to hear them. He glared grimly, then passed on.

Stove Lid Malarkey frowned heavily and contemptuously at Red's broad back. The ignorance of some of these Elks was unbelievable. No wonder he'd had to go to a doctor, after feeding on the fol-de-rol vittles of a flumdummy foreigner. Well, he'd have nothing to fear from honest American vittles. The Malarkey hot cakes would tone him up.

“Persumpshus!” snorted the cook, as he turned to his mixing table.

It had just occurred to him that a logger presuming to speak in his hearing as Red had done would have immediately become the target for a stove lid. Thus Malarkey had won his name. But you could not throw stove lids at an Elk. The logging camp cook began to apprehend some of the disadvantages attending the position of Chef Thibault.

“But I'll show this persumpshus Elk in a peaceable style, I will,” vowed Stove Lid Malarkey over his mixing table. “I'll peaceably intergate in him the idy of honest vittles. Wait'll he wraps his lips around a Malarkey hot cake in the full splendor of its fettle!”

With that, he confidently began his artful labors. All was ready. Chef Thibault and Bill Edgewood had both personally attended to his demands, acceding to every one. At the back of the stage his mixing table stood before bins and utensils, milk cans and egg crates. The griddles were smoking. His helpers were waiting. All was as it had been at breakfast time for thirty years, except that he was in a gilded hall instead of a rough cookhouse, he had high-toned waiters instead of snuff-chewing flunkies, and instead of a hundred and fifty loggers he was feeding as many Shriners, Rotarians and Elks. It was a banquet instead of a breakfast. He was in the public view and not in the privacy of a kitchen. The cook still had his doubts about this last difference, but he refused to let it trouble him. It was small in the whole prodigious event.

The fervor of his art possessed Stove Lid Malarkey. As he dipped the five-gallon sifter fabricated by Wire Rope Wiggins, elegant logging blacksmith, into the flour bin, the cook was oblivious of the leading citizens, now seated at their tables. As he added baking powder, salt, and brown sugar, all measured with the cunning of thirty years' experience, Stove Lid Malarkey felt nothing but the usual flush of artistic pride. With a flourish of his mammoth right hand, he seized the handle of the huge sifter. He turned to his batter kettle, a utensil the size of a wash-tub. The sifter emitted a muffled roar, thunder

in a floury cloud. At the spectacle cackles of laughter rose from various tables.

Malarkey was more or less conscious of an unaccustomed racket of table talk and noise on the dining floor below the stage, but he did not actually hear what was going on. He was like an absorbed fisherman with the drone of pests in his ears. The cook beat his eggs, swung milk cans and flourished the Wiggins scoop-sized ladle with the habitual grand and mighty motions that made his hot-cake labors appear both mysterious and imposing in a camp kitchen. They resembled the motions of a renowned magician performing before crowned heads. The mountainous size of the cook made them titanic. Now indeed the eyes of all the breakfast clubbers were on Stove Lid Malarkey. Some looked with puzzlement, others with grinning curiosity, and others laughed at the most powerful flourishes. But there was a certain restraint in all these manifestations. Malarkey was indisputably impressive.

THAT restraint soon vanished, however, when Bill Edgewood turned the program over to Jupe Gavin, with a few genial remarks. Jupe was the official joker of the breakfast club deck. When he arose with such a solemn countenance there could certainly be no seriousness in the occasion. That simply was not in Jupe Gavin. His fellow-members made ready to enjoy his show. Some of them, having the temper of the Elk called Red, also made ready for rough action in the event of Jupe's predilection for rowdy humor showing itself.

"Gentlemen of the breakfast club," said Jupe oratorically, "you are now gazing on the one and only Stove Lid Malarkey, the heir of the equally one and only Cream Puff Fatty in the real American art of concocting hot cakes. Gentlemen, feast your eyes for one instant; then hearken."

The gentlemen of the breakfast club good-naturedly applauded and directed their gaze on the stage. Stove Lid Malarkey was now parading ponderously between his mixing table and the griddles. His legs were like stalking tree trunks in cleanly blue-striped overalls. A crisp apron waved from his globular middle. His round and ruddy face was terrifically solemn with the intensity of his purpose. He automatically surveyed his puny helpers, then made a portentous return to his batter kettle. His left hand gripped its thick rim. His mighty right hand swung the great ladle. His bared, sandy-haired, red arm revolved like a hewn beam over the kettle. As he stirred, slowly increasing the speed, the sound produced was that of a miniature freight-train pulling out of a station.

The good-natured, fun-loving breakfast clubbers realized at last that this was a show, and they obligingly roared approval. Jupe Gavin beamed. He had known that Stove Lid Malarkey would knock the boys dead. He went on with the performance.

Paul Bunyan, young Jupe gravely stated, was the inventor of the lumber industry. What was more, he was the inventor of hot cakes. Paul Bunyan, who combed his beard with a young pine-tree, had lived in the old, old days, when all Americans were true he-men, and not perverted orange juice and waffle addicts at the breakfast table. Paul Bunyan's loggers had hair on their chest and kindness in their hearts, and this grand human condition was due only to the hot cakes invented by Paul and composed by Cream Puff Fatty, first and greatest of hot-cake cooks.

Jupe went on to tell the now genuinely interested breakfast clubbers how Paul Bunyan's hot cakes were cooked. The griddles, it appeared, were made from battleships stolen from the British navy. They were greased by second cooks who strapped slabs of bacon to their feet and skated over the smoking surfaces. These second cooks were Arabs brought over from the Sahara Desert because they could stand the heat. The batter was mixed in a battery of concrete mixers.

"That," explained Jupe, with a solemn face, "was why they called it batter."

Stove Lid Malarkey, considerably perplexed, was listening now. Jupe was making the old jokes about hot cakes, and, what was worse, in public, among men like Elks who could not know that the stories told by loggers about Paul Bunyan were simply fantastic lies. Jupe should have known better. It seemed that his associations with Elks hadn't improved him so much



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**Trapshooters**—Many valuable prizes for contestants in following events—Elks National Championship—Elks National Class Championship—Elks National Double Championship—Elks National Handicap.

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## The Malarkey Hot Cakes

(Continued from page 63)

after all. He was still harebrained. Men had to be solemn and serious to properly appreciate the Malarkey hot cakes. They couldn't enjoy them if they laughed and talked to one another, keeping their minds off their vittles.

NOTHING could be done about it now, however. The batter, bubbling in exactly the right consistency, was ready for the griddles. The waiters were lined up before the stage. The helpers were at their posts before the griddles, swabs and turners in hand. The cook ignored the harebrained performance of Jupe, hoisted his tub-like batter kettle, poised it on his middle, and marched around the horseshoe, filling the batter bowls. The helpers fell to work, and instantly scores of disks of batter were puffing, bubbling and steaming in the finest form. The cook paraded majestically to his table, to mix more batter.

Laughter was now rising so immoderately from all the tables that Jupe had to pause frequently. He kept his face solemn, but it beamed and glowed. He was knocking the boys dead. They had got the cue from the Paul Bunyan stories. As they looked on the mountainous cook, so ponderously portentous and dignified in every move and gesture, they whooped and roared. Even Red let a grin escape. If this tremendous cook was not with Barnum, he ought to be.

Jupe went on with his Paul Bunyan stories. He told about the flunkies who wore roller skates and lined up in columns of squads when the hot cakes were ready. The head flunky was called the Galloping Kid and rode a white horse. Jupe worked in a neat verbal picture of Cream Puff Fatty directing operations from a bunting-hung grandstand. The listeners looked on Stove Lid Malarkey. They laughed. Jupe was putting on a good show without rowdy humor.

Young Jupe Gavin, bowing and beaming, sat down amid vociferous applause as the high-toned waiters carried the first stacks of hot cakes to the tables. The breakfast was on. It had been a grand performance so far, and there was more to come. Jupe felt that his fame as a breakfast club impresario was secure. The boys were learning that he had ideas of humor far beyond practical jokes. Thus proud of himself, young Jupe had no notion that he had done violence to the feelings of his father's most treasured cook. Jupe actually knew little of the woods and the men of the timber. He had been too much at college.

In this high moment of Jupe Gavin's self-satisfaction Stove Lid Malarkey was facing the realization that he had been made the butt of a jest. And he was grasping the reason for this bare and brutal reality. Leading citizens, such as Shriners, Rotarians, and Elks, did not gather at the banquet board to revel in high creations of cookery. They gathered there to be instructed and amused. First of all, they had to have shows, music, speeches. They demanded frippery dishes and fol-de-rol vittles as part of the show. They must jest and laugh, talk and sing, nibble and sip, and no more. They did their real eating in their homes. There honest American vittles still survived, beyond a doubt, for these breakfast clubbers were certainly well-fed. Such a performer as Chef Henri Thibault made his name simply as a showman, a culinary clown.

Loggers were the same when they went to town for a good time. Eating mattered little to them then. In the skidroad hash-houses they carelessly ate food which they would have heaved at a flunky in a logging-camp cookhouse. In town they played. In camp they lived. It was the same with men like Elks. When they wanted honest vittles they ate at home. When they wanted a show, they banqueted on fol-de-rols.

In resignation and disillusionment, Stove Lid Malarkey watched the grinning breakfast clubbers await his prized hot cakes. They paid the light, brown, flaky treats little attention, but continued to laugh and gab back and forth. Young Jupe beamed and basked in the shouted jests that rolled to him from the tables. The camp cook's grand creations were being taken simply as part of Jupe's show. Jupe was receiving whatever glory there was. To get that

glory Jupe had inveigled the cook into making a public joke of himself and his most beloved creation. It was monstrous.

Slowly but surely rage began to thunder through Stove Lid Malarkey, until the remotest recesses of his being quaked. He was a volcano of a man now, smoldering for revenge. He remembered the square-jawed, red-thatched Elk, and his grim intimations. Plainly Jupe's fellow-members knew his propensity for rowdy humor, and were expecting rough tricks.

"I'll learn the imp!" growled Stove Lid Malarkey. "I'll propergate hot cakes fer him, by the old Deuteronomy!"

The great camp cook rumbled into action. He had a purpose now that was devastating to all hope of his ever being called upon to feed Shriners, Rotarians, and Elks again. Carrying out this purpose meant that he would forever be banished from the pages of the lately worshipped *Chef and Steward Gazette*. That powerful purpose fulfilled, never would there swing from the portals of the Olympian Hotel any such glittering legend as this:

### HOME OF THE MALARKEY HOT CAKES

But the outraged feelings of an offended artist were not to be denied. With Herculean sweeps of his mammoth ladle, Stove Lid Malarkey cleaned the griddles of the smoking second batch of hot cakes, while his helpers watched in astonishment and fear. The cook gathered the batter bowls to his bosom and tramped with them to his mixing table. There he dumped the contents of the bowls and his great kettle into a can for waste. His breath was exhaled in heaves as he hastened his labors with the Wiggins sifter. In less than a minute he had a new batch of batter ready. It was as white and stiff as plaster, and it contained no more baking powder.

"Cook 'em!" he roared in a frightful voice, as he scooped the pallid, sticky mass into the batter bowls.

The helpers were too awed by the thunderous tones and overpowering presence of the cook to protest. Besides, they were underlings of the Olympian's kitchen who had been unreservedly put under the orders of Stove Lid Malarkey.

The first batch of perfect hot cakes had made no particular impression on the breakfast clubbers. They had been too intent on their gregarious good time to pay much heed to food. To them the Malarkey hot cakes had appeared as a humorous novelty. The second batch, however, created a sensation. It was distributed by the waiters just as Jupe Gavin rose to address the assemblage for a second time.

"Time is short," he said, beaming like a politician on his constituents. "So, fellow members, while you continue to feast on the most marvelous hot cakes enjoyed by man since the time of Paul Bunyan, our good friend, Edgar Bayes, character actor with the Bayes-Boynton Stock Company, will entertain you with reading. This tragic romance, entitled 'The Life and Loves of a Bullcook,' was composed by your most intellectual member, to wit, Jupe Gavin, Esquire, whose scientific researches among the bullcook species—"

Young Jupe got no further. The second batch of hot cakes had been sampled. They were somewhat more porous and resilient than tilled, but fully as hefty. The square-jawed Elk called Red hefted one, and as he did he spoke grimly to his companion.

"I knew it," he said. "You couldn't tell me about Jupe Gavin. Well—" his voice sank to a savage growl—"I have an idea I could heave a neat curve with one of these leaden disks. Watch me!"

With a frenzied yell, he stood up. Jupe Gavin sat down suddenly as something hissed heavily by his ear and thudded against the wall behind him. He stared wildly as he saw twenty men who had been good-natured victims of his past pranks rise from their chairs, their hands clutching at objects in their plates. Jupe ducked under the table. All and sundry near him followed his example. The wall behind continued to resound with dull thuds. Dishes were knocked from the table. There were sudden yells of panic as a window pane crashed and glass tinkled to the pavement below.

"You'll pay for this! Every blasted cent of damage!" Bill Edgewood howled in Jupe's ear. "It wasn't my doings!" yelled Jupe. "That cook has played me foul! Wait'll I get to him! He's cooked his last meal in a Gavin camp! Who does he think he is?"

Stove Lid Malarkey heard none of this. With serene and satisfied dignity, the Wiggins ladle in his left hand and the Wiggins sifter under his right arm, he was marching out of the breakfast room. He started majestically down a hall that led to the basement stairs. A familiar shrill yap halted him. He turned slowly to look into the snapping black eyes of old Jawn Gavin.

"DID I get here in time to stop this tom-dam-foolery?" yelled old Jawn. "What the hell you doing here, Malarkey? What-what! Don't you know my rule? Cook or quit, by the old mackinaw! Where's that whelp of mine?"

"I refuse to accept the opprobrium," said Stove Lid Malarkey. "Don't put no opprobrium on me, Mr. Gavin. I come as a favor to Jupe, to cook hot cakes for his friends, the Elks."

"He ain't no Elk!" yapped old Jawn. "He couldn't even get into a nut asylum without being blackballed. Where's he at?"

"He is ensconced under a table," said Malarkey soberly, and proceeded to tell why.

"That settles it." Old Jawn's voice was calm but sinister. "He goes to work in the woods with a brush hook to-morrer. And you!" His tough old voice shrilled again. "I'm giving you one more chance. Get back to camp. But stay there. Cook or quit!"

"Yes, sir, Jawn," said Stove Lid Malarkey.

There was a strange note of humility in his tone that made old Jawn Gavin blink.

As had been his habit for thirty years, Stove Lid Malarkey stood in the door between the kitchen and the dining-room and surveyed his breakfast tables. He looked on one hundred and fifty loggers. No sounds proceeded from them save hearty munchings, ecstatic whuffs, and the rattling of cutlery and dishes. Melted butter was trickling over thin, brown, flaky hot-cake crusts. Golden sirup was oozing among puffy and creamy hot-cake innards. Knives were slicing, forks were impaling large layers of wedge-shaped cuts; and these were being hoisted to watering mouths, which opened cavernously, then closed with lusty smacks of lips as denuded forks descended; eyes were half-closed, breaths were exhaled in gusty sighs, cheeks bulged, and jaws moved in rhythms of ecstasy. Every expression was sober and devout. Not a chuckle was heard. Not a smile was there.

Stove Lid Malarkey's posture was prayerful as he watched the scene. Feeding Rotarians, Shriners, and Elks had indeed been a prodigious event in his cook's career. He had learned his great lesson. Loggers were the only true audience for such an artist as himself.

Barney Bresnahan had finished his breakfast. He approached the cook.

"You hadn't ought to went gallivantin' off yesterday," said the camp boss severely. "The hot cakes was no ways up to snuff for breakfast, and Conk McGlory threatened to quit."

Stove Lid Malarkey made no retort. His heart was too humble and thankful for that. He simply made a silent vow that his art should be devoted only to the kind of Conk McGlory until the end.

**READERS** who have followed the highly amusing reminiscences of Henry Irving Dodge, will be glad to know that another chapter of these witty and scintillating anecdotes of and about famous people will appear in an early issue. "You Never Can Tell" is chuck-full of delightfully humorous brief sketches, recounting the funnier episodes in the lives of some of our conspicuous and nationally known characters.



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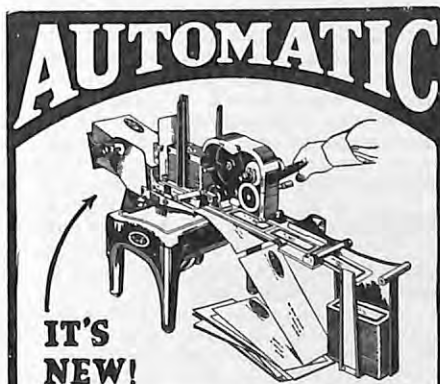
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# Safety and Profit in Bonds

By Paul Tomlinson

**E**VERYONE tells me," said the caller, "that investments in common stocks offer the best opportunities for profit."

"I'm inclined to agree with that," said the banker, "and I think experience has shown that thesis to be correct."

"But they are risky investments."

"Well," said the banker, "there are good common stocks and bad ones, too. One must use care in his selection."

"But common stocks are more speculative than bonds."

"In general, yes. Bonds, of course, are an obligation of the issuing corporation and interest must be paid when due, and the face value of the bonds themselves must be repaid upon maturity. Bondholders are creditors, and if they are not paid they can sue the corporation. Stockholders, on the other hand, are partners, and a partner's rights are subsidiary to those of a creditor. Bonds, too, are usually secured by definite property, while stock is worth whatever is left over after all prior claims have been paid, and dividends on stock are paid only if earned, and in amounts proportionate to the size of earnings."

"In other words, you don't stand to make much or lose much on a bond, but with common stock you may do either."

"That's the idea in general," laughed the banker. "The fact remains, however, that in recent years investors have been more and more attracted to common stocks, and in order to sell bonds it has become a usual practice to give them some of the advantages of common stocks. This has been found to make them more attractive to investors and consequently easier to sell. Securities are issued to be sold, you know."

"What has been done to bonds?"

"Well," said the banker, "a good many convertible bonds are being sold nowadays. Of course, there is nothing new about a convertible bond, they are appearing in larger quantities than they used to."

"Why is that?"

"Because of people's interest in common stocks. Some people, of course, are interested only in common stocks, but there are others who, while they may like the idea of profits that common shares have it in them to earn, are, nevertheless, a bit chary about the risks entailed. Such people are attracted by convertible bonds or by bonds having stock purchase warrants attached to them."

"One thing at a time," protested the caller. "Let's talk about convertible bonds first."

"Well," said the banker, "a convertible bond may be secured by the pledge of property. If it is, it is that much safer."

"On the other hand, it may be a debenture only, a promise to pay valuable in proportion to the issuing corporation's credit."

"A debenture bond is safer than stock, though, isn't it?"

"Certainly. The corporation obligates itself to nothing in the case of stocks, while it does promise to pay the interest and principal of debentures. Their claim comes ahead of the common and preferred stocks both, so you can see it's a safer investment."

"And a convertible bond is convertible into stock."

"That's right. Suppose you had a thousand-dollar convertible bond exchangeable for shares of stock in the same corporation, on the basis of ten shares for every thousand dollars."

"On what basis?"

"Well, on practically any basis the corporation might have fixed at the time the bonds were sold. Perhaps it would be at a price of a hundred dollars a share. If the stock were selling at eighty you would not want to convert, for ten shares at eighty are worth only eight hundred dollars compared to a thousand which we shall assume is the value of the bond."

"Suppose the stock was worth one hundred and fifteen."

"In that case it might be to your advantage to convert. You would get stock worth eleven hundred and fifty dollars, but a convertible bond, on the other hand, is likely to fluctuate with the

price of the stock so that the bond, too, would probably be worth eleven hundred and fifty dollars."

"If they always are worth the same, what point would there ever be in converting?" demanded the caller. "You wouldn't make anything that way."

The banker smiled. "Usually," he said, "convertible bonds are only convertible up to a certain time; if you hold your bond beyond that date the conversion privilege will have expired, and then you've just got a plain bond left and fluctuations and possible advances in the price of the shares will not affect it in any way, whatsoever."

"Suppose the stock into which this bond we have been talking about was convertible, sold at two hundred, would the bond sell at two hundred, too?"

"It probably would."

"It would still pay the same rate of interest it always paid?"

"Oh, yes."

"Say it's five per cent. Wouldn't a stock selling at two hundred be likely to pay ten per cent dividends?"

"Probably it would."

"Then," said the caller, "a man would be a fool not to convert if he could double his income."

"It would seem that way," laughed the banker.

"Do such things ever happen?"

"You mean that profits like that are made?"

"Yes."

"They do. Of course, the people who bought the stock made just as much, maybe more, but the bond was less risky. A five per cent convertible bond, for instance, would sell higher than the stock in case hard times came along and the stock went down considerably below the conversion point; the bond would then sell on the basis of its merits as a bond, and the conversion feature would be ignored."

"In other words, a convertible bond has all the advantages of stock with none of its disadvantages. Is that so?"

"**N**OT exactly, no," laughed the banker. "It is true to a large extent, however, and that is why these bonds are popular. They do combine the chance of profit with a minimum of risk, and that's a pretty good combination in an investment."

"What are these stock purchase warrants you were talking about?"

"Simply another device of investment bankers to make bonds attractive to the public."

"Are they anything like convertible bonds?"

"No. They are not convertible into stock, but each bond carries with it warrants which entitle the purchaser to buy a certain number of shares at a certain established price."

"For instance."

"Well, a thousand-dollar bond of that kind might have attached to it warrants entitling the purchaser to buy one share of stock at fifty for every hundred dollars face value of the bond. In other words, if you bought such a bond—a thousand dollar one—you would have the right to purchase ten shares of stock at fifty."

"Suppose the stock were only selling at twenty?"

"In that case," said the banker, "your warrants would have no present value at all."

"On the other hand, if the stock went to a hundred, your warrants would be worth fifty dollars apiece and would show you a profit of five hundred dollars."

"When such bonds are sold the stock is never selling as high as the price at which you are allowed to buy it, I suppose."

"Oh, no. It is a speculation for the future. You have your bond and if the price of the stock goes up, you make a profit; if the stock does not go up, you still have your bond."

"All of which sounds very good and very reasonable to me," exclaimed the caller. "Safety and a chance for profit is what I like, and it looks as if I had found the combination I have been searching."

## 1930 Grand Lodge Convention At Atlantic City

(Continued from page 38)

Hawaiian Musicians, Mikado Syncopators, organ recitals, and a score of other remarkable amusement features.

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### Thursday, July 10

10:00 A.M. Grand Lodge business session in the Atlantic City Auditorium. Installation of officers.

2:30 P.M. Elks Grand Lodge parade in the Atlantic City Municipal Auditorium, the world's largest convention hall (with comfortable seating accommodations for 40,000 persons) and marking the first time in history of the presentation of a Grand Lodge parade indoors.

### Special Courtesies

For the devotees of golf who will not enter the National Tournament, the Linwood Country Club extends to all Elks and their ladies, privileges of its famous golf course.

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## Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 42)

Seven Lodges in Arkansas were represented by officers and other members when Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews visited North Little Rock, "Argenta," Ark., Lodge, No. 1004, the evening of May 2. At the banquet in his honor, held in the Elks Home in North Little Rock and served by Circle No. 1 of the First Presbyterian Church, were gathered delegations of members from Stuttgart, Brinkley, Hope, Hot Springs, Texarkana, Little Rock and North Little Rock Lodges. Exalted Ruler C. J. Griffith, in behalf of North Little Rock Lodge; and Mayor Lawhon, in behalf of the city, spoke to welcome the head of the Order. Mr. Andrews, introduced by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leonard Ellis, delivered the principal address of the evening and evoked sustained applause. Further expressions of cordiality were manifested thereafter in a talk given by Frank Vinsonaler, first Exalted Ruler of Little Rock Lodge, who supplemented the greetings of earlier in the evening with his own.

Eighty members of Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge, No. 380, in company with a number of their guests, welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews at midday, May 3, at a luncheon at the Kingsway Hotel in that city. Martin A. Eisele, toastmaster for the occasion, introduced Mr. Andrews to the assemblage. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address, interpreting effectively the spirit and the ideals of the Order and sketching, as fully as time would allow, a few of the present enterprises of the Grand Lodge, brought forth a burst of applause. His further remarks, complimenting Hot Springs Lodge for its enthusiasm and for one manifestation of the result of that enthusiasm, its splendid Home; and his praise of the record of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leonard Ellis, in behalf of the Order, met likewise with hearty response. After luncheon, the Grand Exalted Ruler was conducted upon a sightseeing tour of the city, terminating at the home of Dr. Ellis. There refreshments were served and the Dixie Quartette, of North Little Rock Lodge, rendered vocal selections. An informal dinner at the Big Lake Fishing Club

(Continued on page 68)



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## The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 67)

followed. Prominent among Mr. Andrews's hosts at this were Exalted Ruler C. J. Griffith, of Little Rock Lodge, No. 29; and Exalted Ruler John Pruniski, of No. 1004.

Headed by Exalted Ruler Frank H. Gailor, a committee of members of Memphis, Tenn., Lodge, No. 27, welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, in company with Mr. McClelland, when he arrived in the city from Little Rock on May 4. Mayor Watkins Overton, at the meeting of the Lodge in the evening, supplemented this greeting with his own, in behalf of the community. The principal speech of the occasion and one praising heartily the fraternal record of the Lodge, was delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. McClelland and Past

Exalted Ruler Clarence DeVoy were others to give talks. Mr. Andrews and his suite remained overnight at the Elks Home in Memphis, departing the following day, May 5, for Atlanta.

After a short respite at his home, the Grand Exalted Ruler journeyed to Bedford, Va., where he attended a meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees at the Elks National Home on May 9, 10 and 11. Present also upon this occasion were all of the members of the Board; Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, Fred Harper and Rush L. Holland, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge.

## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 42)

Chicago Lodges participating in the ceremonies. The candidates inducted, Mr. Greenwald called upon Mr. Masters, Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Groehl for speeches. It was later proposed and decided that the next meeting of the Indiana North Association be held at the Home of Valparaiso Lodge, No. 500. October 26. Votes of thanks were extended East Chicago Lodge for its hospitality and F. D. Saxton, Secretary of the Indiana North Association, for his efforts in behalf of the organization's welfare.

### Washington

**T**HE officers of the Washington State Elks Association, at a meeting held recently at the Home of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, decided to hold the Association's coming mid-summer convention at Ballard Lodge, No. 827. The exact date has not as yet been fixed. One important feature of the convention will be the dedication of the Crippled Children's Convalescent Home, upon which construction is about to begin.

### Massachusetts

**P**LANs for the extension of hospital work were a major subject for discussion at the meeting of the officers of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, held a short time ago at the Home of Pittsfield Lodge, No. 272. In his report to President Thomas J. Brady, James W. O'Brien, Chairman of the Leeds Hospital Committee, disclosed that in response to the committee's appeal to the Lodges for funds for the assistance of war veterans in that institution, two Lodges had already sent in remittances. These were his own, Northampton, No. 997; and Westfield, No. 1481. William B. Jackson, Chairman of the Bedford Hospital Committee, reported upon the progress of Elks' welfare activities there. The subject of hospitals received further attention in an interesting address on it by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank

B. Twitchell. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, who attended this meeting, spoke upon the Elks National Foundation. Before the adjournment of the session, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard A. Cantwell proposed a vote of thanks to Pittsfield Lodge for its hospitality. It was accorded unanimously. A buffet supper followed the formal adjournment of the gathering.

### Scheduled Meetings

**T**HE following State Associations have scheduled annual conventions to be held at the places, and on the dates, named below:

California, at Monterey, October 16-17-18.  
Colorado, at Trinidad, August 28-29-30.  
Idaho, at Pocatello, June 23-24.  
Indiana, at La Fayette, June 4-5-6.  
Iowa, at Fort Dodge, June 4-5-6.  
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.  
Mississippi, at Clarksdale, June 17.  
Missouri, at Columbia, in July.  
Montana, at Virginia City, August 14-15-16.  
Nebraska, at York, June 10-11-12.  
Nevada, at Tonopah, September 12-13.  
New Jersey, at Atlantic City, July 10-11-12-13.  
New Mexico, at Las Vegas, June 10-20.  
New York, at Niagara Falls, June 1-2-3-4.  
North Dakota, at Dickinson, in June.  
Ohio, at Cedar Point, August 25-26-27-28-29.  
Oklahoma, at Sapulpa, September 1-2.  
Pennsylvania, at Reading, August 25.  
South Dakota, at Sioux Falls, June 3-4.  
Utah, at Logan, June 6-7.  
Virginia, at Hampton, August 14-15-16.  
Washington, at Seattle, under the auspices of Ballard Lodge, June 27-28.  
Wisconsin, at Racine, August 14-15-16.

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 36)

up to the present for the relief and treatment of disabled boys and girls. A summary of this work shows that 98 clinics have been held and 543 cases given attention. The committee acknowledged with gratitude, in its report, the cooperation of Professor William Sharpe, of the Broad Street Hospital, in New York City, in cases of neurological surgery; and of Dr. Paul E. Rauschenbach, for his assistance to the committee by every means at his command.

### San Diego, Calif., Elks to Celebrate Fortieth Anniversary in New Home

San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, plans to celebrate early this month the fortieth anniversary of its institution in its new \$500,000 Home, now virtually completed. This building, a structure of three stories and basement, is distinctive in design as well as in accommodations and equipment. It is, with its red-tiled roof and its first floor entirely in terra-cotta, reflective of the Mediterranean style of architecture. Unusual features of the interior are the Lodge

room, with a seating capacity of 1,000; a pipe organ; and a ladies' dining-room accommodating 400 and so arranged as to be private from the rooms on its floor. An account of the dedication and a full description of the Home will appear in a later issue of the Magazine.

### Mount Vernon, N. Y., Elks Initiate Class at Yonkers Lodge

Visitors from twenty Lodges were present recently at a meeting of Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, No. 707, to witness the initiation of a large class of candidates there by the officers of Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842. A dinner was served as a prelude to the evening's events and a buffet supper followed the termination of the formal session.

### Boone, Iowa, Elks Inaugurate Issuance of Monthly Bulletin

Boone, Iowa, Lodge, No. 503, inaugurated recently the publication of a monthly bulletin for the information of its members. Its title



is "Boone Elks" and it comprises six pages of announcement, report and comment presented clearly and attractively. The printing is purple, on white paper.

### New York, N. Y., Lodge Spends \$34,000 for Welfare Activities

The report of its Social and Community Welfare Committee, submitted recently, discloses that within the year just past New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, has expended \$34,332. A substantial sum still remains in the fund, for use during the current year, in behalf of enterprises of welfare and relief work. The enterprises were of four sorts: those relating to the good and welfare of the youth of America, hospitalization work, interest in disabled soldiers and community projects.

### Bowlers of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge End Season Marked by Successes

The Bowling Association of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, completed recently a season which, in addition to its enjoyment, was successful from the point of view of competition. The Association's representatives gained first place in the Elks Metropolitan Tournament and second place in the Inter-Club Tournament of Brooklyn.

### Notables at Allegheny, Pa., Lodge's Dinner for Retiring Exalted Ruler

Notables of the Order and in public life attended the testimonial dinner-dance given recently by Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, No. 339, for its retiring Exalted Ruler, Charles E. Staving. Among the 100 Elks present at the affair were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Brown; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. S. Ashcon; James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor; Charles K. Kline, Mayor of Pittsburgh; Joseph G. Armstrong, Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners; E. V. Babcock, County Commissioner; F. H. Frederick, Chairman of the Civil Service Commission; and Harry A. Little, member of the City Council.

### Noted Elks Honor Past Exalted Ruler Morgan, of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge

Elks distinguished both within and without the Order were among the many members of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, who gave a banquet there a short time ago in honor of the recently retired Exalted Ruler, George E. Morgan. Included in the list of those who attended the affair and spoke were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John H. Burns, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers William H. Cullen and J. Theodore Moses; Hamilton Ward, Attorney-General of the State of New York; and Henry C. Price, who presided as toastmaster. The guest of honor, Mr. Morgan, responded to their many expressions of esteem with an address both felicitous and spirited. A musical program enhanced the general enjoyment of the evening.

### Antlers Lodges of California Plan Convention Next Month

The Antlers, or junior Elks, of California will hold a convention this year at Pasadena. The meeting will take place July 30 and 31 and August 1 and 2. Golf, swimming and tennis tournaments and a moonlight trip to Mt. Lowe for a dinner-dance are to be among the features of the gathering.

### Pasadena, Calif., Elks Take Part in Inter-Lodge Visits

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, participated recently in three inter-Lodge visitations. The first of these occurred when more than 800 members gathered in the Lodge rooms to greet an unusually large delegation from Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, and visitors from Burbank, Compton, San Pedro and Glendale Lodges. The hosts provided an excellent vaudeville entertainment and refreshments. A visit to Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, marked the Pasadena Elks' second fraternal call. During this they witnessed the initiation of a class of

(Continued on page 70)



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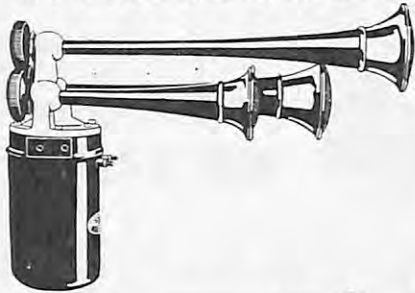
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

thirty candidates and enjoyed thereafter a vaudeville show and a sumptuous dinner. On the next day, they made their annual pilgrimage to the south, visiting, en route, San Diego, El Centro and other Lodges.

### New Kensington, Pa., Elks Give Banquet for School Athletes

New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, gave a banquet recently in honor of the members of the basketball team of the high school there. This team was runner-up in this season's league race for the Pennsylvania State Championship. In addition to the athletes of their own town, the New Kensington Elks invited to the affair the members and the coaches of the basketball teams of the high schools of the nearby cities of Arnold and Parnassus.

### Members of Linton and Sullivan, Ind., Lodges Exchange Fraternal Calls

Members of Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866, and of Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, No. 911, exchanged fraternal calls a short time ago. In each instance the officers of the visiting Lodge performed the ceremonies of installing their hosts' officers for the coming year.

### Bronx, N. Y., Elks Visit Port Chester Lodge for Initiation

A goodly representation from Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, journeyed to Port Chester Lodge, No. 863, a short time ago, where, under the leadership of their Exalted Ruler, Albert Schildwachter, the Bronx Elks' degree team initiated a large class of candidates. The work of the visitors was so proficient that they inspired high praise from their hosts. Several officers of Bronx Lodge delivered addresses. Following the meeting, entertainment and refreshments were provided.

### District Deputy Robinson Visits Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler K. G. Robinson made his first official visit to Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351, a short time ago where he witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates. The District Deputy's call was somewhat in the nature of a home-coming, for he was a member of Anchorage Lodge before he transferred to Cordova Lodge, No. 1483. Following the meeting a supper was served.

### Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, Hurt in Crash, Is Recovering

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, injured not long ago in an automobile accident, is reported now by members of his Lodge, Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, to be out of danger and recovering at a satisfactory rate of progress. The accident happened when another car collided with Mr. Grakelow's in a Philadelphia street. The Past Grand Exalted Ruler suffered cuts about the scalp and a fracture at the breastbone, in addition to painful bruises, and internal injuries feared at the time to be serious. With him when his car was struck was his chauffeur, Charles Fithian, who sustained a concussion of the brain. He also is recovering. During the first few days of Mr. Grakelow's illness, when not even members of his family were permitted to see him, Philadelphia Lodge posted bulletins in its Home to inform the hundreds concerned about his welfare, of the course of his improvement.

### Pendleton, Ore., Lodge Publishes Monthly News Bulletin

Pendleton, Ore., Lodge, No. 288, initiated recently the publication of a bulletin devoted to news and comment of interest to the members of the Lodge itself and of the Lodge of Antlers, or junior Elks, which it sponsors. The bulletin, published monthly, is entitled "The Pendleton Elk." Pleasing in appearance and edited with clearness and freshness, this four-page periodical represents ably the progressive and alert spirit of the Lodge.

### Three Lodges Conduct Joint Initiation at Cambridge, Md.

In the presence of 300 Elks, three Lodges united recently to conduct a joint initiation in the Home of Cambridge, Md., Lodge, No. 1272. Candidates for Salisbury, Crisfield and Cambridge Lodges were inducted by the degree team of Crisfield Lodge, winner of the Eastern Shore Ritualistic contest. Delegations were present from Wilmington, Del.; Baltimore, Annapolis and Easton, Md.; and Cape Charles, Va., Lodges. A vaudeville performance and the serving of refreshments followed the regular session.

### Camden, N. J., Lodge Reports on Crippled Children Relief Work

The annual report of the Crippled Children's Committee, submitted recently to Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, reveals that a total of 443 young patients have been registered for examination at the Clinic established by Camden Lodge, within the last twelve months. Of these there are now 234 cases under the care of physicians. The report also states that 17 operations have been performed and 11 cases pronounced cured. The committee has provided many with braces, shoes, artificial legs, clothing and wheel chairs. Over 1,300 homes were visited by members of the committee during the period its report covers.

### District Deputy McCormick Witnesses Initiation at Toledo, O., Lodge

Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, celebrated the official homecoming visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick by initiating one of the largest classes of candidates in its history and one comprising several men prominent in public life. Among those to become members of the Order with this record group were Mayor William T. Jackson; A. D. Black, Safety Director; Martin S. Dodd, Law Director; Virgil Sheppard Executive Secretary to the Mayor; and Grant F. Northrup, County Treasurer. District Deputy McCormick, in a well delivered address, congratulated the Lodge upon the fine work of its degree team, winners of the recent Northwestern Ohio ritualistic contest. Delegations were present from Findlay, Fremont, Bowling Green and other Lodges.

### Mrs. Raymond Benjamin Recuperating From Illness in Italy

The many friends of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin and of Mrs. Benjamin will be relieved to learn that Mrs. Benjamin, who suffered a paralytic stroke in Rome, Italy, not long ago, has recovered her health sufficiently to permit her removal from the hospital in the Italian capital to a quiet place in the country.

### Annapolis, Md., Lodge Entertains State Elks Association Officers

Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, was host to several distinguished visitors on two consecutive nights recently. The first occasion was an entertainment for Gov. Albert C. Ritchie, a member of No. 622. Governor Ritchie was tendered an enthusiastic reception and in response delivered a warm fraternal address. On the following night the members of the Lodge received the officers of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association. The evening was devoted to matters pertaining to the affairs of the Association. A dinner preceded and a dance followed the business session.

### Past Exalted Ruler A. B. Hansen of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, Dies

Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Alpha B. Hansen, of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, died a short time ago in St. Vincent's Hospital, Indianapolis, after a three months' illness. Mr. Hansen was appointed District Deputy for Central Indiana in 1925-1926. He was Exalted Ruler of his Lodge in 1904 and, throughout his thirty years' association with it, was active in its affairs. In the World War,

Mr. Hansen was a captain in the Quartermasters Corps of the Army. Surviving him are his widow, Mrs. Jessie June Hansen; his daughter Isabella; and two brothers and a sister. To them THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its most sincere condolence.

### Past Head of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge Loses Life Membership Card

Samuel J. Marshall, Past Exalted Ruler of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, reported to THE ELKS MAGAZINE recently the loss, presumably by theft, of a gold case containing his life membership card. A photograph of Mr. Marshall appears on a gold plate and his signature is inside. In the event that anyone should present this card to a subordinate Lodge, its Secretary is urged to take possession of it and notify Mr. Marshall or his Lodge. It is possible that whoever took the card may also have Mr. Marshall's watch and chain, which vanished at the same time. The time-piece is of white gold, square in design, and bears the owner's initials, S. J. M. It is a gift from the several committees that served with Mr. Marshall during his term as Exalted Ruler of the Hoboken Elks.

### Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, Celebrates Its 44th Anniversary

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, was the honored guest of Minneapolis, Minn., Elks when they celebrated recently the 44th anniversary of the founding of this Lodge, No. 44. Mr. Nicholson was the principal speaker of the evening. Others who made addresses were W. C. Robertson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee and a Past Exalted Ruler of Minneapolis Lodge; Charles F. Englin, President, and W. M. Ericson, Past President, of the Minnesota State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler H. E. Terrell; and W. H. Lawler and Fred W. Ames, two of the original 44 members. A delicious banquet and an extensive musical program followed the speeches. Many Lodges in the State sent delegations.

### Elk's Cuff Link Found at Hotel Hamilton, Bermuda

L. E. Tuffin, an Elk associated with the Hamilton Hotel, Bermuda, reported recently finding a cuff link on the premises of the Hotel. The link is square, of plated silver, with a small enameled clock and elk's head in gold on one face. The owner may claim it by writing to THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

### Grand Secretary Masters Attends Institution of Belvidere, Ill., Lodge

In the presence of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and other prominent members of the Order, Belvidere, Ill., Lodge, No. 1580, was instituted recently with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Dubbs, presiding at the ceremonies. Mr. Masters made the principal address of the evening. H. C. Warner, President, and George W. Hasselman, Secretary, of the Illinois State Elks Association gave shorter talks. District Deputy Dubbs conducted the installation exercises, and the officers of Rockford Lodge, No. 64, those of initiation. Preceding the meeting, a delegation from Mendota Lodge, No. 1212, accompanied by a drum and bugle corps, paraded through the business section of the city. To the new Lodge, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews sent a message of congratulation. The members of Belvidere Lodge elected Fred Erbes Exalted Ruler, and Percy F. Boale Secretary.

### San Diego, Calif., Lodge Charity Fund Shows Increase

The annual report of the Charity Fund of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, submitted recently, revealed that its present resources are almost four times as great as last year's. Although the disbursements from the fund have been normally active, the combined receipts from the successful charity ball and circus this year, over \$5,400, increased appreciably the amount available for relief work. The report

(Continued on page 72)

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**MINNESOTA WOMAN**  
Wins \$2,500.00

She writes: "Winning this large sum means a great deal to me. I cannot thank you enough."

Leola L. Markus.



**NEW YORK BOY**  
Wins \$900.00

He writes: "I am very glad I won. Now I am going to business school."

Joseph Hanslick.



**OHIO MAN**  
Wins \$4,245.00

He writes: "My prize will go into the bank. Mother and I certainly are the two happiest people this day."

Charles Hendling.

No other advertising plan like it. It is new and you can see for yourself how easy it is to be one of these ten lucky ones. Before now, you may have thought you couldn't win a first prize because someone else would be quicker on the trigger and beat you to it. But surely you can be one of the first ten, now. If you are, you'll receive exactly the same big first prize as if you were the very first one.

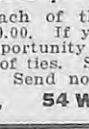
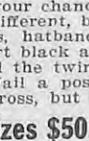
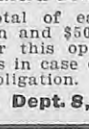
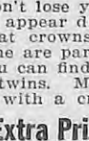
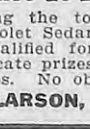
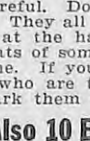
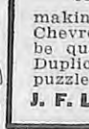
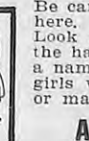
## FIND THE TWINS

Be careful. Don't lose your chance. Study the thirteen heads shown here. They all appear different, but two are exactly alike—TWINS! Look at the hat crowns, hatbands, necklaces. The under side of the hats of some are part black and some all white. Each girl has a name. If you can find the twins, send me the names of the two girls who are twins. Mail a post card or letter with the names, or mark them with a cross, but be quick.

### Also 10 Extra Prizes \$50.00 Each for Promptness

making the total of each of the 10 First Prizes \$650.00 or a Chevrolet Sedan and \$50.00. If you have the right twins you will be qualified for this opportunity and may receive prize or cash. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Send the names at once. No more puzzles. No obligation. Send no money, but HURRY!

**J. F. LARSON, Dept. 8, 54 West Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois**





## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

discloses, in addition to assistance to various other charities, that aid has been provided for children in need of milk and clothing, and that donations have been made to playgrounds, high-school sports, and for the purchase of toys for children in hospitals.

### Annual Easter Egg Hunt Held By Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge

About 5,000 boys and girls, their parents and friends, were present for the fifth annual Easter egg hunt, sponsored by Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge, No. 457, and held on Easter Sunday afternoon. Two thousand colored eggs had been hidden about the county fair-grounds, where the contest was held and at a given signal the children began the search. When every egg was found, many prizes were awarded to the boys and girls finding the greatest number. The event this year was considered more successful than any of its predecessors.

### Past District Deputy Ivan A. Gardner Of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, Dies

Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ivan A. Gardner of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, died in the Middletown Hospital recently after a prolonged illness. Mr. Gardner served as District Deputy of South Central New York in 1921. He was also an active member of the Law Committee of the New York State Elks Association. The funeral services were attended by many members of his own Lodge and Elks from Liberty, Port Jervis, Newburgh and Haverstraw. The interment was made in the Hillside Cemetery.

### Union Hill, N. J., Lodge Bowling Team Wins State Championship

The bowling team of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, won the New Jersey State Bowling League Championship by defeating New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324, in three straight games, played recently. The contest was held on Union Hill Lodge's alleys. This year's victors have never before won a first place in the state championship matches, though they have been second in the League for the last nine years.

### Past Exalted Ruler Installs Son as Head of Lawrence, Kans., Lodge

Past Exalted Ruler C. P. Radcliffe of Lawrence, Kans., Lodge, No. 505, recently installed his son, Charles O. Radcliffe, as Exalted Ruler of No. 505. This unusual event was witnessed by a large gathering of members.

### D. A. McCann, Past Treasurer of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, Is Dead

Daniel A. McCann, Treasurer of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, for twenty years and, in 1920, its Exalted Ruler, died recently at his home in that city after a sudden illness of a week. As tribute to his memory, the members of his own Lodge and of many others in the State, some as distant as Albany Lodge, No. 49, attended in numbers the Elks funeral services for Mr. McCann. Albert T. Brophy, a trustee of Brooklyn Lodge, conducted them. Religious ceremonies took place later at the Church of the Holy Name. Burial was in the family plot in Holy Cross Cemetery. Mr. McCann, fifty-six years old at the time of his death and for thirty years a member of Brooklyn Lodge, displayed during his life an uncommon energy and enthusiasm in his careers both within and without the Order. His fellow members chose him as Treasurer a year after his initiation, and this office he held until they conferred upon him, ten years ago, the highest office at their command. He served moreover, and diligently, as a member of the Board of Governors of the Home and as a member of its Building Committee. In the course of his tenure of these fraternal posts, Mr. McCann was for several years Secretary to the former Sheriff of Kings County and Past Exalted Ruler of No. 22, William J. Buttling. This position he held concurrently with that of the Secretaryship of Dreamland Amusement Park,

at Coney Island. Other offices which he discharged with equal credit were those of Secretary of the People's Surety Company and of Vice-President of the National Surety Company. The living members of Mr. McCann's family are his wife, Mrs. Mary T. Dixon McCann; two sons, two daughters, four brothers and two sisters. To these, his immediate relatives, to the members of Brooklyn Lodge and of other Lodges, and his legion of friends not associated with the Order, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity and occasion to extend its sincere sympathy.

### Lindbergh Carries Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge Bulletin Over New Air Route

A copy of "The Crossroads," the publication of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, was sent recently to THE ELKS MAGAZINE via the First Air Mail Express Flight from Cristobal to Miami, Fla., with Col. Charles A. Lindbergh as the pilot inaugurating the new 33-hour schedule. The bulletin was mailed on May 1 and arrived in New York four days later.

### Past Exalted Ruler Ferry of Panama Canal Zone, C. Z., Lodge, Dies

William B. Ferry, Past Exalted Ruler of Panama Canal Zone, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1414, and Representative-elect to the Grand Lodge, died recently in the Panama Hospital after a long illness. Inasmuch as Mr. Ferry was a World War Veteran, funeral services were rendered with full military honors. Eight Elks were chosen as honorary pallbearers. They were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. L. Wardlaw; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers R. M. Davies and R. W. Glaw; Past Exalted Rulers Grover F. Bohan, Quincy C. Peters, Hugh V. Powers; T. A. Leathley, of Panama Canal Zone Lodge; and E. J. Brophy of Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542.

### Elks Thirteenth Annual Bowling Tournament Greatest in History

The Thirteenth Annual Elks National Bowling Tournament, concluded recently at Cicero, Ill., under the auspices of Lodge No. 1510 there, proved to be the greatest in the history of these events conducted by the Elks Bowling Association of America. Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, was the only double winner in the tournament, gaining first place in both the two-men and the individual events. The score of its doubles team, composed of G. Vogel and P. Wehrmeiser, was 1,259. The singles score, made by J. Bayert, was 670. Victory in the five-man event went to the Gaus Pohl Trunk Elks, of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, with a total of 2,871. The players were P. Miller, H. Graff, C. Will, B. Burns and A. Pollard. Supremacy in the all-events fell to Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331, represented by I. F. Miller, with a score of 1,885. At a business meeting the present officers of the Association were reelected for another year. They are Horace S. Pyatt, Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, President; William H. Bauer, Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, First Vice-President; Frank Spewachek, Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, Second Vice-President; W. A. LeGear, St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, Third Vice-President; Dr. Samuel Sher, Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, Fourth Vice-President; Joseph M. Vlaciha, Cicero Lodge, Fifth Vice-President; and George Herzog, Racine, Wis., Lodge, No. 252, Sixth Vice-President. The Secretary, whose term extends until next year, continues in office. In his charge will be the 1931 tournament, to be held in the new Home of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

Hayre de Grace, Md., Lodge entertained a short time ago, a number of Elks from Baltimore. The visitors witnessed the running of the Elks Handicap and other events at the race track and enjoyed later a dinner and social session in the Lodge room.

Wilmington, Del., Lodge held its Annual Elks Frolic recently. It extended over a period of five days.

So excellent have been the performances of the degree team of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge that its exemplification of the ritual has, upon the occasion of a number of recent initiations, attracted many visitors from neighboring Lodges.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge held its Old Timers' Night a short time ago. The occasion was remarkable both for the size of its attendance and the warmth of fellowship in evidence.

A delegation of members of Nutley, N. J., Lodge made a fraternal call upon Staten Island, N. Y., Elks recently, and returned enthusiastic in their comments upon the hospitality accorded them.

The orchestra of San Mateo, Calif., Lodge presented a musical program recently for the entertainment of the patients of the San Francisco Health Farm.

Advancement of the building project of Weehawken, N. J., Lodge, to erect a new Home on the site of the present one, is imminent.

A number of members, of Panama Canal Zone, C. Z., Lodge, including Richard M. Davies, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, sponsored a water carnival recently in honor of the homecoming of Josephine McKim, the champion swimmer.

The Charity Ball of Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge, held recently at the John Sevier Hotel there, proved an exceptional success from a social as well as from a financial standpoint.

The Past Exalted Rulers of Lockport, N. Y., Lodge formed an Association a short time ago. The new organization plans to meet once a month.

Central City, Colo., Lodge celebrated its thirtieth anniversary recently. Delegations from many neighboring Lodges were present to join in the festivities.

The Secretary of Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge, George J. Post, who has attended every regular and special meeting held by the Lodge during his twenty-four years as its Secretary, a total of 500 sessions, was reelected a short time ago to serve in that capacity.

A delegation of Harvey, Ill., Elks visited Chicago Heights Lodge a short time ago. A few days later a representation from Chicago Heights Lodge returned the hospitality.

A delegation of twenty Elks from Detroit, Mich., Lodge visited Hillsdale Lodge recently.

The new coach of the Holy Cross football team, Capt. John J. McEwan, was the guest of honor at the "Old Timers' Night" social held recently in Worcester, Mass., Lodge. Captain McEwan is a member of Eugene, Ore., Lodge.

Lorain, O., Lodge celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of its institution a short time ago in the presence of delegations from Sandusky, Cleveland and Elyria Lodges. The initiation of a class of candidates was conducted by Past Exalted Rulers of Sandusky Lodge.

A delegation of Harvey, Ill., Elks paid a fraternal visit recently to Blue Island Lodge.

A meeting of the Southwest District of Pennsylvania was held recently in the Home of Knoxville Lodge.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge gave a testimonial dinner at its Home recently for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin. Three hundred members attended, many of them accompanied by guests.

Fred J. Johnson, Tiler of Oakland, Calif., Lodge for more than twenty-five years, died recently at the age of seventy-four.

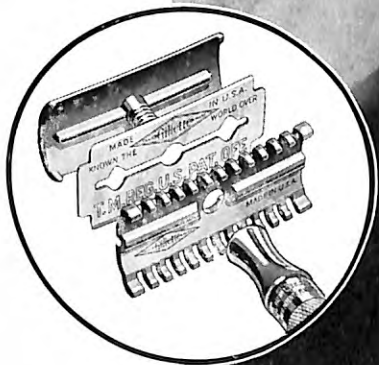
Reports upon the outcome of the charity minstrel show given a short time ago by Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge establish it as having been as definite a success financially as it was socially.

A delegation of Richmond, Calif., Elks called upon Berkeley Lodge recently. The visiting officers conducted the ceremonies of initiation.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin and William T. Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association, were among the four hundred members of the Order in attendance recently at a dinner given by Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge in honor of its retiring Exalted Ruler, James E. Walsh.



# SQUARE blade-ends



## *Easier and safer to handle*

**M**OST MEN like fishing—but not fishing down the drain-pipe for a slippery razor blade. That's one of many reasons why a vast army of men are praising the New Gillette Blade. Its square ends can't slip out of soapy fingers; and how easily the new blade reaches into the tight little corners around the mouth, nose and ears!

There are so many other big improvements that you won't appreciate them all until you try this New Gillette Shave yourself. Here are just a few: no more wiping or drying of parts. New blade resists rust.

"Razor pull" is banished forever by new reinforced corners of razor cap and cut-out corners of blade.

Sounds almost impossible to give you all this remarkable new shaving comfort for only one dollar, doesn't it? Yet your dealer has your New Gillette Razor set waiting for you—your choice, in fact, of five styles of handsome cases. Additional new blades are priced at one dollar for ten and fifty cents for five.

Enjoy this new shaving thrill tomorrow morning by seeing your dealer on your way home tonight.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.



\$1.00 for ten; 50c for five.  
The New Gillette Blades  
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# The New Gillette Shave



... at the helm it's  
**HANDLING!**



MILD. yes . . . and  
yet **THEY SATISFY**

... in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

SPARKLING, spicy, fresh!—the familiar pleasure of Chesterfield smokers—taken for granted, as a good cigarette should be, because it is unfailingly *there!*

Better tobaccos do it. Such mildness *with* solid flavor requires the costliest leaf—and one thing more: Chesterfield's blend. The partnership is matchless; the result—what every smoker wants—a *satisfying cigarette:*

*"TASTE above everything"*

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SUCH POPULARITY MUST BE DESERVED