

The Elks

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Magazine

20 CENTS A COPY

JULY, 1930

In This Issue:

"You Never Can Tell," by Henry Irving Dodge; *"Following the Ball,"* by John R. Tunis; *"Feud at Bentley's,"* by Ferdinand Reyher, and many others



What is the difference *between* *and* ?

MORE than seventy-five oil refining companies are now licensed to mix and sell Ethyl Gasoline. "Is there any difference," you may ask, "between the Ethyl Gasoline sold by one company and that sold by another?"

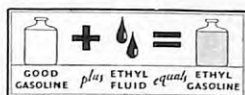
The answer is this:

The Ethyl Gasoline Corporation requires that *all* Ethyl Gasoline must contain enough Ethyl anti-knock fluid to meet the Ethyl standard. It also sets a standard for the base gasoline

used, as regards purity and volatility.

Most oil companies marketing Ethyl Gasoline are exceeding these minimum requirements, but you may be sure that *any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem contains good gasoline of anti-knock rating high enough to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of ordinary compression, and to develop the additional power of the new high-compression cars. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

ETHYL GASOLINE



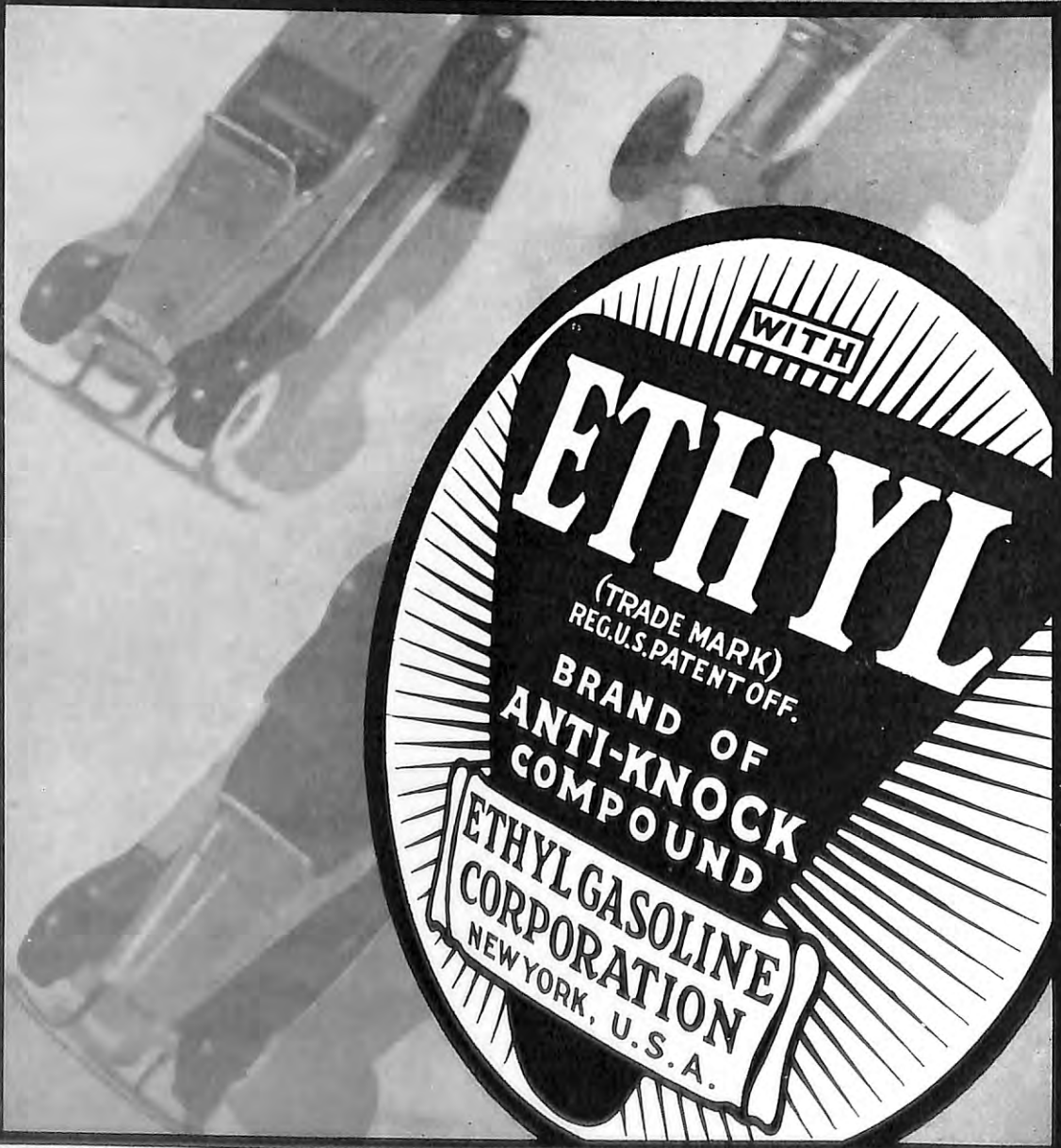
Knocks out that "knock"

**Your car will run
better with Ethyl**

Try Ethyl in your own car. See how much better it performs; how much longer you stay in high; how much faster you get away. You'll find it more enjoyable and economical to drive with Ethyl in your tank.

*The active ingredient
in Ethyl fluid is lead.*

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Neglect of Home-Study Training Cost This Man \$47,424!

How much are you paying to stay untrained?

SOME time ago we received a letter which every man working for a living ought to read—whether he's making \$20 a week or \$200. Here it is:

"During the forty years that I have been working, my salary has averaged about twenty-four dollars per week with the exception of the last two years while I have been acting as foreman. I made good in this position and saw, through the failings of others, what could happen to me unless I found a way to train for larger responsibilities.

"I had read of correspondence courses and began searching for one I thought would benefit me. I found it in the LaSalle Modern Foremanship course, and benefited by it, my salary being nearly doubled, and I was promoted from foreman to factory superintendent.

"This happened in a period of about ten months, and by devoting only about four or five hours per week to the studies.

"I am now enrolled as a member of the Industrial Management course, and find the work very interesting and beneficial. It can be applied every day in the factory, and brings results.

"I regret that I put it off to so late a day in life to reap the benefits I am now enjoying, and can truthfully say to younger men that if they would only profit by the experience of others they can gain more knowledge through one year's training by LaSalle methods than can be obtained in ten years' practical experience by hard work."

We quote the above letter not because the man who wrote it is making a staggering salary as a result of his training, but because it illustrates so clearly the principle behind LaSalle training.

Here is a man who all his life had accepted the thought that he was compelled to work for little or nothing.



For one thousand, nine hundred and seventy-six weeks the writer of this letter *paid at least \$24 a week for the doubtful privilege of staying in the ranks of untrained men.*

Can anyone doubt that training would have doubled his salary just as easily when he was thirty-eight years younger—when he could attack his work with the abundant energy of a younger man?

Yet his neglect of this main avenue of progress cost him—leaving simple and compound interest out of the reckoning—the appalling sum of \$47,424—a fortune in itself.

**If You Could Use \$47,424,
Pause Before You Turn This Page**

Perhaps you are already making quite as much as the writer of that letter—perhaps more. Perhaps, on that account, you may think that his experience does not apply to you.

But if training in Higher Accountancy—or Modern Salesmanship—or Business Management—or Law—or Business Correspondence—or any of a dozen other branches of business could change your forty-eight dollars into no more than \$72 a week (which is easily possible) and if you now NEGLECT to advance yourself through the training you need—will you not find it difficult, thirty-eight years from now, to explain to those who are dear to you

why you threw away \$47,424?

We're not going to moralize. We're not even going to cite any of the thousands of letters from men who have not merely increased but doubled and tripled their incomes through home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method. We *have* the letters. We will *show* them to you, if you like. But understand, please, that they would not *alter* the facts—they would merely *emphasize* them.

Below this text there is a coupon. It will bring you not only full details of the training that appeals to you, but also a copy of that most inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

If you are sincere in your desire for advancement, you will not turn this page until you have clipped the coupon, filled it in, and by placing it in the nearest mail box placed *yourself* on the road to real success.

LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

Tell us which of the following courses of home-study training interests you most.

- Business Management:** Managerial, Sales and Department Executive positions.
- Higher Accountancy:** Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- Modern Salesmanship:** Training for all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
- Law—LL.B. Degree.**
- Commercial Law.**
- Industrial Management.**
- Personnel Management.**
- Traffic Management:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- Railway Station Management.**
- Telegraphy—Railway and Commercial.**

NOTE: If you are undecided as to the field which offers you the largest opportunity, write us a brief outline of your business history and education, and we will gladly advise you without obligating you.

- Modern Foremanship.**
- Banking and Finance.**
- Expert Bookkeeping.**
- C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**
- Modern Business Correspondence.**
- Credit and Collection Correspondence.**
- Business English.**
- Stenography—Stenotypy:** Training in selected business colleges in the new machine shorthand.
- Commercial Spanish.**
- Effective Speaking.**
- Railway Accounting.**
- Paper Salesman's Training.**

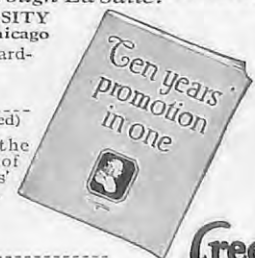
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Dept. 7328-R Chicago

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Please send me your book on the training indicated above, outline of LaSalle plan, and a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—all entirely free.



free!
mail coupon now

Name -----
Present Position -----
Address -----



“They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak”

—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say—"We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn." It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on me for a speech! No time to beg off—no chance to wriggle out of it!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table.

"Watch him make a fool of himself," I overheard someone whisper. "He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice."

"He'll die on his feet!" came another whisper. "This is going to be funnier than 'Abie's Irish Rose!'"

I knew they were laughing at me and expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I only grinned inside. I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

"But When I Commenced To Speak—"

Almost from the first word, the smiles of doubt and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous—amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers now—nothing but breathless attention from every one of those hundred listeners! My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unflinching—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes that held them spellbound! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a furious, deafening wave of applause—rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous, excited, thrilling! Somebody pushed forward and grasped my hand. Others followed—and everybody started talking all at once.

"Great work, Byron, old man! I didn't know you had it in you!"

"You sure swept them off their feet! You're a wonder!"

Was Once A "Human Clam"

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. "Gee, that was a great speech!" he said enthusiastically. "You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place to-night. . . . And yet they used to call you 'a human clam'—and the quietest man in the office!"

It was true, too. All my life I had been handicapped with a shy, timid and retiring nature. I was so self-conscious that it almost hurt. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by into positions of social and business prominence simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening!

A Lucky Accident

At last I began to despair of getting anywhere—when I accidentally ran across a little book entitled, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. And I want to say right here that that little book actually helped me change the course of my whole life.

Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement popularity and success. I don't mean to say that there was any "magic" or "mystery" about it, because I went at the thing systematically in the privacy of my own home, simply applying 20 minutes each day. And the results were certainly worth it.

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I

am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worth-while people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest possible degree! And furthermore, the sheer power of convincing speech has been the big secret of my success!

* * *

The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secrets of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right thing in the right way at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun! And the secret behind it all is so simple that it is astonishing!

Send for This Amazing Booklet!

Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free, a copy of *How to Work Wonders with Words*. This remarkable little book, will show you how to develop the priceless "hidden knack" of effective speech that has brought success, social position, power and wealth to so many. It will open your eyes to a new realization of what life holds in store for men who master the secrets of Effective Speech. See for yourself! There is no obligation. You can obtain your copy free by just sending the coupon.

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What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to address board meetings
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to overcome stage-fright
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to be the master of any situation

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

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

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

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

Official Circular Number Nine

526-9 Healey Building,
 Atlanta, Georgia,
 July 1st, 1930.

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

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

I have heretofore addressed to you eight Official Circulars, in which I sought to discuss with you many vital problems and projects of Elkdom.

I now have the pleasure of communicating with you, through the medium of my Ninth and last Official Circular, as Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

I have endeavored, with the utmost diligence and devotion, throughout my term of office, to serve the Order of Elks in an effective and successful manner; and, to that end and for that purpose, I have devoted all of my time to the affairs of our beloved Order.

Appreciation

I can not command competent words with which to adequately express to the Grand Lodge, as well as to all the Brothers of the Order, my appreciation for the honor that has been conferred upon me and the trust that has been imposed in me, in unanimously electing me to the high and responsible office of Grand Exalted Ruler.

In my address of acceptance, in Los Angeles, I used the following language: "I accept this unanimous election, as a call to service; and the Grand Exalted Rulership will be, to me, your mandate to represent and proclaim Elkdom in accordance with its laws, rituals, principles and ideals. I shall not be actuated by motives of personal ambition, and I will endeavor to serve, at all times, solely through a profound sense of love and official duty."

I feel in my heart that I have kept the faith, in the most scrupulous and loyal manner, in accordance with my ability, and the conditions that I have encountered.

Thanks

I wish to extend my thanks to all the Past Grand Exalted Rulers for the splendid support they have given me throughout my administration, and I wish them to know that I entertain the highest possible regard for the value of their services to the Order; likewise I extend my very hearty thanks to all of the Grand Lodge Officers, who were elected with me, and who have served with me throughout this Grand Lodge year, as they have served the Order with ability and without stint at every opportunity during the year; I am moved with an unusual degree of pleasure and satisfaction in extending my thanks to all my District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, who have served me and the Order so faithfully, and with such credit to themselves; I likewise acknowledge a debt of gratitude to the Grand Lodge Committees who have served under and with me, and I thank them all for the splendid work they have done in the interest of Elkdom, in their various branches of service; and I thank all of the Officers, Committeemen and Brothers of all the subordinate Lodges for the cooperation they have given me in my administration and for the manner in which they have served their respective Lodges, in their respective localities of our great Republic.

I must say, while upon this subject, that a very great percentage of our subordinate Lodges have been super-excellent in their local administrations, while a considerable number of our subordinate Lodges have failed to measure up to expectations and requirements.

I have come to the conclusion, as a result of my study and service, that every subordinate Lodge of Elks which *reflects discredit* upon the Order in its home town, and will not respond to Grand Lodge

(Continued on page 41)

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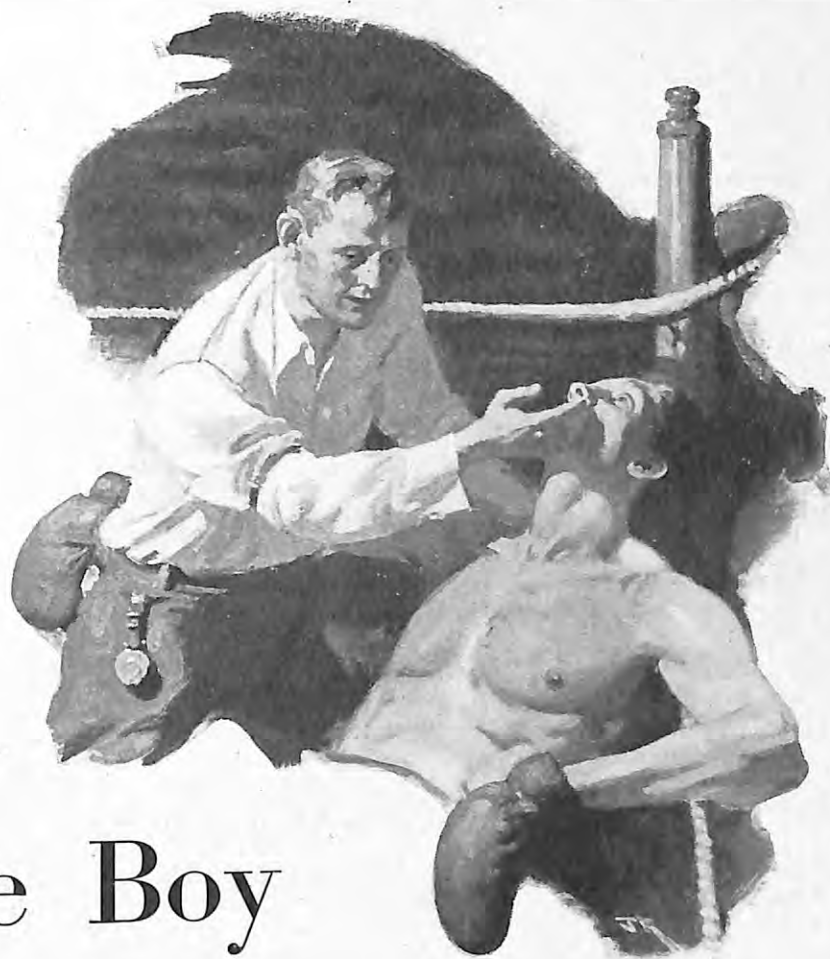
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Money On the Boy

By Max Wilkinson

Illustrated by Jerome Rozen

was something else Toy wanted to give Norma—something he couldn't quite express, or even think. Something to show her how swell he thought she was. . . .

THE longest stretch of time Toy Burke had ever been away from New York was two weeks, and it had seemed like two years. When he thought about those two weeks and realized that they were behind him, it was all he could do to keep from jumping up and shouting right there in the day coach that was carrying him back to the city, Norma—and the Old Man.

That last gave Toy pause. He wanted to see the Old Man, all right, but it was going to be kind of tough to see him sitting there in that wheel chair, with one leg abruptly ending in a bundle of white cloth at the knee, with that funny, hopeless look in his face.

That picture of the Old Man Toy had carried away with him had bothered him a whole lot, out there at Freddie's camp. It had bothered him so much that he had forgotten occasionally what he had left New York to do. Some nights it had bothered him so much that he had to get out of bed because he couldn't sleep. Three or four nights out of the fourteen he had been away he had sneaked out of his cot in the cold, tall room Freddie had given him, and crept down stairs to the first floor and out on to the front porch, trying to get away from that picture of the Old Man sitting there in the wheel chair Dodge Kramer had bought him.

But that hadn't helped much. After twenty-one years in New York the sight of all that space with nothing in it but moonlight wasn't very reassuring. Even the moon looked funny over there in New Jersey. The moon was pretty nice when it was sitting on top of a big building, or just

coming up out of the bottom of Forty-third Street; but to see it swimming around up there in a lot of sky with nothing to frame it made Toy uneasy. It made him think all the more of the Old Man's white face, and the leg, and all.

It had been a pretty tough two weeks, all right. But he had worked—the Lord knew he had worked. He had to work, worry or no worry. For Hymie Kaplan, who was as good a guy as ever went in a boy's corner, saw to that. It wasn't that Hymie was hard-hearted or anything like that; it was just because Hymie knew that if Toy Burke was going to finish ahead of Cannon Malone, he had to be right.

Outside the car window the State of New Jersey fled past—hillock and town; flat and farm and forest. Occasionally they flashed past stretches where corn stood shocked like tired vedettes in the winter fields, and Toy stared at the racing scene, a stranger in a strange land. There were none of the familiar things of the city here, and the strangeness of it all made him feel old.

Then the train rocketed through a little town and in a car parked by the station a girl stuck out her arm and waved; and Toy thought of Norma. That made him feel a whole lot better, for Norma was just about the swellest thing in New York City. Just thinking about her made him grow tense and ache with that vague desire to do something for her—make her proud. It wasn't enough to know he was going to beat Cannon Malone the next night, and go on from him to somebody a little tougher until finally he got the champ. It wasn't enough to know he would be able to buy her almost anything she ever wanted. It

Thinking of Norma always made Toy wish he was a puncher—one of those guys who could step in there, take a couple square on the button, then blow the other boy clear out of the picture. It was all right knowing you could get in there and step circles around a boy, hit him until the judges lost count, then have the referee come over and hoist your hand with the decision; but it would make a whole better show for a girl like Norma, to do some real socking.

Hymie had always told him to shut up and forget it, when Toy got to wondering if he was ever going to start punching. Hymie said that none of those hard eggs liked boxing, and so long as Toy could stick them with that left hand and get away with it, they were going to get the championship one of those days. Toy believed that all right. He knew that there wasn't a boy in the hundred and forty-five pound class, including the champ himself, that he couldn't hit, plenty. But he also knew that until he learned to let himself go he would have to hit them a whole lot to do any good. Especially rocks like this Cannon Malone.

THINKING so hard and sitting still so long made Toy restless. His legs ached and he wanted to get up and step around a bit. Toy always figured that a little work was the best cure for anything that went wrong with you—although it had taken a lot of work over there at Freddie Wills' training camp to forget about the Old Man.

He looked over at Hymie Kaplan, who sat beside him buried in a racing form, and wondered how he could hold it. Any other

time Hymie would be breaking his neck to gab; but he just sat there. It made Toy a little sore. Once or twice he looked at Hymie, then he couldn't stand it any longer. He got up, swaying as the train lurched along, and tried to brush past the fat knees that barred the way into the aisle. Hymie laid down his paper and looked up at the boy suspiciously.

"Where you goin' now?" he asked.

"I ain't goin' no place," Toy replied.

"Then sit down," Hymie suggested.

Toy glared at his manager. "I ain't no wooden Indian," he retorted angrily. "I can't set here like a knot on a log all the time, can I?"

Hymie Kaplan shook his head worriedly. "You ain't right, Toy," he said. "I know you wouldn't be actin' this way if you was right. Maybe we made a mistake goin' out to Freddie's place to work. You know," he added, "you're gettin' in there with a tough playmate tomorra night."

"Listen, guy—" Toy Burke leaned over his manager and his young face was savage—"what I'm goin' to do to this Cannon Malone is what the Marines did to Chatto Terry. I'm goin' to take him, see!"

Hymie shook his head in complete agreement. "Honestly, Toy, I believe that. Why, he oughtn't to hit you, with that left hand goin'." But—

"But what?"

"WELL—" Hymie cocked his head dubiously on one side—"if you go in there all up in the air, why, he'll hit you. And if Cannon Malone gets to hittin' you it'll be just too bad."

Toy sat back in his seat, and his face lost that look of anger. It had just been nerves, anyway, at sitting still so long. What Hymie said was true—he had to go in there the next night with everything right. For Toy knew that Cannon Malone would go a long way in clearing up the question in his mind of how far he was going on nothing but cleverness.

"I can use anything this bum's got," he said truculently, after a pause. It made him sore all over again to think that Hymie doubted his ability.

Hymie knew he shouldn't get sore at the boy. He knew he had been sick with worry all the time they were over there at Freddie Wills' camp, getting ready for Cannon Malone. The one Hymie felt a little sore at was Toy's Old Man—he hadn't taken it right. Of course, it was a pretty tough thing to lose a leg. For a man who had always been a hard worker it was a tough proposition to know he would never be able to hold down his job again. But considering the future Toy had, it seemed to Hymie that his Old Man ought to try to be a little more cheerful.

Considering the way Dodge Kramer had gone to bat for Toy and put up the money so that his Old Man could get the best doctor in New York, it did seem that the Old Man would look on the brighter side of things to show Dodge that he appreciated what he had done, if not to give a break to his own boy, who would be champion, some day. It made Hymie Kaplan a little sick to think of Toy Burke going in there with one of the toughest punchers in the division, with most of his heart left behind him at home.

At Pennsylvania Station they emerged

into a world they both knew and could understand. None of the big fields and long silent days in which you hear yourself think. It was getting cold and the pair stood for a moment on the corner at Thirty-third Street and Seventh Avenue, shivering pleasurably in the brisk November wind cutting up the Avenue. Toy could feel it through his last winter's overcoat; feel it right through the thin blue serge suit he wore. But he grinned for the first time in days. He looked at Hymie and Hymie grinned back.

"A great burg, hey!" said Hymie.

TOY went directly home. As he threw open the door to the flat in Ninth Avenue where he and his old Man had lived since the death of Toy's mother, five years before, a rush of warm air, heavy with cabbage and the angular smell of medicines, engulfed him. He shook his head and went in, and the Old Man was sitting, waiting for him in the wheel chair Dodge Kramer insisted he should have. It was all Toy could do to keep from wincing at sight of the Old Man's wasted face. But he forced a grin—and he saw that the Old Man tried to do the same. Neither were very successful and both looked away as quickly as possible.

"How's the boy?" the Old Man asked; and Toy casually replied:

"Swell. I feel swell."

"Dodge was around to see you yesterday," the Old Man went on. "Come specially to see you; thought you was gittin' in."

"Dodge is a great guy," Toy replied abstractedly.

He went into the bedroom and left his suitcase. He potted around in there, trying to kill time. He hated to go back out there where the Old Man sat helpless; he didn't know what to say to him and it embarrassed him.



"Bet your shirt on me, kid"

"That girl Norma called you, too," the Old Man called out.

At that Toy went out into the room. "What'd she say?" he asked quickly. "She say she'd call again, or she want me to call her?"

"Said for you to call her where she works," the Old Man replied tonelessly.

After that a silence fell in the room that Toy didn't know how to break. He felt he couldn't sit there with the Old Man staring, as he did hour after hour, at that

leg ending in a bundle of white cloth; he wanted to leave, but he didn't know how to go about it.

He went over to the phonograph and put on a record. He decided that as soon as it played through that piece he would go into the other room, get his overcoat and just go on out. He would just tell his Old Man he would be back after a while—like he used to—and blow. He would go down to the corner and call up Norma. Her voice always sounded nice over the 'phone—kind of warm and happy like she had been laughing about something just before he called her.

The record was almost through when there was a knock on the door. The Old Man did not look around. Toy shut off the machine and went over to the door, then the Old Man said:

"Most likely Dodge. He's been comin' around a lot these last couple days."

When Toy opened the door Dodge Kramer was standing there, dressed to kill and wearing one of those tight overcoats that had such square shoulders. Dodge was always so dressed up when you saw him that he looked like he had some kind of uniform on. And he always looked like he was glad to see you, although he didn't smile much. When he saw Toy, Dodge kind of started back as if he were awfully surprised, then he grabbed for his hand.

"Why, if it ain't the kid himself! When'd you get in, boy?"

HE CAME on into the room and went over to where the Old Man was sitting. The Old Man looked up at Dodge, then he lowered his head and his shoulders sagged even more than usual.

"I had a bad night, Dodge," he said in a voice that made Toy clench his hands. "I didn't get no sleep at all. I couldn't seem to go to sleep until it was nearly daylight, then the trucks started and I woke up again."

"He's askin' for it," Toy thought. "He's quit cold."

Dodge gave one of his infrequent grins at Toy and pointed down at the Old Man.

"Listen to him," he said. "Look at him; did you ever see him look better? Why, Old Man, you're gonna be up there winnin' these dance marathons in the Garden yet. Forget that sleep stuff. I'll send one of the boys over with a bottle of stuff that'll make you sleep plenty. Now say you don't like it!"

"You're a great guy, Dodge," Toy said. "I don't know what we'd have done without you—"

"Forget it, boy. Forget it," Dodge cut in. "Look—here's what I come up about. I'm just goin' to pack the Old Man up and send him down to Florida for a couple months. That's what he needs. A couple months down there in that sun'll make a new man of him. What d'you say?"

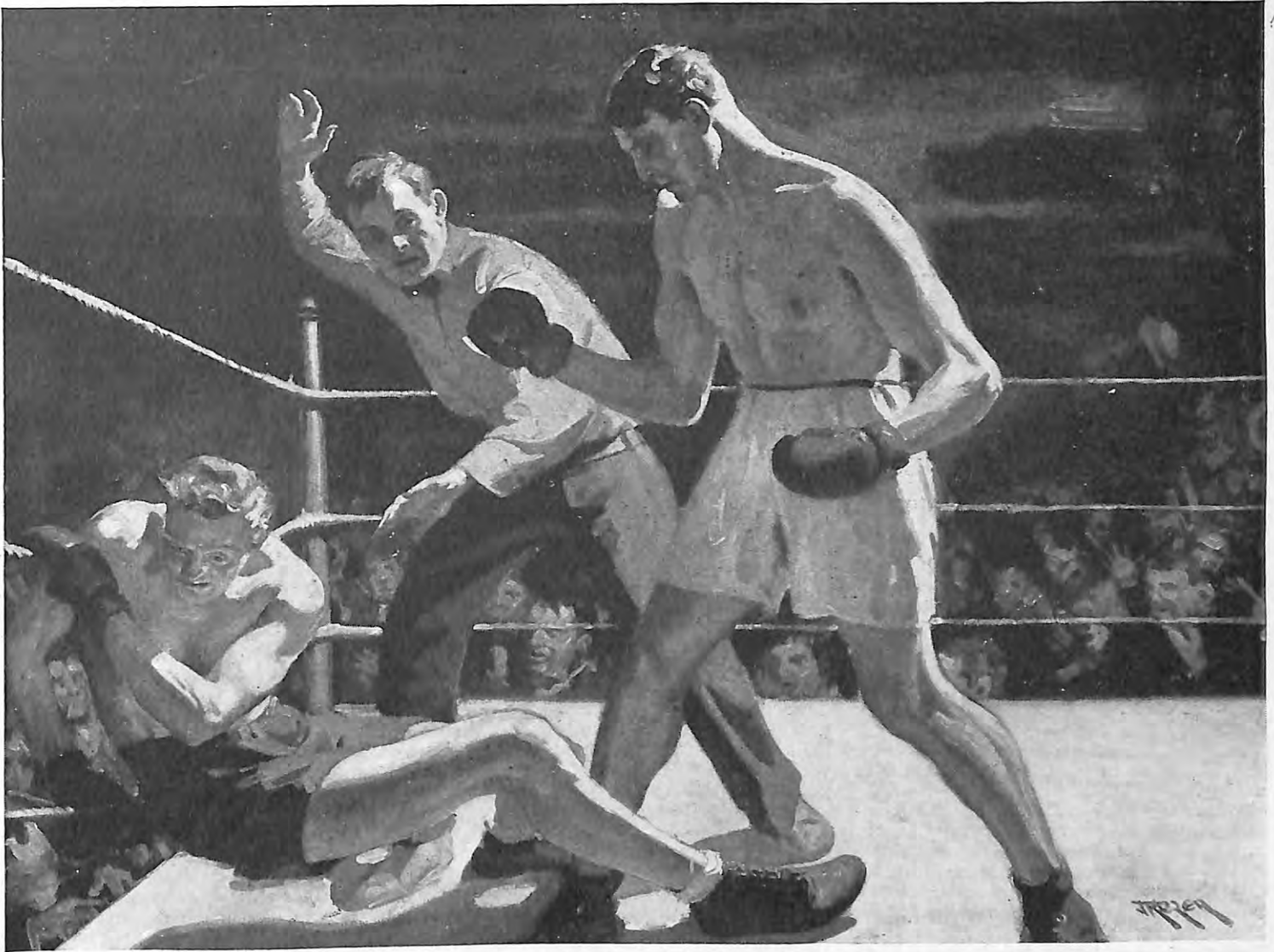
The Old Man's shoulders sagged a little lower, but before he could speak Toy said:

"It's swell of you to offer, Dodge, but I already owe you my shirt. It'll be a long time before I start makin' real dough, but I'll sure pay you back."

Dodge looked like he was sore. "Lay off! Lay off, will you! Who's askin' for jack, hey? When I go to bat for a guy I ain't lookin' for no pay, am I?"

"I know, Dodge," Toy said, "but I got to pay you back. You know how a guy feels about a thing like that."

"Sure I do," Dodge said, waving his hand vaguely. "But forget it, can't you!" He turned to the Old Man. "You go down there and soak up some of that sun and you'll



be a new man. I'll blow in here with everything fixed up in a couple days."

Toy was glad his Old Man didn't say anything. It made him ashamed to have Dodge hear him talking in that broken voice. And Toy didn't say anything to Dodge because he wanted to get out of the house and he didn't want to prolong the conversation. The whole business made him a little sick.

Dodge settled his coat collar and Toy was glad to see that he was going. As they walked over to the door Dodge caught his eye, somehow. There was a funny look on his face and he said:

"Grab your coat, Toy. I got a can downstairs and I'll run you around a bit."

Toy wondered at the look in Dodge's face, but the invitation offered a good excuse to get out of the house. He got his coat and went on down to the street, where Dodge was waiting for him with one foot on the running board of a big black limousine. There was a lantern jawed fellow at the wheel that Toy had seen with Dodge before. In fact, he couldn't remember ever having seen Dodge without the lantern jawed driver being with him.

They got in and Dodge leaned forward and said into the speaking tube that ran to the wheel:

"Take her around a bit, Joe. Go over to the Park if you can't think of anything else."

They rode up Ninth Avenue to Fifty-ninth Street, then across to Columbus Circle, where they turned into the Park. Dodge had got out a cigarette and was smoking. When they got over by the Mall he asked:

He stepped in and crashed a short right to the jaw. They were in a corner and the other fell into the ropes, hanging for a moment on the lowest strand.

"What do you think of that Florida trip, Toy? It'll put your Old Man right back where he was."

"We can't go on takin' your jack, Dodge," Toy said doggedly. "It would be swell, but I ain't gettin' enough out of this fight to pay you what I already owe you."

"I ain't lookin' for no pay, Toy," Dodge replied, fishing in his pocket and bringing out a racing form. Toy glanced at it and saw that there were a lot of pencil marks on the margins. Then Dodge said, changing the subject, "But tell me how you feel? You work all right over there at Freddie's?"

"Oh, sure. Freddie's got a great place for workin'. I'm in swell shape."

DODGE held up the racing form, pointing to a big X-mark by a horse named Captain Karl. Toy saw that he was running in the sixth race at New Orleans the day after tomorrow.

"See that?" Dodge said.

Toy looked at it for a moment, then he glanced at Dodge curiously. There was that funny look in his face again.

"Sure," he said. "But what you showin' it to me for? I ain't no jockey."

Dodge grinned a little with his mouth and he folded the paper and stuck it back into his pocket.

"Well," he said softly, "you can't never tell about that." Suddenly, as if he had just thought of something, he leaned forward

and slid back the glass panel separating them from the lantern jawed driver. "Say, Joe," he asked, "did you see old Jacobs up there on Eighty-fifth Street like I told you?"

"Sure, I saw him," Joe replied, disturbing a corner of his mouth. "I saw him yesterday and he said nothing doing. He said nobody was goin' to muscle him outa any jack."

Dodge hesitated and stroked his chin for a moment. He looked as if he were thinking pretty hard. Then he said to Joe:

"I reckon you better tell Eddie and Mose to go up and see old Jacobs, Joe. Tell 'em I said to drop in on him and see if they can't change his mind for him."

"O.K., boss," Joe answered.

Dodge reached over and returned the panel so that Joe couldn't hear what was being said behind his back.

"It's a funny life, Toy," he said. "No matter how much jack a guy's got he always can use more."

"You ain't the only one, Dodge," Toy replied.

Dodge got out another cigarette and lighted it. He had a way of taking a big mouthful of smoke and holding it a moment, his mouth open, before he inhaled it. Then the smoke kept trailing out of his nose for a long time after. He smoked that way until the cigarette was nearly finished, then he threw it away. When he sat back he looked at Toy directly.

"You say you're feelin' good?" he asked.

"I'm in great shape," Toy answered. "I'm goin' to take the Cannon to-morra night. He won't hit me."

"He can hit, you know," Dodge said meaningly.

Toy looked at him. "Sure, he can hit all right. But that's all he can do."

"That's a lot, Toy." There was a note in Dodge's voice that made Toy a little tense, and he knew that Dodge wasn't just talking; so he asked him directly.

"What you drivin' at, Dodge? What you mean tellin' me the Cannon can hit? I know that."

"I mean just this, Toy," Dodge Kramer said levelly. "You ain't ready for the Cannon yet."

"I don't get you, Dodge."

"Listen, Toy—" Dodge got out the racing form again and unfolded it. "You see this Captain Karl horse? Well, I happen to know that he's goin' to cop the sixth day after to-morrow, and I happen to need ten grand. He's comin' in at swell odds."

"Look here, Dodge," Toy broke in, his face whitening a little. "I don't know anything about this horserace, but I'm tellin' you that I'm goin' in there to take this Cannon Malone—and I'll do it."

Dodge stuck the racing form back into his pocket, and again he was smiling a little—with his mouth.

"I'm sure glad I was able to help your Old Man out, Toy. He's a great old bird."

Toy suddenly felt sick. He felt as if the bottom had dropped out of his stomach. He tried to say something but the words wouldn't come.

DODGE got out another cigarette slowly, and when he lighted it he looked over at Toy.

"I'm for you, boy," he said. "But to-morra night my money's on the Cannon, and he's goin' to cop, see?"

Toy had a confused picture in which his Old Man and Norma and Hymie Kaplan were all together; and in a flash he felt all the accumulated weariness of those three long years he had been fighting up. Then rage surged up in him and left him cold, as he was when he fought. Hard and cynical his mouth curled, when he spoke directly at the back of Joe's freshly shaved neck—

"So you're tellin' me how to fight my fights, Dodge?"

Dodge did not answer. Instead, he again leaned over and slid back the glass separating them from Joe's ear.

"You remember that boy we was talkin' about the other day, Joe? The one that won that fight that time?"

"You mean Willie Jackson, boss. Somebody took him for a ride the day after he knocked out Tony Ruggo that time." The words issued from a point in Joe's head almost directly beneath his right ear.

"That's the one," said Dodge.

"Sure," Joe went on to explain. "One of his arms is crooked and he's drivin' a hack now for his cakes."

"That's the fellow," Dodge nodded. "He guessed wrong—a good boy, too." He shut himself and Toy up again. "You know," he added, "I got Willie that job drivin' hacks."

Toy sat staring straight ahead of him. He thought once that he would turn and let Dodge have it, right in the mouth. He would ruin that hard, crooked mouth that laid traps so easily that a guy walked right into them with his hands down. But then with a suddenness that left him dizzy he realized that nothing he could do would free him and his Old Man from Dodge Kramer. Dodge was a big shot and what he said went, or—Toy thought of Willie Jackson driving hacks with a crooked arm and he shuddered. That would be a fine finish for them—his Old Man with one leg, and him with a crooked arm.

"I reckon you'd get me a job drivin' hacks, too, Dodge," Toy said bitterly.

"Sure I would!" Dodge replied, an unusual note of amusement in his voice. "But look here, Toy," he went on, lowering his voice to a confidential pitch. "Why don't you be sensible? You got the stuff and you're goin' to be champ, one of these days. This one fight ain't goin' to ruin you."

"A lot you care about me!" Toy gritted. "You're just greasin' your own dirty hand. You want me to go in there and throw away three years' work so you can have some dirty jack to put down on a horse. That's the reason you went to bat for my Old Man—so I'd do your dirty work for you! Oh, I know you now, you—"

"Easy, now, easy," Dodge cut in, the words sliding flatly out of his thin mouth. "I tried to talk to you sensible, but you won't listen. All right. This Cannon is goin' to hit you to-morra night, see? You know what to do. That's all."

When Toy got out of Dodge Kramer's car in Times Square the lights had already come on. In the cold November dusk Broadway winked and crackled overhead and the sides of the buildings flowed under the colored wash as if they had come alive.

Toy walked north along the street. He did not know where he was going, except he wasn't going home. He tramped along with his head down, unconsciously measuring his stride by the legs always in front of him. At corners he stopped with all the others when traffic was against them, but he didn't know it.

IT WASN'T that he was worrying about what Dodge had told him; that was past in the moment; but he knew that if Willie Jackson had taken a ride that time he guessed wrong, he would have to find some way of taking care of the consequences of his own bad guess before they came up in the natural course of events. For Toy knew he wasn't going to lay down to Cannon Malone for Dodge Kramer, or any one else, to-morrow or any other time. He had decided that before Dodge was through talking there in his automobile.

Toy guessed that Dodge did need ten grand pretty bad, to put his money down on the Cannon. Most likely he had got some odds, somewhere. Everybody figured that if the Cannon hit Toy he would win, because he could punch even if he couldn't box a lick. But nobody, very much, thought Toy was going to stand around long enough to stop enough to put him down. Dodge knew that, so he had just gone out and put his money down on the Cannon for the odds that were in it; and then he had tried to make it a sure thing by giving Toy his orders.

Toy knew he wasn't going to throw his chance for the title away for Dodge Kramer, or anybody else. But he knew he had to get ten thousand dollars from some place, because Dodge said he needed that much, and Dodge didn't joke about money.

At the corner of Fiftieth Street and Broadway Toy passed a tobacco store and his eye caught sight of a blue pay telephone sign, and he remembered that he was to call Norma. She was still at her office and Toy told her to meet him and they would eat together. When he left the tobacco store and started retracing his steps down Broadway it started to rain a little.

(Continued on page 58)



"Your girl friend didn't know what a good bet she had. There was plenty willing to give ten-to-one"



*I speak of new cities and a new people.
I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes.*
—Carl Sandburg

The New Picturesque

By Charles Phelps Cushing

(Left) The Chrysler in New York City is the world's tallest spire—soaring to a peak of 1046 feet
C. P. CUSHING

(Right) The American Radiator tower, New York, symbolizes a "glowing pile of coal"
C. P. CUSHING

(Below) A modern design for a railway station is Cleveland's Terminal Tower
EWING GALLOWAY



ARTICLE One in the creed of the orthodox American tourist limits "the picturesque" chiefly to the *old*. Thus Charleston is full of the picturesque. But Chicago isn't.

Tell such a tourist that you have found something picturesque in Cleveland or Los Angeles and he stares at you with pity. Add a bold mention of Lincoln, Nebraska, and he smiles; he regards you as dumb, but amusing.

Yet he can do things himself which assuredly are just as dumb and amusing. Watch such a tourist when he arrives to "do" Philadelphia. First on his list is Independence Hall, then the "Betsy Ross house" and a choice collection of the dustier relics of Penn and Franklin. Departing, he has checked off every antique in town—but he has caught scarcely a glimpse of the living city. All the millions recently spent to tunnel Broad Street and create another wonder like New York's Park Avenue were wholly wasted, so far as his attention is concerned. He has not paused to blink at the shifting kaleidoscopic colors which play by night upon the tower of the Philadelphia Electric Building. And he has missed any such eye-opening sight as he could have gained from the front steps of the Art Museum, gazing down the Parkway to the new skyline hills of the business section. He leaves now, blissfully, without the faintest notion that here thrives a great modern city of more than two million population.

Perhaps the blame for this habit of mind has roots deep in history. Through many generations "to go on a tour" meant to go

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abroad; and, naturally enough, the choicest sights the old countries had to show were old. By the time American tourists came to turn their attention to homeland scenes, the tradition that the picturesque is the old was accepted like a revelation of the Gospel.

Thus when sight-seers came flocking into

New York from brand new cities of the West, nothing seemed really precious to these visitors but such sights as the venerable spires of St. Paul's Chapel and Trinity, Ye Olde Tavernes and Colonial mansions, and lop-sided houses fronting upon the twisty lanes of Greenwich Village. Recent years have seen no change in this tendency, except to intensify it. Antiques are still the thing!

No one would have the heart to find fault with such travellers for taking a keen delight in backgrounds so different from the scenes of their home towns. The only pity is that they appear to be almost blind to all the picturesque-ness of modernity.

Any day, for example, you may find a clump of such visitors in lower Broadway, staring up at the city's oldest church edifice, and striving eagerly to be thrilled. A real feat of the imagination this has been, too, for the year just past, because St. Paul's Chapel throughout that period has been completely screened from view by a framework while having the skin of its venerable brown face lifted.

How few of these same tourists will so much as give a nod of approval to the grace and majesty and bulk of the Bell Telephone Building, not half a mile distant on the river front. Yet here is one of our massive new set-backs, a

piece of modern architectural perfection, one of the best examples of what might be called the New Picturesque. This is the sort of thing that moved a poet, Christopher Morley, when he was setting down a catalogue of our recent achievements, to remark: "America's most effective poets, the



An Elks Home built in the true modern rhythm is pictured above. This is the structure erected in Los Angeles by Lodge No. 99. In every aspect it is unusual and highly original. Its design breaks completely with the conventional plans for clubhouses

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD



The massive "set-back" of the Bell Telephone Building shown in the picture above is much praised as one of New York's best contributions to the New Picturesque, and is justly described as "a piece of architectural perfection"

C. F. CUSHING



In the circle at the left is a small building at Washington, D. C., as evidence that skyscrapers can't claim all the honors of the New Picturesque. This is a restaurant of Italian marble, surely as beautiful as any tower

C. F. CUSHING



In a building with a splendid design for vertical emphasis and for outline against the sky, the twenty-eight story San Francisco structure pictured above combines a hotel and the Temple of the M. E. Church

ERWING GALLOWAY



The white tower at the right, the Elverson in Philadelphia, is one of the many new office buildings constructed lately over the buried railway and subway tracks of Broad Street. Its pinnacle touches 340 feet

C. F. CUSHING

architects and builders, continue to do the incredible."

To the tourist interested in the works of these new American poets, a Bædeker would be of no use unless it were printed in loose leaf and revised a dozen times a year. In a few weeks a swiftly-sprouting stalk of steel thrusts upward from the black cornhill of lowly older buildings at its base, and rearranges the whole back-drop of its city. Thus is Baltimore's old skyline transformed by a brand new summit 500 feet high. By day, the building of the Baltimore Trust Company is a peak of gleaming copper and gold; by night, a tip of blazing light—poetic reminder that this very site only twenty-five years ago was swept by one of the country's most disastrous fires.

A genius distinctly our own and of our own times is expressed in these new towers, these original modernistic designs, these massive set-backs. The Los Angeles Elks Home pictured on this page is truly representative. No Old World traditions about what a railway station should be like troubled the

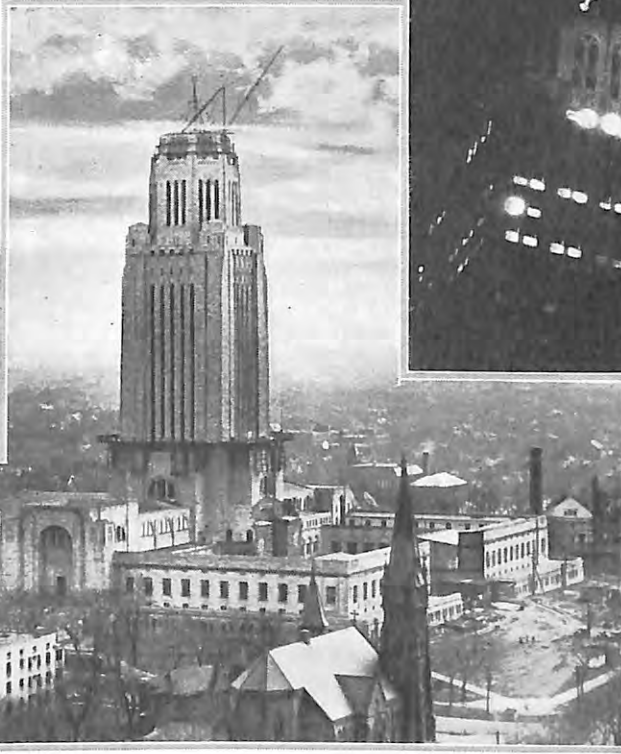


Though this St. Louis structure for the Missouri Pacific Railway is commercial, it fits well in a nearby group of downtown public buildings

C. P. CUSHING

Nebraska's State Capitol Building (below) is nearing completion at Lincoln. Its noble tower dominating the prairies is in design as original and American as anything in the land, and should win the State envied distinction

EWING GALLOWAY



The loftiest peak on the Baltimore skyline, 500 feet high, is the Baltimore Trust Building's tower. This design won the city's architectural medal for the 1929 season

C. P. CUSHING

designer of Cleveland's new fifty-two story Terminal Tower. And where else but in our own country would you find a civic structure of such novel and surprising beauty as the noble tower of Nebraska's new State Capitol building, dominating the horizon of the flat prairie lands for miles around?

Note how completely these new "effective poets" are breaking with tradition. No longer is a tall building necessarily a great thick-walled pile of masonry. No longer should it even pretend to be. In the process cornices vanish, and meaningless decorations. Our modern architects express the metal frame with which they work;

a skeleton of steel, which to them is as much a living thing as the bones of your body.

For one of the best examples of this mode see the picture on the opposite page of the twenty-eight story hotel and Methodist Episcopal Temple in San Francisco. As you look at it you feel that this design expresses just what it should express—a skeleton of steel, covered with "curtain walls."

The skyscraper in the form we know it today "is the most distinctively American thing in the world." So declares one of our most famous builders of this type of structure. It is a typically native creation; this

fact we must accept even when, acknowledging its beauty, we deplore the traffic jams it sometimes creates. Also is it typically modern in every sense; all its development has come about within the span of not more than fifty years.

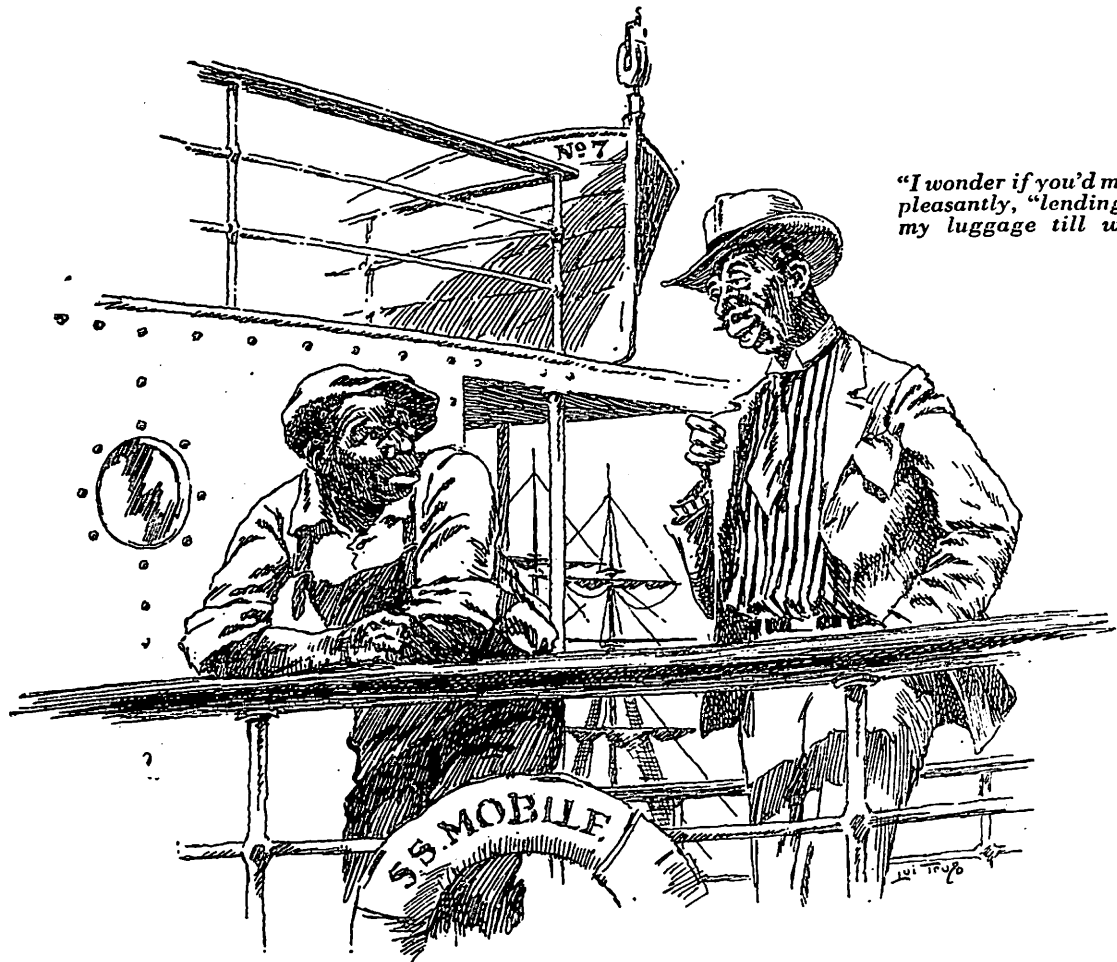
But note, please, that skyscraper towers can not claim all the honors attaching to the New Picturesque. The little marble restaurant building from Washington, D. C. \$175,000 spent for a one-story structure, but worth every penny of it—belongs justly in the best of modern company.

All this is the New Picturesque; living, growing, not crumbling!



Like a cubist artist's vision of a medieval castle is the shape of this hill-top hospital building, one of the units of the new Medical Center in New York City. This view of it was snapped from Riverside Drive at the corner of 165th Street

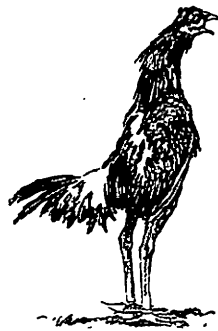
C. P. CUSHING



"Cock-a-Doodle-Done!"

By Edgar Valentine Smith

Illustrations by Lui Trugo



MISTUH AL-
EXANDRE
BARNABAS, suave, high yellow, immaculately-clad, native of the Island of Jamaica, now resident of the city of Mobile, had encountered a problem.

He was still struggling with it as he stood surrounded by his personal luggage on the upper deck of the erratic little steamer which made occasional round trips between Mobile and West Indian ports, and on which he was a sort of under steward. The problem could be traced directly to his addiction to the game of cock-fighting. As witness to his ardor for the sport, he was bringing in on the steamer one Red Cuban game-cock for which he had paid in Havana two hundred and fifty dollars. The ship had docked in Mobile; within five minutes members of the crew would be going ashore. The cock—and the impending interview with the customs officers—brought Mistuh Barnabas' problem to a head. He was going to declare the bird at its value. A previous, never-to-be-forgotten brush with these same officers had taught him honesty—when dealing with the customs. So Mistuh Barnabas was going to be honest.

He looked about, frowning. Then his glance rested for the first time on Shabo Gandy, coal passer, resigned and now desperately eager to be rid of the ship. As he looked at Shabo, Mistuh Barnabas' expression lightened. The more he looked at Shabo, the more his expression lightened.

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If there was ever a human being, Mistuh Barnabas reflected pleasedly, who embodied just about all there was of unsophistication, there it was draped over the rail of the steamer. And, Mistuh Barnabas thought shrewdly, probably that long, black, dumb-looking person had money. Surely the coal passers had been paid off.

He slipped on his most affable manner and approached Shabo. Sensing that this had been the other's first trip, he pitched the conversation accordingly.

"How do you like the sea?" he asked in his most cultured English intonation.

"I doesn't!" Shabo exploded.

"Well, what's the trouble?"

"Well, Mistuh"—Shabo had raised his head and was gazing worshipingly at Mistuh Barnabas' tailor-made perfection—"de ocean may be all right in de level places an' as long as you kin keep to de gullies. But when you strikes de ridges!—Uh-uh! Ol' boat climb one dem hills, sets dere shimmyin' an' shiverin' a minute, den, fus't thing you knows, slides down de yuther side—back'ards. An' de curves—dey make a boat skid so bad. Splungin' round all de time so's a boy can't eben git a toe-holt. Me—I thought I wanted to be a sailoh. But I reckon I was jus' broke out wid some sort o' rash. Anyways, I's cured. I's th'ough!"

"Are you, by any chawnce, thinking of locating in Mobile?"

"Locatin' dere jus' long 'nough to locate me a sto' whare I kin buy me some purties

foh my gal an' den locate a train 'at'll ca'y me close to home."

"Oh-h! You've got a sweetheart?"

"Jus' de cravin'. No promise yit. She's one de teasin' brown kind."

"Plays with you, eh?"

"Been. But when she see all dem purties—"

"Purties?"

"Things I gwine git 'er."

"I judge you're rawther a reckless sort of devil when it comes to women." Mistuh Barnabas wasn't even having to think; the conversation was running itself. "What sum, if I may awsk, do you propose spending?"

"Got dis much money." Shabo innocently took some bills from his pocket and flipped them back one by one. There were eight of the five-dollar denomination. "An' a dolluh an' thirty-six cents mo'. De small change gits me somep'm t' eat. Six dolluhs buys me a railroad tocket. De res' gits purties."

Mistuh Barnabas smiled. It was a coincidence that this black boy should have just a trifle more than the needed amount. However, he wasn't interested in coincidences. His scheme was being rapidly perfected.

"I wonder if you'd mind," he asked pleasantly, "lending a hand with my luggage till we're ashore?" He indicated two suitcases, a hat box and what looked like an overgrown bird cage. "I've rawther more than I can toddle along under."

Safe back in port again, Shabo was in an expansive and comradely frame of mind. "Yessuh," he agreed readily. "What you wants me to tote?"

Mistuh Barnabas pointed to the cage. "But just a moment, though." He took a slip of paper from his pocket, made it into a roll, and tied it to the cage. "Now. If you don't mind lugging that, please."

Shabo picked up the cage. "Whicha way?" he asked.

"Take it through that shed—there." Mistuh Barnabas carefully indicated the direction. "Just toddle along. I find I've left something in my room. Go ahead, though, and wait for me on the street. If anyone asks about the cock, just say he's yours. I'll hurry."

FROM a vantage point on the steamer, he watched. His measure of Shabo Gandy had been uncannily accurate: country-born and bred, utterly unsophisticated, with all the timidity of his kind; frightened, when in a city, of his own shadow; fearful, particularly, of any white man in uniform; doing, tremblingly, the bidding of the first one he met. Naturally, Mistuh Barnabas' scheme was by no means assured of success, but, should any hitch occur in customs, he could hurry forth, offer a convincing explanation, claim the cock and pay duty. . . .

Shabo, shuffling down the gangplank, was scarcely conscious that he was carrying a chicken. He was enshrouded in visions of his own creating: 'At teasin' brown gal. . . . Couldn't hold out long when she saw him with a gol' finger ring. . . . An' a green leather belt—the slick, shiny kind, with a bright buckle. . . . Pair o' rattlesnakeskin shoes—maybe. . . . A wrist watch, if his money held out. . . . An' . . .

"Hey, black boy!" Startled, Shabo glanced about. A white gentleman, wearing a cap with gold letters on it, was beckoning to him. "Over this way."

Some kind of a po-lice, Shabo thought with a sudden inward quaking. Yet, he went toward the man.

"What you got there?" was the question.

"C-chicken, Cap'n."

"Yours?"

Shabo shot a glance over his shoulder. Mistuh Barnabas was not in sight. When he looked at the white gentleman again, he observed that the latter possessed a hard and piercing eye. Then he forgot Mistuh Barnabas' injunction about claiming ownership of the cock in remembering—with the same effect—one of the first lessons he had ever learned, to-wit: That whenever you happened to be a strange black boy carrying a chicken in a strange neighborhood and a strange white gentleman began asking you questions about it, you better convince him it was your chicken you were carrying. So, he answered right up:

"My chicken, Cap'n? He sho' is mine, suh! If dey's one thing I don't do, it's not to have nothin' to do wid nobody else's chickens. Yassuh; he's mine. Bought 'im in—in Cuby—an' paid foh him wid cash money."

"All right. Come this way."

Frightened, not even faintly suspecting what was about to happen, Shabo followed till they came to a little window behind which another white gentleman was writing. The first gentleman lifted the cage that contained the chicken.

"Nigger bringing in a Cuban game-cock, Harry," he said carelessly. "How much?"

The other gentleman saw the roll of paper that was tied to the cage. He took it off and opened it. It recited that one Alexandre Barnabas had paid two and fifty dollars for one game-cock in Havana. "Whew!" The man whistled his amazement. He handed the slip to Shabo. "You cock-fightin' niggers sure have got your

sights high." He did a little figuring and addressed Shabo again. "It'll cost you forty dollars."

Forty dollars . . . ! When he had half-way regained consciousness, Shabo's first impulse was to deny ownership of the cock. But he remembered in time: he had just emphatically declared that it was his; and when a black boy began telling two or three tales about a chicken, white folks were apt to commence actin' kind of onreckless. But . . . Forty dollars! He moistened his lips. He shot hurried glances to right and left. Run? Foolishness!—with one hard-faced white gentleman just alongside him and two or three others loafing in the shed. And prob'ly plenty more close by. . . . In a semi-stupor he pulled out all the money he had and handed it to the man behind the wicket, who counted it and returned one dollar and thirty-six cents.

"Just a minute," he said, "and I'll give you a receipt. Let's see: what was that name?"

Automatically Shabo gave the only one he knew: "Shabo Gandy, suh."

The man wrote something on a slip of paper which he handed to Shabo. Mechanically, Shabo accepted it. Then, still in a half trance, he picked up the cage and started toward the street entrance.

The beginnings of a number of thoughts were whizzing around in his brain trying to assume coherent form. Only one, thus far, stood out recognizably: he wasn't being done right by—in large doses. A bald fact, too, stared at him: he had had to pay forty dollars for taking a long-legged skinny chicken offen a boat after he'd been expressly asked to do it. How come? His mind went blank seeking an answer. But there did come conviction: high yaller trickery. Just why, he couldn't figure out. He made no effort to. But . . . where this trick came from there might be others—and worse.

Instinctively his thought turned to the single friend he could claim in Mobile—Bubber Milam, companion of his boyhood. From birth their mutual habitat had been the deep, deep hinterland of Alabama, thirty miles from a railroad. But four years ago Bubber, broken out of a sudden with the town itch, had left the plantation. Shabo

had remained in his proper niche—between two plough handles in a cotton field—until two weeks ago. Then, with crops laid by, he had ventured to Mobile with a crew of log raftsmen. It was the first time in all his twenty-one years he had ever been any distance from home and Mobile was the only thing that remotely resembled a city that he had ever visited. Here he saw his first steamship. And, strangely, deep down within him somewhere he heard the Call to High Adventure.

Pure chance led him across Bubber Milam. Despite the fact that he looked like an exaggerated fashion-plate in contrast to Shabo's overalled figure, Bubber was undisguisedly glad to see his old friend. He did not allow the prosperity that clothed him from the top of his brown derby to the soles of his black-and-white leather sport oxfords to make him the least bit uppity. True, he was a bit evasive when questioned as to his occupation, but he was friendly—frankly so. He proved his comradeship when Shabo confided his desire to go to sea. Bubber pleaded, cajoled, drew vivid pictures of an unhappy future, but Shabo was obstinate. He had seen an ocean boat—and wanted to ride it.

At last Bubber yielded. He saw some white friends and the next day Shabo found himself in the rôle of a coal passer on the same steamer that boasted the services of Mistuh Barnabas. His experiences had been, on an exaggerated scale, what he had epitomized to Mistuh Barnabas.

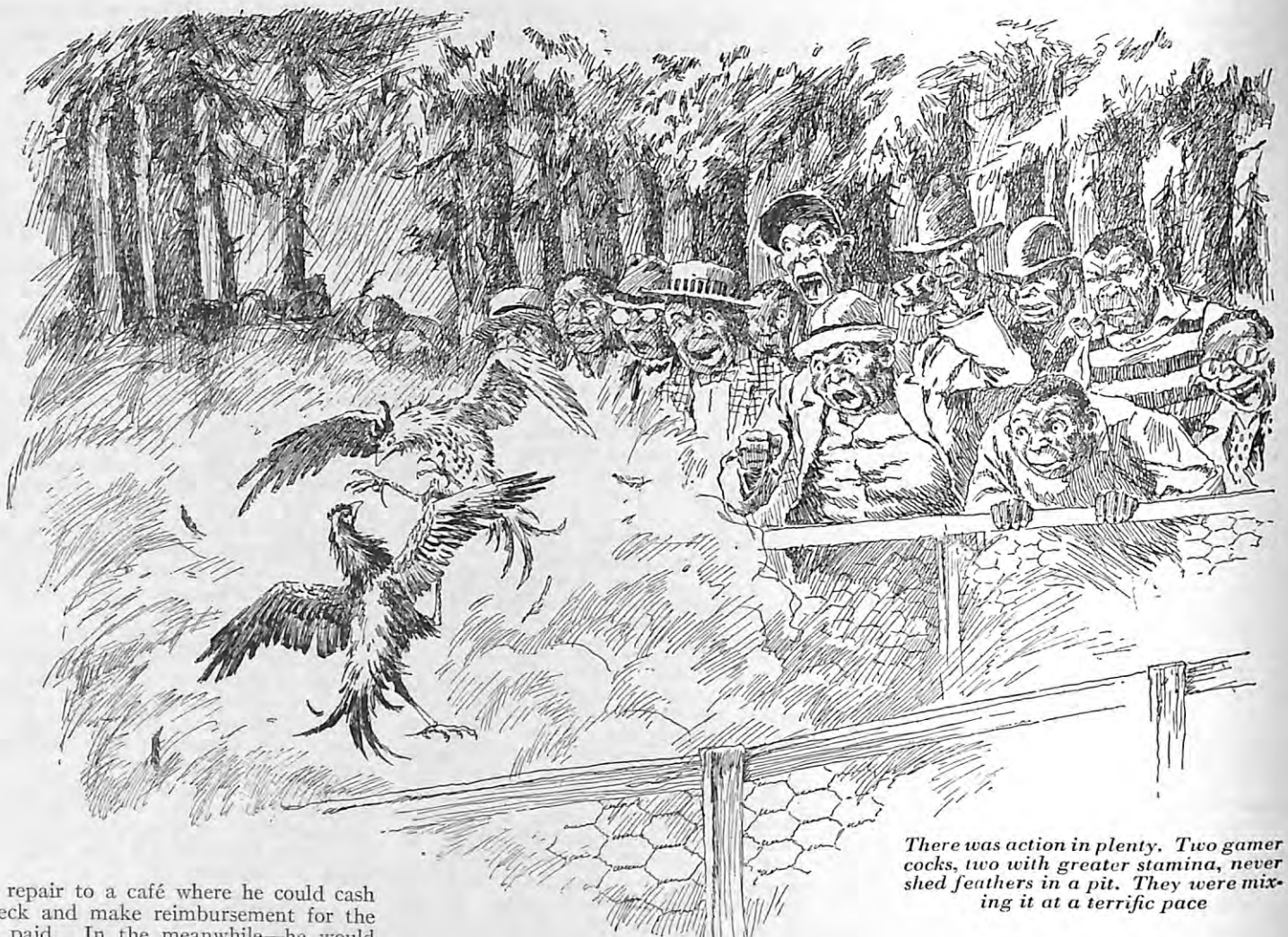
Now, as he stood at the street entrance to the customs shed, he reviewed these events automatically. Maybe, if Bubber Milam were here, he could tell how come something. . . . Maybe . . .

MISTUH BARNABAS came jauntily down the gangplank of the steamer, cream-colored suit faultlessly pressed, broad-brimmed Panama set rakishly, purple silk handkerchief protruding from upper coat pocket. The formality of baggage inspection consumed only a few minutes. Then he hurried away to regain possession of his game-cock.

It ought to be simple: a glib apology to that gawkish black boy; a suggestion that



"I brang 'im back," he said breathlessly. Hurriedly he began counting out more bills



There was action in plenty. Two gamier cocks, two with greater stamina, never shed feathers in a pit. They were mixing it at a terrific pace

they repair to a café where he could cash a check and make reimbursement for the duty paid. In the meanwhile—he would suggest—since cock and cage formed an unwieldy package, suppose they leave it at, say, that barber shop across the street. Then, once in the café, excusing himself on the plea of cashing his check, he would slip around to the barber shop, take the cock and vanish. Easy . . . !

BUT the black boy was not at the street entrance. Mistuh Barnabas was annoyed. He looked on each side of the entrance, but Shabo was not there. Nor did the opposite side of the street yield anything. Mistuh Barnabas showed alarm. Where *could* the stupid lout have gone? He hurried to one end of the street, looked up and down the intersection. Nothing there. He quickened his pace, almost ran to the opposite end. Another water haul.

Alarm gave way to panic as a panorama of possibilities flashed before his mind's eye. With an ignorant yokel parading around with a two hundred and fifty dollar game cock, particularly with the waterfront streets thick with negro fanciers who knew something of the values of game fowl, anything might happen!

Right there Mistuh Barnabas started a frantic search for one unsophisticated black boy and one imported Red Cuban game cock. He combed highways and byways. He went into strange places and asked questions. He halted passers-by. But neither did he see nor hear anything of the objects of his search.

The day was hot. Perspiration streamed down his face and wilted his collar. His cream-colored suit was clinging to him in spots. The purple handkerchief had long since become wringing wet. The brim of his Panama hat began to droop shapelessly. It was in this sartorial disarray that he came,

after an hour's search, to a colored pool room. The first person he saw here was Bubber Milam. Bubber seemed to be in charge of the place.

It was evident at once that these two were not upon terms of comradely intimacy. This might be accounted for by the fact that, had Mistuh Barnabas been asked to point out Mobile's leading colored game chicken fancier, he would have admitted that laurels in that sport rested with him, whereas, on the other hand, a similar question put to Bubber Milam would have brought a similar confession regarding himself. Yet, Mistuh Barnabas essayed an unenthusiastic "Cheerio, Milam," as he leaned against the cashier's desk and mopped his streaming face.

Bubber waved a hand in careless greeting.

"What's on yo' mind—dis time—Barnabas?" he asked.

"I'm distressed, Milam. Very foolishly I entrusted a valuable game cock to a strange black boy and he's disappeared—"

"Mos' any black boy would," Bubber interrupted unsympathetically, "when a stranger entrus'es him wid a fine cock."

"Don't remind me!" Mistuh Barnabas shuddered. "I admitted it was foolish. Thought maybe you had seen someone with a cock—"

"Seed one black boy—"

"Yes? Where? Which way was he going?"

"He come in here."

"And then? Where did he go from here?"

"Over to Gunboat's place." Bubber pointed to the barbecue stand of Gunboat

Nixby across the street, who was himself a fancier of game cocks. "He'd had one o' Gunboat's Roun'heads out, exercisin' it."

"Pshaw!" Mistuh Barnabas had straightened at first; now he collapsed against the desk again. "Don't be spoofing, Milam. This is serious."

"Sho' is. But lemme think a minute." Bubber leaned a finger against his forehead. "Was it a shawt, bow-legged little nigger had 'im?"

"No; he was tall and lank—and very black."

"Uh-huh. Was he carryin' a Window-White Hackle Cock?"

"No; my cock is—"

"Was it a Mugwump?"

"No; he was—"

"A Tormentor?"

"No! Let me say what I'm trying to—please! The cock is a Red Cuban, and cost me two hundred and fifty dollars in Havana."

"**TWO-FIFTY?** Whew-w-w!" Bubber's whistle was not of amazement, for he knew as well as does any other real dyed-in-the-wool fancier that, when he finds a bird that takes his eye, the proper price to offer for it is all the money he has—whether it be five dollars or five hundred dollars. Bubber was merely leading up to further kidding of Mistuh Barnabas. "Tryin' to git exclusive in yo' cock-fightin'? Aimin' to drive us Mobile pikers out? Who you have den, to win money offen?"

"Oh, nothing like that. I wanted this bird chiefly for breeding. Blood tells, you know, even in chickens."

"Yeah; it tells in chickens—too."

"But I'm not getting anywhere." Mistuh Barnabas mopped his face again. "Seri-



ously, you haven't seen a cock or a boy like I've described?"

"Dey ain't no tall black boy with a Red Cuban been 'round here. Had a-been I'd seed 'im. You know I's kinder got a weakness foh dem red birds mysc'f."

"I remember." Mistuh Barnabas smiled fleetingly. "Well, I'll toddle along. No time to hunt further for the cock—now. If he's in Mobile, of course, I'll find him, sooner or later. Have to hurry now to get ready for this afternoon." He started toward the doorway, but turned. "See you out at the place, of course?"

"Not dis time." Bubber shook a mournful head. "I can't—"

"Wha-a-at? Missing the biggest hack we've had?"

"Don't rub it in!" Bubber groaned. "Dey ain't a cock-fightin'er cullud man in Mobile dan me—an' you knows it. But—business befo' pleasure is de stern motto what I keeps ever befo' me. I jus' turned me a lot o' money loose to buy dis here ee-lyte pool pahloh. Got nobody to stay here. Can't neglect business, eben foh cock-fightin'." Bubber's lips set in a firm straight line. "Don't temp' me"—as Mistuh Barnabas seemed about to speak. "Mos' pos'tively, I can't git away!"

"Too bad!" Mistuh Barnabas was in the doorway. "See you later, then. Cheerio!"

MOBILE'S colored citizens had Mistuh Barnabas to thank for the revival of cock-fighting in their midst. Shortly after his coming to the city he had routed out some former devotees of the sport. Embers of interest that was only slumbering were quickly fanned into flame. The infection spread. Followers of the game of *Skin*, argus-eyed watchers of the galloping dice, permitted their interest in these to wane before the greater action of the more red-blooded game. Every one of them who could by wile or wisdom gain either temporary or permanent possession of one or more fighting cocks had hurried to do so. Cock-fighting formed the chief topic at every gathering. Hack fights were gone over in the minutest detail among dock laborers,

truck drivers, saw-mill workers and servants in private homes. Mobile's colored sports had the game-chicken-pox—and had it badly.

Mistuh Barnabas had been the gainer. At the last hack he had won nearly four hundred dollars. To-day he hoped to do even better. Most of the bets would be small—two dollars, five, ten—but placing them in pools, they mounted sizably. He was disappointed that that Milam person was not going to be there, for Bubber backed his faith in his birds with real money. Bubber's limit, notoriously, in betting on his cocks, was all the money he could raise.

Four miles outside the city of Mobile a little-used road branches from the main highway, to straggle for several furlongs, finally to meet and be swallowed up in what was once a cultivated field, but which is now covered with a thick stand of second-growth pines. It makes a most excellent place for any kind of *sub-rosa* assemblage. In a slight natural depression a space one hundred feet in diameter had been cleared, and in the center of this a ring, twenty feet across, the grass worn away with much tramping, had been enclosed with eighteen-inch chicken wire.

They had begun to gather—those of Mobile's colored sporting fraternity who were smitten with the game-cock-fighting fever. They varied in type, age, color, occupation. Old-timers, with mere fringes of gray hair encircling bald pates—relicts of a day when cock-fighting was almost universally popular—argued heatedly over the merits of nearly every known breed of game-cocks under the sun. Goggle-eyed, brass-buttoned elevator and bell boys stood by, drinking in enlightenment. Dock workers in overalls, chauffeurs in natty uniforms, janitors and mail carriers, delivery boys and ditch diggers—they were all there, all of them looking wise, all of them pretending to know the finer points of cock-fighting. Two out of five of them carried game-cocks either under an arm, or in sacks. Not that all of them, by any means, expected to enter birds in the hacks. Many of the fowls, indeed, were worn-out and battle-weakened birds, discarded by white fanciers, but snapped up eagerly by enthusiasts who knew that possession of any sort of game-cock on such an occasion gave one an unquestioned prestige.

Mistuh Barnabas bustled up presently, accompanied by three hirelings who carried his birds. One of these was also his handler. He looked carefully over the crowd, more

than half expecting to see Bubber Milam, despite the other's positive insistence that he would not be present. He knew the appeal that such an event held for any cock fighter. But to his disappointment, Bubber was nowhere in evidence.

Preliminaries were speedily arranged. Swishblade Johnson—so named because of his well-known dexterity with an implement which some persons use for shaving—was unanimously chosen referee. His reputation assured respect for his decisions; besides, he was as square as he knew how to be.

Swishblade announced certain special rules that had been agreed to by the pitters. Then the milling began.

IN THE first hack Mistuh Barnabas showed a Clairborne, Gunboat Nixby a cross-bred Roundhead. It was tame, the Roundhead, after one weak fly in the third pitting, running to hunt its mother.

Birds belonging to two other entrants were then pitted. The fight lacked color, both cocks being old, and in the fourth pitting it was called a draw.

Then Mistuh Barnabas took the spotlight again. In his second hack his entry, a Ginn Grey bull stag, killed his opponent, a Blue Traveller. In succession three other fights went to him. He was cleaning up in bets, having won a hundred and fifty dollars in his five fights. Then the other pitters began to get cautious. Although Mistuh Barnabas' air of general superiority made him universally unpopular, and every man there would have liked to humble him, it was beginning to look too much like a Barnabas day. Bettors were losing their eagerness; gloom was rapidly settling upon the assemblage.

Then Mistuh Barnabas began to get real cocky. He brought a bird from its cage. "Barnabas showing a five-two Sid Taylor," he announced. "Taking on any cock within the weight."

But there was not the deluge of small bills that there had been; instead there was silence.

"Speak up, gentlemen! Speak up!" Mistuh Barnabas' tone was insultingly caustic. "No sporting money here?"

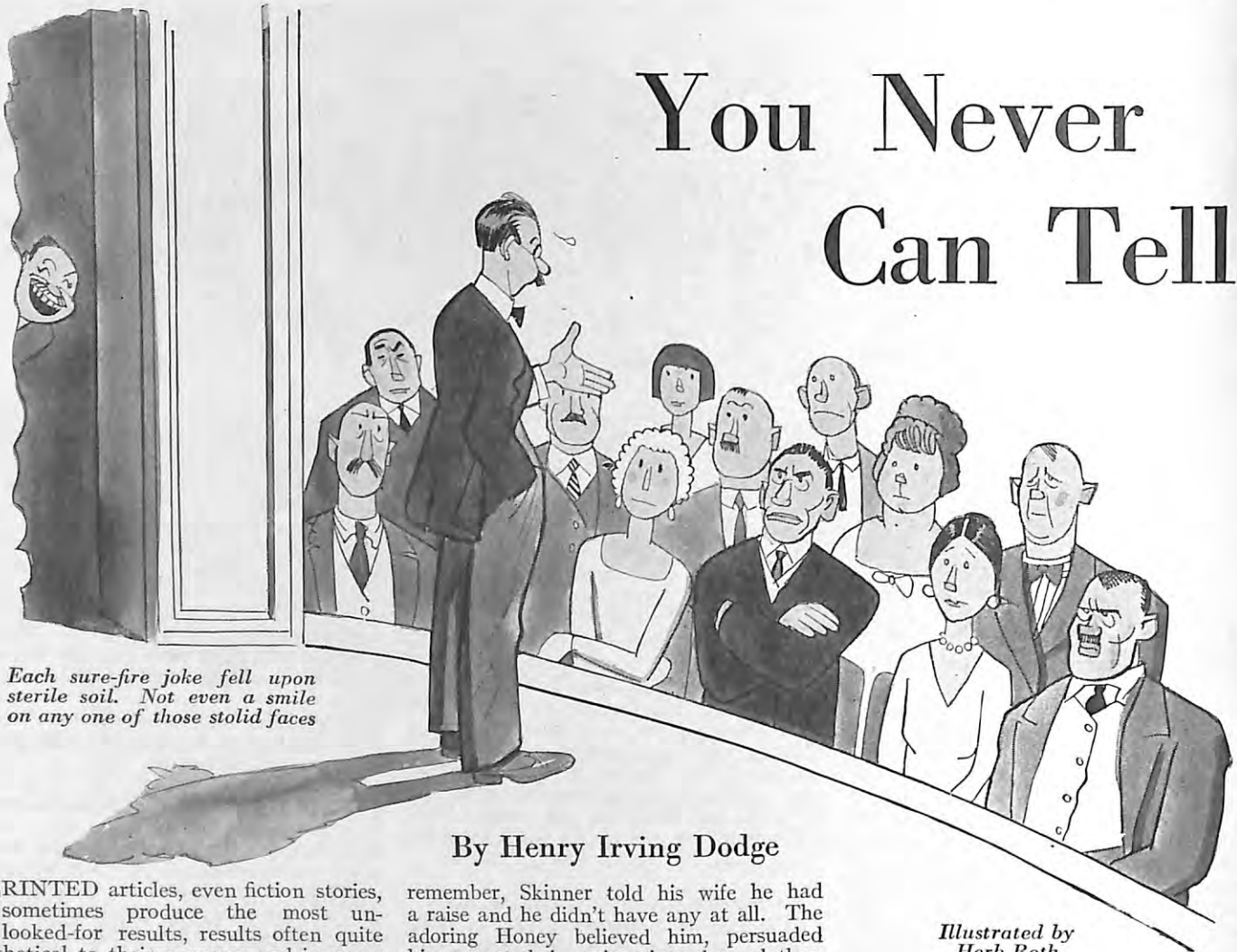
There was only a buzz of discontented murmurings. Pitters gazed at Mistuh Barnabas, at the cock he held under one arm, at the birds they carried themselves, writhing inwardly—and looked glum.

"Challenging all and any." Mistuh Barnabas fondled his Sid Taylor showily. "Nobody here thinks enough of his cock to risk a little money?"

There was a commotion on the opposite side of the pit. A voice spoke up: "I got some cocks—an' a little money." Someone was forcing his way through the crowd. It

(Continued on page 56)

You Never Can Tell



Each sure-fire joke fell upon sterile soil. Not even a smile on any one of those stolid faces

By Henry Irving Dodge

Illustrated by
Herb Roth

PRINTED articles, even fiction stories, sometimes produce the most unlooked-for results, results often quite antithetical to their purposes and in many cases from a totally unlooked-for angle.

What I mean is this: during the war I had published a small book called *The Yellow Dog*. It was radically and most effectively anti-sedition. In it I claimed that not only were those who opposed the Government in its efforts to win the war yellow dogs, but that those who didn't actively support Uncle Sam belonged to that particular species as well. I prescribed a method by which small boys might do detective work, watch out for anyone who was at all seditious and present him with a yellow card on which his designation was printed.

Within three days from the magazine publication of the story an Anti-Yellow-Dog Club was formed in Portland, Oregon, to fight sedition. Almost immediately such clubs were formed all over the United States. I received not only the commendation of Washington, but letters from all parts of the country, many of them containing offers of financial aid to push the movement along. This was quite natural, I thought. Also, which was quite natural and quite expected, I received letters of threats from the anti-war element. I was not a little amused to get letters from men who had been placarded yellow dogs, threatening me with violence. Also, I got many communications from persons who claimed that I was degrading the youth of the country by making little snoops of them.

The only really abusive letters I received, excoriating, positively insulting, were from dog lovers, who claimed that I was doing the dog a great injustice by using him in that way, even a yellow dog.

When *Skinner's Dress Suit* was published there were many amusing reactions. You

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remember, Skinner told his wife he had a raise and he didn't have any at all. The adoring Honey believed him, persuaded him to put their savings into dress clothes, and because of his vastly improved appearance and the concomitant new morale, he pushed ahead in the world of affairs and won a partnership. But he never told Honey that he'd lied to her. Very good.

The wife of one of New York's most conspicuous financiers wrote me that Skinner should have confessed to Honey and been properly forgiven. She told me that she was a devotee of Zane Grey and Harold Bell Wright. On an occasion, I read the story to a large gathering in the parlors of a big summer hotel. When I'd finished, a rather pompous, austere, stout, elderly lady got up and said: "I think your book would have been more moral, Mr. Dodge, if Skinner had told Honey that he had deceived her and had been forgiven by her." To which I replied: "I understand that Skinner did tell her and was properly forgiven. But that was after the book was published."

A woman who conducted a book shop in a large city wrote me that she wouldn't consider for a minute handling *Skinner's Dress Suit*, simply on the grounds that Skinner had deceived his wife. I wrote back that if she refused to sell or rent books to every man in her city who had deceived his wife she had better go out of the book business. To this I got a withering retort by mail and there the matter ended.

While on the subject of Skinner, here's an irrelevant bit. When the story was made into a motion picture by the Essanay people in Chicago, Harry Beaumont, director, and Hazel Daly, who played Honey, were married; subsequently, when Skinner was again made into a picture by the Universal, William Seiter, director, and Laura La Plante, who played Honey, were married. Coincidental sequel: Bryant

Washburn, the original Skinner, and his wife were subsequently divorced. So there you are.

While on the subject of Skinner, here was an unlooked-for and most amusing experience: a curious, dark little chap of foreign brand ran a movie house called the Scenario, somewhere in the neighborhood of Newark. I chanced to meet him at the distributor's office and he asked me if I wouldn't appear in person at his theatre on a certain evening. I consented.

My wife and I went to a café for dinner and there thought up a lot of absolutely sure-fire vaudeville jokes that had diverted us through the ages. I made a list of them.

BETWEEN the shows in the evening I was introduced. I made a few conventional remarks about moving pictures in general, and then having said, "and that reminds me of a story," got off one of my sure-fire jokes that had absolutely nothing to do with the case. To my surprise, it didn't take. Not a laugh. I tried another. Same result. And a third. Not even a smile on any one of those stolid faces. And so it went through the whole list. Each sure-fire joke fell upon sterile soil, rock-bound soil, so to speak.

When I stepped down I got a big hand, which, from the way my stories had been received, I didn't quite know how to interpret. My manager friend slapped me on the back, laughing fit to kill. "What's the idea?" said I. "Not a laugh, not one."

"They're all Polacks," said he. "They don't know a word of English."

And then it dawned on me that my little dark friend was notoriously the practical joker of the business.

Some years ago the matter of vacations for white-collar men was a moot subject throughout the length and breadth of the land. Hamilton Holt of the *Independent*, a learned, dignified and conservatively controversial magazine of weekly issuance, commissioned me to get up an interview on the subject from some conspicuous person. I pondered the matter and concluded that "Uncle" Russell Sage would be the most available, since he'd given the subject much thought. Mr. Sage was quite notoriously opposed to vacations, or any other "frivolous" thing. Very good. I tackled him on the subject. He consented.

In the article, Mr. Sage took the ground that it was no more just for an employee to ask his boss for two weeks off with pay than it was for the boss to ask his clerk to work for him for two weeks for nothing. He further urged that vacations disorganized office work, often throwing the burden of one man's duties upon the shoulders of another man. But his most serious claim was that persons not only spent what the boss allowed them, but very often much more of their own savings than they could afford and, still further, that they actually returned from vacations more worn out than when they started.

THE old gentleman signed the article. He was rather jubilant, I thought. He expected, he said, to get letters of congratulation from business men who were, of course, of his opinion. There was no doubt in his mind that he would be roundly abused by clerks and the like, all of which he could stand, he said. And he could, no doubt, for he was a very rugged man.

The *Independent* printed the article. Subsequently I learned from Mrs. Sage that "Uncle" Russell received many letters from business men, taking him roundly to task for having issued such a statement. They predicted that he was putting ammunition into the hands of the socialists, who would use it to show up how the very rich were seeking to impose on the poor working man. He received no letters, threatening or even caustic, from socialists. But he did receive quite a number from young married men, who thanked him for the stand he had taken, claiming that their wives had been urging them to go away for a couple of weeks, a bit of extravagance they couldn't afford, and that they'd used his article very often as an effective argument against it.

The article brought upon Mr. Sage's venerable head a vast epistolary avalanche of exhortation, abuse, profane and bitter insult from proprietors of summer resort and other kinds of vacation enterprises in all parts of the United States. Mrs. Sage showed me some of the letters. One man from the Northwest, the proprietor of a great summer hotel, after calling "Uncle" Russell every profane thing under the sun, wound up by protesting that all his life he'd

been an atheist, but that now he was trying to get religion so that he would know there was a hell, and that he'd have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sage there.

Mr. Sage never batted an eye nor turned a hair. He stood by his guns like a true sport, pocketed the insults, and let it go at that.

I can not tell you what a sensation, that is, how much talk, Mr. Sage's article on vacations caused. A prominent editor told me that he considered it the biggest journalistic stunt that had been pulled off in ten years.

In commenting on the attacks on Mr. Sage, Mrs. Sage told me the story of the shingles. Coming from the lady herself it made the thing doubly humorous. Mr. Sage, it seems, was being sued by one Laidlaw on the ground that when the crank, Norcross, had tried to blow up the financier with a bomb, he, Sage, had seized Laidlaw, who chanced to be present on clerical business, and used him as a shield. The great Joseph H. Choate had taken Laidlaw's case without fee. He had been hectoring "Uncle" Russell to the limit. That and the insufferable stuffiness of the court room had so affected Mr. Sage that he was compelled to take to his bed. Being the money king of America, it was quite natural that hourly bulletins of his condition should be issued from the house on Fifth Avenue. Reporters were constantly camped on the door-step.

One morning Mrs. Sage said to the maid: "If any young men from the press come to-night, I'll see them myself." Very good. A spick-and-span young man, Harvard type, representing the *Sun*, called that evening with another reporter. Said Mrs. Sage:

"There is no use making all this wild, sensational hullabaloo about Mr. Sage's condition. He's not mortally ill by any means. Just now he only has the shingles. Did you ever have the shingles?"

"No, ma'm," said the *Sun* man. "But I know what it is. It's a broad belt of rash extending almost around the body. If the ends meet, it's fatal."

Next morning the world at large was relieved by the glaring headlines in the *Sun*: "Mr. Sage not dangerously ill. Mrs. Sage says that just now Uncle Russell only has the shingles, but she expects that in a short time he'll have the whole house."

It was when Ross Flower, Democrat, was running for Governor against J. Sloat Fasset, both up-State men. The famous Richard Croker, possibly the most absolute dictator Tammany Hall ever had, was in full control in New York City. Also, his influence throughout the State was very powerful. The editor of a great magazine asked me to interview the Boss on the issues of the campaign. There was no doubt the whole country would be interested in what he might say. It might, in fact, have weight with up-State votes.

I went up to Mr. Croker's house early one morning. He was still at breakfast, but left the table and came into the front room to see me at once. Mr. Croker was always considerate that way. I told him what I wanted and for whom I wanted it.

"Why," said he, "I'm not a writer. I wouldn't undertake to get up such an article as that."

Said I: "I've known you for a long time, Mr. Croker. I've interviewed you many

times. I know your views almost as well as you do yourself. If you'll let me weave them into an article, I'll do so, and submit it for your approval and signature."

"Go ahead," said the Boss.

I next went to a lawyer friend, B—, one of the greatest scholars of the day, who was quite as familiar with Mr. Croker's views as I was. Together we concocted the article—mind you, Mr. Croker's views and nothing else. My lawyer friend did the writing. And here a most curious error of judgment occurred, to me wholly unaccountable. B—, although he must have known that Mr. Croker was not a scholar, had, in writing the article, used one or two brief Latin phrases. These I at once cut out without consulting B—. Otherwise, the story was written in very plain but elegant English.

Very good. Mr. Croker took the article, went over it with a number of his Tammany Hall confrères, made a few changes and signed it. To be frank, it was a cracker-jack. My editor friend was tickled to death with it, and at once handed me my commission check. Mind you, this was only a part of the compensation I had expected, for as my lawyer friend and I had done all the work, and as we



Suddenly Fasset took off his coat, and proceeded in his shirt sleeves

knew that Mr. Croker under no circumstances would accept any compensation, we were looking for him to turn the check which the magazine would send him, over to us.

However, two or three days later when I called on the editor, I was told that a check had been sent to Mr. Croker and that he had returned it. I was in something of a dilemma. I couldn't very well ask the editor for the money, since he wasn't aware that I had done anything else than act as commissioner. So I hid me to Tammany Hall, saw the Boss, and told him about it. He sat down and wrote the magazine people that the check had been returned to them under a misapprehension, and that they would do him a favor by handing it over to me. This they did. I immediately handed to my lawyer friend his half—he had already received his half of my commission. So all was well on the Potomac.

FEW articles ever created more talk. Newspapers all over the country quoted it *ad lib*. Editors and paragraphers commented upon it, scathingly or fulsomely, according to their political complexion. It was discussed in clubs. The question was as to who had written the article. For, as I have said, it was nothing more or less than classic in style. On one occasion, a wealthy politician came into B——'s office and there, in my presence, got into an argument with another politician about the Croker article, and pulling out a roll of bills offered to bet one thousand dollars right then and there that Bourke Cochran was the author of it. Can you beat that? Neither B—— nor I batted an eye. As a matter of fact, the editor of the magazine even never knew who wrote the Croker article.

Incidentally, J. Sloat Fasset, while making his campaign speeches, was chaperoned around the city by Lispenard Stewart, a very elegant and fashionable member of the Four Hundred. One evening the pair went downtown to an East Side club. Both were in evening dress. The night was warm. Fasset, on the platform, speaking to the upturned faces of a large number of tough East Side Republicans, conceived it would be a good scheme to play down to them. Suddenly he paused, commented upon the extreme heat of the hall, took off his coat, threw it on a chair, and proceeded in his shirt sleeves. A politician told me that by that very act, by the tactlessness of it—a thing which Fasset really thought a stroke of genius—he lost a great many votes. The sentiment was: "He thinks we're a tough lot and wants to appear tough, too. Thanks for the compliment. Good-night."

Flower won in a walk. So much for amateur politics.

Adropus is the legend that when William Waldorf Astor, subsequently Viscount Astor, father of the present Lord Astor, was running for Congress against Ross Flower, he made the rounds of bar-rooms with his political guide, ordered drinks for the crowds, threw down twenty-dollar gold pieces and told the bartender to keep the change. Flower, an astute old Democrat, watched his foe with grim satisfaction, stayed quietly in his office, didn't even make a speech, and permitted Astor to elect him to Congress.

Fasset and Astor didn't play true to form. They were too obviously condescending. Their audiences immediately recognized the fact, resented it.

Here's an incident which shows that one must be

meticulously exact in dealing with famous characters. He never can tell what construction may be put upon any trivial error. But, as a matter of fact, errors apparently trivial may not be as inconsequential as one imagines. Some years ago, I was commissioned to write a booklet entitled *Forty Years on Twenty-third Street*, for a great bank that had been located there for a long time. I was selected to do the job because, as a youth, I had practically spent all of my days in the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street and Madison Square Park with boy companions.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel was a rendezvous for a very large number of men who had made history. For this was at a period only a few years subsequent to the Civil War. My cousin, the son of a famous politician, used to haunt the corridors of the great hostelry, and on many an occasion indicated to me men who had either purposely or unconsciously occupied the spotlight or were occupying it at the time. Thank goodness, that even then, a small boy, I was gifted with enough gumption to be appreciative of the famous characters that were pointed out to me, and with a tenacious memory. I can see them now as plainly as if it were yesterday. I don't believe there are many men to-day who had the good fortune to see all of these men. It was as if they had been assembled there. Many a time one with a camera could have, in a single day, "taken" a score of America's most famous persons right there on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street.

There was General Winfield Scott and Commodore Vanderbilt. No man could have been so much a king as the Commodore looked. And there was Thurlow Weed, king-maker, modern Warwick, so-called, Lincoln's unofficial ambassador to England, always leaning on the arm of his daughter Harriet, often pausing to confer with Uncle Gilbert Cummings Davidson, Treasurer of the State Republican Committee, and closest friend and adviser to the old king-maker. Occasionally, I used to see Secretary Seward and his son Fred. Fred carried a gold plate in his head, result of a dagger thrust when he defended his father against assassination in Washington. And we youngsters were always fascinated by Kate Chase, daughter of Salmon P. Chase, the most beautiful woman of the Lincoln administration. Now and then one caught a glimpse of the aristocratic General George B. McClellan, who saved the hotel from destruction by the

mob during the draft riots. And with him would be Charley Delmonico of tragic memory. Years later the General was living out in the Orange mountains. Delmonico sought to visit him there. It was night and a blizzard. He could get no vehicle to take him from the station. He tried to make it on foot, but wasn't strong enough. Days later he was found frozen to death in a snow bank.

I remember perfectly Benjamin Nathan, the great Jewish banker and philanthropist, protagonist in the most famous murder mystery that ever baffled the criminologists of America. Also, I used to see Cyrus Field and his friend Peter Cooper. No one could be as benevolent as Peter looked. And properly so, for the Institute he founded sent, through its graduates, constructive influences to all parts of the world. Many years later, I asked Mr. Field for an interview, and he declined. "I haven't time, dear boy. I haven't time even to say my prayers."

I remember as if it were only a week ago the marvelous grace with which Edwin Booth threaded his way through the throng of famous men, known to every one of them personally, beloved of them all. I used to wonder that Mr. Booth, although he smiled occasionally, usually bore a mien as melancholy as that of the Dane he'd so long impersonated. And I used to see Samuel J. Tilden in frock coat and famous plug hat, and John Kelly, Boss of Tammany. The most famous Damon and Pythias of the procession were James G. Blaine and Henry W. Raymond of the *Times*, admitted by all to be the most brilliant editor of the day. It was a common thing to see Chester Arthur, the President, and Roscoe Conkling, the man who made him President, conferring together in front of the great hotel. Their statues are now in the park opposite.

BUT the man to whom they all lifted their hats, who gave them all, it seemed to me, an inferiority complex, was the incomparable Henry Ward Beecher. I noticed this, that even when the most notable men, Republicans, Tammanyites, Jews, or Christians, were talking in pairs or in groups, and Beecher appeared, they all rushed up to shake hands with him. I don't think I ever saw a man of such poise, one so sure of himself, yes, one it seemed to me, so conscious of his intellectual superiority, yet so democratic.

While writing the booklet, I went to the offices of the estate of Amos R. Eno, former owner of all that property, and consulted an old copy of the *New York Herald* on file there. In it I saw an account of some happenings in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel which made relevant a brief survey of the history of the place. In mentioning the notables, Prince of Wales, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, Charlotte Cushman, and others, occurred the line: "It is said that Lincoln used to come and go, and always at night in order to escape attention." This unfortunate quotation precipitated upon me a vast mass of censure, carping criticism.

I had never realized that Lincoln had so enormous an army of worshippers, men who prided themselves that they were familiar with every chapter and letter of his career after he had reached the Presidency, men who had, in fact, elected themselves high champions of the Great Emancipator and who

(Continued on page 65)



In his workshop the craftiest one showed me crooked roulette wheels



Chinese Drama in "The Garrick Gaieties"

THE Theatre Guild has brought out a new, first-class edition of that revue which started some years ago as an outlet for the superabundant spirits of its younger set. It is gay and ingenious, and witty enough to distract your thoughts from the heat and the humidity. Above, you have Albert Carrol, one of our best impersonators, taking a

shower bath in the Chinese manner, with Edwin Gilcher officiating as property man. A subtle satire, excellently done, on both the Chinese players and a current dramatic hit. The summer is not likely to produce a better revue, and you must not miss it, if only because of the hilarious sketch in which Philip Loeb figures as Grover Whalen—E. R. B.

VANDAMM



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Once upon a time there was an English musical comedy called "Dear Love," which started on its way to New York production. But a lot of things happened to it on the way—George Hassell and Aileen Stanley (left), Phil Baker and his accordion, Vera Pearce and Harry Welch slipped into the cast, and it became a revue with a title that makes it seem homelike to New York playgoers—"Artists and Models," modified by the subtitle "Paris - Riviera Edition of 1930"

Will Rogers, needing new outlets for his restless talents, has gone into the pictures in a big way. First he turned his attention to the comedy so popular on the stage a few seasons ago—"So This Is London." Appearing with him are Irene Rich, Frank Albertson and Maureen O'Sullivan. Frank Bacon's famous rôle in "Lightnin'" comes next, and beyond that the schedule includes Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court"



VANDAMM



WHITE

Aristophanes, greatest of Greek comic dramatists, wrote a wise and penetrating satire about a war to end war, called "Lysistrata." For twenty years the young Greeks have been killing each other off until under the leadership of Lysistrata the women of Greece unite to deny the comfort and delight of their presence to their men until a treaty of peace has been signed. This counter-attack works—with great gusts of incidental farce and lusty comedy by the way. Norman Bel Geddes has conceived a set of striking beauty to frame the fine acting of a group of players, which includes Hortense Alden and Ernest Truex (left)

Originally "The Tavern" was produced as straight melodrama and received rather coldly by audiences. Then George M. Cohan had an inspiration and burlesqued it into a satire which won instant favor. Recently he has revived it as part of his repertoire of former successes and it is as funny as ever. To the right is pictured Mr. Cohan as the philosophical vagabond and Joseph Allen as the hired man—a very famous hired man who originated that expressive and now colloquial phrase—"What's all the shooting for?" "The Song and Dance Man" is the second of the revivals

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



PHOTOS BY
VANDAMM

Blazing with color and dripping with lavish display, the new "Earl Carroll Vanities" have come to town. To the left is Jimmy Savo, who heads a long cast, including Herb Williams, Jack Benny and Patsy Kelly, recently of "The Sketch Book." The chorus is in keeping with the traditionally large scale of hot weather productions, designed to delight the eye and distract the mind without seriously taxing the intellect. The ladies of the ensemble are good looking and lively, and there is pleasant music, supplied by E. Y. Harburg and Jay Gorney



To the right is the lovely Norma Shearer, whose popularity has lately mounted to a high pitch. "The Divorcée," in which she starred with Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery and Conrad Nagel, will be followed next month by a picture version of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy "Let Us Be Gay." The cast will include the perennial Marie Dressler, Rod La Rocque and Raymond Hackett

FOLLOWING THE BALL



WHEN Ab, the greatest hunter of his tribe, some thousands of years ago evolved his first crude stone-throwing sling, he made a discovery relatively as momentous as Mr. Einstein's. And when he found that stones rounded by rushing water best suited his purpose for a missile, he also discovered the first ball!

The baseball, the football, the golf and tennis, the basketball and the polo ball and the other balls that are used by different people in different games in every land the world over to-day can be traced back directly to this: the first ball of history. It was this kind of a ball, a stone shaped and moulded by the tide, that was used in the first sport the world ever knew. This sport took place many centuries after the ancient man stalked his prey and obtained food with sling and stone; it took place centuries even before the Christian era, when a shepherd was tending his flocks upon a hill destined to become the most famous hill in history, the Mount of Olives.

Walking along the slopes of this hill in the heat of the deadly sun, the shepherd stumbled, one day, and with the curve of his crook which was trailing loosely at his side, struck by mistake a small, round stone. The stone, hit cleanly, bounded and clattered down the hillside and then suddenly disappeared. The shepherd was interested; he scrambled down to the spot where the stone had vanished, wondering what agency had caused it to act in that way. Immediately he saw the solution of the mystery. The stone had merely fallen into a rabbit-hole. No mystery at all!

Grasping his crook by the end, he found another and rolled it toward the hole, and most of the remainder of the day he paid little attention to his flock. That night, he met a shepherd friend and told him what had happened. To be sure, he exaggerated; but, occasionally, exaggeration is the soul of sport. And his friend was so interested that the next morning they both let their flocks wander while they spent their time hitting rounded stones with their crooks into rabbit-holes along the hillside. Invariably the man who had first discovered the pastime won; won simply because he saw the necessity of picking out the smoothest and the roundest stone. His friend, irritated at his own lack of success, then made the accusation that has rung down the ages. He accused his companion of having practised on the same course before and being used to it.

To make the contest fairer, the defeated shepherd accordingly suggested that they find another rabbit-hole and try hitting the stone from a greater distance. But by this time the sheep of the two flocks were stray-

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By John R. Tunis
Illustrated by Lowell Balcom

ing far away over the surrounding countryside, grazing on a patch of land perhaps a half a mile square. And so the two men started retrieving their sheep and hitting the ball at the same time. A series of holes was discovered which made it possible for them to play their game; and by gradually transcribing a circle they continued to keep within the boundaries of this rough course, and, more important still, within eyesight. But still the first shepherd continued to win. Because he realized that a perfectly rounded sphere was far more likely to roll true than one ever so slightly uneven.

Now, jump ahead a half a dozen centuries in the history of the ball. We are in the Rome of the Emperors, the Rome of the Coliseum with its chariot races and gladiatorial contests, its games and amusements for prince and people alike. The rounded stone has been changed for a more perfected ball; indeed, three different kinds of balls. From ancient Greece has come the *foliis*, the inflated bladder used in Harpastoun, a kind of indoor football in which the ball is thrown into the opposing goal. Still another ball is the small oval of wood used in catching games, which are very popular in Rome of the period; while the third ball is the *paganacia*, so called after the game it produced. This is a ball of stuffed feathers, bound in heavy leather, larger than our baseball, smaller than our football. Of all games of ancient Rome, this seems to be the one most enjoyed by the populace; of all balls *paganacia* is the favorite.

What was it like, this game of *paganacia*? Well, imagine a mass, a mob, a jumble of

men in short tunics, a wildly swaying crowd of players with sticks, hitting mostly in the air. At a distance of several hundred yards you observe two long poles stuck in the ground; gradually from the assembled throng you perceive design and reason. To hit those upright poles with a clumsy, unruly ball bobbling along the ground is the object of *paganacia*, the golf of the populace of ancient Rome.

As far as you can see, in all directions about the open spaces of the Campagna, games are going on. Each team wears tunics of one color; with each game is the umpire dressed in a garment half the color of one team and half the color of the other, to show impartiality. You notice that their sticks are the crudest of weapons; branches of trees, crooked mallets fashioned from walking-sticks, clubs made in the roughest manner from any chance piece of wood that presents. If the club is a clumsy instrument, the ball is more so. When they stop for a moment to revive a teammate who has had his wind knocked out—in those days golf was far more like hockey and hurley than it is to-day—you examine this peculiar ball. First, it is made of feathers, a fact betrayed by the cut in the side where it has just come into contact with a sharp rock. Uneven, coarsely conceived and coarsely made, its cover is of leather, and it bounds and bounces now this way, now that, without the slightest trace of regularity. Yet it stands up well under the fierce attacks it receives from those heavy weapons carried by the players as they clout it down the field, sometimes making it rise as much as ten feet above the ground. No subtlety, no finesse, no delicacy in this game is possible. Simply because of the ball. With such a ball, subtlety, finesse are out of the question. Hammer and slug—get the thing anywhere, anyhow, so it is away from your own goal. Its unreliability prevents passing, prevents any science in the game as we understand the word to-day; the winner is the team that hits the opposing pole first, and that is all that there is to it. No lines, no boundaries, no limits to the number engaged.

SUDDENLY a chariot draws up along the main highway in a cloud of dust. A man in a tunic of mesh, carrying on his arm a shield with the Roman fasces upon it, blows loudly on a horn suspended from his shoulder. The games stop instantly, the players from all sides desert their goals, the balls are left upon the turf, while the men crowd about the messenger from the city. Standing on his chariot, he proclaims his news: the Helvetii threaten the regions of the Po and the Apennines; the Proconsul is to march against them and over into the unknown territory to the northward. The campaign against Gaul has begun. To a man, the players, now legionaries of the Emperor, stream back into the city. Their leader

Do You Know That:

*The polo ball is the most durable of all modern balls?
There are two kinds of official baseballs: indoor and outdoor?*

A hundred and eight kinds of balls are in use in various parts of the globe today?

The court tennis ball has been unchanged for a thousand years?

The golf ball is the earliest ball known to history?

The lacrosse ball is the only ball made of pure rubber?



calls, once again his veteran troops fall in under the standards of Imperial Rome.

But as they march northward from the city down the famous Appian Way and past the very fields where they have been pursuing their games of *paganacia*, they carry with them enough of those oddly shaped little balls to be sure that they will have sport in lands that fall before their leader beyond the Alps. When the mighty Cæsar conquers a nation, the country stays conquered. These men are the reason.

And so the ball traveled north. There in the old garrison spots along the Mediterranean, in the old outposts that became first trading centers and then villages, and finally, as warriors of Cæsar settled down and married with the natives and took possession of the land, towns and cities with names like Arelate, Massilia and Narbonne that to-day we know as Arles and Marseilles and Narbonne—there, at long last, came the ball. The ball of ancient Rome, the ball used for sport in the capital of the Empire. They fought in breastplate and buckler, these legionaries of Cæsar; but they brought with them a ball, a ball curiously antique in appearance; in principle as modern as the twentieth century.

From this ball, carried into Gaul by the troops of Cæsar, and from the game which they played with it, develops another ball. And a more modern game, *jeu de maille*, the popular game of France of the Middle Ages. For now we are in the France of the Crusades, the France of huge castles tucked away upon the summits of the hills, with the village of the seigneur nestled about its gray walls for protection. This is a time when every man is either a noble or the vassal of a noble. And even in these days one finds the ball and the game; the game that is really golf although it is called *jeu de maille*, the game of the mallet or hammer, to distinguish it from *jeu de paume*, our old friend, handball, the game of the palm. No, there is nothing new under the sun.

Jeu de maille was played by the nobility of old France up and down the *Routes Nationales*, the highways of the kingdom. The thick hedges along the roadsides were the boundaries of the course. When the Lord of Semur sliced his drive and buried his ball in the thick greenery, he lost three points. This was the first of all hazards in games and the first handicapping known to any ball game in history.



The implement used was longer than our modern club, with an end four inches wide by two long, attached to the handle. The

ball was not the clumsy, ill-shaped ball of the Roman soldiers; but the first modern ball, the work of the artisans of the castle. It was about as big as a small peach, as round and symmetrical as any ball in any sport to-day, and the workmen of the Lord fashioned it from one single piece of wood. Out of the root of the boxwood tree, which grew in profusion along the highways of France, this ball was made, the most perfect, the most exact implement for games that we have yet seen in any land. By the time of

the Middle Ages this boxwood ball was used all over the country by those who cared for games and sport.

Gradually, after several centuries, this peculiar game with the boxwood ball spread to the north. It was taken up in the Low Countries, but there were difficulties to contend with, difficulties which did not arise in France. Roads, long, straight roads, were scarce; canals and ditches intersected them, and for some time the burghers were unable to accommodate the game to their own landscape. Until one winter day it was tried, by mistake, upon ice. On ice, and on skates, this *jeu de maille* was the game superb. But for one thing. The ball.

The round, smooth ball of boxwood root was unsuited for the game of the Low Countries. It was so perfect a ball that when it struck it went skimming for a hundred yards over the ice; impossible to control it, impossible even to retrieve at times when it had been hit hard. And so a heavier, slower ball was necessary, and various substances were experimented with. At last an iron ball was adopted as satisfactory. And Dutch burghers, on skates, with clubs far better proportioned than the French clubs, tried out this iron ball. Yet even this ball was too fast.

Accordingly, the size was altered in shape, and the ball moulded like an egg, a shape that effectually prevented it from being hit too far. This ball was instantly adopted, and in a short while the game became almost the national sport



of the Low Countries. All winter long, rotund burghers in red coats and blue pantaloons threw themselves about the ice in pursuit of that wiggling, bobbing ball of iron. So popular did it become that it seemed as if the entire land was doing nothing but playing *Kolbe*. Why *Kolbe*? *Kolbe* means club in Dutch; it stood alike for the piece of wood with the steely blue handle—this iron ball was also responsible for the introduction of the first club of steel—which was used to hit the ball, as well as for the game itself.

ONE late winter day a Scotch ship, the *Good Home*, from Inverness, went ashore on the outer bars of the *Zuider Zee*, and the crew was rescued and brought into Amsterdam. Most of the men were in a dangerous condition after fighting for days the North Sea in its most treacherous mood, and for a week they remained convalescing, watching their hosts on queer long skates hitting a piece of iron with a stick that had a shaft of steely blue metal attached. *Kolbe* the game was called, and as the sailors grew better, one or two of them tried it. Before the day of their departure home arrived and the boat was clearing Amsterdam for Inverness, these Scotchmen had become addicts of the game, and they carried home a set of clubs and some iron balls. So was golf introduced into Scotland.



But a hitch arose when they first tried the game upon the plains and the sand dunes of Moray Firth. Excellent on ice, the oval-shaped lump of iron was useless on dirt; it clung to every obstacle in the ground; in fact, it stubbornly resisted a good, full-blooded drive. And so these ingenious sailors set to work to discover a substitute; in an idle moment between trips one of them hit upon a ball that seemed perfect. From the breast of a fowl he plucked a sufficient number of feathers to make a small ball when rolled and tightly squeezed in the palm of his hand. This he wound round and round with yarn until he had a faultless sphere.

This ball was ideally adapted for the bleak stretches of moorland about the town. It could be hit with the iron-faced club for longish distances; it would even sink into the holes in the ground made by the sailors as a substitute for the stick stuck in the ice. Before long every one in town was playing the game; soon it spread throughout the country, and at last, after a period of years, all Scotland began to pick it up. From high to low, king and commoner enjoyed this sport of the Dutch which had been adopted from the French, who had taken it over from the Romans, who had learned it



from their descendants, who discovered it in their travels, played by the shepherds of ancient Palestine. And the Dutch name, *Kolbe*, soon became corrupted by the Scotch peasants to the word, *Kowf*.

NO ONE was too high, no one too important, in Scotland of the year 1500, not to have time for a game of *Kowf*. John Knox, the famous preacher of Edinburgh, often shocked the good folk of the city by engaging in a gentle game of a Sunday afternoon following divine service. He played upon the course near Leith, a course whose fairways are much the same to-day as they were four hundred years and more ago. The ball of feathers and yarn was soon made scientifically, although many players still manufactured their own supplies. But the majority bought a ball which had been carefully prepared and was sold in the marketplace for the game of *Kowf*. Even the lords and ladies of the court of Holyrood Palace enjoyed the sport, which by this period had begun to be popular south of the border also.

That is what James II of Scotland, at the time the Duke of York, discovered for himself when he went to the capital for a visit in the summer of 1681. Fancying himself at the game so universal in his native land, he was surprised to find more than one English noble his master. One night he took on two of his golfing opponents at a game of cards, in White's, then the leading club of London. The Duke lost. Both his money and his temper. A dispute arose over the game; did he or did he not owe money on a certain card? Words flew about the table, swords were drawn; for a moment the situation looked serious. Older men intervened, the swords were knocked down; but the issue remained. One did not, it was true, fight a duel with a Duke, the son of a King. Yet it was a debt of honor. How to settle it? The Englishman solved the problem with a touch of scorn for the stranger from the north who could not even hold his own at his native sport.

"Choose, your Grace, choose as a partner any Scotsman in all London. Tomorrow, at the hour of ten, we four will meet upon the plains of Hampstead, there to decide the issue at your Highness' favorite game."

A clever move. The Englishman knew that the Scottish court was sitting, and that no Scottish noble would be available in the length and breadth of London. But by his canny insight into human nature and his refusal to lose the gage without a struggle, James II proved himself a true son of Scotland. The next morning, at ten, the barren fields of Hampstead, unkempt,

dusty, windblown, overlooking the city far below, saw a strange sight. In a coach with the royal arms of Scotland, protected by outriders and postilions and an escort of soldiers, the Duke drew up to his meeting place. Beside him on the seat was a strange little man, tied up in a muffler and wearing a tartan plaid. His name was plain John Pattersoune, shoemaker.

The adversaries of the pair were waiting, their equanimity shaken slightly at seeing this bent old man step from the royal coach. They were even more disturbed when, after the ceremonies of starting, the little Scotsman advanced and placed in position the ball for his royal partner. It was not the ball of feathers and yarn to which all Scotland and, indeed, all England were accustomed. Instead it was a truer, a rounder, a more spherical ball.

The Englishmen objected. Not vigorously; but they objected. The Duke asserted his rights to play with his own ball, according to the rules of *Kowf*. Finding no contradiction, he proceeded to play. His drive went straight down the field, for there were no rolling fairways or wide expanse of turf upon which to perform wistly miracles in those days. And it was a drive at least twice as far as either of the Englishmen who followed him with the ball of feathers and yarn were able to make. From the start the latter pair were beaten.

On down the course they went, trailed by a curious crowd of lords and ladies who had come to snicker and smirk, but stayed to gaze in wonder at the scion of Scotland and the stooped, gnarled little figure beside him. The two Englishmen, in silken hose and doublet, were left farther behind at every hole; long before the match should have been over, they produced heavy wallets from their servants, who followed in the rear. Fluffy banknotes changed hands, words—none too pleasant—of congratulation were given. The lords and ladies of the court pressed about the bent figure of the little shoemaker to discover what marvel of a ball he had invented. In a rude way, this ball was the first specimen of what was later on to become the gutta-percha ball; a ball that remained in the sport almost two hundred years. But the partner of the Duke was far too busy at the moment to spend time explaining his invention. He was receiving

from his royal partner, in full sight of the English court, the sums that had been won. The Duke was a Scotsman, but he was also a sportsman, and he knew who had won that match.

What sort of a ball was it that had so magically given the future King of Scotland that which every lover of the game desires and every manufacturer of balls advertises to-day, length? It was a ball made in a new way, perhaps the forerunner of all modern balls. The shoemaker had moulded a piece of wax into an exact sphere; around this he had tightly wound his yarn. Instead of a core of feathers he had substance underneath

the covering which gave a longer, truer drive.

But on later attempts to use this ball, it was found that a core of wax would not stand up under the inevitable punishment received. Although the idea of old John Pattersoune was correct, it was almost two hundred years before the "guttie" ball, that is, the ball with the core of gutta-percha, came to be generally adopted. To be sure, the "feathery" as the old ball of feathers was called, underwent improvements; fifty years later it was encased in a leather wrapping which made it more lasting and more durable. I have seen and handled one of these old "feathery" balls in the collection of a famous sportsman who treasures it in the belief that it was the first of all golf balls. No one has yet

deceived him and he still shows it to all comers with a touch of pride in his voice.

With modifications and slight variations and improvements, that gutta-percha ball stayed in the game until the present molded ball. In fact, as late as thirty years ago an old Scotsman living in upstate New York was accustomed to use such a ball every day. He had a queer custom, this old Scot, for every evening in pleasant weather he would walk a mile and a half down the lane and call upon a Dutch friend

of his named Haugen. And as he walked along he would hit an old gutta-percha ball with his cleek, following up with another shot when he caught it again. After a pipe or two with the Dutchman on the porch he would gather himself together, pick up his cleek, take his ball, and drive it homeward down the lane.

The Dutchman had a five-year-old youngster, and one evening while his father and the visitor were in the middle of a political argument, this child got hold of the cleek and began hitting the ball gently about the room. Suddenly his father saw what was going on:

"Drop that—" he shouted in a loud voice.

The boy dropped the club with a clatter.

"Nay, nay," said the old Scot, "leave the laddie play a bit." And he picked up the fallen club and handed it back to the frightened child.

With an awkward movement the boy took it and continued hitting that ball across the faded carpet in his father's sitting room. All this happened a long, long while ago. To-day that frightened child is one of the two best golfers in the world. Some say he is the best. His name is Walter Hagen.

It will thus be seen that golf is an ancient game and that the golf ball was known in other lands and in other shapes and forms to antiquity. In the Rome of the Cæsars the ball took three different shapes. From these three different balls sprung the three different kinds of games in existence to-day: games of the stick like golf, hockey and hurley; games of the racquet like tennis, squash and racquets; and kicking games like football. At present almost every ball we use and every game we play can be traced back to one of these balls of ancient Rome.

The *trigon* was a small ball used in a game played entirely indoors. It was a ball adapted from the Grecian ball which had been largely used to develop the elasticity



of the body; in the Rome of the Emperors it was soon taken over to serve in a kind of handball for which this small sphere of cork was ideally fitted. Unlike *paganacia*, this game was a game played almost exclusively by the upper classes in their bathing houses in the capital, a game whereby the ball was knocked against a marble wall and struck on the bounce. It was of course, the earliest form of handball; directly following their games the young noblemen would plunge into the warmed baths that awaited them.

Just as the *paganacia* went north with the enlisted men of the Roman forces, so the officers and commanders took their ball, the *trigon*, with them. This handball was played in Gaul, France as it later became, just as was the game of the troops, and about the twelfth century we hear it spoken of as *jeu de paume*. At this time the ball was still the ball of cork; but when it was taken over to Ireland by many of the Irishmen who served in the French forces fighting England, a different ball was gradually adopted. The original handball was much like the surf ball so popular on all beaches in this country at the present time; for the youth of Ireland it was considered far too light and the solid ball covered with leather was gradually developed and used for many years. In fact, to-day the Irish rules call for a hard ball covered with sheepskin, and weighing between an ounce and a half and an ounce and three-quarters. It was while using this solid ball, an instrument giving considerable punishment to the player, that handball in Ireland reached almost the status of a national game, and the great John Cavanaugh of Cork, who died in 1818, was an undefeated champion.

"Cavanaugh is dead and has not left his peer behind," said Hazlitt in the *Examiner* shortly after his death. But his descendants carried the sport to the United States, where to-day it is, with soccer football and golf, the fastest growing of all games, although in this country the hard ball soon died out and an inflated rubber ball of gum and carbon weighing between two and two and a quarter ounces is the standard ball. There are at present in American handball two kinds of balls in use: the standard ball as above described, and a hand-wound ball covered with leather, used chiefly by professional players.

THE early handball of cork used by the nobility of Rome was a lighter ball than many of the ones adopted later on by the hardier races. As their physiques softened under lives of pleasure and dissipation, the Romans soon found the cork ball too severe for their tender palms. In order to prevent their hands from becoming cut and battered, they began to wind thongs of leather about them, enabling them to secure speed and yet protect themselves. Gradually the custom spread, and the game in parts of Europe became one played with these bindings of leather around the hand.

About the time of Charlemagne, the greatest of the Carolingian kings, in the year 780 A.D., an attendant at the court dis-

covered a weapon that could be used in *jeu de paume* to save the bare fist. This weapon he called the *Raquetta*, which was another name for the *Opuntia* or floss silk with which in a rough way he had strung up a warped wooden frame with a handle. And from this frame strung in a coarse and rude manner came the first of all racquets. From that time on the name *jeu de paume* was abandoned, as it was obviously no longer the game of the palm, and it was called "Tennis," from the French word "*Tenez*"—meaning "Take it!" Or, as we would say to-day, "Play."

Court tennis, sometimes called royal tennis, was enjoyed by the nobility throughout France and soon spread to England, being played in castles, in palaces, in monasteries, and later on, at the decline of the feudal system, it was much pursued in the dried-up moats of ancient fortresses. The cork ball of the Roman *paganacia* had long since given way to a ball practically the same as that used in this game at the present time, a hard ball covered with leather, one that demands a racquet with the toughest of frames and the stoutest of strings.

Now it is not generally known that the origin of lawn tennis and the development of the lawn-tennis ball, which is used in greater numbers to-day than any other ball the world over, was introduced owing to the desire of an amateur sporting club for increased revenue. In 1868 the All English Croquet Club of Wimbledon, outside London, was in a bad way. Members were dropping off, interest in the game was decreasing, owing to the spread of

bicycling, and income was falling away to nothing. In order to attract new blood, a novel game called Sphairistike, or the tennis of the lawn, was added to the pastimes played upon that sacred turf at Wimbledon. It was played with an old court tennis racquet and a ball of rubber two and a half inches in diameter and one and a half ounces in weight. From this ball was but a step to the felt-covered ball which is to-day used the world over, and is played with at the famous tournament at Wimbledon of the All England Tennis and Croquet Club, the meeting that has frequently been called the clearing house of the modern game.

Like the tennis ball and the golf ball, the football also existed in the times of the Roman Empire. It was called the *foliis*, and used in the game

of *Harpastoun*, a game invented still earlier in Greece. The ball was an inflated ball with a cover of leather; it was used in this game played almost entirely indoors. From the football of Rome we have little trace of this ball for several centuries, although an ancient engraving in the first book ever written about the game, Giovanni de' Bardi's "*Discorso Sopra 'L Giuoco del Calcio Fiorentino*," shows us the game played about the



middle of the 15th century. *Calcio*, as it was then called, was much like our present game, for in this picture we are shown the line-up or kick-off. There are twenty-six men on a side drawn up in precision in this square of old Florence. In front stand the forwards, the "*antiguardia*," in three rows of five each, holding hands. Behind them are the half-backs, or the "*gagliardi*," while defending the goal are the backs, or "*retroguardia*." The goals are small tents and into them this ball about six inches in diameter and weighing ten ounces must be hit or kicked by the players.

THE game, or its counterpart, turned up in Britain, and about the same time we hear of numerous crowds of the lower classes playing it all over the countryside. There were apparently no rules in the English game; anything but murder seems to have been permissible, for in the year 1540, "*Ye footballe*" had become so popular that laws were enacted against it as being a dangerous game. In fact, the first instance of over-emphasis was recorded about that period in these terms:

"Nothing but beasteley fury and extreme violence, whereof proceedeth hurte and consequently rancour and malice to remayne with thym that be wounded, therefor it is put in perpetual silence."

What kind of sport was it thus to be put in "perpetual silence"? Apparently whole towns turned out to compete against each other, and an eye-witness described it as follows:

"He who at any time got the ball into his hands ran with it till overtaken by one of the opposite party, and then if he could shake loose from them on the opposite side who seized him, he ran on; if not, he threw the ball from him, unless it was wrested from him by another party, but no party was allowed to kick it."

And yet despite royal decrees and possible chances of injury, the sport somehow flourished; parish played against parish and county against county, the games taking place over areas several miles in extent, and the sluggish ball, an oval-shaped sphere of about eight inches in diameter, covered with a thick wrapping of hide and filled with moss, was hurled back and forth by hundreds of players.

This clumsy ball, or one much like it, persisted for some time in English football, which began to undergo many changes. In about 1680 the game was, in one form or another, officially recognized at the universities, and was played at Eton, Harrow and the leading English schools. Soon it had become entirely a kicking game, very much like the modern game of soccer, in which any use of the hands, except by the goalie, is against the rules. In the year 1823 one William Webb Ellis playing the game at his school, Rugby, "with a fine disregard for

(Continued on page 61)





Feud at Bentley's

A Short, Short Story

By Ferdinand Reyher

Illustrated by George Wright

THERE was no escape in the city either. He wished to God he might never see his native hills again, and there wasn't a night when he lay on his bed that they didn't rise up before his mind's eye, and in the daytime they would rear themselves magically out of the traffic as he waited on some corner to cross. Mountain blood was in his veins, and a year in college hadn't removed it, any more than it had removed Letitia Hoyt. He knew now that the real reason he had left Bentley's Ford was because he had known that Lafe Hoyt had killed his father and Lafe Hoyt was Letitia's father. Just as he had known that as long as his father lived he couldn't marry Letitia, and as he knew that as long as Lafe lived, Letitia couldn't marry him. What would happen when he went back and shot Lafe he didn't dare think. Certainly it wouldn't be marriage.

He used to lie awake thinking out subtle plots to kill Lafe so that only Lafe would know who had killed him, and to match Lafe's own ingenuity. For Lafe had shot his father with a high-powered rifle using a special bullet, which no one had ever seen him with. It had at once chilled the ardor of the incoming officers, for it might have been from the rifle of a revenue man.

But probably all this thinking had wearied him, and the only thing left was to get the thing done; it didn't matter how, just get the ghastly thing done. Also the helplessness of what existed between him and Letitia had drained him. So he simply bought a high-powered rifle, too, such a one as Lafe had used, slipped it into its case, and took the train for Louisville. In Louisville he changed to a local. From Marchtown he walked to Bentley's Ford, openly on the

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mountain road, except when he struck into the well-remembered shortcuts, through the woods, or over a rise, or along a creek.

Birds sang. A cardinal lighted on a twig seventy yards away, a full city block. He could hit it. He hadn't shot a gun for nearly a year, but he knew he still could hit it, truer perhaps than ever before. Yes, birds sang, but he didn't hear them. Instead he heard the thud of traffic and the steel and granite uproar of the city, and the echo of it in his ears was a sweeter music than all the bird songs of his native hills. There was so little he wanted. Just a girl who had always wanted him, and wanted to get away, too; just to do the work he could do best; just a little share in a world from which his kin had been excluded so long. And in a day or so he was going to be confined in a deeper solitude than any of them had ever known. They were stronger dead than living; they had dragged him back to them with a vengeance.

It suddenly occurred to him that probably Lafe already knew he was back. The moment a stranger passed the glen that hid Rod MacRae's cabin the hill people began to know of it long before they laid eyes on him, and his presence was more startling than any stranger's. Lafe would know what he had come back for, and it would be unusual if he hadn't started out to meet him, or picked an ambush. But he didn't pause; he kept on his way and hardly cast a glance about him, his mind neither on Letitia nor on the city, but on them both in a kind of blank commingling. Yet the very blankness of his thoughts was so absorbing that he

walked unnoticed past the entrance to Pappy Coleman's ravine, which had always been his favorite trail, and when he was reminded of it he hesitated to turn back, but shrugged his shoulders and went on.

Nevertheless he was not as unaware of his surroundings, nor was he as confused with the city, as it seemed. For presently he turned into an obscure path which wound all but aimlessly the long way round until it came out just above Lafe's house, taking twice as long as the road, and as long again as the shortcut through the ravine. Only once in his life had he traversed its entire length: one May afternoon, three months before he had left, and a month before his father was shot, with that bullet which fitted no gun known hereabouts. Then he had traversed its entire length with Letitia.

HE STOPPED at the big oak where they had lingered. He did not know how long he had been standing there, when his attention was aroused by the report of a rifle from the direction of the ravine. He listened intently, but heard nothing more. He instinctively hurried his steps, and now and then left the path to make the way shorter.

Lafe's cabin stood, as it always had stood, glum and forbidding even in the warm sunshine. Had he expected it to be different because she had come back to it from a normal school? What had schooling and a spell in the city done for him, really? Wasn't he back, too, with a rifle in his hands? What change could a little schooling work here?

She had seen him from the window, and when the road led him past the door she was standing there waiting for him. Her face was white, and she held her hands over her breasts. At any rate schooling had given

her the courage to show a little emotion, and to tie her tongue in a new and more telling way. Yet she spoke first.

"Howdy," she said.

"Howdy," he answered, after a moment.

The warm scent of alien spices and cooking came out of the house, and it was the most overpowering thing he had ever known. He had never broken bread with her, and there could be no meaning to his life until he had done so just once. A little treacherous ache happened behind his knees. The rifle dropped from his hand. He let it lie, where Lafe's eye would see it at once. For himself he would never pick it up again. Not all his kin in him were as strong as his simple will not to kill. He would stay in the hills, never speaking to her after today, until Lafe picked him off also with a bullet which couldn't be traced.

"I'm right smart hungry," he said.

"Come—come in," she whispered.

HE WENT in. Aye, but schooling had wrought a little difference within. His heart burned as he sensed with what agony she was clutching to things which could have no abiding home here. His love hurt him so terribly that nothing short of Lafe's bullet could have allayed the pain.

She poured him a mug of crystal water, and he thanked her as might a wayfaring stranger. She set a plate before him. He knew how relieved she was when it had passed safely from her trembling fingers. As she turned away he heard footsteps outside. She took a step as though to put

herself between him and the door. He rose. A shadow fell into the room, and Loney Coleman stood in the doorway. When Loney saw him his mouth fell open.

"Howdy, Lon," he said.

Lon wagged his jaw. "You jes' cum up from Marchtown?"

"Only just now."

VERY soon you may look for a story by one of our most popular authors, Courtney Ryley Cooper, who has been absent from our Magazine for quite a long time. He is writing one of his colorful circus yarns for us—a tale of a wounded wolf, captured in the west, who lives his life in the circus menagerie with but one idea—to get back to freedom.

Other features to appear soon are timely articles on sports by such experts as James B. Connolly, Damon Runyon, Charley Paddock and Jack O'Donnell.

"Then thet 'counts fur et. By the ravine?"

"No, by the long path—past the big oak." He could feel her glance.

"Thet 'counts fur et," Lon repeated, and swung his hat in front of his face as though he were suddenly hot.

"For what?" she asked quickly.

"Pappy and me war movin' the little still when we heard a shot in the ravine," he said, not looking at her. "When we went daown we found him."

"Found—who?"

"Lafe." The girl held herself rigid to the table. His hand stole toward hers but did not dare touch it. "He war lyin' on his face in a spoonful o' water, with a rifle in his hand. He war waitin' fur someone, asettin' on a little nubble thet sticks out from the side o' the hill where the laurel's thickest, front of a hollow pine. The nubble gave way under him. Pappy said the freshet hed ate et out under."

"But that's no drop," he almost protested to Lon, "and Lafe was like a cat on his feet, no matter how much corn was in him. And the rifle—you said he had it in his hands?"

HE HED two rifles. The one in his hand was a strange weapon loaded prime. Pappy said et abeen cached in the pine, 'case the wrappins' war lyin' thurabouts. When Lafe got et out, Pappy said, he stood his own rifle 'gin the pine. When the ground broke his rifle drapped and hit a stone. Et war lyin' thur, caught on a root, and still p'intin' arter him. Pappy said et war aimed so plum center et bored a hole in the back o' Lafe's head like as though the Almighty hed aimed et."

His hand fumbled for hers. He heard the roar of city traffic, and it was like a cardinal's song.



"You jes' cum up from Marchtown?" "Only just now." "Then thet 'counts fur et," Lon said, and swung his hat in front of his face as though he were suddenly hot



"Oh, don't apologize," said Sheila. "Visitors here nearly always look at our museum pieces first"

The Quest of the Thunderbus

By John Chapman Hilder

Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren

THE preceding installments of this delightfully romantic and highly amusing novel have brought Jerry Marshall through the strange wager with his father, through the chaotic comedy of the Carey boarding-house in Maine, and, by a clever ruse, almost into the presence of the lovely Sheila Carmichael as the next chapters of Jerry's amusing adventures begin.

Part III

"WELL," demanded Mr. Fred Meaney, as the bogus Lord Beauregard threw his hat and stick on the divan of the hotel room, "have you got it?"

"Got what?" asked the newcomer, irritably. "My God," he went on, "what a friend you are! Here I come all the way

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from Maine to give you a complete personal report of the situation and you ask me if I've got it before I even have a chance to sit down. Why can't you do things decently, like a gentleman?" He eased himself into the one available armchair. "What's the rush? Where's the fire?"

Mr. Meaney gave his associate a dirty look.

"So you haven't got it," he said, coldly. "You've come down here to stall again. I know you. When I read your wire saying you were coming I thought to myself, 'stalling again.'"

"You ought to be a detective," observed Lord Beauregard drily.

"A good thing for you I'm not."

"Oh, give it a drink," retorted his lordship. "And give me one, too. And then sit down and be yourself and stop being an ass. There's a lot you don't know that I've sweated down here to tell you. So if you want to hear what I have to say—"

"All right, all right," put in Mr. Meaney, "keep your shirt on."

"You keep yours on, then," grumbled Lord Beauregard. "Started snapping at me the minute I came in the room. Where's that drink?"

"What's the rush?" mimicked Mr. Meaney. "Where's the fire?"

"In my throat," said his partner. "It's full of coal smoke and cinders from the train."

Mr. Meaney produced bottle and glasses, and turned on the cold-water faucet in the bathroom. They were both too English to need ice. "So you've sweated down to give me a personal report, eh?" He chuckled. "I thought that letter would fetch you."

"Clever of you," sneered his lordship. "It did bring me down, but not for the reason you think. One of the reasons I came myself was to try to impress it on your thick head that it's very dangerous to have letters of that kind coming to me up there. When I answered your last one I asked you not to write me any more. Can't you see what would happen if somebody else opened a letter like that by mistake? Or suppose somebody opened it on purpose, out of curiosity? You know these small town post-offices. You never can tell. Old Carmichael gets hundreds of letters. He's got one of those envelope cutters that opens them wholesale. Suppose one of mine got among his by accident? It might easily happen. And if it was a blundering affair like the last one you sent me, the cat would be out of the bag the minute he read it."

Mr. Meaney sipped his whisky and water nonchalantly.

"Dear, dear," he said, "fair got the wind up, haven't you?"

"Well, it's true," retorted his visitor, testily. "Why take unnecessary risks?"

"I don't," laughed Mr. Meaney. "I don't have to take any. You take all the risks. That was part of the bargain. You suggested it yourself, my lad."

"I know. And I'm taking 'em, aren't I? No good adding to 'em, is there?"

"What do you want me to do when I want to let you know I think you're lyin' down on the job? Send you a bunch of violets?"

"I'm on the job. Don't you worry about that."

"How do I know? All the proof I've had so far is a lot of excuses."

"Freddie," said Lord Beauregard, "you're a fool. It's all very sweet for you to fiddle about doing a little bootlegging in the safety of New York and then get impatient because I take longer than you think necessary on a bigger and more ticklish job. I'm after big game and don't you forget it, you measly rum-peddler."

"I know all about that. And you'd better be careful about how you go calling me names."

"Well, you don't know all about it. See? That's what I came down here to tell you. I'm after bigger game than you think. See? And I can't afford to have you botch the whole business by writing me silly letters that may get into the wrong hands and upset my boat."

Lord Beauregard drained his glass and set it down with a sharp clink. His host refilled it.

"I could have pinched the damn formula a dozen times," said Beauregard, a little more mildly. "But that isn't all I'm after. I've decided not to steal it."

"You've what!"

"I thought that would make you sit up," went on his lordship, with a trace of a smile. "But it's all right. I'm not double-crossing you. I've got a better idea than stealing the formula. I'm planning to have it given to me." He then rapidly sketched his scheme, of marrying Sheila and of subsequently consenting to retire from the picture, for a considerable price. "So now," he concluded, "perhaps you can understand why the job has taken longer than we anticipated."

During his recital Mr. Meaney's attitude had changed from one of criticism to one of admiration.

"Stinkpot," he said, "I take back what I said. You are a genius."

"Not at all," replied the other modestly. "I'm ingenious, perhaps. When it's all over and we have both bought villas at Cannes with the proceeds, I'll be ready to admit anything you like. But you see, don't you, why I have to bide my time."

"Of course."

"And now, if you have no objection, I should like to get drunk. The strain of behaving myself and watching my p's and q's has begun to get on my nerves. The Carmichael girl is a nice kid, but she's not my type. I suppose I ought by rights to catch the Bar Harbor Express to-night. But I don't feel like it. Be sure I leave on it tomorrow, will you Freddie?"

"I will," said Mr. Meaney, breaking out another bottle.

CHAPTER VIII

THOUGH entering the Carmichael estate in broad daylight gave him a natural thrill, Jerry's feelings were rather mixed. He glowed with the anticipation of seeing the Old Thunderbus. But at the same time he could not forget that while his visit was ostensibly legitimate, actually it placed him on a par with a burglar who, to study his ground before undertaking a job, gains access to the premises under the pretext of having come to read the gas meter, or inspect the plumbing.

Earlier that morning, when the idea of effecting an entrance by becoming the buyer of one of the Carmichael cars had occurred to him, he had looked forward with pleasure to the possibility of meeting the girl of the train. Now that such a meeting seemed a probability, he found himself shrinking from it and half hoping it would not materialize. He had no scruples about the ethical aspects of his attempt to spirit the Old Thunderbus away from Mr. Carmichael. After all, repossessing something that was stolen from you is hardly stealing. But he had very decided scruples regarding the ethics of be-

ginning, under false pretenses, a friendship which could not conceivably be continued when his own identity became known, as sooner or later it must. He resolved that if a meeting with Sheila could not be avoided, he would do his utmost to be cool and businesslike and impersonal. He would buy a car, so that when other visits to the scene of his operations became necessary, as they would, he could always secure admittance by seeking the advice of Dennis on some mechanical problem. But he would fight shy of further connection with the household.

While these lofty considerations took form in his mind, Jerry used his eyes to good advantage and kept up a patter of conversation with the chauffeur.

"Big place, this," he observed, in the tone of one expressing polite interest.

"Mr. Carmichael likes lots of space," said the chauffeur.

"He seems to have it," continued Jerry, as they bore left at the fork in the driveway and passed the watchman's house concealed in the shrubbery at that point.

"That's a pretty little cottage."

"The head gardener, sir," said Dennis.

"Ah," said Jerry, reflecting that his cicerone was not perhaps as naive as he looked.

The roadway wound in gentle curves through a patch of woodland and then ran through a portion of the perfectly kept golf course which stretched down toward the sea. At the sight of the rolling fairways and vivid, close-cropped greens, Jerry's pulses tingled. He sighed imperceptibly. If only he were not here on a felonious errand! If only he could have the freedom of those links!

Round another wooded bend, the driveway gave onto a broad circular parking space at the left of which stood the garage. It was a long, low frame building of symmetrical design, with a central section two stories high, the upper portion of which, from its curtained windows, Jerry took to be the chauffeur's quarters.

Dennis led the way to the small door in this central section.

"Have to go in this way, sir," he said. "The double doors can't be opened from the outside."

Jerry was on the verge of remarking that that must be rather a nuisance, but thought better of it.

"Keeps out intruders, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Not the natives. We never have trouble with them. It's the summer people, you know, sir, that bother us. They go out on the water and seem to think they have a right to land anywhere and picnic. Our landing's down just behind the garage and strangers sometimes wander up 'ere to nose about. We'll go in this side first, sir, if you don't mind."

The front door led into a square room containing shelves of motor supplies and parts and a desk. On each side of it was another door, glass panelled. It was to one of these that Dennis now referred. Through the panes, Jerry could see a row of immaculate automobiles of various types. He was chagrined, however, to note that the Old Thunderbus was not among them.

"I think you might 'ave almost any of these, sir, except the little Rolls. That's Miss Sheila's own car. Mr. Carmichael gave it to her when she was eighteen, for a birthday present. It's her special favorite. But this little Lancia, sir, or that one next to it, the Sunbeam two-seater, you could have either of those. Or if you wanted a closed car, the little Packard coupé is in good order."



Jerry inspected the three machines critically. Any of them would have suited his purpose, but he was not yet ready to say so. He wanted to see what was in the other wing of the garage. He put out a feeler.

"These are all pretty big," he said. "I'd rather hoped you might have something smaller. I don't really need as big a car as modern cars as these. As a matter of fact, I have a passion for old ones. You know, the kind you have to pray over before they'll start. I like fooling with 'em."

"We 'ave got one old one, that'll run," said Dennis. "I wouldn't recommend it, sir, but you're welcome to look at it if you like. An old Mercedes, it is. No starter."

"That sounds more like it," said Jerry. "Where's she?"

"On the other side, sir. This way."

Walking from one wing of the building to the other, Jerry held his breath. He could scarcely force himself, now that the moment had come, to take the few steps that separated the two sections of the garage. Suppose the Old Thunderbus were not there! Something told him it would not be, that all his maneuvering so far had been in vain. With thumping heart and lagging feet he followed the chauffeur through the other door.

His presentiment had been correct. Several antique motor vehicles met his eager gaze, but the one he had hoped to see was not in sight.

"Old experimental jobs of the master's," explained Dennis. "This is the Mercedes, over here."

Concealing his disappointment as best he might, Jerry stepped over and looked at it. The car was a touring model, of the vintage of 1912, or thereabouts, with high seat-backs and no front doors.

"Mm," he said. "So this is it, eh?"

"A GOOD little machine," pursued Dennis. "Sleeve valve engine. Very quiet and powerful. But hardly the thing for you, sir, if I may say so."

"Perhaps you're right," said Jerry.

"If I might make a suggestion, sir, I think you'd find the little Lancia satisfactory. She's hardly been used at all."

"Perhaps that would be best," said Jerry, trying hard to simulate an interest he no longer felt.

"Would you like to give her a trial, sir?"

"No, no," said Jerry. "If you say she's in good shape, that's enough for me. How much is she?"

"That, sir," answered Dennis, "is something you will have to discuss with Miss Carmichael. If you'll excuse me a moment, I will telephone her."

While Dennis called the house on the private line, Jerry strolled into the garage and looked at the car he had agreed to buy. He did not really want to look at it. He wanted to be out of Dennis's sight so that he could do a little silent cursing and relax the forced pleasantness of his facial muscles. Apparently all his trouble had been for nothing. He had let his hopes rise high. He was about to saddle himself with a car he did not need. And he was going to have to meet Sheila Carmichael and, what was worse, make friends with her. He would be obliged to make friends with her because in no other way could he find out where the Old Thunderbus actually was kept.

He might ask Dennis, of course, but he had a feeling that the chauffeur was the sort

who would close up like a mussel if he thought he were being pumped.

"Miss Carmichael has asked me to drive you to the house, sir."

"Very well," said Jerry. He followed the man outside and got into the car in which he had been brought. The driveway led from the far edge of the parking space and ran parallel to the shore for about a third of a mile. Then it veered slightly inland past a small grove of spruce, where it was joined by another drive coming in from the right. One more bend and the Carmichael house came into view, a picturesque, rambling structure of shingle and clapboard, covered with creepers and climbing roses.

The front door was opened by an elderly serving woman.

"Come in and take a seat, Mr. Maxwell," said she. "Miss Carmichael will be here in a moment."

As Jerry stepped into the large, rather dimly lighted hall, looking for a convenient chair, he suddenly stopped as if he had been shot. For there, but a few yards away, on a low dais, stood the Old Thunderbus. And on the wall beside it hung a duplicate of the photograph in his father's office.

2.

SO ABSORBED was he in examining the spindly little vehicle that he failed to hear Sheila come into the hall. The sound of her voice behind him made him jump and filled him with confusion.

"How d'you do, Mr. Maxwell," she said.

"How d'you do," said Jerry, flushing guiltily.

"I'm sorry if I startled you," said she, with a little smile.

"Not at all," he said, struggling for composure. "I mean, it was my fault. I was so busy looking at the Old Thunder—I mean

the old car—I didn't hear you." Realizing he had made a slip in calling the machine by name, he went on, hastily: "One doesn't expect to find motor cars in people's halls. Extraordinary machine, isn't it. Your father's invention, I suppose?"

To avoid facing her squarely, an ordeal to which he did not quite feel equal, he went over and looked at the photograph on the wall. He had the sensation of a fighter who has just staggered to his feet at the count of nine, but who has not entirely shaken off the effects of the punch that laid him on the canvas. To be confronted with the object of his quest in the last place he would have thought of as a *cache* had been enough to unsettle him, without the additional strain of trying to appear calm in the presence of the only girl he had ever fallen in love with at sight. And that she was even more beautiful minus a hat than with one, and that the sound of her voice made him tingle clear down to the toes, only served to make recovery more difficult.

The picture was the same as the one in his father's office, except for an inscription, which read: "To Billy Carmichael, America's greatest inventor, on the day of his first triumph—Joseph P. Marshall." This tribute gave Jerry another jolt, for its writer had always led him to believe that Mr. Carmichael, far from being the inventor of the Old Thunderbus, had been only an ac-



"Boy," cried Mr. Carmichael, "you've given me a new interest in life."
 "So have you," said Jerry, thinking of Sheila. But he said it to himself. Aloud, he said: "You did it splendidly, sir"

cessory to the enterprise. Could it be that his father had exaggerated the importance of his own contribution to the building of the car? Or was this inscription merely the expression of youthful jubilation, and exaggerated in itself? These questions flashed through Jerry's mind as he tried to pull himself together sufficiently to meet the eye of Sheila Carmichael. He turned to find her watching him with a trace of amusement.

"I beg your pardon," he said, reddening. "You must think me frightfully rude."

"Oh, don't apologize," said she. "Visitors here always look at our museum pieces first. As a matter of fact I'm rather surprised not to have found you lying on your back underneath the car, studying the works. Would you like to? So many people do, that Daddy arranged a special light." She snapped a wall switch and an electric bulb, set in the dais on which the vehicle stood, threw its beams up into the ma-

chinery. "There. Now you can inspect the whole business."

Jerry was nonplused. He couldn't be sure whether she was laughing at him or no. Evidently people did lie on their backs to examine the innards of the Old Thunderbus—the presence of the special light proved that. He had a feeling, however, that they did not fling themselves on the floor immediately on their arrival in the house, before they had had time for the ordinary civilities. That glint of mischief he had noticed in her eyes the first time he had seen her had given him the impression that she might have a touch of the devil in her. Yet her general appearance of demureness tended to offset it.

He would have liked to scrutinize the vitals of the old car; after all, it was the thing he had come way up to Maine to see and he might not again have an opportunity such as this. On the other hand, it seemed important to him at the moment not to begin his acquaintance with this girl by making a fool of himself.

"You don't care to crawl under it?" she asked, as he made no move to do so.

"No thanks," he said; "that is, not now."

"You're not just trying to be polite, I hope?"

"Certainly not. Why?"

"I don't know. You seemed tremendously interested in it before."

"Before you came in," he said.

She looked at him quickly and grinned.

"Not bad. A little fatuous, but not bad."

Jerry grew redder than ever.

"Oh, gosh," said Sheila, "now I've embarrassed you. I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you. It's that awful tongue of mine. Always saying

the wrong thing. It's not my fault entirely. I inherit it from Daddy. He's the world's champion catch-as-catch-can kidder and the only way you can live with him is to kid him back. I've got the habit. Trouble is, Daddy can get away with it because he's really a great man. But even so, people don't like it. Nobody likes us around here. They're afraid of us. They think we don't take 'em seriously enough. You'll probably never want to come here again."

Though she spoke lightly, Jerry wondered if there were not a trace of bitterness in her tone. Or perhaps it was only mockery.

"I gathered from the height of your stone wall that you don't exactly encourage visitors."

"Only uninvited ones. Daddy's afraid they might pocket some of the relics. The house is full of them."

"Rather difficult, I should think. Imagine anybody trying to make off with that one." He waved toward the Old Thunderbus and laughed.

"It would be a bit hard now," assented Sheila, "but it was nearly stolen once."

Jerry started.

No," he said, incredulously.

"FACT. We used to keep it in the garage. Some man got in and chloroformed Dennis in the middle of the night. He rolled the car down to our landing and onto a barge. But he'd figured out everything except the tide, or else it took him longer than he'd expected. Anyway, the barge was stuck tight on the bottom when we found it in the morning, with the little old car sitting up on deck large as life."

"Good lord," said Jerry. "Who on earth would want to steal it?"

"We don't know for sure," said she, "but Daddy thinks it was probably some man sent up by Mr. Marshall."

"Mr. Marshall?"

"Daddy's old partner. The man in the picture over there."

"Is that the Marshall who makes cars now?"

"Yes. Comets."

"But why should he want it?"

"Oh, that's a long story. You wouldn't be interested. But some time if you want to hear Dad get really vitriolic you might ask him about it," she chuckled. "He gets really eloquent on the subject of Mr. Marshall, though I think he's still fond of him in a way. They started out together."

"I see," said Jerry. To be getting this information from this source made him feel a little like an eavesdropper, though he supposed he ought to be grateful that he had been able to learn so much. At least he knew now where the Old Thunderbus was kept, even if the outlook for being able to use that knowledge seemed a trifle dark. He took out his cigarette case and asked permission to smoke.

"Dennis says you'd like to buy our Lancia," said Sheila, sitting down on one end of a long couch.

Jerry, sitting on the other end, nodded. "If you'd care to part with it," he said.

"That's all settled. I spoke to Dad—usually he hates to sell anything; he's a funny old bird—"

"And he agreed?"

The girl laughed.

"He told me to use my own judgment."

Jerry felt himself grow very red again. He could not feel convinced that she was not making fun of him.

(Continued on page 50)





EDITORIAL

TO THE NEW GRAND LODGE MEMBERS

THERE are approximately fifteen hundred Representatives of the subordinate Lodges who, by virtue of their election as such, are privileged to take part in the deliberations of the Grand Lodge at its approaching Convention in Atlantic City. Nearly all of them are newly qualified members of that body. A very large percentage of them have never attended any previous Conventions of the Order, in any capacity. In a few days, those who intend to undertake the duties of their office will be on their way to the national gathering. And it would seem timely to remind them of what is properly expected and required of them.

In the first place, they should have a keen appreciation of the importance and dignity of their mission. Those who regard it merely as an opportunity to make a holiday journey and to enjoy the associations of their brothers, wholly fail to grasp the serious purpose behind their selection. The pleasures that are to be derived from such a journey and from such associations are among the most agreeable features of their service; and they should be enjoyed in fullest measure. But they are only incidental, not real, objectives. However agreeable such experiences may prove, they would not alone justify the expense to the subordinate Lodges that is involved.

Each Representative is the delegated spokesman of his Lodge in the Grand Lodge. It is his primary duty to see that the views and opinions of his Lodge members are expressed upon every question presented for consideration; not necessarily by taking active part in all debates, but at least by vote. This demands his attendance upon every session of the Convention. Every absence is a shirking of the duty and responsibility he has definitely assumed.

And apart from his specific representation of his Lodge, each Representative, as a Grand Lodge member, is charged with the duty of contributing his best intelligence and his honest conviction to the disposition of every matter under consideration in the interest of the whole Order.

The reports of the Grand Lodge officers and committees are available to him in printed form upon his registration. They contain information which he should possess to assist him to correct conclusions upon numerous questions of importance to be determined. Those reports should not be thrown aside or preserved to be read at some later date. A careful study of them should be made before the Grand Lodge is convened.

Naturally and properly the chosen officers of the Grand Lodge are expected to take the initiative in the presentation of the matters which have been assigned to them. But their views and recommendations should be given only such weight as their demonstrated wisdom entitle them to receive. The Grand Lodge is a legislative body and each member should determine for himself how his every vote should be cast. That right should be exercised with the utmost freedom from any domination or restraint.

The Memorial Service, which is an outstanding event of every annual Convention, is a ceremonial that is peculiarly appropriate to be observed by Elks. Invariably it is inspiring and uplifting. The duty of attendance thereon should not be disregarded.

Representatives should bear in mind the report they are required to make to their respective Lodges. This can be made most effective only when such report is prepared with care. It will be found most helpful if notes are made each day upon the subjects which are to be covered.

It is hoped that these brief suggestions, addressed particularly to the new members of the Grand Lodge, may assist them to a clearer conception of their obligations; and may encourage their full performance in a fine spirit of fraternal loyalty and devotion.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

THERE is a well-founded objection to the multiplication of special occasions to be observed by the subordinate Lodges, particularly of those which invite elaborate preparation and pub-



Decorations in dry-point by Ralph L. Boyer

lic display. The tax upon the time and energy of the officers and members, and upon the resources of the Lodges, is likely to become burdensome. And, notwithstanding the appeal of the designated events, fraternal interest will flag under too oft-repeated demands.

It is partly for this reason that the Grand Lodge has made no provision for the specific observance of Independence Day, on July fourth, so soon following the prescribed celebration of Flag Day. It has been deemed wise to leave this particular activity to the uninfluenced decision of each Lodge.

And, yet, the appropriate commemoration of the anniversary of our national independence is so quickening to the spirit of true Americanism that every subordinate Lodge might well include it upon the calendar of fraternal events. The essentially patriotic character of the Order, and its eager readiness to perform every possible service to our country, would naturally prompt this.

There are few cities of substantial size in which Independence Day is not marked by some form of community demonstration. In most instances the participation by the Elks, as an organization, would be as welcome as it would be appropriate. In other cases the conditions might justify programs independently undertaken.

In any event the distinctively patriotic significance of the day should be recognized. And each Lodge, in such effective manner as it is best able to do so, should endeavor to impress that significance upon its entire community. Independence Day offers an exceptional opportunity for a patriotic service of real value.

REAL GROWTH

IT IS natural, perhaps, that associations of men quite usually estimate their growth by the increase in the number of their members. In one aspect that is, of course, an accurate method of computing it. But in all that makes for greatest efficiency, in the fine spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm that spurs to action, in the consciousness of personal obligation to the organization and of individual responsibility which are essentials to worthy achievements, real growth comes from within.

This truism, for such it is, applies with peculiar force to a Lodge of Elks. There is almost univer-

sally a very understandable desire for, and effort to secure, numerical increase. And when such accretions are carefully selected, there is admittedly a greater possibility for development of efficiency and power. But that development does not always follow; and never from mere added members alone. It must come from the inwardly stimulated purpose of those already members to become better Elks.

It is no confession of weakness, or admission of any conditions peculiar to our Order, to state that such growth from within is the great need of our subordinate Lodges. It is but a frank recognition of a perennial problem, expressed as a basis for the suggestion that such internal development should be earnestly striven for in every Lodge.

Activities which appeal to the members and inspire their desire to share in them should be fostered. Opportunities for the performance of community service which will keep the Lodge in the forefront of local organizations, which will win public esteem and arouse the pride of its members, should be sought rather than neglected. The practical united exemplification of the cardinal virtues of the Order should be constant and unflinching, as the greatest stimulus to fraternal devotion. In a word, the desired growth will most surely come from the proper functioning of the Lodge as a unit of a great benevolent organization.

Virtues develop as they are practiced. Elks who are fraternally busy are assuredly developing an ever-growing spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm.

And this leads quite naturally to the suggestion, so often repeated because its wisdom is so important to be realized, that the officers of the Lodge have the primary responsibility in the premises. It is upon them that rests the duty, one which they have voluntarily assumed and therefore one which they should the more readily and earnestly undertake, to lead their Lodges in all proper fraternal activities, and to keep their members occupied and interested.

Now that the officers have adjusted themselves to their new dignities, the time is ripe for these chosen leaders to take the initiative in the inauguration and promotion of those activities that will stimulate the growth of the true Elk spirit within the Lodge. That is real growth. Size, to the extent that it is desirable, will inevitably follow.



Officers and members of Klamath Falls, Oregon, Lodge, No. 1247, at the recent ceremonies incident to the burning of the mortgage bonds on their Home

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Grove City, Pa., Lodge Instituted In the Presence of Many Notables

IN THE presence of 400 visiting Elks, representing twenty-one Lodges, and many prominent members of the Order in Pennsylvania, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter C. DeArment instituted Lodge No. 1579 at Grove City and presided at the initiation of its first class of candidates. Among those who witnessed the ceremonies were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Brown; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Ralph C. Robinson, William D. Hancher, Mathew A. Riley, C. W. Herman Jess and Robert R. Risher; and Vice-President John F. Nugent, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. Grove City Lodge starts with a charter membership of forty-six. It elected to serve as Exalted Ruler, Henry M. Carruthers; and as Secretary, William W. Palmer. Delegations came from Sharon, Titusville, Greenville, Oil City, Butler, Franklin, New Castle, Ellwood City, Beaver Falls and Pittsburgh Lodges. After the ceremonies a banquet was served for 275 Elks in the Penn Grove Hotel.

Grand Haven and Holland, Mich., Elks Hold Joint Initiation

The officers and other members of Holland, Mich., Lodge, No. 1315, traveled recently to Grand Haven Lodge, No. 1200, for the joint initiation of candidates into the two Lodges. Present also at the ceremonies were Elks from Grand Rapids Lodge, No. 48, and Muskegon Lodge, No. 274. One hundred and ten members of the Order in all attended the dinner in the Lodge Home preceding the meeting.

California Leads All Other States In Number of Antlers Lodges

A count of the Lodges of Antlers, or junior Elks, made a short time ago, disclosed that thirty-eight in all had been instituted and granted official charters. Of these Antlers Lodges, nearly one-half are in California. That State, with fourteen Lodges of junior Elks, leads all others by a wide margin. Next came West Virginia, Ohio, Texas and Florida, with two each; and thereafter Louisiana, Pennsylvania, Georgia,

Utah, New Jersey, Oregon, Arizona, Mississippi, Indiana, Alaska, Wisconsin and New Mexico, with one each.

Eustis, Fla., Lodge Gains Average Of Nearly a Member a Day.

The record of one of the youngest units of the Order, Eustis, Fla., Lodge, No. 1578, since its institution early in this year indicates a growth in numbers averaging close to one member a day. This rate of progress was computed from the fact that thirty-nine days after the institution of the Lodge, a class of thirty-five candidates was initiated into it. This group, in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, was designated "The Walter P. Andrews Class."

Minstrel Troupe of Adams, Mass., Elks Performs for Charity

For the purpose of raising funds for charity and for the entertainment of patients in hospitals, a minstrel troupe composed of members of Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, recently gave four highly successful performances. The first two of these were held in the auditorium of the C. T. Plunkett Junior High School, in Adams, and were generously patronized by the public. During the week following these presentations the minstrel company journeyed to the Haydenville Sanatorium; and to the Leeds Hospital, where many of the patients are ex-Service men, and repeated their program.

Mayor of Maldon, England, at Silver Jubilee of Malden, Mass., Lodge

Mayor Clarke, of Maldon, England; and Mrs. Clarke, were among the guests of honor at the recent observance of Malden, Mass., Lodge, No. 965, of its twenty-fifth anniversary. These two visitors from abroad were invited to attend as a part of their entertainment by the community during its Tercentenary Celebration; and they came in the company of Mayor Hastings of Malden, Mass.; and Mrs. Hastings. This mark of international amity was, however, but one of the many features of interest incident to the silver Jubilee of No. 965. Present upon the occasion also were five of the fifteen living

charter members of the Lodge; former Mayor John D. Devir of Boston; Traffic Commissioner Joseph A. Conry of Boston; and Congressman and Mrs. C. L. Underhill. The festivities, beginning with a banquet at which Past Exalted Ruler M. R. Flynn presided as toastmaster, included an extensive and diverting program of entertainment and a dance. Among those who spoke during the dinner were Mr. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. Conry, Mr. Underhill and Mr. Devir.

Binghamton, N. Y., Elks' Dinner to Benny Leonard Aids Charity Bouts

To stimulate especial interest in the boxing bouts they were to hold in the interest of charities, the members of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 852, gave a dinner recently at the Elks Home in honor of Benny Leonard, the retired and undefeated lightweight champion of the world. Five hundred persons in all attended, including both Elks and a number of New York newspaper sports writers, present, in Binghamton, as was Mr. Leonard, to report the training activities of Max Schmeling, the German heavyweight.

San Francisco, Calif., Elks Hold Annual Banquet at Home

Past President John D. Saxe of the California State Elks Association was present a short time ago at the annual banquet held by San Francisco Lodge, No. 3. Speeches were made by Mr. Saxe and several others during the dinner. A group of professional singers furnished excellent entertainment.

Three Life Memberships Awarded By South Haven, Mich., Lodge

Life memberships were presented recently by the fellow members of South Haven, Mich., Lodge, No. 1509, to Charles Lasser, William F. Sheehan, and L. J. Ludwig. Delegations came from Holland, Kalamazoo and Chicago Lodges, as guests for the ceremonies and to witness the initiation of a class of candidates. A delicious fish dinner was served at the conclusion of the formal session and was thoroughly enjoyed by every one who attended.

Detroit, Mich., Elks Mourn Death Of Thomas G. Carroll

After a prolonged illness from which it appeared he was recovering, Thomas G. Carroll, Past Exalted Ruler of Detroit Lodge, No. 34, Third Vice-President and, at one time, Treasurer of the Michigan State Elks Association, suddenly died a short time ago. Services in accordance with the ritual of the Order were held for Mr. Carroll at the Elks Home.

Sixth Anniversary of Betty Bacharach Home is Celebrated

The sixth anniversary of the founding of the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children, sponsored by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, was celebrated recently in the grounds of the Home in Longport. Governor Morgan F. Larson of New Jersey delivered the principal address, paying high tribute to the fine work of the institution. Several crippled children were introduced to the large audience from their cots on the speakers' stand. It was pointed out by Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey State Elks Crippled Children Committee, that since the Home was first opened over 700 children have been discharged as cured, and that 12,000 crippled kiddies are at present listed, and are to be examined and given help during the year.

Logan, Utah, Ritual Team First in State Elks Association Contest

The ritualistic team of Logan, Utah, Lodge, No. 1453, won, a short time ago, first place in the inter-Lodge competition in degree work held under the auspices of the Utah State Elks Association. In token of its victory, Logan Lodge comes into possession of the championship cup, awarded last year to Park City Lodge, No. 734.

Riley C. Bowers Honored by Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge

Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Mayor of Montpelier, Vt., was the guest of honor a short time ago, at one of the largest gatherings of officials ever to meet in Brattleboro Lodge, No. 1490. The occasion was called "Riley Bowers Night" in recognition of Mr. Bowers's twenty-six years of active work in the Order. Among the distinguished speakers of the evening were E. Mark Sullivan, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Past Grand Tilers Michael H. McCarron and Thomas J. Brady, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; Past Grand Inner Guard L. P. Leveroni; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers M. C. O'Neill, Mayor of Everett, Mass.; James E. Donnelly, I. W. Smith, Peter Garvey, Edwin K. McPeck, Patrick J. Garvey; and Charles H. Robinson, a Civil War Veteran. Each speaker paid a fine tribute to



Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, with Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, on his right; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leonard R. Ellis, of Arkansas, during Mr. Andrews's visits in that State

Mr. Bowers, and later the Brattleboro Elks presented him with a gold key to their Home. A steak dinner, served for fifty-seven guests, preceded the regular meeting and a social session followed.

West Haven, Conn., Elks Active In Lodge and Social Affairs

West Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 1537, has been actively engaged during the past month in social and fraternal affairs. These included the initiation of a large class of candidates, a minstrel show, and several dinner-dances and banquets.

Watertown, Mass., Elks Celebrate "George Skuse Night"

In honor of their retiring Exalted Ruler, George W. Skuse, the members of Watertown, Mass., Lodge, No. 1513, held a meeting recently which was designated as "George Skuse Night." A delegation from Cambridge Lodge, No. 839, led by its Exalted Ruler and comprising its entire staff of officers and four Past Exalted Rulers, was present for the occasion. Warren L. Bishop, Assistant District Attorney of Middlesex County, delivered the principal address of the evening. A banquet brought the successful session to a close.

Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Its Sixteenth Anniversary

In the presence of 250 members and distinguished visitors, Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1312, celebrated its sixteenth anniversary recently. State Senator William T. Byrne, Past Exalted Ruler of Albany Lodge, No. 49, was the chief speaker of the evening. Others who delivered addresses were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur G. Holland, William T. Phillips, President of the New York State Elks Association; and Howard W. Fluhrer, first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and toastmaster at the session. An elaborate dinner and entertainment followed the speeches.

Masters B. Stevens, of Panama Canal Zone, C. Z., Lodge, Dies

Masters B. Stevens, a member of Panama Canal Zone, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1414, and for eighteen years secretary to the Governors of the Panama Canal Zone, died recently at the Gorgas Hospital. For many years and throughout the Isthmus, Mr. Stevens was well known. He was at one time secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. Later he served as secretary to General Goethals in Panama and to each of the governors of the Panama Canal Zone who followed, including H. C. Burgess, the present Governor.

Grand Trustee Guenther Attends Initiation at Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge

Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther and President Edgar T. Reed, of the New Jersey State Elks Association, attended initiation ceremonies in Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge, No. 733, recently. Both of these distinguished guests gave stirring talks to the fifty members of the Lodge present. A dinner preceded the initiation, and a social session and supper followed.

Willimantic, Conn., Lodge Celebrates Old Timers' Night

Members of Willimantic, Conn., Lodge, No. 1311, enjoyed a successful social season during the past month. Among the events of interest, the Lodge held an "Old Timers' Night." On this occasion all members over sixty years old were given special honors and recognition. James O. Bacon, eighty-three, the oldest Elk present, received a handsome emblem. A few days later another interesting function took place when the second and concluding banquet of the bowling league within the Lodge was held. At that time awards to the several winners were made.



The splendid new Home of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, No. 1328, recently dedicated



There is a hospitable charm about the Home of Mamaroneck, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1457

John J. Richardson, Secretary Of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, Dies

John J. Richardson, a charter member and for thirty years Secretary of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, died recently in his home in Wheeling. Mr. Richardson was Exalted Ruler in 1888. He had previously served as Secretary for several terms and was elected to that office again in 1900, remaining there until his death. In 1916 the Lodge presented him with an Honorary Life Membership. Mr. Richardson was well beloved by his many friends and affectionately known as "Uncle John."

Washington, D. C., Elks Entertain Capital's Baseball Stars

About 500 Elks gathered recently in Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, to honor stars of the Washington Baseball Club at a celebration designated "Baseball Night." Short talks were made by Clark Griffith, President of the Washington Club; Exalted Ruler George E. Strong of No. 15; Joe Judge; and Joe Engel, President of the Chattanooga Baseball Club. After the meeting Nick Altrock and Al Shacht, famous baseball comedians, provided amusement.

Hampton, Va., Lodge Prepares for State Association Convention

Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, announced recently that it has made extensive and careful preparations for the convenience and entertainment of the members of the Virginia State Elks Association when they meet, August 18 and 19, in Hampton for their annual convention. The Lodge has extended invitation to Elks of all States, as well as to those of its own, to attend this gathering.

Inter-Lodge Outing Enjoyed by Many Elks in Massachusetts

Delegations from six widely separated Lodges in and near Massachusetts participated recently in an inter-Lodge outing organized by Elks from Medford, Everett, Wakefield and Melrose Lodges. Representatives came from Boston Lodge and even from as far as Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22. Speeches were made and a delicious luncheon was served at Ferncroft Inn.

State President Mellmann Visits San Pedro, Calif., Lodge

President Fred B. Mellmann, accompanied by Past President John J. Doyle, of the California State Elks Association, recently visited San

Pedro Lodge, No. 996, and its co-host for the occasion, Inglewood Lodge, No. 664. Officers of the two Lodges entertained the President and the Past President in the afternoon on the golf links of the Royal Palms and later at a dinner. President Mellmann delivered an interesting address to the members of both Lodges, assembled in the Home of No. 996.

Lowell, Mass., Lodge Votes to Found And Maintain Health Center

Lowell, Mass., Lodge, No. 87, voted recently in favor of the plan advanced by its Social and Community Welfare Committee to lease the Warren Street firehouse in that city and convert it into an Elks health center, to be maintained thereafter by the Lodge. The Lowell Elks decided moreover to purchase as part of the equipment for this center an X-ray machine. This will be used in the tuberculosis clinic, under supervision of the board of health. Physicians who are members of Lowell Lodge were consulted before the project was determined upon, and declared it an enterprise of promise.

Former State Supreme Court Justice Moore, of Lansing, Mich., Lodge, Dies

Joseph B. Moore, former Chief Justice of the Michigan State Supreme Court and a member of Lansing Lodge, No. 196, died recently at Detroit in his eighty-fourth year. Justice Moore was dean of Lansing jurists and had served for twenty-four years, until his retirement, a short time ago, on the State's highest tribunal.

Freeport, N. Y., Elks Make Visit to Hospitals Nearby

Under an escort of two motorcycle policemen, Exalted Ruler Isador Lewis and Past Exalted Ruler Albin N. Johnson of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, together with the drill team and a group of entertainers from No. 1253, visited recently the several hospitals within the jurisdiction of the Lodge. Flowers and fruit were distributed to the patients.

Antlers of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Hold First Public Installation

Over 500 parents and friends witnessed recently the first public installation of officers for the Lodge of Antlers sponsored by San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3. After this ceremony, there was presented a program of entertainment comprising several vocal selections and an interesting one-act play.

Veterans from Naval Hospital Guests Of Staten Island, N. Y., Elks

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, entertained, not long ago, more than 100 World War veterans from the Naval Base Hospital in Brooklyn. Besides an excellent dinner, the committee provided entertainment generous in length and, as applause proved, unusually enlivening in character.

Birthday Dinners of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge Prove Successful

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, reports the continued success of its birthday dinners, a monthly institution since last September. The arrangement for these affairs is that the members of the Lodge whose birthdays fall in any one month are hosts that month to all the other members of the Lodge. At a representative dinner held not long ago, the hosts numbered sixty-five, and the guests 370.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert in Europe in Interest of Olympic Games

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, appointed by the President of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States as its representative upon the Council or Executive Committee of the International Amateur Athletic Federation, volunteered recently to serve concurrently as the delegate of the Elks at the meeting of the Federation in Berlin, Germany. The Order was entitled to representation by one delegate at this assembly, called for the purposes of formulating rules and regulations to govern the Olympic Games at Los Angeles in 1932. Mr. Hulbert likewise was named by the President of the Amateur Athletic Union to serve as its representative at the meeting of the International Olympic Committee's, held a few days after that of the Federation's. The function of this committee was the determination of the program of events for the coming Olympics.



Thoroughly modern is the new Home of Longview, Wash., Lodge, No. 1514



The orchestra of Alamosa, Colo., Lodge whose season has been highly successful

Sheraden, Pa., Lodge Observes Its Twenty-fifth Anniversary

Four hundred members of the Order gathered recently to celebrate the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Sheraden, Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 949. The occasion was observed with a banquet, rendered especially pleasurable by enlivening entertainment and followed by addresses by guests of note. Among the speakers whom Past Exalted Ruler James M. Kelly, the toastmaster, introduced were John J. H. McCarty, Past Exalted Ruler of Knoxville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1196; and Harold M. Irons. To the four charter members in attendance, Past Exalted Ruler U. E. Lippencott, John Murphy, Hubert Creehan, and F. D. Gunder, life membership cards were presented.

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge Spends Large Sum in Behalf of Crippled Children

In its sixth annual report, published recently, the Crippled Children's Committee of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, disclosed that within the twelve-month period just elapsed, it has spent more than \$5,500 for the treatment of disabled boys and girls. At the clinics sponsored by the Lodge, 267 young patients have been examined and attended. The cases upon the records of the clinics during the year number 142. Of these 87 were carried over from the year before, 40 are new cases and 15 are old cases reopened. The work of the committee has embraced, in addition to surgical operation and treatment, the provision of many necessary appliances for sufferers and the arrangement for their transportation between their homes and the institutions at which they receive surgical examination and treatment.

New Jersey State Bowling League Awards Prizes at Passaic Lodge

Delegations from sixteen Lodges were present at the annual circus of the New Jersey State Bowling League, held in Passaic Lodge, No. 387, for the purpose of distributing prizes to the winners. The bowling team of Union Hill Lodge, No. 1357, won the New Jersey State Championship and received the trophy offered by Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther. Newark Lodge, No. 21, won second place, and Passaic Lodge, No. 387, third. A beefsteak dinner and social session followed the presentation ceremonies.

East Orange, N. J., Elks Give Newark Lodge Memorial to R. P. Rooney

East Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 630, presented recently to Newark Lodge, No. 21, a framed memorial scroll as a token of its esteem and affection for the late Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, formerly the Secretary of Newark

Lodge. A delegation of East Orange Elks, headed by Exalted Ruler C. W. Cleveland, traveled to Newark for the bestowal of the gift. The group included Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Kelly; and Thomas F. Macksey, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, who delivered an address in eulogy of Mr. Rooney. The scroll will hang in the office which Mr. Rooney, as Secretary of the Lodge, once occupied.

McDowell Lyceum Gives Dinner Honoring State Association Chaplain

Under the auspices of the McDowell Lyceum, of New York, a host of friends of the Rev. Father John F. White, Chaplain of the New York State Elks Association and a member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, gave a dinner in his honor recently in felicitation of the fifteenth anniversary of his ordination as a priest. The speakers introduced by the toastmaster, the Rev. Father Yarwood, were James Garrett Wallace and Martin G. McCue; and the guest of honor, Father White.

R. T. Jones and O. B. Keeler Made Life Members of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge

For distinguished services rendered to the Lodge and to the Order, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, recently conferred honorary life memberships upon Robert Tyre Jones, the golf champion; and upon O. B. Keeler, his friend and associate throughout his entire sports career. When Mr. Jones, not long after Atlanta Lodge had conferred upon him the life membership, won the British amateur golf championship, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews dispatched to him the following cablegram: "Honorable Robert T. Jones, St. Andrews, Scotland: Am delighted your victory. Send joyous congratulations eight hundred thousand brother Elks."

Fifty-five Candidates Initiated Into Henderson, Ky., Lodge

Henderson, Ky., Lodge, No. 206, at a recent session, initiated a class of fifty-five candidates and reinstated twenty-eight members. The Lodge made known, at the same time, its plans to initiate fifty more candidates within a few weeks thereafter.

Boy Scout Council Voices Thanks To Elks for Cooperation

At the twentieth annual meeting of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, held not long ago in New York City, those present passed a resolution of appreciation to the Order for its cooperation with and assistance

to the Scouts. The resolution read: "Resolved, That the National Council, Boy Scouts of America, on the occasion of their twentieth annual meeting extends its greetings to the B. P. O. Elks and expresses its appreciation of their services to boyhood and also acknowledges with thanks their cooperation in giving leadership to Scout troops." In conveying word of the adoption of this resolution, James E. West, Chief Scout Executive, said, in a letter to Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, "May I add this personal word of appreciation for the very effective cooperation of your organization with the Boy Scouts of America. It is largely due to such cooperation that we are able to attract to volunteer service the high grade of men in the community and thus render the greatest service possible to boys in our country through Scouting."

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge Initiates Large Class at Season's Last Session

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, recently initiated its largest and last class of candidates for this season. During the past winter No. 519 has been successful in adding many new and desirable members. Its degree team and orchestra have appeared frequently at fraternal gatherings and have maintained a high standard as entertainers.

Notice to Members of the Order Who Served with the 21st Engineers

Members of the Order who served with the 21st Engineers during the World War, and who are interested in receiving the Medaille Interallié de la Victoire and Medaille de Verdun, should write for further information to Frederick G. Webster, 6819-A Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Hoboken, N. J., Lodge Is Presented With Ritualistic Prize

President Edgar T. Reed and other officials of the New Jersey State Elks Association attended the presentation by Charles Wibiralski, Chairman of the State Ritualistic Committee, to Hoboken Lodge, No. 74, of the bronze plaque emblematic of the New Jersey State Ritualistic Championship. Hoboken Lodge's Ritualistic team has won the championship three years in succession, and thus retains the trophy permanently. Other special prizes were awarded by the committee to individuals on the various teams.

Past Exalted Ruler Installs Son As Head of Wellsville, O., Lodge

At a recent session of Wellsville, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1040, Past Exalted Ruler Wallace L. Fogo installed his son, Paul M. Fogo, as Exalted Ruler. On this occasion every chair of the installing officers was occupied by a Past Exalted Ruler.

Ely, Nev., Elks Again Seeking Ritualistic Supremacy

Ely, Nev., Lodge, No. 1469, is emphasizing, this year, in continuance of its custom, proficiency in ritualistic work. This policy has been inspired both by a natural interest in seeking perfection in the performance of Lodge exercises and by the success that Ely Elks have had in ritualistic contests during the last five years. They scored, in 1929, their third victory in the competition sponsored by the Nevada State Elks Association, gaining thereby permanent possession of the State championship trophy donated in 1924 by Dr. G. C. Steinmiller, then District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Nevada.

Military Funeral for Lieut. L. H. Scott Member of Marietta, O., Lodge

Lieutenant L. H. Scott, a member of Marietta, O., Lodge, No. 477, and his co-pilot, Everett Arnholt, were killed in an airplane accident while performing aerial acrobatics at a Memorial Day celebration at Fairmount, W. Va. Many members of Marietta Lodge attended the military funeral, held from the home of Lieutenant Scott's parents, in Ulrichville.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Holds Successful Boxing Carnival

The Annual Boxing Carnival, sponsored by Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, and held recently in the New York Coliseum, drew a large attendance. The substantial profits realized from the affair will be added to the Lodge's Charity Fund and will enable it to provide many crippled children with an outing this summer. Fights were held between Philadelphia and New York amateur boxers, and all were won by the New Yorkers. Lou Gehrig, of the Yankee Baseball Team, a member of New Rochelle Lodge, No. 756, acted as referee during one of the more important bouts.

About sixty veterans of the United States Veterans' Hospital, No. 81, at Kingsbridge Road and Sedgwick Avenue, were guests of the athletic committee. They were transported to the Coliseum and back by buses supplied by a member of Bronx Lodge.

St. Louis, Mo., Elks Honor Retiring Secretary, Jules Bertero, at Dinner

In evidence of their appreciation of his thirty-five years of devotion to the service of the Order, a large assemblage of members of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, gathered recently at a dinner in honor of Jules Bertero, their retiring Secretary. Mr. Bertero, initiated into the Lodge in 1895, occupied its secretaryship from 1900 to 1930 without interruption except for the year 1904, when he was Exalted Ruler. He was in 1909 a District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, in Missouri, and in 1916 Chairman of the Auditing Committee of the Grand Lodge. Among the many who attended the banquet in recognition of his value to the Order were notables both in fraternal and public life. The principal address of the evening was that of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, introduced by Past Exalted Ruler H. A. Hamilton, the toastmaster. Others who spoke were Exalted Ruler Albert Schweitzer and Dr. M. Dessales, the Italian Consul in St. Louis. In addition to the tributes to him expressed in these several speeches, Mr. Bertero received more than 2,000 messages of good cheer and congratulation from friends not present. A program of vocal and instrumental music and several entertaining vaudeville acts afforded diversion during and after the banquet.

Macomb, Ill., Lodge Seeks Relatives Of Stricken Member, Harry Gross

Macomb, Ill., Lodge, No. 1009, is issuing an appeal for information regarding the identity



Members of the Lodge of Antlers initiated not long ago by Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85

and whereabouts of the relatives of one of its members, Harry Gross. Several weeks ago, Mr. Gross was the victim of an apoplectic stroke. He is at present in a hospital in Macomb, but so ill as to be unable to speak coherently. Little is known of his former residence except that it is believed he came from Pennsylvania. THE ELKS MAGAZINE urges any reader who may be able to supply the information sought by Mr. Gross's fellow members in Macomb Lodge to communicate at once with its Secretary, Ralph B. Purdum.

Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Astley Apperly Is Dedicated

In the presence of several hundred members of the Order, members of their families and friends, the ceremonies of unveiling and dedication of the memorial to the late Colonel Astley Apperly, Grand Exalted Ruler from 1893 to 1894, were held recently in Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Ky. William H. Bauer, Exalted Ruler of Louisville Lodge, No. 8, opened the exercises and called upon the Reverend Charles W. Welch to pronounce the invocation. There fol-

lowed a eulogy by Isaac T. Woodson, Past Exalted Ruler of Louisville Lodge; the Eleven o'Clock Toast by John C. Schildt, also Past Exalted Ruler of No. 8, and the unveiling of the monument by Lucille DeMoss Apperly. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Chairman of the Committee on Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Astley Apperly, delivered the dedicatory address. Dr. Welch then gave the benediction, and taps was sounded by two trumpeters of the Boy Scouts of the Louisville Council. Mr. Apperly was born in England, in 1844. In 1890, Louisville Lodge elected him Exalted Ruler. He continued in that office until 1893, when he was chosen for the post of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order. His death came in 1929, when he was eighty-five years old.

Boone, Iowa, Lodge to Build Log Cabin for Boy Scouts

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Boone, Iowa, Lodge, No. 563, recently adopted a resolution to build a log cabin in the country, about five miles from Boone, for the Boy Scouts. The property upon which the cabin is to be constructed is generously lent for that purpose by a member of the Lodge.

Grand Tiler Jones at Institution of Lodge at Malad, Idaho

Under the direction of Grand Tiler R. W. Jones, the officers of Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge, No. 674, instituted, as No. 1582 in the Order, a Lodge of Elks at Malad, Idaho. They were assisted by others from Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah; and from Burley and Idaho Falls, Idaho, Lodges. The charter membership of the new Lodge comprised fifty-five. At the election of officers the Malad Elks chose L. O. Johnson as Exalted Ruler and David J. Lewis as Secretary. The speakers upon the occasion were Grand Tiler Jones, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. L. Crews, W. F. Jensen, President of the Utah State Elks Association; and the District Justice, Jay L. Dowling, of Pocatello Lodge. Entertainment following the conclusion of the ceremonies included the performance of a musical comedy by members of Pocatello Lodge.

Tampa, Fla., Officers Win Cup for Best Attendance in State

The executive committee of the Florida State Elks Association awarded recently to Tampa Lodge, No. 708, a cup for excellence in the attendance of its officers during the year just past. Their average was 97.7 per cent. Daytona Lodge, No. 1141, was second, with a record of 92.25 per cent. and St. Petersburg Lodge, No. 1224, third, with 90.7 per cent.



The memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Astley Apperly, in Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Ky. It was dedicated recently by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell

District Deputy Mason Institutes New Lodge at Borger, Texas

In the presence of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. E. Settoon, and many other visiting Elks, Borger, Tex., Lodge was instituted recently by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry Mason, as No. 1581 of the Order. One hundred and eighteen candidates for the new Lodge were initiated by officers of Amarillo Lodge, No. 923, who, under the direction of District Deputy Mason, also installed the newly elected officers of Borger Lodge. Before the ceremonies took place the candidates and representatives from Pampa, Plainview and Dalhart Lodges paraded through the streets of Borger, ending their march at the First Christian Church. There a large banquet was served and entertainment provided. The Elks of Borger Lodge elected W. R. White Exalted Ruler and A. J. Fogaley Secretary.

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Entertains New and Retiring Exalted Rulers

The members of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, recently tendered a banquet to their outgoing and incoming Exalted Rulers. The principal speakers were Judges Malcolm C. Glenn and John F. Pullen, of the Superior Court of California; and J. W. S. Butler, Past President of the California Bar Association. Initiation ceremonies were performed by the newly installed officers, with the Lodge's drill team acting as an escort throughout the exercises.

Two California Lodges Entertain State Elks Association President

President Fred B. Mellman of the California State Elks Association was a guest recently at a joint meeting of Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, and Redondo Beach Lodge, No. 1378, held in the Home of No. 906. After the principal address of the evening, delivered by Mr. Mellman, the Santa Monica Lodge band rendered several selections and the drill team put on a splendid exhibition. A steak dinner, in honor of the Exalted Rulers, past and present, of the Lodges, preceded a social session and vaudeville entertainment.

"Purple Vaudeville" Show of Kelso, Wash., Elks Proves a Success

The annual "Purple Vaudeville" show, given recently by members of Kelso, Wash., Lodge, No. 1482, for the increase of its charity fund, proved successful both in the merit of its performance and in the measure of patronage it attracted. The entertainment was presented on two successive nights before large audiences at the Auditorium. *The Daily Tribune and Kelsonian* heralded it by printing, on the day of the opening, its issue in purple ink. The program, a varied one comprising songs, instru-

mental numbers, dances and skits, was supplemented by the playing of the Elks Purple Antler orchestra.

Berlin, N. H., Lodge Active in Social and Welfare Work

Berlin, N. H., Lodge, No. 618, has been active, lately, in both community welfare and social work. A short time ago it contributed a sum of money for relief work in the fire-stricken city of Nashua. Another enterprise of interest recently was the preparation of an evening of entertainment for the pilot of car No. 4 of THE ELKS MAGAZINE-Viking Prosperity Fleet.

Middletown, Conn., Elks Initiate Class for Norwich Lodge

In response to an invitation, the degree team, accompanied by twenty-six other members, of Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 430, visited Middletown Lodge, No. 771, and there took charge of the initiation ceremonies. The evening was remarkable not only for the success of their efforts but for the unusual measure of fraternal cordiality that the call of the Middletown Elks occasioned.

Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge Initiates 78 at Farewell Administration Night

Over six hundred Elks witnessed the initiation of seventy-eight candidates at "Farewell Administration Night," celebrated recently by Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28. The new class was named "The Howard D. Matthews Class" in honor of the retiring Exalted Ruler. At the conclusion of the session a lunch was served and the members and guests enjoyed an elaborate vaudeville program.

Boys' Band of Washington, D. C., Elks Wins Praise for Conduct

Upon the conduct of the Boys' Band it sponsors, Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, received recently a laudatory message from Miss Adelaide L. Irvin, of the Community Center (Continued on page 72)



The cup, donated by Harold Colee, Past President of the Florida State Elks Association, and awarded to the Florida Lodge showing the greatest gain in membership during the year just past. It was won by Coca Lodge, No. 1532

Office of the Grand Exalted Ruler

Official Circular Number Nine

(Continued from page 5)

efforts for reformation, should lose its charter and cease to exist as an Elks organization, Lodges of this type are not many, but nevertheless I will say they are too numerous.

Brotherly Love

In all of my addresses, circulars, letters, communications, and general publicity, I have endeavored through precept and practice to teach and inculcate that Divine virtue among men, known as "Brotherly Love."

It is a fundamental virtue of Elkdom, it is a corner-stone of our great Order and should be practiced by all of our Brothers in every relationship with each other.

It is a term with a million meanings, and capable of meeting every opportunity and vicissitude of human life, and I would be more than pleased to have my administration referred to as a period of "Brotherly Love."

The Grand Lodge Convention

It is perfectly natural that I should be deeply interested in the approaching Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Atlantic City during the week beginning July the 6th, proximo. I will appear there in the role of presiding officer, and it will be there that my services as Grand Exalted Ruler will terminate. I hope and expect to transfer the affairs of the Order to my successor in perfect shape, and I certainly wish and bespeak for him every possible success in the great work which he will then assume.

Depression

I have received hundreds of letters from Brothers, in hundreds of Lodges throughout the country, informing me of the fine spirit of Elk-

dom in their Lodges, but that they had lost members through suspension for non-payment of dues, on account of unemployment and business depression, which we all know have prevailed throughout the whole country. This is indeed regrettable, and very sorely so with me, but it manifests no weakness in Elkdom, and we are imbued with the highest and strongest hopes for the future progress of our Order and all the Subordinate Lodges.

Foundation

I have striven earnestly and interestedly throughout the year, in conjunction with my District Deputies, to secure subscriptions to Founders Certificates in the Elks National Foundation, and the success that we have met, working in conjunction with the Board of Trustees of the Foundation, encourages us to hope for wonderful growth and development in this supreme effort of Elkdom in behalf of nationwide Charity.

The Elks Magazine

Lastly and finally, I commend to every Brother Elk and his family THE ELKS MAGAZINE, as the organ of our Order, which stands first among fraternal publications in America, which is an indispensable instrument of publicity in Elkdom, and which has grown stronger and stronger throughout the eight years of its journalistic life. No man has ever rendered finer and more effective service to any organization than has Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Appointments

I have appointed Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, a member of New York Lodge, No. 1, to represent the Grand Lodge in the American Olympic Association.

I appointed, with the approval of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, the following Brothers as members of the "National Advisory Committee" of the Elks National Foundation:

WILLIAM H. LEAHY, San Francisco Lodge, No. 3.

ALBERT S. SHOCKLEY, Baker, Oregon, Lodge, No. 338.

J. FORD ZIETLOW, Aberdeen, South Dakota, Lodge, No. 1046.

LEW H. WENTZ, Ponca City, Oklahoma, Lodge, No. 1522.

The Words of Paul the Apostle

"Finally, brethren, farewell."

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praises think on these things."

In this spirit, which is, indeed, the true spirit of Elkdom, I have endeavored to serve; and, in this spirit, I now bid all brother Elks my official farewell.

Very sincerely and fraternally

Walter R. Andrews
Grand Exalted Ruler.



The Ritualistic Team of Wilmington, O., Lodge, No. 797,—above—State champions for 1930. The Ritualistic Team of Sanford, Me., Lodge, No. 1470,—right—Winners of the first annual ritualistic contest of the Maine State Elks Association



The Ritualistic Team of Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, No. 1532,—above—which won this year and for the third successive time the championship of its State. This victory gave Cocoa Lodge permanent possession of the cup emblematic of ritualistic supremacy



News of the State Associations

Massachusetts

ON THE Island of Oak Bluffs, where, under the auspices of Middleboro Lodge, No. 1274, the annual convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association was to be held, the officers of that body assembled a short time ago at their eleventh meeting. Norman L. Pratt, President of the Middleboro Chamber of Commerce, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen of the town, and a member of Middleboro Lodge, welcomed them in behalf of the community and assured them of its intention to cooperate to its utmost to make the convention a success. The meeting was called to order by Exalted Ruler Leon A. Alley, of No. 1274, and, after Mr. Pratt's greeting to the visitors, turned over to President Thomas J. Brady. At his request, Past Exalted Ruler James F. McQuade, Chairman of the Convention Committee of Middleboro Lodge, reported upon the final arrangements for the convention. Others in attendance at the meeting and who spoke were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank B. Twitchell, Bernard E. Carbin, Treasurer of the Association, and Past Exalted Ruler William B. Jackson, of Brookline Lodge, No. 886. Before adjournment, a rising vote of thanks was given Middleboro Lodge for its hospitality.

Kentucky

FIVE more Lodges recently joined the Kentucky State Elks Association. They are Hickman Lodge, No. 1294, Hazard Lodge, No. 1504; Newport Lodge, No. 273; Cynthia Lodge, No. 438, and Catlettsburg Lodge, No. 942. The convention of the Association, held June 9 at Ashland, proved a tremendous success. A fine parade and impressive initiation ceremonies were features of the occasion. Among the notables present were Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, whose address to two thousand persons was enthusiastically received; and Governor Flem D. Sampson of Kentucky, who conferred upon Mr. Andrews the commission of a Kentucky Colonel. A full account of the convention will appear in the next, the August, issue of the Magazine.

South Carolina

WITH the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews conferring upon the event an especial distinction, the South Carolina State Elks Association held its sixteenth annual convention recently at Union Lodge, No. 1321.

Unusual interest attached to the attendance, too, of Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, who arrived with Mr. Andrews. A report of the part these two noted officers of the Order took in the convention appears upon another page of this issue of the Magazine, in "The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits." Prominent among the affairs transacted during the business sessions of the convention was the election of officers for the coming year. The following were chosen: David F. Craig, Charleston Lodge, No. 242, President; Wyatt Aiken, Greenville Lodge, No. 858, First Vice-President; J. R. Little, Columbia Lodge, No. 1190, Second Vice-President; R. E. Cochran, Anderson Lodge, No. 1206, Third Vice-President; Henry Tecklenberg, Charleston Lodge, Secretary; W. R. Simpson, Rock Hill Lodge, No. 1318, Esquire; George Farr, Columbia Lodge, Inner Guard; L. C. Wharton, Union Lodge, Tiler; M. R. Spigener, Columbia Lodge, Trustee; and the Reverend J. F. Burkhardt, Charleston Lodge, Chaplain. The executive committee elected comprised W. H. Harth, Columbia Lodge; C. R. Workman, Rock Hill Lodge; Julian S. Wolfe, Orangeburg Lodge, No. 807; W. W. Beacham, Greenville Lodge; Nathan Fleischman, Anderson Lodge; J. F. Boykin, Georgetown Lodge, No. 900; John A. Hollingsworth, Union Lodge; and George M. Thompson, Charleston Lodge. The members of the foundation fund committee, W. S. Nelson, of Columbia Lodge; E. M. Wharton, of Greenville Lodge; and M. Rutledge Rivers, of Charleston Lodge, continued in office. Following the report by one of this group, Mr. Wharton, upon the Elks Education Fund, the Association voted in favor of the purchase of a \$1,000 bond in the Elks National Foundation. Among other events of uncommon interest during the two days of the assembly of South Carolina Elks were addresses by Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews and by Mr. Barrett; a ritualistic contest between Columbia and Greenville Lodges, which Greenville Lodge won; a grand ball on the evening of the first day in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and a luncheon for him the following noon. Charleston was chosen as the place of the convention next year.

Georgia

THREE HUNDRED members of the Georgia State Elks Association assembled recently at its annual convention, held in Milledgeville,

under the auspices of Lodge No. 774 there. The meeting extended over a period of two days. It was officially opened by Robert T. Williams, President of the Association, whose introductory remarks were followed by an address of welcome to the delegates by J. Howard Ennis, Past Exalted Ruler of Milledgeville Lodge. To this, Past Exalted Ruler Bruce C. Jones, of Macon Lodge, No. 230, responded. There ensued then the introduction to the gathering of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews and other Grand Lodge officers constituting his official suite. A detailed account of Mr. Andrews's participation in the activities of the convention appears elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, in "The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits." Upon the second day of the convention was held the election of officers for the coming year. I. G. Ehrlich, Albany Lodge, No. 713, was chosen President; J. Gordon Hardy, Atlanta Lodge, No. 78; Charles H. Smith, Macon Lodge; F. F. Preston, Douglas Lodge, No. 1286; T. O. Tabor, Jr., Elberton Lodge, No. 1100; and O. C. Johnson, Americus Lodge, No. 752, were named as Vice-Presidents; and A. B. King, Columbus Lodge, No. 1111, was re-elected Secretary and Treasurer. The principal event of the day was the address of the Grand Exalted Ruler to the delegates to the convention and members of the public, in the auditorium of the Georgia State College for Women. This was followed by a series of festivities, beginning with a barbecue at noon, a street parade in the afternoon, and a grand ball in the evening. Before the convention was formally closed, it was voted to hold next year's gathering in Athens and the meeting of the executive committee of the Association in Waycross. Resolutions of thanks to Milledgeville Lodge and the citizens of its community for their hospitality were adopted.

Alabama

AT THE election of officers of the Alabama State Elks Association, held recently upon two successive days at the Home of Montgomery Lodge, No. 596, Edward J. McCrossin, of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79, was chosen to succeed himself as President. Other officers named were Fred Rewold, Montgomery Lodge, First Vice-President; P. L. Plemmons, Ensley Lodge, No. 987, Second Vice-President; Joe K. Saks, Birmingham Lodge, Third Vice-President; J. W. Allen, Birmingham Lodge, Treasurer; H. W. (Continued on page 69)



EWING GALLOWAY

Flag Day Address of the Grand Exalted Ruler Mr. Andrews's Speech at Home of Jefferson at Monticello, Va.

BROTHER Exalted Ruler, ladies, brothers and friends:

There is no organization in America, fraternal or otherwise, that has achieved a finer and nobler character for patriotism than the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

At the Grand Lodge Session, held in New Orleans, in 1898, as Dewey's guns were smashing the Spanish fleet, in the decisive battle of Manila, electrifying the world, there was written into the ritual of Elksdom a positive requirement, that the "Stars and Stripes," should, thereafter, be the first emblem to decorate and characterize the altar of every subordinate Lodge of Elks; and, thus, was given a new tangible evidence of the patriotic soul and purpose of the Order of Elks, and its devotion to the flag, which symbolizes and typifies Americanism, in its fullest and finest significance.

I, furthermore, call your attention to the fact that the Grand Lodge Convention, held in Dallas, in 1908, adopted a resolution designating June the 14th, of each recurring year, as "Flag Day," making it mandatory that each and every subordinate Lodge of Elks celebrate the birthday of the flag, as an annual ceremony of devotion, loyalty and patriotism.

A beautiful, instructive, impressive, and inspiring ritual was adopted, for that purpose, by the Grand Lodge, which was promulgated to all the subordinate Lodges, with statutory direction that every Lodge exemplify this ritual, annually, upon that day.

It is a matter of great pride and real satisfaction that our subordinate Lodges have entered devotedly and whole-heartedly into these "Flag Day Services," and have been instrumental in teaching the lessons of patriotism and Americanism, as symbolized by the flag, in a most effective and inspirational manner, in every section of this American Republic, and her outlying possessions.

It is, therefore, supremely appropriate that "Flag Day Services," of the Benevolent and

Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, should be held at Monticello—the old home of Thomas Jefferson.

As for me, I can scarcely realize that we stand now, where Jefferson himself lived and died, in the midst of his home-life surroundings, where he walked, mused, meditated, studied, wrote, and labored in the cause of liberty, justice, human rights, and righteous government.

The life of Thomas Jefferson reveals the finest example of democratic simplicity in American history; and likewise the achievements of his brain and heart mark him as an inspired personality whose wisdom and leadership rank him among the immortals of all time.

Americans, throughout endless centuries, will enjoy the benefits of his wonderful genius and his peerless statesmanship.

I am, indeed, thrilled, upon this sacred and patriotic occasion, at this opportunity to address you, as the invited guests of the Elks of Virginia, who have assembled here to unite with Charlottesville Lodge, Number 389, in these joint services of patriotic commemoration of the birthday of "Old Glory."

All true American citizens proudly extol and glorify our flag and the Americanism which it symbolizes.

I shall, therefore, briefly call your attention to what is meant by "Americanism."

Throughout all the ages, prior to July 4th, 1776, the doctrine of the "Divine Right of Kings" had been accepted by the Governments of the Old World, which were administered in accordance with the prevalent idea that sovereignty flowed from the Crown, and that obedience was rightly due from the masses of the people, who were known and recognized as "Subjects" and "Serfs."

The monarchists of History established and bolstered themselves upon their thrones by the creation of classes, the distribution of special privileges, the bestowal of titles, and the manipulation of religion, through the union of Church

and State, all having the purpose and intent of holding in subjection the masses of the people, under the domination of the Crown and its vassal overlords.

Thomas Jefferson, the statesman of destiny, inspired for this stupendous task, to which he had been called, appeared at the crucial moment in Colonial History and uttered his Declaration in the following supremely momentous words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Under the operation of this glorious declaration a new thought and a new truth were given to the world, proclaiming that sovereignty rightly rests with and flows from the people themselves, and that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

This declaration fell as a bomb-shell among the monarchies of the Old World, and created consternation among the Colonial Tories of America, who were serving their master, the Crown, with meek submission, in return for the special privileges and honors bestowed upon them by the Crown.

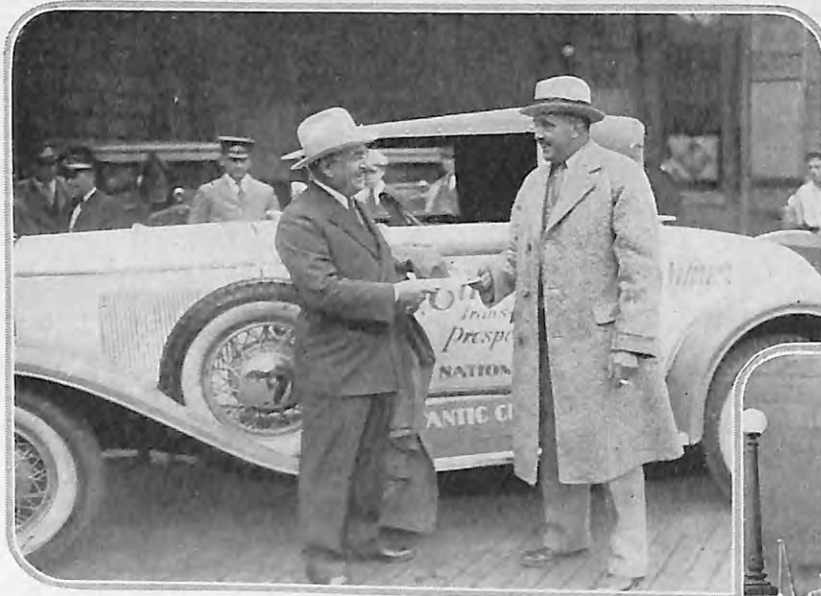
This Jeffersonian Doctrine was the very origin and crux of what we are pleased to term Americanism, which immediately provoked a long and bitter war that purposed to crush out this new thought, and to preserve, in America, all the forms and trappings of monarchical government.

The Declaration of Independence, as a state document, when fully considered as to when and how it was prepared and adopted, is the most wonderfully written production that ever emanated from human brain and heart; and, simultaneously with its adoption, July 4th, 1776, this American Republic breathed the breath of national life, and was borne into existence; and through the arbitrament of the sword, in the hand of Washington, with the undoubted help

(Continued on page 62)

The Elks Magazine-Viking Prosperity Tour

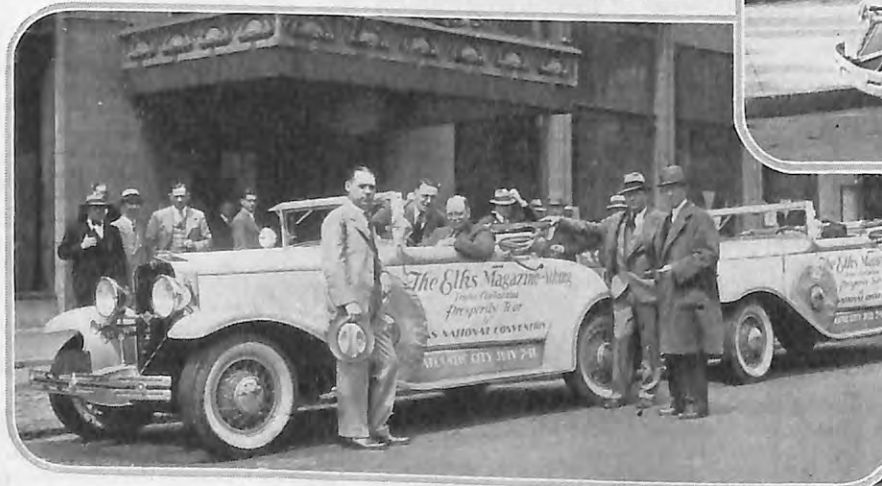
Some Stops On the Trans-continental Journey to Atlantic City



At the left is Pilot W. B. Hart, of Car No. Three, being sped upon his long journey to far-away Atlantic City, from the point at which his drive began, Denver, Colo., where members of Lodge No. 17 made of his departure an impressive public event

Pilot Hart again appears in the picture at the right where he is shown in front of the hospitable Home of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5. On the steps of the Home are gathered some of the members of Cincinnati Lodge who were on hand to extend him a welcome

CHARLES H. L'ONGIET



Traveling together down the Pacific coast, Cars Nos. One and Two (left), piloted by W. J. Cunningham and Robert E. Clift, stopped in San Francisco, Calif., for a call upon the officers and members of Lodge No. 3

CHARLES H. MILLER

Pilot Cunningham is welcomed at the Home of Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge, No. 1468, by a committee which included Exalted Ruler William H. Springer, seated in the car; and Past Exalted Rulers Charles P. Trumbull, Secretary of No. 1468, and E. E. Huyk, Esquire; and Treasurer George A. Fleming

JUNES



Pilot George Alpers, of Car No. Four, reaches Michigan City, Ind., where he is photographed in front of the Home of Lodge No. 432, in company with the committee of officers and members who greeted him, and a number of municipal officials

MODINE

THE cars of the Elks Magazine-Viking Prosperity Fleet are within a few days' travel of the end of their far-flung cruise. To those Lodges and members whose interest and hospitality have contributed so largely to the great success of this Tour, The Elks Magazine extends its most sincere appreciation and thanks



KUNSELMAN

Above, Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, welcomes amid palms and sunshine, Pilots Cunningham and Clift. Included in the greeting committee are Exalted Ruler A. W. Crane, at the extreme right of the picture, and Secretary John W. Wagner, standing in front of the foremost car



M. L. COHEN CO.

The two Pacific coast cars of The Elks Magazine-Viking Prosperity Fleet are shown above in front of the handsome Home of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, where the members were visited



MO CURRY

At Sacramento, Calif., in front of the beautiful Home of Lodge No. 6, the pilots are greeted by Exalted Ruler Hal E. Willis, who is seen shaking hands with Mr. Cunningham, and Secretary Walter Leitch, seated next to him in the car



Above is pictured the warm welcome extended by South Bend, Ind., Lodge, No. 235, to Pilot Alpers, of Car No. Four, who is standing between the two strikingly costumed ladies at the left. The arrival of The Elks Magazine representatives brought out many interested members



Exalted Ruler Frank J. Pienta, third from the left of the picture above, headed the committee which greeted Pilot Alpers on his arrival at Lansing, Mich., where his visit was celebrated with fine hospitality by the members of Lodge No. 196



At Minneapolis, Minn., (left) Pilot Alpers was the recipient of a warm and hearty greeting from officers and members of Lodge No. 44, and from city officials



Elks National Foundation

Bulletin

THIS is our last bulletin of the Grand Lodge year. Later in this month we shall speak to the members through our annual report to the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City. We invite the Delegates, District Deputies and Grand Lodge officers to visit the headquarters of the Elks National Foundation in the Hotel Traymore in Atlantic City, and to ask questions about any matter which is not thoroughly understood.

We find that in the great majority of cases, a subordinate Lodge which has not subscribed for an Honorary Founder's certificate has given as the reason its present financial stringency. In a few cases, however, the report which has come to us has indicated confusion on the part of the members in regard to the purposes for which the income of the Elks National Foundation will be used. For example, the members of one Lodge were reported to have been under the impression that all the income of the National Foundation would be used to carry on work for the relief of crippled children, while the members of another Lodge were reported to be of the opinion that only educational work would be promoted and fostered by said income. We

wish to state again with emphasis that neither the Order nor the Elks National Foundation, as an agency of the Order, has been dedicated to any one philanthropic endeavor or to a group of specified welfare endeavors.

The plan which brought the Elks National Foundation into being and upon which it rests contemplates the raising of a permanent fund, the income of which will be available "for the furtherance of such of the charitable, educational and benevolent activities of the Order, or of its subordinate Lodges or associations of such Lodges, or otherwise, as said Trustees may determine." See Constitution, Article V, Section 1. Therefore, the purposes of the Elks National Foundation are as broad as the purposes of the Order. The need of a State or section which is served by a group of subordinate Lodges will suggest a welfare endeavor which should be taken up by said group. A plan will be conceived to meet this need. If this plan meets with the approval of the Board of Foundation Trustees, it will be fostered and given financial assistance out of the available income of the Elks National Foundation to the extent

Lowell, Mass., Lodge, No. 87, increased the percentage of enrollment of Massachusetts Lodges in the honor group of the Elks National Foundation when Exalted Ruler Bernard B. Horan presented a check for \$1,000.00 to Chairman John F. Malley for an Honorary Founder's Certificate

that the Foundation Trustees believe to be proper and equitable.

During the month of May twenty-eight Lodges subscribed for Honorary Founder's certificates. Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and California made the most substantial gains. The percentages of Lodge enrollment of the foremost States (having ten or more Lodges) are Maine 100 per cent., Connecticut 83 per cent., New York 75 per cent., Massachusetts 63 per cent., Pennsylvania 40 per cent., California 33 per cent., Florida 31 per cent. and New Jersey 27 per cent. The subscriptions and donations during May follow:

	Sub- scription	Payment
<i>Alabama</i>		
Birmingham, No. 79.....	\$1,000.00	\$100.00
<i>Alaska</i>		
J. D. Morgan (Cordova, No. 1483) additional contribution.....		10.00
<i>Arizona</i>		
Globe, No. 489.....	1,000.00	25.50
Miami, No. 1410.....	1,000.00	100.00
<i>California</i>		
Berkeley, No. 1002.....	1,000.00	100.00
Anaheim, No. 1315.....	1,000.00	100.00
Pittsburg, No. 1474.....	1,000.00	100.00
Orange, No. 1475.....	1,000.00	100.00
John F. Pierson (Santa Rosa, No. 646) additional contribution.....		5.00
<i>Connecticut</i>		
Willimantic, No. 1311.....	1,000.00	200.00
<i>Florida</i>		
Orlando, No. 1079.....	1,000.00	100.00
<i>Georgia</i>		
Atlanta, No. 78.....	1,000.00	100.00
<i>Iowa</i>		
Marshalltown, No. 312.....	1,000.00	*200.00
<i>Massachusetts</i>		
Fall River, No. 118.....	1,000.00	100.00
North Adams, No. 487.....	1,000.00	100.00
Holyoke, No. 902.....	1,000.00	100.00
Chelsea, No. 938.....	1,000.00	100.00
Newton, No. 1327.....	1,000.00	100.00
Westfield, No. 1481.....	1,000.00	100.00
<i>Nevada</i>		
Reno, No. 597.....	1,000.00	100.00
<i>New Jersey</i>		
Plainfield, No. 885.....	1,000.00	500.00
<i>New York</i>		
Ticonderoga, No. 1494.....	1,000.00	100.00
<i>Ohio</i>		
Columbus, No. 37.....	1,000.00	100.00
Toledo, No. 53.....	1,000.00	200.00
<i>Pennsylvania</i>		
Sharon, No. 103.....	1,000.00	100.00
Reading, No. 115.....	1,000.00	100.00
York, No. 213.....	1,000.00	100.00
Kane, No. 329.....	1,000.00	*100.00
Mt. Carmel, No. 356.....	1,000.00	100.00
Ashland, No. 384.....	1,000.00	*100.00
Latrobe, No. 907.....	1,000.00	100.00
Bristol, No. 970.....	1,000.00	100.00

Note (*) second instalment.

Fraternally,
ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION
TRUSTEES

JOHN F. MALLEY, *Chairman*
RAYMOND BENJAMIN, *Vice-Chairman*
JOHN G. PRICE, *Secretary*
JOHN G. MCFARLAND, *Treasurer*
CHARLES E. PICKETT
EDWARD RIGHTOR
CHARLES H. GRAKELOW

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

WITHIN less than a week after completing his tour of Lodges in five central southern States during the last few days of April and the first few of May, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews set forth upon a new round of visits. Between the inception of his tour, on May 7, and a short interruption of it, exactly a month later, when he spent a few days in Chicago before returning to his home in Atlanta, Mr. Andrews called upon Lodges in five States. In four instances his visits coincided with conventions of State Elks Associations and so entailed stays more extended than usual. The Lodges to which he paid calls during the month ending June 7 were Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858; Asheville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1401; Union, S. C., Lodge, No. 1321, during the South Carolina State Elks Association Convention; Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230; Milledgeville,

Ga., Lodge, No. 774, during the convention of the Georgia State Elks Association; Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, No. 506, during the convention of the Alabama State Elks Association; and Lafayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143, during the convention of the Indiana State Elks Association. This last official visit followed an informal call upon the members of Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13.

The luncheon club of Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858, was host to Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews at noon on May 7. There were present at the midday gathering, in addition to former officers of the Lodge and nearly a hundred other Elks, Mayor A. C. Mann and several members of the City Council. After addresses of welcome by the mayor, for the city; and by a member Hayne P. Glover, for the Lodge, E. M. Wharton, a Past Exalted Ruler of the Greenville Elks and

now a member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, introduced Mr. Andrews as the principal speaker. His talk, though not lengthy, made clear the chief current enterprises of the Order. It was delivered and received with enthusiasm.

In company with Mr. Wharton, the Grand Exalted Ruler left Greenville during the afternoon for Asheville. There, in the evening, he visited Lodge No. 1401, and, in the course of the meeting, delivered an address which all who heard him found definitely inspiring. After Exalted Ruler John Vance had declared the formal session adjourned, the members of the Lodge were hosts to Mr. Andrews at a buffet supper in the Home. The Elks Quartet rendered a musical program which heightened the enjoyment of the occasion.

(Continued on page 66)



ROYAL MASTERS WIN ON EVERY COUNT— BEAUTY—STAMINA—PERFORMANCE

SPECIAL BULLETIN

As the Elks Prosperity Fleet nears the finish of its 36,000 mile tour, reports indicate that the Royal Master Tires with which the cars are equipped show scarcely a sign of the hard, fast traveling they have endured. Their smart, handsome appearance is still attracting unusual attention wherever the fleet goes.

"The Most Beautiful of Tires"—that is the distinction which oft-repeated admiration has brought to Royal Masters.

They are the answer of the world's largest producer of rubber to the question — *what is the finest tire that can be built?*

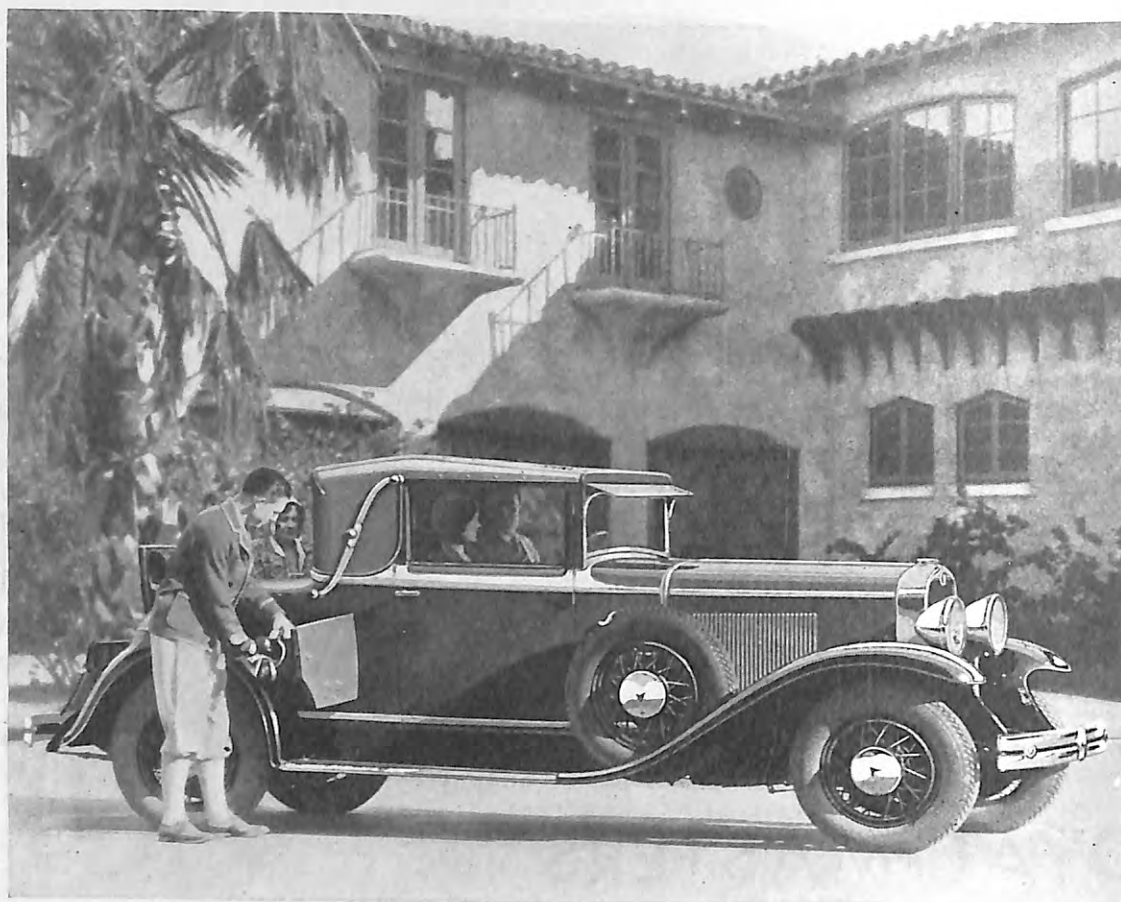
You can install Royal Masters and forget tire troubles as long as you drive your car. Available with white side walls or jet black.

Of course there are other fine U. S. Tires. One of the most popular is the U. S. Royal—a tire which is making new sales records because of its reputation for extra value.



THE BIG SWING
IS TO U. S. TIRES

United States Rubber Company  World's Largest Producer of Rubber



ACROSS *the* CONTINENT ON SCHEDULE

This Great All-Round Performance—This Thorough Dependability—Are Available To You, Too, In The Viking Eight . . .

When all is said and done, there's no proof of a car's performance abilities that quite equals a long, hard run at all speeds, over all types of roads, under all kinds of driving conditions. And that's exactly the kind of test the Viking Eight has just completed! For every car of the Elks-Viking fleet is now in Atlantic City—the goal of the 1930 Elks

Magazine Trans-Continental Prosperity Tour.

This achievement is all the more impressive when the facts are considered. For this was no conventional coast-to-coast run, with as few stops as possible en route. Rather, the object of the whole tour was to cover as much ground, and to make as *many* stops as possible, within a *definitely prescribed limit of time*.

Starting from far-away Seattle, these Viking cars sped from city to city down the highways of the Pacific Coast to Los Angeles . . . across the great ranges of the Rockies . . . over blistering deserts, good roads and bad, to the broad plains of the Middle West . . . on into the South and far up into New England . . . ending their task at last in Atlantic City—after visiting Elks lodges in cities of major importance across the entire country.

A tour of such magnitude, calling for stops in so many widely separated cities at definite times, naturally required the most rigid kind of schedule. And the most notable part of the Viking fleet's contribution to the success of this tour is that not once was a single member forced to alter his traveling plans. Every point was reached as desired—*on schedule*.

That's *dependability*—the thorough dependability which is available to you, too. For the cars that made this splendid record on the road are identical, part for part, dimension for dimension, with every Viking car that's built.

All are manufactured to one standard of material and workmanship—the highest. All are powered by the splendid 90° V-type eight-cylinder engine which is praised by owners the country over for the all-round performance . . . the brilliant speed, power, and acceleration . . . the satisfying, full-range smoothness it provides. All have the same rugged, dependable chassis which incorporates so many desirable features of balance, security, and ease of control. All have bodies by Fisher, with the luxury, style, and comfort assured by that name.

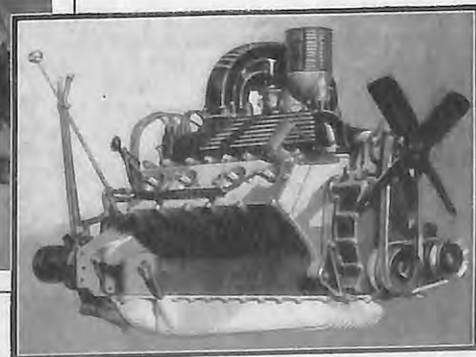
These features, with all the other advantages provided in Viking, are the things that make Viking a truly great motor car. And these things, at Viking's moderate price, make this fine eight the outstanding *value* in its field.

Come see the Viking yourself. Test it in every way. Then you'll know why Viking is such a great car to drive. And you'll discover something still more important—that Viking is a great car to own because you can always depend on it, no matter how far you drive.



The Viking Eight Convertible Coupe — the body type selected for the 1930 tour. Its long, low, beautifully proportioned Body by Fisher offers many desirable features which contribute to comfort and convenience in traveling

Viking's 90-degree V-eight engine provides speed, power, and acceleration for every need. Its balanced design assures smooth, quiet operation — under all conditions



VIKING EIGHT

P R O D U C T O F G E N E R A L M O T O R S

The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 33)

"I wish you'd tell me something," she said. "What?"

"I'm curious to know why you wanted to buy one of our cars, instead of getting one from a regular place. How did you know we had any to sell?"

"I didn't," said he, guardedly.

"Well, then, how—why—"

Jerry hesitated, then decided to approximate the truth.

"The Sheriff told me casually that you had a lot of cars," he began, "and I wanted a car and I couldn't find one at Gay's and—"

"But you didn't try anywhere else."

"No. It suddenly occurred to me that you might have a better one here than I could find anywhere else." He looked her straight in the eye. "And you did." So far as it went, this explanation was unimpeachable.

Sheila smiled.

"That is so beautifully logical," she said, "that it sounds like fiction."

"I wish my fiction sounded as true," said Jerry.

"Perhaps it does," she observed cryptically.

JERRY swallowed hard. Now that his attention was drawn to the fact, he realized that perhaps his scheme had been a little too smooth for credibility. She could not possibly suspect his real motive, he told himself, but clearly she was not wholly satisfied with his explanation. She sensed that he was holding something back. Unless he amended his statement so as to allay her curiosity, he saw that he might be subjected to entirely too searching a cross examination. He was in no condition, mentally, to undergo catechism. The very nearness of this girl was alone upsetting. Never an adept liar, he felt certain that under the gaze of those disturbing gray eyes of hers he would prove a wretched witness for the defense. Spurred by necessity, however, he conceived what seemed an inspiration.

"To be quite frank," he said, with all the ingenuousness of which he was capable, "I did have an ulterior motive. It's perfectly true that I hoped to be able to buy one of your cars, but that really was part of a plot—" he paused and forced himself to look at her.

"Go on," said she.

"The fact is—" he hesitated a moment, fearful lest his frail bark be swamped in a wave of disbelief the minute it was launched.

"Go on," repeated Sheila.

"The fact is—I had seen your golf course from my window and—"

Sheila leaned back and laughed.

"You are certainly gallant," she said, at length. "I suspected a plot, but it never occurred to me that the golf course—" she laughed again. "That shows you what a little fool I am. To think—"

Jerry wished some genie would arise to whisk him away and apply ice to his ears and forehead.

"As a matter of fact," he began, in an effort to make amends, "it wasn't really the golf course at all. It was—"

Sheila raised a small, brown hand in protest.

"Don't," she said, getting up and walking over to the table. "Don't say it. It's too late now. It wouldn't be true, anyway."

"But my dear girl—" exclaimed Jerry, distressed.

"I'm not a dear girl. I'm a stupid idiot. . . . So you liked the look of our golf course!"

"I don't want to talk about the golf course. I want to talk about—"

"The Lancia? Well I'm coming to that, do you still want it?"

"Oh, bother the Lancia."

"Because if you do—I have a proposition—" Jerry went toward her.

"Miss Carmichael," he said, severely.

"Mr. Maxwell," said she, mockingly.

"I want to tell you something."

"I'd rather not hear it," said she, edging away.

"I'm going to tell you anyway."

"Please don't."

"When I first saw you on the train—" he began, but stopped abruptly. A screeching of brakes on the drive outside was followed by the sound of voices and, a moment later, by soft footsteps.

"The price of the car is eight hundred dollars, Mr. Maxwell," said Sheila, in a matter-of-fact tone. "You understand, of course, that we're selling her as is. We believe she's in good condition, but we do not guarantee—. Oh, hello Charles. Back so soon? We didn't expect you till to-morrow."

Jerry turned to face the newcomer, who looked at him as if he were something that had just crawled out of a log.

"Sorry to intrude," said that worthy, stiffly.

"You're not," said Sheila. "This is Mr. Maxwell. We saw him the other day at the Careys', romping with the dog. Remember? Lord Beauregard, Mr. Maxwell."

"How d'you do," said Jerry.

"Do," said Beauregard.

Appraising him at close range, Jerry was struck by the man's resemblance to the real Beauregard. In build and cast of features he was extraordinarily like him. But, as has already been pointed out, his voice gave him away—that and his clothes. The real Beauregard was absolutely oblivious to the conventions of dress, had never been known to have his trousers pressed, to wear a hat, or a starched collar. This person, on the contrary, looked as if he were headed for an afternoon at the society photographer's.

"Mr. Maxwell came over to ask some questions about our golf course," said Sheila, "and ended up by deciding to buy one of our cars."

"Yompf," said Beauregard, laying his gray hat and yellow gloves on a near-by chair with a casualness that struck Jerry unpleasantly as an indication that he was very much at home.

"Have a good time in New York?" asked Sheila.

"No," said Beauregard, shooting his cuffs. "I did not expect to."

The girl made a clucking sound, as of commiseration.

"You look as if you had," she said, candidly. "Your eyes! They look rather like rosebuds. Don't they, Mr. Maxwell?"

"Probably dust from the train," said Jerry, diplomatically. He had no wish, at present, to antagonize the fellow.

"Mr. Maxwell," she continued, ignoring the effect of her comment on the owner of the eyes, "has come up here to study the Maine natives in their haunts. Going to do a book about 'em. Perhaps he'll put us in it." She smiled at Jerry impishly.

"Really! Very interesting, I'm sure."

Jerry chuckled to himself. The man's idea of how a peer should comport himself had evidently been acquired from the talkies.

"Is the Pater about?"

"In the lab, probably."

"Ah. I'll go and see him and let you continue with your business."

Jerry fumed. "Where does he get that pater stuff?" he thought.

"You needn't go," said Sheila. "There's nothing private about it."

"I brought up some of his favorite cigars."

"Thoughtful of you," said Sheila.

With a formal nod, the other withdrew. When he had gone, Sheila turned to Jerry and made a wry grimace.

"You see," she said. "I always put my foot in it. I shouldn't have said that about his eyes; but I couldn't help it. By the way, did you propose to pay cash for the car?"

Jerry blinked. It was hard to keep up with this girl.

"How much is it?"

"Seven hundred dollars."

"Didn't you say eight a moment ago?"

"Did I? Well, call it seven hundred and fifty."

What's fifty dollars between friends?"

Jerry's heart leaped.

"Am I one?"

"One what?"

"Friend."

Sheila looked at him very steadily.

"Want to be?"

"The first time I saw you—" began Jerry, earnestly.

Sheila frowned. Beauregard was coming in again.

"Make out the check to me, please. I'll write the bill of sale."

"He's not in the lab," said Beauregard, peevishly. "You said he was."

"Well, he's somewhere around. Am I my father's keeper? Try the hothouse. He's probably guzzling grapes."

Beauregard went out as quietly as he had come in. The way he crept about on his rubber heels was positively uncanny. He made Jerry nervous. It was bad enough to have him on the premises at all. Still, his two appearances had saved him, Jerry, from taking one dangerous and idiotic step. They had saved him from telling Sheila that he thought she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He knew he ought not to tell her anything of the sort; but he wanted to, desperately. When you are with a girl who actually is the most beautiful thing you have ever seen, it is not easy to refrain from saying so, even though you know that by doing it you are practically certain to upset the appercart.

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars," said the girl, in a business-like tone.

His brain full of conflicting ideas and impulses, Jerry hastily scribbled a cheque. Sheila slipped it into her sweater pocket without looking at it.

"It'll take a day or two to get license plates," said she, giving him the bill of sale. "If you'll phone Dennis when you have them, he can put them on for you and deliver the car complete."

"Thanks very much."

"I suppose your work keeps you pretty busy."

"Fairly. Why?"

"I wondered." In her glance was the glint of mischief he had seen before. "You see, I had an ulterior motive in consenting to sell you a car."

Jerry stared at her.

"I noticed how good you were with a mashie the other afternoon and I thought you might be willing to tell me what's wrong with my short game. But, of course, if you're terribly busy—"

Jerry's pulses throbbed. It was on the tip of his tongue to say he could never be too busy, when in came Beauregard again.

"He was in the hothouse."

"Hello, Charles," said Sheila. "I was just asking Mr. Maxwell to come and have some golf with us this afternoon."

"Ah," said Beauregard, vaguely.

"I really do appreciate the invitation," said Jerry, holding out his hand, "but I must work, you know. Justify my existence."

"Well, you know best, of course," said Sheila coolly turning away from him.

Jerry bit his lip.

"Good-bye," he said. "And thanks very much."

3

AFTER Jerry had made his exit, Beauregard, who had watched him go with studied indifference, addressed Sheila.

"I say," said he, "was it necessary to make that reference to my eyes in front of a stranger like that?"

"Necessary?"

"Yes."

"No. It wasn't necessary."

"I mean to say, after all, what?"

"After all which?"

Lord Beauregard frowned.

"I mean to say, after all, one doesn't go about calling the attention of strangers to—ah—I mean—"

"If it annoyed you, I'm sorry."

"Oh, it didn't annoy me," protested Beauregard, "it didn't annoy me in the least. One doesn't let such things annoy one, you know. But after all—"

"What?"

"Well, I mean to say, one wonders what people will think. Young Mr. What's-his-name—"

"Maxwell," put in Sheila.

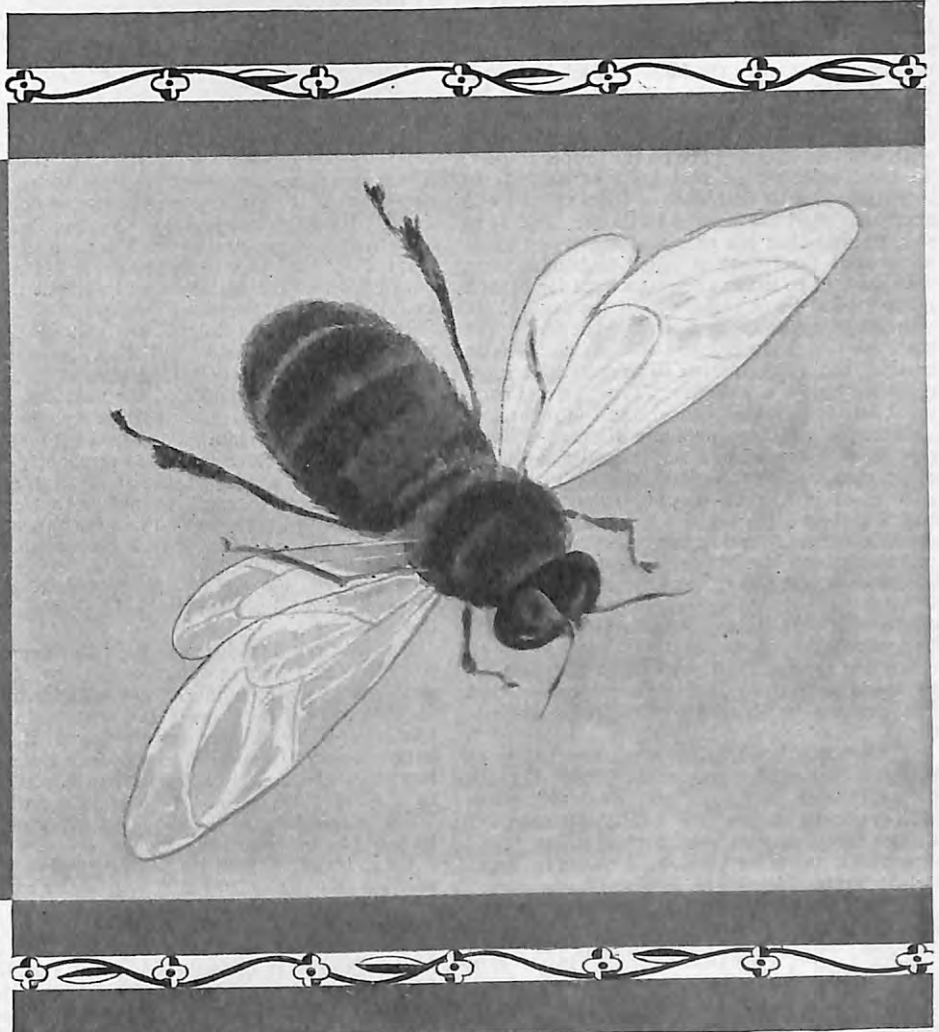
"Young Mr. Maxwell. What do you suppose he thought? Don't you suppose he thought it rather funny—rather peculiar, I mean—"

"I imagine," said Sheila, evenly, "that Mr. Maxwell thought my description was pretty accurate."

Lord Beauregard licked his lips. He knew from experience that he was no match for Sheila in a passage of words, but having started his complaint, he felt he ought to go through with it. Having, as Jerry had divined, acquired virtually all of his conceptions of peer-like

(Continued on page 52)

**THIS
BEE
IS
OUT
OF
LUCK**



THIS BEE is a drone. He won't work. And with bees, it's no work, no home. So the other bees drive him out of the hive. Good riddance!

That's how Quaker State treats the laggard quart you find in every gallon of ordinary oil. It's driven out.

What is this laggard quart? Why do you find it in ordinary oils and *not* in Quaker State

Motor Oil? It's this way . . .

In every gallon of ordinary motor oil there is a quart of material that is too thin to lubricate an automobile motor. It's a quart that ordinary refining leaves in—and so far as your motor is concerned, it's a quart of waste.

But you will not find this quart of waste in any gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil. For Quaker State is not refined in the ordinary way. It is *super*-refined, carried a step further by an exclusive process that removes the quart of waste. In its place you get a quart of the finest lubricant—four full quarts

of lubricant to the gallon. So you really get an *extra* quart.

And every gallon of Quaker State is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the world's finest.

Quaker State Motor Oil means more engine power because of its better piston seal. It stands up better under heat—keeps its protective oiliness longer. It gives spark plugs, piston rings and every working part of your motor a longer, peppier life. Get a filling of Quaker State at the nearest green and white service station sign. Your motor will purr a peppy "Thank you!" © 1930, Q. S. O. R. CO.



The Original Certified Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil . . .

35¢
PER QUART
higher in West, Southwest and Canada

Buy your oil where you see this sign
 QUAKER STATE MEDIUM MOTOR OIL
 QUAKER STATE MEDIUM HEAVY
 QUAKER STATE HEAVY MOTOR OIL
 QUAKER STATE TRACTOR OILS
 QUAKER STATE AERO OILS
 Quaker State Oil Refining Co.,
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The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 50)

behavior from the screen, it seemed to him essential that his dignity be upheld in the presence of outsiders. One of the factors which had made his rôle difficult and, so far, had impeded his progress towards his goal, was the apparent inability of Sheila and her father to treat him with what he conceived to be the proper respect. In the beginning he had been so anxious to ingratiate himself with both of them that he had accommodated his manner to theirs. That is to say, finding that his title and the fruity genealogy that went with it failed to inspire them with awe, or to lessen their penchant for banter, he had tried to fit in as one of the family. It was one thing, however, to endure the crossfire of his host and hostess when no one else was in earshot, but quite another to submit to personal criticism before a stranger. True, Jerry's comment on Sheila's shot concerning the redness of his eyes had been soothing and discreet. Nevertheless, Beaugard had not missed the amusement that had flickered on the visitor's face. Like most gentlemen of unlawful leanings, he had a sort of sixth sense which warned him of possible danger. And in this case that sense told him that young Mr. Maxwell's advent might well foreshadow bad news. At any rate he believed it would be poor policy not to attempt to head off possible repetitions of the incident. Though he wanted the newcomer to realize he was on terms of easy familiarity with the Carmichaels, he would have liked to give the impression that this was due to his own condescension and not theirs.

"I wish," he said, with as much urbanity as he could command, "you would refrain—I mean to say, I wish, in future, you would not make such remarks before Mr. Whatshisname. I think—ah—I'm sure that sort of thing might give him a wrong impression. I mean, he might not understand—"

"Dear, dear," said Sheila, "you sound as if you were my husband."

"Ah," said Beaugard, soulfully, "if only I were."

"Is that a proposal?"

"No," said he, hastily. "Oh, no." He did not intend to propose in any such casual manner or in broad daylight. His plans called for a proposal under more propitious circumstances, at a time and in a place of his own choosing. On the water, perhaps, in the moonlight, when the wavelets were making crooning noises on the shore. "Oh, no," he repeated, "not here, not now."

"Good," said Sheila. "I'm really not fit to be proposed to in this shabby old sweater and skirt. Besides, I've things to do. Some other time, eh, Charles?"

With this, she gave him a brilliant smile and ran lightly upstairs.

When she had gone, Lord Beaugard became, for a moment, his natural self. "This, that and the other thing," he said, kicking savagely at an imaginary dog. If a real dog had been there he would have fetched it a nasty thump. As it was, he fetched himself one. For the rug on which he was standing slipped when he swung his foot and his other leg shot out from under him.

CHAPTER IX

ON THE way back to the Careys', whither Dennis drove him, Jerry was silent. To say that his feelings were mixed would be an understatement. Not only were his feelings mixed, but so, likewise, were his thoughts. His mind, to coin a phrase, was awl. And why not? Consider the facts:

- A.—He had found the Old Thunderbus.
- B.—He had met and talked with Sheila Carmichael.
- C.—He had been introduced to the bogus Beaugard.

Furthermore, and in addition, these items:

- D.—The Old Thunderbus was in a spot from which it would be phenomenally difficult to extract it.
- E.—The effect Sheila had on him was devastating, and therefore dangerous.
- F.—The bogus Beaugard was evidently on easy terms with the household.

Beyond those, these:

- G.—The Old Thunderbus was undoubtedly being carefully guarded.

H.—Sheila had invited him to play golf and he had evaded the invitation.

I.—The bogus Beaugard had not been pleased to meet him.

It was all very well to have found the Old Thunderbus. To accomplish that was one of the chief reasons for his having come to Maine. The chiefest reason, however, was to obtain possession of the machine and to send it on the first leg of its ultimate journey to the Smithsonian in Washington. And how in the name of the giant, three-toed whatsis was he going to ease it out of the Carmichaels' front hall without their knowledge and consent was a question.

He had met and talked with Sheila Carmichael. But now that he had, what good would it do? She completely baffled him. One moment she seemed serious and the next she was obviously the reverse. She was dazzlingly lovely to look at and made him want to pick her up and carry her off to some mountain stronghold, in the fashion of a Sicilian brigand. Her self-possession, however, made it probable that even if he succumbed to so rash an impulse he would only be laughed at for his pains. Besides, as has already been pointed out, once she knew who he was she would certainly write *faits* to any plans he might have for their closer acquaintance.

He had been introduced to Lord Beaugard, so-called, and had been regarded by that gentleman with a jaundiced eye. The reason for that was not far to seek. It was natural that Beaugard should view any newcomer, if not with alarm, at least with uneasiness. But the fact that he was easily able to guess this added nothing of value to his store of information. What he was doing at the Carmichaels', or what he hoped to do, was still a secret.

Up in his room, with his feet propped on the window-sill and a mellow pipe between his teeth, Jerry pondered the situation.

Was it his duty, he wondered, knowing Beaugard to be an impostor, to expose him without further delay? It might be, of course, that the fellow's purpose was no less justifiable than his own. After all, if one wanted to be meticulous, the projected theft of the Old Thunderbus might well be looked at askance, from the standpoint of ethics. For the time being, there seemed nothing to be gained from exposing the other impostor.

What sort of impression had he, himself, made on Sheila? Had she liked him at all, or had she been laughing at him from first to last? There had been moments in which she had made him feel that she would welcome his friendship. In others, she had seemed merely to mock him. An extraordinary girl, with her flippancy and her frankness and her candid admission that she was both flippant and frank. Inscrutable. Just as you thought you were making some headway with her, you found yourself repulsed. And when you were flippant in turn, she pretended to be hurt.

Why had she invited him over for golf? Was it that she wanted him, for himself, or was it that she wanted to plague Beaugard? Or was it only that she was keen for some coaching?

Though he smoked numerous pipefuls of his favorite tobacco and belabored his brain, he could think of no answers to these questions which pressed in on him like an army of rats nibbling at his cerebellum.

Another point: what significance, if any, lay in the fulsome inscription written by his father on Mr. Carmichael's copy of the photograph of the Old Thunderbus? Ever since he could remember, his parent had referred to the car as his own product. Could it be that bitterness had caused Mr. Marshall to distort the truth? Was it possible that Carmichael was actually entitled to possession of the ancient vehicle or that he had as much right as Jerry's father to claim it for his own? If that were the case, as the inscription on the picture seemed to indicate, then what? And how was he to find out, save by putting both men on the witness stand, under oath, and forcing them to tell the details of their quarrel? He had not yet heard Carmichael's version of the story, but from what Sheila had said, the episode still rankled in that gentleman's bosom. He considered writing to ask his father for an explanation of his change of attitude, in view of his having once called his

erstwhile partner America's greatest inventor. But he foresaw that little good would spring from such a course. Unless he were actually in the presence of the other, Mr. Marshall would stick to his version like ice to a windshield.

Under the mental stress brought on by these cogitations, Jerry began to feel groggy. He was saved by the bell, announcing the midday meal. After lunch, during which his mind was diverted from his problems by the conversation of the Carey family—made up largely of Queenie's appeals for five dollars to squander on a scarlet hat, appeals which were unanimously vetoed by her parents—Jerry sought further surcease from gnawing care by trying to knuckle down to some writing.

If he had been an experienced author, he would have foregone the attempt, knowing that to expect to produce anything even faintly resembling literature when the brain is full of extraneous matters is the essence of futility. Writing is a painful process at best, except for those blythe spirits who have the knack of "dashing things off"; and to focus the thoughts on fictional ideas, in spite of stern actualities which clamor for attention, requires a discipline that comes only from long training. This priceless asset Jerry lacked. The result was that the sheet of paper in his typewriter, instead of rapidly becoming filled with lines of sparkling dialogue and description, remained forlornly blank.

At last, after what seemed an eternity, but which was actually only about an hour and a half, he gave it up. His head ached and he was filled with a general feeling of depression. Catching sight of the red flag fluttering tantalizingly on one of the greens of the Carmichael course, he cursed himself for having declined Sheila's invitation. A round of golf was just what he needed. Well, if he couldn't have a real game, he could have the next best thing, a practice session in the meadow. Slipping some balls in his pocket, he took his mashie and went outdoors, where he was joined by the ever-eager Lancelot.

In the middle of his third swing, the deep note of a familiar motor-horn sounded just outside the meadow fence. Sheila Carmichael, alone, had stopped her car there and was watching him.

"I like to see people work," she said, accenting the last word ever so faintly.

Jerry flushed. "I've been trying to work," he said, "really I have. But the old bean simply doesn't click."

"Buying a car must have been too much for it," observed Sheila, smiling.

Jerry grinned, but he was vaguely apprehensive. Why had she come, he wondered. Had he unconsciously betrayed himself on that first visit? The cheque he had given her, for instance—he remembered having told himself to be sure to use his alias in signing it. But he had signed it in a hurry. Could he, perchance, had used his real name, from force of habit? It was possible. He could not recall, now, which name he had written. He began to perspire.

"Did you come to see me?" he asked, "or did you just stop in passing?"

"I came to see you. Daddy asked me to. I told him how good you were with a mashie and he said his short game was terrible and—"

"Wait till I get my other clubs," cried Jerry.

As he loped upstairs, his mind's eye glimpsed a long series of bridges, all on fire and burning merrily. "There they go," he thought, cheerfully, "let 'em burn!"

The next moment he was seated next to Sheila in the car.

"Didn't you tell me this morning that your own short game was off?"

"Perhaps I did," she acknowledged, looking straight ahead.

CHAPTER X

IN THE short run to the Carmichael house, Jerry began to feel misgivings as to the outcome of the afternoon's proceedings. Intoxicated by Sheila's presence, he had acted on impulse. True, in the back of his mind was the realization that sooner or later, in order to fulfill his mission, he would be obliged to gain the confidence of these people. This, however, he had planned to accomplish gradually, with due caution, one step at a time, and not in a reckless, headlong, unthinking manner.

Brooding thus, he was suddenly struck by a

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The Quest of the Thunderbus

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hitherto unthought-of possibility. Suppose Mr. Carmichael should recognize in him a resemblance to his father? There was not a very strong likeness between him and Mr. Marshall now, the latter having become somewhat gnarled and grizzled as to countenance; but the Mr. Marshall of the Old Thunderbus photograph, in spite of a beard—

"If you're going to sulk because I took you away from your work," said Sheila, breaking in on Jerry's distracting speculations, "I shall be tempted to take you right back to the Careys."

"Sorry," he grinned, "I was only thinking how lucky I am."

"Does that always make you morose?"

"Was I?"

"You looked as if you were trying to decide between cyanide and prussic acid."

"Great moments in one's life should be approached solemnly, don't you think?"

"No," said Sheila, "I don't. But I'll tell you what I do think—"

"What?"

"I think you were regretting your bargain. You were saying to yourself: 'Hell's bells, why did I let myself in for this? Trying to teach a female golf?' That what's you were thinking and I don't blame you for being morose. But cheer up, I won't hold you to it."

Jerry grinned again, but did not reply. He had already been inane enough. Besides, they had entered the estate by this time and he felt the need of bracing himself against the ordeal of undergoing the scrutiny of Sheila's father.

They had just passed the watchman, standing at attention outside his cottage, when shouts and a commotion to the rear caused Sheila to stop the car and look around.

"Here comes your caddie," said she.

"Good Lord," exclaimed Jerry, turning just in time to see the leggy form of Lancelot elude the watchman's half-hearted tackle and come pelting along the driveway, baying triumphantly. The next instant the active beast cleared the side of the machine and, slobbering copiously, tried his best to scramble from the tonneau into the front seat.

"Down, Lance, down you brute," commanded Jerry, seized with a paroxysm of laughter.

Sheila was convulsed. Lancelot, sensing that he had the spotlight, assumed his solemn attitude of prayer, sitting up on his haunches and looking from one to the other for approbation. While Jerry and the girl rocked helplessly with mirth, the watchman, severely blown, drew alongside.

"Shall I knock him out, Miss?" he panted hopefully, producing a billy from his hip pocket. "Knock who out?" asked Sheila, between spasms.

"Him, Miss. The dog."

"Don't be silly, Andrews. You can't go around knocking out dogs."

"I tried to stop 'im," said the man, "but—"

"It's all right, Andrews. Don't worry about it. You did your best."

"Yes, Miss," continued the watchman, "I tried to stop 'im, but 'e dodged—" he twirled the billy on its leather thong. "Don't you want me to put 'im away, Miss?"

"Andrews," said Sheila, as one who talks to a child, "listen carefully. Are you listening?"

"Yes, Miss."

"This gentleman is Mr. Maxwell, a friend of ours, understand? And this dog is Mr. Maxwell's personal dog. Any time Mr. Maxwell and his personal dog come into the gate, you are to let them pass. Understand?"

"Let 'em pass," he repeated, "him and the dog, both."

"That's it."

"'E dodged me," he muttered, "'at's why I couldn't stop 'im." Still muttering and shaking his head, the watchman moved off.

"A keen lad," observed Jerry.

"Goofy," said Sheila, "but useful just the same. He can only think of one thing at a time. His orders are to let no strangers into the grounds without special permission. And he's too dumb to be persuaded by arguments. People can talk to him until they're blue in the face, but it makes no impression on him. If I hadn't included Lancelot in the instructions just now,

next time he followed you in, Andrews would probably have killed him."

"Next time," said Jerry. "I'll have him tied up before I come. I'd better tie him now. He'll make a confounded nuisance of himself if I don't."

"You can tie him to the foot rail of the car. I'll get you a rope."

Arrived at the house, Jerry sat in the car holding the dog by the collar while Sheila went in search of a length of clothes line. He was rather grateful to Lancelot for appearing on the scene. The incident had served to relieve the tension.

"Good dog," he said, tickling him behind the ears, "good dog. Clever dog."

"Yowf," said Lancelot, thumping the floor with his tail.

2.

THERE is an admirable aphorism, conceived by who knows what greeting card philosopher, which reads: "To-day was the to-morrow you worried about yesterday—and it never happened," or words to that effect.

Jerry found that his anxiety concerning his first meeting with Sheila's father had been superfluous. The searching inspection that his own sense of guilt had led him to expect did not materialize. On the contrary, the old gentleman was quite casual and seemed a good deal more interested in Lancelot than in Jerry.

"Great God," he exclaimed, after Sheila had introduced the pair, "what's that? A dog?"

"It's said to be a dog," averred Jerry, connecting the animal's collar with the foot-rail by means of sly knots.

"That's Lancelot, Daddy," put in Sheila, "you've heard of him. An experiment of the sheriff's."

"Part bloodhound and part Great Dane," explained Jerry.

"Combining the worst features of each, I suppose," commented Mr. Carmichael.

"Extraordinary," murmured Lord Beauregard, "I mean to say—"

"What's extraordinary about it?" demanded Mr. Carmichael, contrarily, "common example of miscegenation, that's all."

"He's really quite intelligent," said Jerry.

"That's no recommendation," remarked the old gentleman. "There are plenty of people who are quite intelligent. Too many. Same thing with dogs. Lots of people and dogs who are quite intelligent. The trouble with them is they are not quite intelligent enough. What this world needs is a few more men and dogs with superlative intelligence —"

"Daddy darling," said Sheila, "I invited Mr. Maxwell here to play some golf, not to be jawed at. . ."

Her father accepted this reproof amiably. "Well, then," he retorted, "what are we waiting for? I'm ready to play. If your young friend here has finished his boy-scout exhibition—"

"It's all finished," said Jerry. "The knots ought to hold, if the rope itself does. I have my doubts about that, though."

But Mr. Carmichael was already several yards away, striding along at a pace that made Beauregard trot to keep up with him. Sheila was following close behind. With a final admonition to Lancelot to be a good dog and lie down, Jerry snatched up his golf-bag and hurried after them. At the sight of the exciting ball-hitting sticks being taken away, Lancelot jerked at his bonds and set up a prolonged and mournful howl.

"Your father seems a jolly sort," observed Jerry to Sheila, thinking out loud, as they say in the advertising business.

"Who said he wasn't?" she asked.

"I didn't mean that. I meant he is," stammered Jerry.

"How shall we play?" asked the old gentleman, arriving at the first tee. "Long time since we've had a foursome."

"Why not a two-ball match, you and Charles against Mr. Maxwell and me?" suggested Sheila.

"Oh, I say, really!" protested his Lordship.

"We'll give you a stroke a hole," she amended. "Charles, here, Lord Beauregard, that is, has not much confidence, you see."

"Golf isn't my game, you know."

"Yes," said Sheila, "I know. Well, Daddy, what do you say?"

"Seems to me," said Mr. Carmichael, "it would be better if we simply played every man for himself. I don't like that two-ball business. I hate having to pull other people's chestnuts out of the fire, and I don't want anyone to have to pull out mine. I don't know how you feel about it, young fellow," he went on, turning to Jerry, "but I think there'll be less bloodshed and hard feeling if we go on our own. Playing partners with one ball I'm apt to lose what little good-nature I possess. And that's no reflection on your efforts, Beauregard."

"All right," said Sheila. "Let's get started. We'll all play from scratch on the first nine until we see what Mr. Maxwell can do. Then he can give us handicaps."

One by one they teed off. Beauregard led with a daisy-cutter that hit a rock about a hundred yards away and bounced off to the left, well into the rough. Sheila followed with a fair drive that went straight, but too high for distance. Mr. Carmichael, after a couple of practice swings, knocked a screamer. It would have been a beautiful shot had it only been true; but it was terrifically sliced and curved right out to sea.

Mr. Carmichael shook his head and moved aside to make way for Jerry. As he stooped to get another ball out of his bag, his lips framed words to which he gave no utterance.

Jerry, anxious to make a good impression, without wishing to show off, teed his ball carefully, but hurried his stroke, and fozzled the drive, which barely cleared a forty-yard patch of stubble between the tee and the fairway.

"Hard luck, boy," said Mr. Carmichael, cheerfully. "Might happen to anybody." He set up another ball and took a couple more practice swings. Then he laid into it and the resultant drive was a beauty, two hundred and eighty yards and right down the middle.

"Try to beat that one, young fellow," he said, with pardonable pride.

"Wish I could," said Jerry. "Do you smack many of those, sir?"

"Some days," said Mr. Carmichael, with a side glance at Sheila.

"Oh, Daddy!" said his daughter, reprovingly. "You ought to be able to get there with a brassie from where you lie," asserted the old gentleman. "I'm about fifty yards short of the green. Aren't you going to use a brassie?"

"No," said Jerry, "I seldom do. I prefer a cleek on level ground. Don't use cleeks much over here nowadays, but they still do in England. You've got one, Lord Beauregard, haven't you?"

"No," answered the other, shifting uneasily. "I never played much at home. I mean to say golf isn't my game." He hoped the newcomer would not begin asking questions. That might be very awkward.

Jerry addressed his ball, took a full, easy swing and sent it away low and fast. The shot lacked the carry of Mr. Carmichael's drive, but it had a good, long roll.

"By gravy," exclaimed the old gentleman, "I wouldn't have thought it possible."

"It's a great old battle axe when it's working," said Jerry, with a grin. "You must try it. With your arms you ought to be able to knock 'em to the moon and back."

"I'd love to try it," said Mr. Carmichael. "You're away, Bogey."

Lord Beauregard trudged off to locate his ball, wearing a deepening frown. It was not because he was in the rough that his expression grew dark and he muttered to himself. He was used to being in the rough. What irritated him was the way this tall young intruder, apparently without credentials of any kind, had suddenly landed in the middle of the picture with both feet, as it were. His sixth sense, which had previously warned him that Jerry's advent might mean bad news, rose up now to emphasize the point. Both Sheila and her father seemed much too ready to accept this Maxwell person, and not because of any really sterling qualities, but because he was good at golf. Why, he thought, the old gentleman was already eating out of the blighter's hand; old Mr. Carmichael who, to strangers, was usually hell on wheels. It was a nasty look-out and he would have to do something about it. Just what he could do was, at the moment, a puzzler. It would require study.

(Continued on page 56)

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The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 54)

Meanwhile, as usual, he was in the rough and would have to get out of it.

Selecting his niblick, the club with which circumstances had made him most familiar, he hacked his ball savagely onto the fairway and dribbled it at last within putting distance of the hole. The three others were on the green, waiting for him. Mr. Carmichael missed a long putt and took a five. Sheila also had a five. Jerry sank his ball for a par four. After overrunning the cup twice, Beauregard picked up.

"Golf isn't my game," he remarked.

"Don't take it to heart," said Mr. Carmichael, genially. "You can't be good at everything. Maxwell, here, probably doesn't know the difference between a molecule and a leg of lamb."

"Absolutely," agreed Jerry.

"Poor Charles," said Sheila, in mock commiseration, "he is always so tense. He never can seem to relax. I think he ought to be psychoanalyzed."

"All good men are keyed up," said the old gentleman. "I wouldn't give a nickel for a man who wasn't."

"Thank you so much," said Beauregard, bowing stiffly.

"I suppose that lets me out," laughed Jerry.

"Not at all," put in Sheila. "You're keyed pretty high yourself at times."

Jerry blushed furiously. "It's my honor, isn't it?" he asked.

They played several holes without incident until they came to the fifth. Jerry, regaining his old touch, produced almost flawless golf. Carmichael, a mighty hitter, was erratic and wild. Sheila's game was odd, her form being better than her scores. Beauregard was patently a dub.

"The next hole," said Carmichael, "is a dog leg. The green is behind those trees, well beyond them. The safest way to shoot it is to lay your ball to the right of them. Then

play your second to the left, almost at right angles."

"What's the matter with going round the trees, on the left of them, with the first shot?"

"Going round 'em?"

"With a slice."

"You mean—a deliberate slice?"

"It's a pretty shot when it comes off. I'm going to try it, just for fun. Of course—" Jerry looked slyly at Sheila, "I haven't quite as wide a slice as yours, Mr. Carmichael, but—"

The old gentleman winced.

"All right, you young pup," he said. "Bet you ten dollars you can't do it. And another ten that if you can I can."

"Done," said Jerry.

"Put me down for ten on that, Maxwell," chimed in Beauregard, hoping that the weight of wagers would shake the other's nerve.

"Right-ho," said Jerry. He teed his ball rather high and stood for a moment calculating direction and the force of the wind. Then, modifying stance and swing, he made his drive. The ball sailed far to the left and, as its spin took effect, curved to the right, falling out of sight behind the clump of trees.

"Dog my cats," ejaculated Mr. Carmichael. Eager to try the shot himself, he teed up his ball.

"Just a minute," said Jerry; "move your feet a bit—there, like that. Now take a full swing but don't try to knock the cover off."

To the intense surprise of all present, the old gentleman's ball behaved perfectly, just as Jerry's had, disappearing at approximately the same place.

"Boy," cried Mr. Carmichael, "you've given me a new interest in life."

"So have you," said Jerry, looking covertly at Sheila. But he said it to himself. Aloud, he said: "You did it splendidly, sir."

Sheila and Beauregard drove off, the latter,

for once, getting in the clear. Mr. Carmichael, chafing with impatience to see where his own ball had actually come down, plowed ahead. Jerry stayed near the girl while she was playing her iron shot. She looked unusually serious.

"I wish you hadn't done that," she said, as they moved toward the green.

"Why? He's tickled to death. The thrill that comes once in a lifetime."

"That's just it. He thanks you now. But he'll never be the same again. He'll want to do it every time he plays this hole, and he'll probably never be able to. It was a cruel trick."

"Oh, look here," Jerry protested, "that's a bit strong. How did I know he'd make it the first time? He was simply shot with luck."

"That's just it. But he doesn't think so. He thinks he's learned something."

"So he has," insisted Jerry.

"I hate a show-off," said Sheila.

For the rest of the round she did not speak to him.

"Stay to supper with us, won't you?" said Mr. Carmichael, when the last putt was down.

Jerry looked at Sheila, but could not catch her eye.

"Thanks very much," he said, "but I'm afraid I must get back. I've got to work to-night."

It seemed to him that as he said this a faintly derisive smile played about the corners of Sheila's mouth.

"Well, boy, I won't press you," said Mr. Carmichael. "But you must come over soon for some more golf. Will you drive him home, Sheila?"

"Of course," said the girl. "Come on, Charles. Let's drive Mr. Maxwell home."

With a little gleam of triumph in his eyes the bogus Beauregard got into the front seat of the car. Jerry sat in the tonneau alone with Lancelot.

(To be continued)

"Cock-a-Doodle-Done!"

(Continued from page 17)

was Bubber Milam. Under one arm he carried a reddish-colored cock. "I'll pit a Red Cuban—at de weight—'gainst yo' Sid."

Mistuh Barnabas glanced at the bird—and laughed. He knew that cock. Once it had been good. Once, still, he remembered, Milam, strangely enough, had always been crazy about that particular Cuban. Perhaps, if taunted sufficiently, he might risk some real money on it.

"Still lugging around that old Cuban relic, Milam?" he asked, and laughed irritatingly.

"He ain't no relic," Bubber retorted with spirit. "He's a good cock."

"Yes?" Mistuh Barnabas laughed again. "Improved since three weeks ago?"

"He wasn't in no condition, den!" Bubber defended hotly.

"Just good enough to lose, eh?"

"Looky here, Barnabas!" Bubber flared up. "I ain't come here to have my cocks low-rated by you, nor nobody else." He faced the crowd. "You pitters an' han'l'ers git dis: Bahnabas turnin' loose some big talk. I's a cock-fighter. Offerin' to pit a five-two Red Cuban 'gainst his Sid Taylor, same weight. Now, if he aimin' to crawfish—"

"Crawfish?" Mistuh Barnabas sputtered. "If you're so sure you've got a good cock, how much money is going to back your judgment?"

Bubber ran a hand into his pocket, pulled out a roll and, flipping the notes back one at a time, counted them: five twenty-dollar bills.

"A hundred dollars!" Mistuh Barnabas scoffed. "I thought you believed in your birds. Let's don't be pikers. Let's show these gentlemen some real sporting blood. Say we lay—two hundred and fifty?"

For just a moment Bubber seemed to hesitate; then he shifted hold on his cock, ran his other hand into his pocket and brought out some more bills. He counted off fifteen ten-dollar notes.

Both of them glanced at the referee.

Swishblade addressed the crowd. "Mistuh Bahnabas showin' a five-pound, two-ounce Sid Taylor; Mistuh Milam a Red Cuban, same weight. Bet, two hund'ed an' fifty dolluhs, subject to our reg'lar rules an' reg'lations." He looked at the pair for confirmation; each bowed assent. "Han' de money to de stakeholder," he commanded. They obeyed.

"De bets is so laid an' so ordered," Swishblade announced. "Gemmen, git ready."

Then a most extraordinary thing occurred. Bubber Milam handed the cock that he had been holding to a bystander. He reached behind him and pulled forward a wicker cage. From this he brought out a bird—a cock that was a rich brick red, except for silver-gray hackle and black feathers that tipped wing and tail. Its comb was little more than a red streak. But the feature about it that caught the attention instantly was its eyes: piercing, coal black, the most passionately wicked eyes that ever sat in a game-cock's head.

Mistuh Barnabas, who had been watching the performance, let out a shriek. "My cock!" He started across the pit toward Bubber Milam. "My Cuban!"

"What's 'at?" Bubber's voice, his manner registered a sort of stupefied amazement. Yet something in his expression caused Mistuh Barnabas to halt several feet distant and stand there, pawing the air foolishly. "I—I don't understand, Mistuh Bahnabas. You ain't claimin' dis cock?"

"Claiming it?" Mistuh Barnabas sputtered. "I don't have to claim it! That's the very cock I was telling you about. It's mine. It—"

"Mistuh Ref'ree!" Bubber turned appealingly to Swishblade. "Dey seem to be some misunderstandin' wid Mistuh Bahnabas. Puss'nally, I kin show by what autho'ity I's han'lin' 'is here cock. But jus' foh Mistuh Bahnabas'

peace o' mind, le's git dis here thing straightened out. Let 'im state his contention formally to de ref'ree."

"What is yo' contention, Mistuh Bahnabas?" Swishblade asked.

"My contention?" Mistuh Barnabas was rapidly becoming apoplectic. "I bought the cock in Havana, Cuba. Paid two hundred and fifty dollars for it. That man has absolutely no right to it."

"You bought it in Havana?" Bubber asked. "Did you git you a bill o' sale?"

"Yes."

"You has it wid you—on yo' pusson?"

"N-no; I left it on the ship."

"How did you bring de cock f'm Cuba?"

"On the ship—of course!"

"Mistuh Bahnabas"—Bubber's voice was sternly reproving—"ain't you know it's 'gainst de law to smuggle in game cocks?"

"I didn't smuggle it!"

"Oh-h! You brang it th'ough de customs?"

"Certainly!"

"Den maybe"—Bubber's voice was irritatingly soft—"maybe, you kin show yo' customs receipt?"

Mistuh Barnabas turned a sort of pea-green; he attempted to speak, gurgled wordlessly, and choked. Intuitively, now, he sensed that this Milam person, in some way, had learned a great deal more about one Red Cuban game cock than he was putting out. But he had no earthly way of proving anything.

His premonition of what was coming was fulfilled in the next instant, when Bubber took a slip of paper from his pocket which he extended to Swishblade. "Submits dis, Mistuh Ref'ree," he said, "as exhibit Number A, accountin' foh de presence o' me an' dis cock here."

Swishblade read the slip laboriously. "Exhibit Number A," he announced, "recites dat one Shabo Gandy, as owner, paid impoht duty on one Red Cuban game cock." He glanced

from the slip to Bubber. "Who is dis here Mistuh Gandy?"

"Puss'nal friend o' mine," Bubber answered glibly. "Unable to be here, but auth'ized me, as his han'ler, to enter his impohted Red Cuban game cock in dis here hack." He turned smilingly upon Mistuh Barnabas. "Jus' another case o' mistaken indemnity. Nachel error on yo' paht, Mistuh Barnabas. So many game cocks looks so much alike—"

"I'm not mistaken!" Mistuh Barnabas shouted. "That's my cock!"

"Den prove it." Swishblade Johnson broke in sharply. He was becoming annoyed at the delay; the crowd, too, showed signs of restlessness. They had come to see cock-fights—not listen to a debate. "Gemman comes here, enterin' a cock. You says it's yo'n. He submits documenta'y evidence. You submits nothin'. Prove up—or shut up."

"Then I demand the right to withdraw my bet!" Mistuh Barnabas blustered. "On the ground of misrepresentation by Milam of the cock he was entering."

"Who?—me?" Bubber seemed grieved by the accusation. "Me misrepresent?"

"Yes you did! You said you were going to enter the cock you had under your arm, and—"

"Jus' one moment!" Bubber turned to the crowd. "I leaves it wid de pitters. Gemmun, did I ever say anything to Mistuh Bahnabas specific'y speciyin' 'at puhtickluh cock as de one I was goin' to pit? Did I?"

There was a moment's wait for thought. Then a chorus:

"You sho' didn't, Bubber!"

"Not a word!"

"Milam's right!"

Swishblade nodded his approval of the verdict.

"This is an outrage!" Mistuh Barnabas stormed. "I'm going—"

"What you is gwine to do is to subside."

Swishblade spoke softly, but he towered above Mistuh Barnabas, six feet, three inches of brown menace. He was refereeing as honestly as he could. He was utterly ignorant of the things that Bubber Milam and Mistuh Barnabas knew about that cock. He could rule only upon the evidence offered. "I's ref'ree here—by anonymous choice, Mistuh Bahnabas." Then to the crowd: "De ref'ree 'ficially rules all bets standin'. We will puheed wid de pittin'."

"You mean," Mistuh Barnabas protested weakly, "that I've got to stand here and see one of my cocks fight another of my cocks, with a chance of losing—"

"Not a tall, Mistuh Bahnabas," Bubber Milam broke in sweetly. "You kin shut yo' eyes, if you wishes."

MISTUH BARNABAS subsided—outwardly. Inwardly, he boiled. The possibilities! There was just the slimmest chance that his Sid Taylor might win over the Cuban without maiming the latter hopelessly. But it was the faintest, outside possibility. He knew both birds. Each was of the temperament that fought to the death. That Cuban would never quit as long as he could draw breath. The Sid was just as game.

Should the Cuban win, two hundred and fifty dollars of Mistuh Barnabas' money would go to that detested Milam person. If the Sid won—and something told Mistuh Barnabas that he could win only by killing the other bird—the same amount of money, paid in Havana for one game cock, would be a total loss. Over all this, like a nightmare, hovered the most devastating of all possibilities: suppose—as frequently happened—each cock should kill the other? A two hundred and fifty dollar imported bird dead, and the best of his Alabama cocks, too, only a memory. . . .

He heard, as from a great distance, Swishblade's peremptory command:

"Han'lars ready."

Bubber Milam, holding his cock fast in the crook of his left arm so that only its head and neck were free, right hand grasping the steel-gaffed heels, entered the pit. Mistuh Barnabas gestured weakly at his handler, who took the Sid and followed Bubber's example. The two of them came to a line in the center of the pit and stood, their left sides towards each other, the heads of the cocks within striking distance. Instantly the two birds began a vicious pecking—or billing, as it is known in game-cock circles.

(Continued on page 58)



SHE'S ONLY A SUNSHINE BATHER

... YET SHE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

SHE paddles around only in the sand. She makes a "splash" in the social swim, but could hardly be called the mermaid of her beach club.

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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

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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.

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 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.

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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.

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"Cock-a-Doodle-Done!"

(Continued from page 57)

Swishblade's voice came again:

"On yo' marks!"

Each man drew away to another line that was parallel to the center mark, but four feet distant from it.

"Pit yo' cocks!"

Both handlers knelt, right hands holding the fowls under their breasts, the cocks' toes barely touching the ground. The instant the birds were loosed they left the pitters' hands flying. They met four feet in air—red-breasted Cuban and mottle-breasted Sid. Black eyes shot venom, pink eyes spurted flame. A flash of feathers and flying steel. The action was too fast for the eye to follow.

The Sid was a *shuffler*, the kind that goes into action with heels moving like the spokes of a revolving fly-wheel. As does the smashing prize-fighter, he hopes by speed and an unceasing rain of blows to disable or wear down, then to finish, an opponent. The Cuban was a *single-stroker*, cooler, more crafty, dodging, ducking, fending off, as a finished boxer spars, awaiting his chance to end the combat with a single deadly blow. He is more rare—but the more dangerous—type of fighting cock.

Each kind had its backers at the pit-side. "Hot-dawg!" It was an excited voice. "Shuffler 'gainst single-stroker! Two dolluhs on de single-stroker."

"Fades yo' two dolluhs," said another voice. "An' seekin' mo'."

"Mo'? Five dolluhs, den, say de Cuban win."

"Gimme some dem five dolluhs!" There was another eager bettor near by. "My money on de shuffler. Shuffle 'im, you Sid, shuffle 'im!"

"Better shuffle 'im while he kin. 'At Cuban jus' waitin' his chance to git some action."

"He gwine git action—an' whare!"

There was action—in plenty. Two gamer cocks, two with greater stamina, never shed feathers in a pit. They were mixing it at a terrific pace. Something must happen soon.

In a lucky fly, the Sid, by a chance stroke, drove a gaff through the Cuban's wing. They came to earth, coupled, lay there, billing each other. Swishblade's voice rang out:

"Han'le yo' cocks!"

Each man grasped his bird with the utmost care, lest in handling them the gaff might be torn out, this inflicting a more serious wound than had been delivered legally. The steel was carefully pulled out. It had gone only through the fleshy part of the wing; until soreness should set in, the Cuban would not be materially handicapped.

The Sid would have been a terrible punisher had his slashes been accurate, but his timing was poor. He was aggressive, shifty, a hard hitter, but he was shuffling entirely too rapidly for results. And, too, he was more excitable; he was striking wildly, doing a world of kicking, but very little cutting. The Cuban, on the other hand, though always willing and eager, stuck to his ducking, dodging tactics, escaping serious injury.

The crowd had jammed in, breathless, about

the pit's edge. Comment had ceased. Here was a real cock-fight. Two hundred popping eyes were glued on the spectacle in that wire-fenced enclosure.

The end came in the fifth pitting. Consistently the Sid had been topping his opponent. Now, for the first time, he missed. His terrific activity had slowed his speed. He left the ground just a split second behind the red bird. The Cuban topped him. Then it happened. In the flash of time that he poised above the Sid, his gaff, with a single, sure stroke, found a vital spot. The other cock was practically dead when he struck the ground.

Mistuh Barnabas' complexion went from dark lavender to the color of a half-green orange and back again. He stared helplessly as Bubber Milam picked up the victorious cock, tucked it under one arm, and accepted his winnings from the stakeholder. And just as he stuffed the money in his pocket, there came a cry that will break up any cock-fight. It was sounded by a bandy-legged little negro who was already under full steam before he gave voice:

"Po-lice! Po-o-lice!"

Instantly there was a scattering as a half dozen county officers plunged into the crowd. Bubber Milam ducked under one outstretched arm of the law, pirouetted just out of reach of another, and was away, with the cock and his winnings, to a good start.

FOR four hours Shabo Gandy had sat in the chair nearest the front door of Bubber Milam's ee-lyte pool parlor. Long ago he had quit trying to figure out how come anything. All his thinking merely reviewed happenings: his hour's search for Bubber—and finding him here. . . . An attempt to tell his story, to be interrupted suddenly by Bubber grabbing the cage and staring—like his eyes were almost ready to pop out of his head—at the chicken in it. . . . Bubber asking for the slip the white gentleman had written on. . . . Slapping his hand on his head, grabbing the cage. . . . Saying he wanted to borrow the chicken. . . . Explaining nothing. . . . Just saying wait till he got back. . . . Sailing out the front door like he was late for a train. . . .

Shabo had waited, with a dollar and thirty-six cents in his pocket, a growing appetite and the Teasin' Brown Gal Blues.

Someone came through the doorway of the poolroom. Shabo glanced up. It was Bubber, shooting an apprehensive glance over his shoulder—and in a hurry, again! He hustled over to Shabo, dropped the chicken cage into his lap.

"I brang 'im back," he said breathlessly. Hurriedly he began counting out more five and ten and twenty dollar bills than Shabo had ever seen. "An' here's yo' split."

"My which?" Shabo's lower jaw dropped. "How come—"

"No time foh 'how comes,' now." Bubber forced the money into Shabo's hand. "I got to git travellin'. Come 'round in de mawnin'. Splain den."

He strode toward the doorway. "Whare at," Shabo called after him, "kin I git me somep'm t'eat?"

"Up dis street." Poised in the doorway, Bubber pointed. "Three blocks. Dey's a sign—Bon Ton Café. But I fohgot—you can't read signs. Jus' count three blocks. Can't miss it."

He slid outside. Because of the raid on the cock-fight, it behooved him to lie low until the matter had blown over. Explanations to Shabo would necessarily have to be detailed, laborious and time-consuming. They could wait. Temporarily, Bubber must seek sanctuary.

For almost a minute Shabo tried to think. That Bubber Milam was the hurryingest cullud man he'd ever seen. . . . In a hurry this morning—in a hurry now. . . . No time to explain nothing. . . . But—they did things fast—and funny—in Mobile. . . . You drop forty dollars in one place. Later, 'long comes a friend and dumps you out a lapful of money. . . .

Hunger called him. He rose from his chair. Something about the cock attracted his attention. It seemed to be utterly ambitionless. He peered into the cage. "Looky here, chicken, is you sick?" He left the poolroom. Farther up the street he peered at the cock again. "Dag-gone if I don't b'lieve you is sick or somep'm."

Mistuh Barnabas, too, had evaded the officers. Back in town again, he did not rest till he had found Bubber Milam. Of all things in the world, he wanted most, right then, that Cuban cock. Bubber informed him that the cock had been returned to Shabo Gandy. But at last, feeling perhaps that Mistuh Barnabas had been punished sufficiently for once, Bubber told him where he might find Shabo, first extracting his repeated hope-he-might-die assurance that he would repay Shabo's forty dollars.

Mistuh Barnabas hurried away. The experience of the afternoon had been chastening. He came up to the Bon Ton Café just as Shabo was emerging.

"Oh, I say, Gandy, old top, I'm due you an apology." His manner was frank enough to have been genuine. "I never for a moment intended for you to pay duty on that cock. But I was detained on the steamer, and when I came off you had disappeared. Annoying, really! Let me reimburse you. Forty dollars, wasn't it? Here!"

He handed Shabo two twenty-dollar bills. Shabo stuffed the money on top of nearly one hundred and twenty-five other dollars which had recently belonged to Mistuh Barnabas.

He smiled ingenuously. "De chicken," he said, "got to lookin' kinder sick, an'—"

He picked up a cage that sat on the sidewalk. Mistuh Barnabas reached for it eagerly. At last! His cock! His Cuban! His two hundred and fif—

He gave one look—and very nearly swooned! ". . . kinder sick," Shabo continued, "but I was lucky 'nough to swap 'im to a cullud gemman what didn't know nothin' 'bout chickens"—he chuckled at his own cleverness—"foh dat gen-you-wine, full-blooded, dominecker pullet."

Money on the Boy

(Continued from page 10)

Norma was waiting for him in the drug store in the Times Building. There was a big crowd in there, waiting for the rain to lift, but Toy picked her out of the jam the minute he walked into the place. She was standing by a pair of automatic scales that printed your weight and told your fortune for a penny, with that eager, expectant look that always made Toy's heart race. She was wearing a short coat with enormous cuffs and collar, and a tight little gray felt hat.

"Hello, good looking," Toy said, walking up behind her.

She jumped and when she saw who it was she laughed, throwing back her head a little and putting her hand to her breast as if she were frightened.

"Oh, Toy, I could kill you for sneaking up on me that way."

Toy grinned. "You wouldn't do that, would you, Norma?"

She took his hand and tucked it under her arm, smiling at him with her head a little on one side.

"Well, I don't know but what it wouldn't be the best thing for me."

They pushed through the mob blocking the door into Forty-second Street; and the rain charged up from the west before a long wind. Norma shivered and Toy took one of her hands and shoved it down into his overcoat pocket.

With common consent they turned down Forty-second to Seventh Avenue, thence north until they came to a crowded little restaurant that advertised a *table d'hôte* dinner for seventy-five cents. It didn't make much difference to

Toy, but Norma liked that; it made her act a little grand to choose the courses, and she took a long time about it. She said to the waiter—

"Now you must see that Mr. Burke gets a nice piece of roast—he doesn't like it too well done—"

Toy wasn't sure that he had any preferences in the matter, but it made him feel good to watch Norma. She was always doing that—pretending that people in shops and places knew who he was; that he was famous.

Toy didn't remember how he started telling her about Dodge. Suddenly he found he was through and she was staring at him over their untouched soup with wide, angry brown eyes.

"An' there ain't no use to get sore about it," he said hastily when he saw the fury that

gripped her. "It's just one of those things that's tough to beat."

"But—but you're not going to let Dodge Kramer tell you what to do!" she cried. "What if he did lend you money to take care of your father. Oh, Toy, you *can't* . . ."

"No," Toy said slowly, "I can't take it that way. I'm going in there to beat the Cannon—but I've got to think of my future, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I don't want to take no ride like Willie Jackson did, Norma. I'm goin' to get the title some day, and I can't do it with one arm crooked."

The girl looked at him with horror in her eyes. "Oh, Toy! Would he really—"

"Yes," Toy replied simply. "He sure would—unless I can get ten grand some place."

"It—it's robbery, Toy," Norma protested. "He ought to be arrested!"

Toy smiled grimly at that. "No—" he shook his head thoughtfully—"I've just got to get a good bet, some way, so I can beat this Cannon and pay Dodge off at the same time. It's the only way."

"But ten thousand dollars, Toy! That's more money than there *is!*"

"Look, Norma—" Toy leaned across the table and caught her hand—"I got to win that much money on this fight. It's the only way. And to do it I've got to gamble a whole lot. I can't do it on the even money they're offerin' that I'll beat the Cannon on points; but I can if I go in and knock him dead. I can get five-to-one, easy, betting that I'll stop the Cannon, because I've never stopped anybody in my life."

TOY knew that Norma didn't understand a lot of what he was talking about. She didn't know that he was a boxer, not a puncher. She didn't know that he won fights by standing back, sticking the other boy, taking advantage of his mistakes and beating him to the punches. She didn't know that to drop a hard rock like Cannon Malone for keeps he would have to leave everything he knew in his corner and go out with both hands working—throw them wild and take an awful chance on leaving himself open. It wouldn't do her any good knowing just how big a gamble he was taking; if she did it would only worry her.

"You got a little money saved up, haven't you, Norma?"

"About three thousand dollars, Toy."

"Well, you've got to help me, see? I'm gonna need two thousand to-morrow, but I'll pay you when I get my jack for this fight. I'm gettin' twenty-five hundred."

"You can have the three thousand, if you want it, Toy."

"No," he said impatiently, "I only need two. I'm goin' to get it down at five-to-one that I stop the Cannon; then I can go in and shoot the works. If I win, Dodge gets his ten grand. If I lose, well, I lose but he still gets his jack. Well—" Toy straightened and grinned nervously—"what you say? You on?"

Norma smiled back at him and Toy saw what an effort it was, because the corner of her mouth was trembling as if she were going to cry.

"I'm on, Toy," she said softly. "But I've got an idea, too. It's my money and I'm going to do the betting!"

"You can put your shirt on me, kid," Toy said.

Toy got a big hand when he climbed through the ropes and went over to his corner. Cannon Malone had come in first and Toy could see his legs between those of his handlers as he sat on his stool. There was a continuous, deep murmur going up all around; yet it sounded as distant as the sea.

Hymie went over and looked at the bandages on the Cannon's hands because he had a reputation for using too much tape; then he came back to Toy and knelt down, checking his bag to see that he had everything—collodion, adhesive tape, gauze, smelling salts. . . .

When his manager stood up Toy caught his eye and winked; then the referee called them out and Toy went over to the center of the ring. He did not look at the Cannon; he kept his eyes down and looked at the thick wrists thrust deeply into the red, slim gloves.

(Continued on page 60)



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Money on the Boy

(Continued from page 59)

Toy ducked his head when the referee finished his monologue and trotted back to his corner. Hymie said something as the whistle came to clear the ring of handlers; but Toy didn't hear him. All of his consciousness was centered on the thought that he was going to meet Cannon Malone before he got out of his corner.

With the bell Toy went out fast—faster than he had ever gone out of any corner; but the Cannon was out too. Toy saw the black bullet of a head thrusting forward to meet him, away down in the shoulders that were like ox-yokes, and he struck it with a left hand that landed solid. The Cannon merely dropped his head a couple of inches or so and walked right on in, hooking for the body with both hands.

Toy took a couple on his elbows and jabbed again, then he crossed his right and followed it inside with a curling, short left that landed on the Cannon's ear with a smack that made them yell, out beyond the lights. The Cannon tied him up easily, and when they broke he chopped Toy on the side of the head with a left that made it ring.

They were working outside for a second before Toy shifted and got back in close. That was the Cannon's game, but he was playing it too, tonight. They went into each other, hooking for the body; then Toy stepped back and shot a right for the head. It set the Cannon on his heels and Toy hooked hard with his left and threw his right again.

Everybody was up and yelling and the Cannon started back pedalling. Toy was landing two to his one and he was doing it inside. He wasn't staying way out and pecking with that left hand as he usually did. He was bowing in and hooking; and when he jabbed he came in behind his right hand following it up.

They got into the corner and the Cannon bounced into the ropes. He came off fast and rolled a left hook out of his shoulder that landed on the back of Toy's neck and the lights exploded in his eyes. He shifted out into the clear and jumped a pair of left hands into the Cannon's face before he dropped his head and Toy had nothing but three inches of sloping forehead to shoot at.

They were working awfully fast and Toy kept stepping so that the Cannon couldn't tie him up. He wasn't strong enough to hold them both up and Malone was as strong as a wrestler. Toy kept moving and at the bell he was feeling it. But one of the Cannon's eyes had a big mouse under it and he was beginning to snort pretty loud.

HYMIE'S shirt was so wet when Toy went to his corner that it looked as if he had been under a shower. He had almost lost his voice and he was croaking something about staying outside and boxing; but Toy told him to shut up. Hymie made a grab for the smelling salts out of the bag and when he dropped the bottle and it smashed, he scooped the broken glass and salts and all up in one hand and thrust the mass under Toy's nose, and it nearly blasted the top of his head off. Toy yelled at him but Hymie didn't hear it. The whole house was screaming.

They crashed into each other in the middle of the ring at the bell, and neither would give an inch. The Cannon got under Toy and he could feel his coarse, wet hair grinding into his chest like wire. Frantically Toy grabbed for his arms but they hooked like crooked clubs and Toy fell down a long black chute that ended in a glimmering white plain.

After a long time he pulled himself to one knee and far away he heard the referee say seven—a quivering flame of a word on a dark heavy curtain that was the noise of the house. He was up at nine and he saw three Cannon Malones marching in at him. He stabbed the middle one with a left and the three miraculously became one. And Toy was out in the clear, feeling a great flow of returning strength.

They whirled together again, a sharp, angular tangle of elbows and gloves. Toy bowed so low that his eyes were on a level with the Cannon's belt and he came out of it with a left and a right that seemed to grow suddenly from the floor. The Cannon shook them off and Toy ducked under a looping right swing for the head,

and his own left, thrown for the head, landed high.

Out in the open Toy ran his tongue over his lips and they felt like they had been taken off, then put on again loosely.

Then the Cannon walked in. He plodded ahead, flat-footed, an intent look on his heavy dark face. And it seemed to Toy afterward that he had never seen Cannon Malone's face until that instant.

He shifted a little to get away from that right hand, then he shot his left, fast. It went straight up into the Cannon's face and Toy stepped in and crashed a short right to the jaw. They were in a corner and the Cannon fell into the ropes. He hung for a moment on the lowest strand, then sank down to his knees and watched the referee with a blank look in his eyes until he was counted out. At ten he started to get up, but he abruptly fell forward on his face and lay still.

In the dressing room Toy realized how tired he was. He was trembling with weakness and his mouth was so torn that he couldn't part his lips. It didn't seem that he knew for sure all that happened out there; and in the back of his head there was something that made him uneasy. He wanted to be alone, but Hymie was there. Toy shook his head when he tried to throw his arms around him; and when Norma came in he wouldn't let her get close to him. He wanted to get his mouth fixed before she got too close to it.

He lay down on a bench before his locker and Hymie started working on his legs. Norma came over and covered his shoulders with his bathrobe, then she went back to the door of the dressing room.

Toy was watching her and when she started, he knew what it was. He knew it was Dodge Kramer. He felt his mouth dry out and when he tried to wet his lips with his tongue, he found they were glued tight together. He got up and pushed Hymie back. Behind Dodge was Joe, the lantern jawed driver who was always with him.

Dodge walked into the room, never taking his eyes off of Toy. When he got well in he seemed to become conscious of Hymie for the first time. He jerked his thumb back of him at the door.

"I reckon you can beat it, Hymie. Toy and I've a little business and we don't need you."

Dodge watched him pass through the door, then he went over and closed it; and he got out a cigarette in that slow, thoughtful way he had and lighted it before he seemed to notice Norma, who looked a little frightened. Dodge nodded to her and she said timidly—

"Hello, Mr. Kramer."

Toy parted his lips with difficulty. "You said you wanted ten grand out of this fight, Dodge—" he started talking quickly. "Well, I got it for you. I ain't throwin' no fights, Dodge, but I got what you wanted. I don't want no trouble. I've had enough of it."

"You sure went out of your way looking for it in there to-night," Dodge replied.

"I gambled in there to-night, Dodge. You know what I did in there."

Dodge turned to the marble topped rubbing table and took an envelope out of his inside coat pocket. While Toy and the girl watched he opened it and removed a thick sheaf of bills, and as carefully he returned them into his pocket. There was still a big wad of greenbacks in his hand.

"When your girl friend here come to me looking for five-to-one on you to stop the Cannon, Toy, she didn't know what a good bet she had—but I did. There was plenty willing to give me ten-to-one on that bet—because you never could knock your grandmother out. Here—" he shoved the remaining pile of currency to the girl across the table—"this is your cut, Norma. I got mine."

When Dodge got to the door he turned as if he had forgot to mention something that had been on his mind.

"Tell your Old Man that I haven't forgot about that Florida trip, Toy. And if you'd like to go along, you might put some of that dough your girl won down on Captain Karl.

He's goin' to cop that sixth at New Orleans, tomorrow."

Toy rubbed his hand across his eyes as if he didn't quite understand it all.

"No," he said dully. "I did my last gamblin' in there to-night, Dodge. I don't make my livin' takin' chances."

"Who does?" said Dodge. "And that reminds me that I got to go over and see why the Cannon didn't get up there in the second round. He wasn't supposed to take that dive until the fifth!"

It was the girl who had the last word on that.

"Maybe," she suggested, "he *couldn't* get up!"

Following the Ball

(Continued from page 27)

the rules of football, first took the ball in his arms and ran with it." Nowadays such a disregard of the rules would merely get the disregarder a penalty of half the distance to the goal line. Mr. Ellis, however, had invented a new game. Gradually the shape and make-up of the ball were changed for one made of an inflated bladder and covered with a thin pigskin. The reduced size and tapered ends were of great value in enabling the runner to carry the sphere conveniently in his arms. By the famous convention held in London of the men who played Rugby football, the ball was standardized and ordered to be not less than 21 inches nor yet more than 28 inches in circumference. Henceforth this game was called "Rugby," since contracted to "Rugger," and the ball used known as the "Rugger" ball. It was a ball of this sort that was used at the institution of American intercollegiate football in the United States when the first contest took place, at New Brunswick, New Jersey, between Rutgers and Princeton, in 1869.

Few of the hundreds of thousands of spectators who follow intercollegiate football realize that up to the winter before last specifications for the modern ball had been broad enough to admit almost anything that conformed to the definition of a "prolate spheroid." Thus some balls were made with snouts for gripping and forward passing, others were so overinflated that kicking them was like kicking a brick concealed in a derby hat. During that winter, however, exact specifications were drawn up, the pressure being not more than 15 nor less than 13 pounds, the weight from 14 to 15 ounces, the length from 11 to 11½ inches (something, by the way, that has never been specified before), and the circumference of the long axis from 28 to 28½ inches and of the short axis from 22 to 22½. Curiously enough, even to-day no mention is made in the rules of the color of the ball, although on at least one occasion the color was a factor in the winning of a great intercollegiate contest.

Some fifteen years ago when the late Percy Haughton was coaching one of Harvard's best teams, the Carlisle Indians were sweeping the country. It was soon discovered that one reason for their successes lay in a trick developed by their inventive head coach, who had sewn small leather ovals on the breasts of his backfield. When they leaned over and bent their arms about these ovals the effect was exactly as if they were carrying the ball. The result was that the opposing team was invariably deluded into chasing the wrong man, and Carlisle piled up enormous scores.

Haughton, whose team was to play the Indians, called his men together the week before the Carlisle game and offered at once to give any man his varsity letter who could devise a means to stop this trick. Players and substitutes scanned the rules day and night in vain, and defeat stared Haughton and Harvard in the face that following Saturday, when a clever newspaper man came to the coaches with the solution. As the game was about to start, the Harvard head coach tossed out a football to the umpire. It was painted black.

The Carlisle coach protested; but as there was nothing in the rules about leather ovals sewn on players' jerseys, so there was nothing said regarding the color of the ball itself. His protests were so long and so loud, however, that Haughton agreed to use an unpainted ball, provided the Carlisle team changed their jerseys. This was

(Continued on page 62)



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Following the Ball

(Continued from page 61)



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ZONE OF
ABDOMINAL
WEAKNESS

A Sudden Strain.. Then Years of ABDOMINAL WEAKNESS

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done, the trick was checkmated, and the plain ball used, a Harvard victory ensuing. Apparently the rulemakers have forgotten this incident, for even to-day in the specifications for the 1929 football there is not the slightest reference to its color or shade.

While the football can be traced back during the past thousand years with ease, the baseball is far more difficult to follow in history. As such, of course, the baseball is less than a hundred years old. But its ancestor, the Krikett ball, was played with in England, by monks, as far back as 1350. It was a ball of cork about five or six inches in diameter, gradually changing shape for that of a ball with a core of cork covered by layers of fine twine and yarn. This was the ball used in the old English game of rounders, which grew out of cricket, in the early 19th century.

The dispute about the origin of baseball has been going on for many years and is not over yet. A committee appointed to trace its birth declared, several years ago, that the game was of purely American derivation and had nothing to do with rounders as played in England. That may well be; yet anyone who has studied in detail the history of games is sure to be struck with the great similarity between the two. The ball used in rounders was a ball of cork much like a cricket ball, the bat was simply the stump of a cricket wicket, but the sport had a pitcher, who was called a feeder, and bases to which the batter attempted to run, in common with modern baseball. At any rate, it is well known that imitations of the game of rounders were brought to the United States all during the first part of the 19th century, and a game of that name was played here resembling the sort of scrub baseball you and I played as kids.

IN ANY case, it is certain that the first regular diamond was prepared by General Abner Doubleday, and that the first organized team was the Knickerbocker Club of New York which played the New York Baseball Club at Hoboken, in 1846 in a four-inning game won by the latter, 23-1. The ball in this game, which had much to do with the number of runs scored, was made of hard rubber with a red leather cover, bounding so high that it often took a hop over the infielder's head of from seven to ten feet. As the rules of the period called for a putout when a grounder was caught on the first bounce, this hop was a matter of considerable importance.

The hard rubber ball, covered with leather, which nearly stung the hands of the fielders off when caught, came near to being the cause of baseball dying in its infancy. When the first leagues were organized, the home team furnished the ball, and as the balls were all locally made, no two were alike; one being lively, another slow, one large, and another small. Never of the same size, weight or elasticity, the games became a farce. The home club always won, and there was no way of comparing the merits of the various teams. The spectators, at first attracted by this novel sport, soon lost interest in the games, and the pastime which has since become so firmly entrenched in the hearts of the American people, was dangerously close to extinction after being hardly started.

It was one of the founders of a large American sporting-goods store who realized that, with shoemakers and saddlers each turning out balls, no uniformity was possible, and that unless some step was taken, the game would inevitably die. So he attempted, and finally succeeded in getting the League to adopt one standard ball. This baseball, which has been the official ball of the

National League for the past fifty years, was the means of reducing the great disparity between teams upon different grounds. Once this ball was the same in size, weight and composition, and once it was adopted the country over, baseball took the lead as our national sport and gradually grew to the position it occupies at present in the United States.

The present specifications for a standard League baseball call for a ball weighing not less than five nor more than five and a quarter ounces, a ball not less than nine nor more than nine and a quarter inches in circumference. Like the specifications for the football, those for the baseball are curiously vague, stating nothing whatever about the interior, the color, the outside cover or the stitching, all important parts of the ball. Actually, the interior is made of rubber over a cork center, wound about with yarn, and is covered with sewn horsehide.

Ask a baseball fan to show you an official ball and he will probably be able to do so; ask him how many official balls there are, and he will probably say one. He would be wrong. The present ball, used for the past fifty years by the National League, and adopted for the next twenty years, is the official outdoor ball; but baseball is also played indoors. The indoor ball is, of course, much softer than the outdoor ball, and made of curled hair for play in a restricted surface.

The derivation of the game will always be a question of controversy, and many authorities will persist in declaring it to be an American game without any foreign antecedents. But there is one game and one ball that is strictly American, that had no place in the history of sport until forty years ago, and yet is to-day international in scope. That game and that ball is basketball. For basketball did not come into existence until the year 1891.

It was discovered by Dr. James Naismith, at that time an instructor in Springfield Y. M. C. A. College, in Springfield, Mass., to satisfy the demand for an indoor game that could be played during the winter months. In that year he invented the ball, devised the game, and started teams playing it. His brain-child has spread the world over to-day; wherever there are Y. M. C. A. secretaries there is basketball. Incidentally, the basketball is one of the few balls in sport that have not been subject to constant change and modification since its early days; it is at present practically the same as it was in the early nineties when first played with in Springfield, an inflated leather-covered ball, thirty inches in circumference.

This, then, is the history of the ball in sport, from its earliest beginnings to the present time, when, in one form or another, it is used in every nation upon the globe. Its influence in the story of mankind has been immense; but not alone has the ball been of value to the human race in games and play. In manufacture, the earth over, in machinery of all kinds, the ball-bearing has been of such importance that we are apt to forget its sphere of usefulness in turning the wheels of industry by which we now live. And just as the ball in sport has eliminated much of the inevitable friction of mind and body which arises from a work-wearied world, just as it has smoothed our path and helped us to journey more easily over the highroad of life, so the ball-bearing in machinery has eliminated the friction which was such a drawback to mechanical progress, and has enabled industry and commerce to travel faster the route to financial independence. But that is another story.

Flag Day Address of the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 43)

of Providence, this new republic achieved and confirmed its existence, as a free and independent nation forever.

The wisdom of our forefathers worked out and adopted an American Constitution, which the great Gladstone said, "is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

We must bear in mind that our Colonial fore-

fathers were blazing their way, without chart or guidance, in their determined efforts to establish a new republic in America, with all the attributes and endowments of real freedom, prepared for and guaranteed to all American citizens, alike, for all time.

The Constitution, when completed and adopted, clearly defined and established the inestimable truths and doctrines of Americanism

and will stand forever as a beacon chart for the guidance and protection of every American citizen.

Thomas Jefferson also wrote the Virginia Statute, that was enacted by the Virginia Assembly in 1785, guaranteeing to the people of that Commonwealth the full enjoyment of religious freedom, in which he used, in part, this language: "No man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place or ministry whatsoever, nor shall he be forced, restrained, molested or burdened in his body or goods, nor shall otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or beliefs; but that all men shall be free to profess, by argument to maintain their opinions in matters of religion, and the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge or affect their civil capacities."

This Statute was a new and sweeping Charter of religious freedom, and was powerfully and bitterly contested by the intolerants of that day.

Jefferson, the father and defender of plain, simple and honest democracy, having in mind the freedom and happiness of all the people, became the object of the vilest abuses and misrepresentations, heaped upon him, on account of this Virginia Statute, by the misguided and overzealous churchmen, bigoted and intolerant, who charged him with having taken away and destroyed the power of the Church.

Jefferson wrote into the Constitution its First Amendment, known as Article One, as follows: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

The Constitution was also amended, as set out in Article Four of the Amendments, in the following language: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the places to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized"; and this Amendment still remains in our organic law, as a vital part of our Constitution.

A close and comprehensive study of the Constitution of the United States reveals ample protection and guarantees to every citizen, great and small, against injustices and oppressions; and will fully meet every occasion when honestly, justly and truly interpreted and applied, by all the instrumentalities of our Government.

This Constitution separates the functions of government into three divisions—the Executive, the Legislative, the Judicial; and it provides that the exercise of the functions of these three divisions must forever be kept separate and distinct.

This provision of our Constitution is far reaching, in its wonderful significance and value, in securing individual rights to the citizen, and enters vitally and powerfully into the creation and composition of what we call Americanism.

We have cause to fear that many men, in public life to-day, intrusted with power, under our representative form of government, do not regard the American Constitution with the high degree of sacredness that was accorded to it by our forefathers during the years that followed its adoption; for it now seems that they stand less upon fundamentals and principles, and more upon expediency, and the practical application of commercialism, and selfish politics.

Many of us remember when public officials stood immovably, unqualifiedly, and exclusively upon principle; but to-day the political parties will put into their platforms variegated assortments of planks, wholly designed to win elections, and to secure for themselves and their henchmen the reins of power, and the distribution of governmental patronage, while true Americanism is consequently forced to sit in sack-cloth and ashes, and weep.

The American flag was adopted by the Congress on June 14th, 1777, by virtue of the following resolution: "Resolved that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

(Continued on page 64)

LE M O M E N T I N C E R T A I N

(THE UNCERTAIN MOMENT)

When you are not sure that your parachute is going to open and it seems quite possible that le jour de gloire est arrivé—Voilà! (pronounced voila)

be nonchalant . . .

L I G H T

A M U R A D

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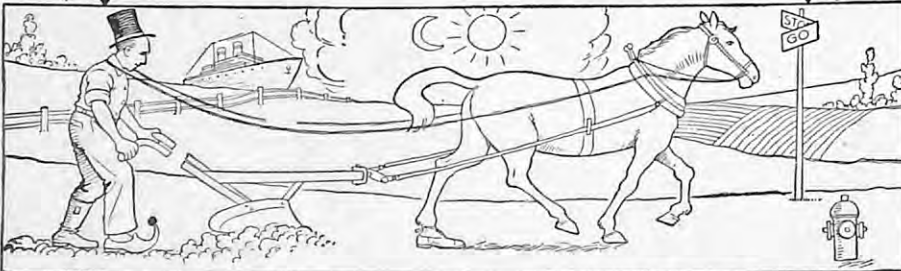
He solved one of our famous puzzles, earned the right to win a Nash Sedan—then went right ahead and won it

Now It's Your Turn to Win!

But before you become eligible to win a brand new Nash Sedan you too must solve the puzzle, which is really a scientific test designed to prove to us that you have the perseverance to stick to a thing until it is accomplished.

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BE QUICK! Seven Sedans, four Electric Radio Sets, Victor Orthophonic, Silverware, Watches, Traveling Bags—24 breath-taking prizes valued at \$7,346.00 will be awarded to winners who take an active part in our simple publicity and expansion program. The first step you must take toward winning one of these handsome prizes is to find the mistakes. BE CAREFUL!

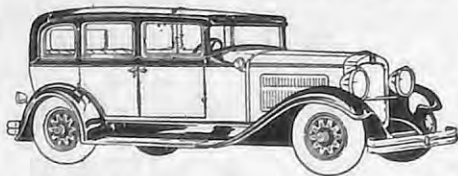


There are a Number of Mistakes in the Drawing

The artist has made them purposely. How many of them can you find? Look at the picture—surely there are some queer things about it. There are objects in the picture that do not belong there; also other mistakes. Look carefully. If you can find at least seven mistakes your answer will be acceptable. You may mark the mistakes on the picture and send it to me or tell me what they are in a letter or on a post card. Rush your answer today for an opportunity to win one of the SEVEN BRAND NEW SIX-CYLINDER SEDANS.

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Seven Sedans Given—or Cash

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Pontiac or \$745. Essex or \$740.

Willys or \$735. Chevrolet or \$595

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Flag Day Address of the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 63)

In 1791 and in 1792, Vermont and Kentucky were, respectively, admitted to the union, and a law was enacted, in 1794, providing two additional stars upon the flag to represent those two new States.

Subsequently, five other States were admitted to the union, and the Congress enacted a law April 4, 1818, providing five new stars upon the flag; and furthermore enacted Section Two of that law, so as to provide for the future, ever thereafter, "that on the admission of every State into the union, one star be added to the union of the flag."

The American flag is not only an artistic creation of silk, decorated with the colorings of red, white and blue, excelling every other flag, in beauty, but it possesses within itself a meaning and a purpose, emblematic and symbolic of every true fact and fine ideal of Americanism, as a system of government, abounding in popular liberty, justice, happiness and hope for all citizens alike.

Every star upon the union of the flag not only represents a State, but it symbolizes the story and history of the State, and stands for the ideals, the Constitution, the laws, the resources, the progress and the future of the State.

In its idealistic characterization, the flag of the United States, though a small bit of silk, is so expansive and ample, that it covers every foot of American soil, comprised within the forty-eight States, and the outlying possessions of the American Republic; furthermore, it descends to the depths of the fathomless deep, and ascends to the limitless blue of the vaulted skies; and, everywhere, whether upon the land, upon the sea, under the sea, or floating aloft, the American flag follows the Constitution, interprets its language, sheds the light, guarantees the blessings, and secures the everlasting safeguards of Americanism to every American citizen, always completely applicable to every advancement of science, and to all the new achievements and conditions of discovery and invention.

If it were possible for Thomas Jefferson to perpetually construe and apply the Constitution, we would never entertain a doubt regarding the future of this American Republic; nor should we ever entertain a fear, if we could only be assured that Jeffersonianism would always live and dominate, in the administration of all the affairs of our Government.

I refer to Jeffersonianism, in the broadest sense of popular government, without the slightest thought of any partisan construction.

We freely accept the glorious benefits and blessings that our Government bestows upon us; but, too often, we forget the reciprocal obligations, imposed upon us, that we can not rightfully or honorably ignore.

If it is the soul of Americanism that sovereignty flows from the people, then the highest obligation demands that all the people study public issues, and actively participate in all elections and governmental affairs.

American citizens, who deliberately fail and refuse to comply with their duty of franchise, at the ballot box, when competent to do so, thereby ignore their sacred rights of sovereignty and violate their supreme obligation to the Government, and to the flag, by which it is symbolized.

The men, who serve special privilege and selfish interests, always vote; but they, afterward, operate the affairs of government for personal welfare, rather than for public good.

The qualified non-voters and the self-interested voters, all, alike, ignore and dishonor the flag.

The supreme problem, therefore, rests with all American citizens, as to whether or not they will preserve, protect and defend their birth-right of sovereignty and self-government.

It is wholly inconsistent for any one to ignore these rights and duties of citizenship, and, at the same time, pretend to love and honor the flag.

It would seem that the historic Commonwealth of Virginia had already enjoyed the lion's share of glory in American affairs, having furnished Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Tyler and Wilson, as Presidents of the United States,

John Marshall, Patrick Henry, Lee and Jackson, all of whom have left glorified names upon the pages of American history.

I, also, proudly mention the present-day achievements of Virginia's gallant young admiral, Richard Byrd, who has conquered the terrific obstacles of the two poles, and first flown the American flag over both the North and South Poles, and thereby has achieved history of ever-increasing importance to the world; but, while we yield his birthplace to Virginia, Admiral Byrd is an American of the finest type, and his achievements, inspired constantly by the

presence of the flag, will forever live in American history.

As Grand Exalted Ruler, speaking for all our brother Elks, I proclaim with the utmost satisfaction, that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America is distinctively and whole-heartedly American, whose flag is first upon our altar, and first in the hearts of all Elks.

"Then hurrah for the flag! Our country's flag, It's stripes and white stars too; There is no flag in any land Like our own Red, White, and Blue."

You Never Can Tell

(Continued from page 20)

felt personally aggrieved at any inaccuracy, however innocent, regarding him. My critics positively claimed—and for the life of me I can not tell how they should know—that Lincoln had never been in the Fifth Avenue Hotel in his life.

I had been careful to quote "it is said" but I hadn't mentioned the *Herald*. By that omission I had myself assumed the burden. Very good. On receiving the first of the aforesaid letters of criticism, I immediately went to the offices of the Fifth Avenue Building and was told that the required news file had been removed by the executors of the Eno estate to their down-town office. I went to the address given, but found that the estate had been settled and the offices closed. For days I searched through files of the *Herald* in the Public Library, but never could find that particular copy with which to justify my statement.

I even wrote to Mr. Robert Lincoln up in Vermont, and was advised that he didn't remember that his father had ever gone to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Then I learned that one of the firm of Hitchcock & Darling, former proprietors of the old Fifth Avenue, was still alive, Mr. Darling, I believe. I searched him out. But he gave me no encouragement. He stated that he had never heard that Lincoln was in the house and that there was no doubt he'd have known of it, if such had been the case.

And so I wrote to the most reasonable, that is, the least carping, of my critics that I was in error. Those who had been insulting, I ignored.

THE Lincoln incident reminds me of the meticulous care with which some important business men treat the interviews they give. James J. Hill, for instance, used to talk very freely to me, but it was always understood that I was to submit to him a proof of what he'd said. And he invariably cut it down to a third in space and very often eliminated the most vital points. Mr. Sage and Collis P. Huntington seemed to me not to care particularly how they were quoted and neither did "Sam" Sloane of Lackawanna. Stephen White, otherwise known as "Deacon" White or "Lackawanna" White, because, it was alleged, he'd made a million dollars in a day in that stock, was very exacting. You had to write down what he said, then and there, and he scrutinized and corrected. Doctor Depew was very easy-going, but he was careful as to his statements, if you get what I mean. I don't remember ever having seen an interview with J. Pierpont Morgan or Jay Gould. There is a legend that Mr. Gould had said: "It is best always to tell the truth to reporters, for they won't believe you, anyway." Whether that financial genius ever said it or not I don't know. It may be one of the ingenious conceits invented by some paragraphers and credited—or charged—to Mr. Gould's account.

The most illuminating experience in this relation that I had was with Louis F. Swift, the packer. It was during the Great War. An important magazine commissioned me to get an interview with Mr. Swift on the subject of *The Packer and the Cost of Living*. I needn't dilate upon the relevancy of it. At the time, all food purveyors were more or less under suspicion of profiteering.

I had my doubts about getting Mr. Swift. But I got in touch with his publicity man, one of the most affable and able men I have ever met. He ought to have been Ambassador to England. Of course, like all publicity men of great concerns, he stood very close to the Boss,

Very good. W— took the matter up with his chief and that gentleman presently consented to be interviewed. In fact, he thought it a good scheme frankly to put up to the public just what were the relations of the packer and the people.

This is how I got my story. In the first place, I was presented to Mr. Swift. He was standing at a tall desk at the end of what looked like a four-acre room in which a vast army of typists were busy. "He's a very busy man," said W—. "It won't take you more than a minute. You just want to meet him."

"Good," said I, understanding. Mr. Swift felicitated me on the success of my magazine, told me to make myself at home, put me in the hands of W— and turned again to his desk. That was the last I saw of the Boss until the day before I left for home.

W— next took me to the statistician of the company, Professor X., and we three had a considerable conference. The next day I was given a mass of material. This I worked over with the help of a most remarkably expert stenographer, one who knew a vast deal more than how to take notes. To be frank, this young woman, who had evidently been put wise as to the purpose and scope of the interview, practically wrote up the stuff for me. As Mark Twain said—but first let me tell you what he said—"I find that when I collaborate with a fellow, it's a case of I collaborate and he corroborates." Well, the very wise young woman aforesaid collaborated and I corroborated.

The article was finished in the rough. I went over it with W— and the professor and suggested certain amplifications. These were made. The article was neatly recopied. When I had OK'd it, it began to go the rounds. One department head corrected, amplified and suggested. I OK'd. A clean copy. A second department head. Again, certain changes, amplifications and emendations were made and back it came to me. Again I OK'd. And so the interview went the rounds, all down the line of the most important executives of the company. Finally, after about ten days, the finished, but unsigned, copy was put into my hands. And let me tell you, it was a very able thing, not only vastly interesting from the casual reader's point of view but quite impeccable from the standpoint of the carping and captious critic. I can say this without egotism, for I had practically nothing to do with it so far as brain work was concerned. The article was judicial, fearlessly frank, setting forth all the facts and conditions without the slightest suggestion of evasion.

At last I was to meet Swift again. It was in the Board room. Seated around a great table were perhaps a dozen of the great men of the concern. The Chief was at the head of the table. I was at his right. The finished interview was passed around the entire circle. Each man scanned it and nodded approvingly. Swift glanced over it and attached his signature and handed it to me. Then, in the presence of all, and they must have had their tongues in their cheeks as he did so, he congratulated me on the exceeding excellence of the job I had done, particularly felicitating me on the perspicacity I had shown in asking questions that were designed to bring out the pertinent aspects of the situation.

Can you beat it? If this were a bit of ghost-writing, Swift and his people were the ghost. I got the credit for a most remarkable interview, when as a matter

(Continued on page 66)



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You Never Can Tell

(Continued from page 65)

of fact, I wasn't responsible for a comma. But who cares, so long as a good piece of work was done?

Dr. Orison Swett Marden, when he started *Success*, sent me to interview Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard; Edward Everett Hale and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. It was an inspirational experience. The venerable author of "The Man Without a Country," was the very essence of simplicity and so was Doctor Eliot, although I couldn't help feeling the dignity of the man. I was courteously received by both and courteously turned down.

I FOUND Mr. Aldrich at his place in the country. Aldrich was one of the famous triumvirate, you know: Mark Twain; William Dean Howells; Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Aldrich had sent his man to the depot to meet me. I reached his house about lunch time. His family was away. After refreshments, he suggested that we take a stroll in the woods. It was autumn. The foliage was such as Aldrich loved to revel in. He was, as I remember, a bit stout, yet athletic, vigorous, characteristic of one who spends much of his time out of doors. He had a red face and a tawny mustache and wore stout shoes, pea jacket and derby.

Thinking to be a bit tactful, I told Mr. Aldrich that his story, "My Cousin the Colonel," was my favorite. A word of elucidation. The "Colonel" in the story was a thoroughly disreputable ex-Confederate officer. He was dead broke, and came North and sponged on his cousin, Wattles, until good nature could stand no more. Then he was sent away, Wattles settling the bills he had run up and paying his fare to some distant point in the South. Later, Wattles was advised by an undertaker at Pensacola that the Colonel had died and his remains had been properly cared for and planted by the confiding Floridian. The undertaker affirmed that a man of Wattles' pride would not submit to having any of his relatives interred at the expense of a stranger. Wattles consulted his wife and in a spirit of family pride, not wholly unmixed with gratitude at the passing of the impecunious gentleman, paid the bill. A year later, a Florida friend of the Wattles', dining with them in New York, casually observed that just before he'd left Pensacola he had met the Colonel, etc., etc.

"That's interesting," Aldrich chuckled. "I had a most unusual experience with that yarn. In writing the story, I felt that I was treading on delicate grounds, was meticulous in picking a name for my character. I used a name that was obviously manufactured, made-up, a name

suggesting the Father of his Country and the flag—George Washington Flagg. I calculated that there wasn't another person in the United States, particularly in the domain of the Confederacy, that would have that combination of words for a name.

"A short time after the story was published, I got a letter from a lawyer in the South stating that his client, one he had known for years, who bore the name George Washington Flagg, had instructed him to bring suit against me for defamation of character. My defense was a good one, for it chanced, tragically or humorously, as the case might be, that the real George Washington Flagg was in every respect quite antithetical to the character I'd created, a little, quiet, modest, cultured and entirely inoffensive old gentleman of unimpeachable integrity."

The funniest recoil-kick I got was when I first began to do work for the magazines. John Brisbane Walker owned and edited the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* at the time. Walker was an exceptionally brilliant, a super-exceptionally energetic man. He'd made a large fortune, I believe, through keen business acumen, foresight, that was almost uncanny. Yet his vision was not prophetic in matters apart from his own particular field. And, remember, he was new at the magazine game. He was public-spirited in the highest degree, a great person for showing up all kinds of fraudulent practices.

There was a crusade on against gambling. Whether Walker had started it or not, I don't know. At any rate, he was in the van. He sent for me. Said he: "One can't hope to do away with gambling by showing up the wickedness of it, for wickedness, in the eyes of weak persons, is picturesque, alluring. But I'm convinced it would be effective to expose the contemptible, the despicable, the mean, the sordid, the unromantic phase of it. I want to publish an article about gambling sharpers and their dirty, low-down tricks and devices. Can you get it for me?"

Very good. I consulted a criminal lawyer friend, one who had specialized in the defense of such card crooks as Walker had suggested. Said lawyer friend: "I'll put you in touch with the craftiest of the fraternity, the very last word. He makes mechanical devices for cheating at games of chance."

I was introduced to the craftiest one. We'll call him Scrooge. That wasn't his real name, but it is historically sinister enough to fit any kind of a devil creation or creation of the devil. The old fellow may be alive yet, for all I know, though I doubt it. To my unsophisticated mind,

Scrooge seemed peculiarly willing to expose his nefarious designs and schemes and devices. He took me to his place of business, his workshop. There he showed me crooked roulette wheels, crooked dealing-boxes, hold-outs, marked cards, finger-ring mirrors, by which the faro dealer could discover the succeeding card in time to shift it, provided the bets were heavy enough to justify the trick.

Under the extraordinarily adroit tutelage of Scrooge, I described these devices very accurately, exposed them, showed them up, as it were. I ventured: "What I can't understand is, you're so good-natured about giving all these secrets away."

Scrooge laughed. "I don't mind. I wouldn't even care if Walker exposed me, told who it was that made these fake things."

"Wouldn't that put the police on your back?" said I.

"I'd take care of that," Scrooge answered. "Besides, I'm not going to stay in this game forever."

Walker was delighted with the finished article, enthusiastic. "By jingo, but that's a corker!" he said. "That is a show-up. That'll put the suckers wise. I'll get letters from all over from wives and mothers and daughters and sisters and patriotic citizens thanking me for having exposed the pitfalls. It'll do a world of good."

THEN I suggested to Walker that Scrooge said he wouldn't mind even if his name were printed in the article. He pondered a bit, then: "Wouldn't, eh? The old scoundrel. Well, I wouldn't print his name for ten thousand dollars."

The article on gambling sharpers and their fake devices was printed and made a most decided hit. I had occasion to go to the Coast at the time and did not see Mr. Walker until my return, some six months later. I met him on Forty-second Street, and he halted for a chat.

"About that gambling article," I suggested. "I suppose you got letters from all parts of the country from relatives, friends of victims and from public-spirited persons, from wives and mothers and sisters, thanking you for exposing the pitfalls?"

Walker was serious. "Not a solitary one. Not one," he said. He smiled. "But I did get bushels of letters from all parts of the United States and Canada, asking me where those crooked gambling devices could be bought."

All of which goes to show—that you never can tell.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 46)

In company with Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews visited Union, S. C., Lodge, No. 1321, during the two days of the assembly of the sixteenth annual convention of the South Carolina State Elks Association there. E. M. Garner, President of the Association; and L. C. Wharton, Exalted Ruler of the Union Elks and Mayor of the city of Union, greeted the guests. Mr. Andrews, on the afternoon of the first day, witnessed a ritualistic contest between the degree teams of Columbia Lodge, No. 1190, and Greenville Lodge, No. 858, in which the representatives of Greenville Lodge were victorious; and he later delivered a spirited and inspiring address to the delegates from the several Lodges of the State. Mr. Wharton also spoke. In the evening Mr. Andrews was the guest of honor at a grand ball, and the following noon was entertained at a chicken dinner. He spent the night in Union, leaving early on the morning of the 21st for Macon, Ga. An account of other aspects of this gathering of South Carolina Elks is presented elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, in "News of the State Associations."

Twelve Georgia Lodges were represented by delegations of members upon the occasion of

the official visit to Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, of the Grand Exalted Ruler, on May 21. A delegation of fifty members of his own Lodge, Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, preceded his entrance into Macon. When Mr. Andrews, in company with his escort, arrived at the railroad station, he was welcomed by Mayor G. Glen Toole, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Smith and a committee of other prominent citizens and members of the Order and, with a squad of motorcycle policemen leading the way, conducted to the Home of the Macon Elks. At the meeting which followed Mr. Andrews made the principal address and one to which there was a hearty response. He then witnessed the initiation of a group of candidates named, in his honor, "The Walter P. Andrews Class." In the Grand Exalted Ruler's suite were Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; David Sholtz, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; E. M. Wharton, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; William H. Beck, Jr., member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. E. Traynor, of Georgia, South; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas E. Martin, of Alabama,

South; and Robert T. Williams, President of the Georgia State Elks Association. Present upon the occasion, in addition to members of Macon and Atlanta Lodges, were Elks from Albany, Americus, La Grange, Columbus, Douglas, Griffin, Athens, Elberton, Fitzgerald and Savannah.

Milledgeville, Ga., Lodge, No. 774, and the delegates to the convention of the Georgia State Elks Association, in session there, welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler May 22 and 23. Upon the opening day of the meeting Mr. Andrews was introduced to the gathering by Past Exalted Ruler Bruce C. Jones, of Macon Lodge, No. 230, and spoke briefly. In the afternoon, accompanied by a number of delegates, he journeyed to Sandersville and there placed a wreath upon the grave of the late Clayton W. Robson, a prominent Georgian member of the Order. Those with Mr. Andrews supplemented his tribute by laying sprigs of evergreen at the base of the tomb. In the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a dance. He was attended by an escort of other Grand Lodge officers, including Mr. Barrett, Mr. Wharton, Mr. Sholtz, Mr. Traynor and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Smith. The following day Mr. Andrews addressed a gathering

July, 1930

including both Elks and members of the public in the auditorium of the Georgia State Women's College; later participated in the street parade, riding on the winning float, that of Americus Lodge, No. 752; and attended, in the evening, the grand street ball, the concluding feature of entertainment. A report of the events of the convention not associated solely with the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler is published elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, in "News of the State Associations."

On Monday, May 26 and Tuesday, May 27, Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, as the guest of Montgomery Lodge, No. 596, attended the annual convention of the Alabama State Elks Association. He spoke on the first day at both the forenoon and afternoon sessions of the convention and, in the course of these, witnessed the contest for the ritualistic championship of the State, won by the degree team of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79. That evening he was an honored guest at a dance at the Whitley Hotel and the following afternoon attended the barbecue at Narrow Lane Inn, the concluding feature of the two days' festivities. Other details of the convention appear in another section of this issue of the Magazine, in "News of the State Associations."

Returning to his home in Atlanta for a few days' rest, Mr. Andrews set out again on his tour in time to attend the annual convention of the Indiana State Elks Association, held at La-Fayette.

Passing through Indianapolis en route, Mr. Andrews made a call upon the members of Lodge No. 13 there. On the evening of June 2 he was a guest at an informal reception and dinner, tendered by the officers of Indianapolis Lodge. Prominent among others present at the affair were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning and Past Grand Tiler George W. June, both charter members of No. 13. The following morning Mr. Andrews left for La-Fayette.

There he was the guest of honor at the convention banquet at the Fowler Hotel the evening of Wednesday, June 4. His address to those who welcomed him at this affair, a gathering notable both for its numbers and the many distinguished Elks among them, proved decidedly stimulative of enthusiasm. After the conclusion of the dinner, Mr. Andrews attended the grand ball at the Memorial Union Building of Purdue University. The following morning, June 5, he spoke to the assembly of delegates, praising them, as representatives of the State Association, for their benevolent and patriotic enterprises during the year just past. Other details of this meeting of Indiana Elks are published elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, in "News of the State Associations."

The following few days Mr. Andrews spent with friends in Chicago. He left Sunday, June 8, for Ashland, Ky., to attend the convention of the Kentucky State Elks Association.

Arriving in Ashland, June 9, Mr. Andrews found the convention of the Kentucky State Elks Association one of the most impressive of the many he had witnessed during his month of travel. He was gratified by the exhibition of enthusiasm manifested, both in the activities confined strictly to members of the Order and in those which the public was privileged to view. There were held, in the course of his sojourn in Ashland, a striking initiation ceremony and a large street parade. After these events, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a gathering of two thousand, outlining in graphic and moving manner the ideals of the Order and the scope of its patriotic and benevolent enterprises. The response to his words was marked for its spontaneity and sincerity. Another prominent feature of Mr. Andrews's stay with the Elks of Kentucky upon this occasion was his reception from Governor Flem D. Sampson of the commission of a Kentucky Colonel.



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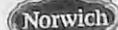
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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Essential Industries

By Paul Tomlinson

"WHEN you are looking over a list of corporations with a view to selecting an investment, isn't it reasonable to confine your choice to those whose businesses are essential?"

"Essential to whom?" asked the caller.

"Why, to the people of the country," said the banker. "Corporations whose products or services the people must use in their everyday lives and activities."

"For example?"

"Railroads, public utilities, steel manufactures, the basic industries, so to speak, those which produce or sell something the people must have no matter what happens."

"Any others?"

"Plenty. You see what I mean, don't you? There are certain industries which are essential as opposed to those which are producing luxuries bought by people only when they are prosperous, or those which produce something which is ephemeral and only in temporary demand."

"I think I see your point," said the caller.

"It's a fundamental point," exclaimed the banker. "When you are exchanging your hard-earned cash for stocks or bonds you want to be sure that the corporation behind them is one that is going to keep on doing business year after year. One that is here today and gone tomorrow is not likely to prove a very good medium for investment."

"I suppose not," said the caller. "I don't think I ever quite looked at it that way, though."

"Possibly not," said the banker, "but you should."

"Take railroads," said the caller, "you say they are essential, and yet they feel the effects of hard times just like other businesses. When times are bad they suffer along with the rest."

"Of course they do. As a matter of fact, railroads reflect business conditions promptly and accurately. When our industries are producing and selling large quantities of goods the railroads are handling these goods and are prosperous; the point is, though, that they must be used to haul goods whether they are produced in large quantities or small. The railroads do business whether times are good or bad, and while their business may vary it still goes on. Do you realize, for instance, that if our railroads should stop running many of our large cities would be faced with starvation inside of two weeks? Railroads, in other words, are my idea of essential industries."

"All railroads?"

"One must discriminate always," said the banker. "It is fair to say that railroads are essential industries, and that railroad securities are good investments. That would be a general statement, but all general statements unfortunately have exceptions; I could mention some railroad securities which I should hesitate to recommend to anyone at the present time."

"You consider steel an essential industry?"

"Why not? Steel is the basis of building construction, of automobile manufacturing; it is the most important element in the construction of railroad equipment, of ship-building, and of many others of our largest businesses. Some people think that steel is the most important of all our essential industries."

"You know," the banker continued, "the steel business is often taken as an index of business conditions generally. If the steel mills are busy that means orders are being received from other companies which use steel in their products, and that in turn means that these other companies are busy and prosperous. In other words, when the steel business is good, business generally is good. In times of business depression people watch the steel companies, and when their orders begin to pick up that means that times will soon be better."

"The public utilities are essential industries, too. Electricity, and gas, and water are always in demand in this modern world, and without them our industrial civilization would soon go to pieces."

"Don't they suffer from hard times?"

"Of course they do; everybody does. When factories are running at less than capacity

they naturally buy less power. On the other hand, you personally use electricity and gas and water in your home whether times are good or bad, don't you?"

"Why, yes, I suppose I do," said the caller.

"So do millions of other people. It never occurs to us we can get along without them nowadays, so that while, like railroads, the demand for utility service may vary, it always exists. It is an essential as distinguished from a luxury."

"Would you call automobiles essentials or luxuries?"

"Both," said the banker. "They are essential to business, yet they are luxuries, too, as the falling off in the sales of certain kinds of cars following the stock market declines has indicated. Luxuries are the first to feel the pinch of a business depression, you know. On the whole, though, I think automobiles are entitled to be classed as essentials."

"Oil is an essential industry," the banker went on, "but many oil stocks are among the most speculative of all. One has to be especially discriminating in that field. Coal is essential, too, but substitutes for coal are being used in increasing quantities, and for several years the coal companies have been having a hard time of it. Food, of course, is one thing no one can do without, and the chain store corporations have organized a large part of the food business very successfully, and have been exceedingly prosperous. Ships are essential to ocean travel and commerce, but, like certain other essential industries, peculiar conditions in the shipping business have not allowed it to prosper like some others."

"It's all rather confusing," observed the caller.

"THERE are many problems in investing," said the banker. "I think you will agree with my main point, however, that the securities of a corporation engaged in a necessary and stable line of business are better than those of companies whose business is the manufacture and sale of luxuries or non-essentials."

"I see that," agreed the caller. "There's a pretty fine line to be drawn, though, it seems to me. For instance, food may be an essential, but there are luxury foods just the same."

"Exactly," said the banker. "If a company devoted its whole attention to luxury foods its securities would not be as attractive as one producing staples. To go a little further, a company producing a diversified line of essentials would probably do better than one turning out one product only. That's one reason businesses are merging with one another nowadays. They want to have several strings to their bows instead of only two or three; then they are protected against a slump in any one commodity. No business, of course, can rise superior to a period of depression, but it can arrange its affairs so that when hard times come it is prepared to meet them."

"In other words, while they may suffer, they will not suffer so seriously. Is that the idea?"

"It is. Essential industries will keep going, even if they are not prosperous, and they will survive hard times. No business can hope to escape entirely, but it is better to emerge from the fray with a few scratches than to be left dead on the field."

"Fine," laughed the caller. "I agree with you entirely."

"You know," said the banker, "I have often thought that it would be a wonderful thing to have a list of investments representing holdings in the leading corporation in each field of essential industry. A man who had that would be pretty well taken care of; he would have his investments diversified, and he would have investments probably as safe as could possibly be obtained. His principal would be safe, his income would be assured, and in addition to all that his investments would be readily marketable. In fact, I suspect that every one of them would probably be listed and dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange."

"It would take a lot of money to do that," the caller objected.

"One can always make a start," said the banker. "There is no better way to add to your wealth than by putting your money to work. And could anyone suggest a better investment program than that? What better place for your money could you find than in the securities of the country's leading industries?"

"The best railroad, the best steel company, the best utility, for instance?"

"Yes, and the best automobile company, the best oil company, the best food company. If you wanted to go further you could add the leading chemical, the leading manufacturer of farm machinery, the leading manufacturer of railroad equipment; once you get started you can think of a great many industries which can be classed as essential."

"What about amusement companies?"

"Well," said the banker, "the American people do seem to feel that they must be amused. We might add an amusement company."

"A mining company?"

"The products of mines certainly are essential. I don't know what we'd do without copper, gold, lead, silver, and zinc, for instance. There are a good many ups and downs in the market for those things, though, and mining is a pretty speculative undertaking. They say, you know, that more money has been put into the ground than has ever been taken out of it."

"What about tobacco?"

"I forget how many billion cigarettes were manufactured and sold last year; and one tobacco company has just announced earnings of about twenty dollars a share in the last fiscal year. People may not need tobacco, but they think they do, and that, I suppose, is more important."

The banker leaned forward, and picked a piece of paper off the corner of his desk. "Look here," he exclaimed, "here is something about railroads which illustrates perfectly all we have been saying. Let me read this to you. 'At the middle of this month the average yield on twenty representative railroad stocks was 5%. Forty of the leading dividend paying common rails are priced at an average of about twelve and a half times their indicated earnings for 1930. On the average, therefore, dividends on the rail issues are currently covered about 1.6 times. Considering the wide inroads that have been made in railroad earnings this year, and the comparative size of dividend payments, it is evident that the industry, under the worst possible conditions, is making a showing that entitles these stocks to investment consideration for long term holding.'"

"That's interesting," said the caller. "The moral is, I suppose, that if a business can earn its dividend requirements when business is bad it will do just that much better when business is good."

"Yes," said the banker. "After all, hard times are the real test of an investment. Almost any old business can make money in periods of great prosperity; only the good ones do well when adversity sets in."

"I suppose that these conditions in the railroad business apply to other essential businesses, too."

"Undoubtedly. And so long as there are so many essential industries to select from, why bother with any others?"

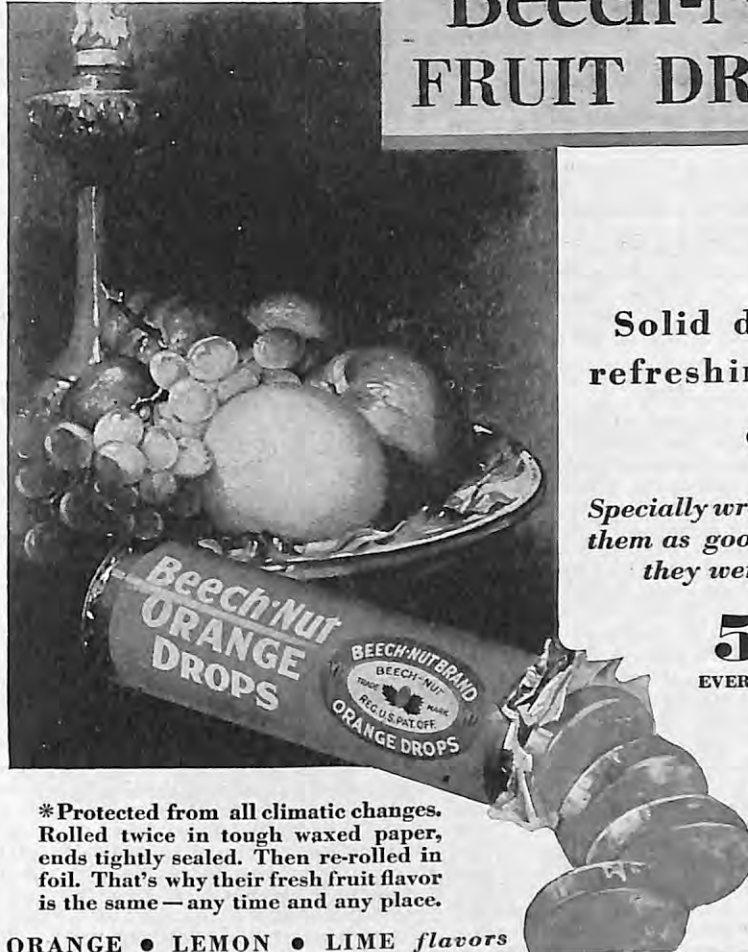
News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 42)

Bagley, Birmingham Lodge, Secretary; P. J. Coyle, Birmingham Lodge, Tiler; Sam Lefkowitz, Bessemer Lodge, No. 721, First Trustee; Matt E. Barganier, Montgomery Lodge, Second Trustee; James Sullivan, Bessemer Lodge, Third Trustee; George W. Randall, Blocton Lodge, No. 710, Fourth Trustee; and D. E. Loe, Montgomery Lodge, Sergeant-at-Arms. Balloting took place on the second day of the convention. Upon the first day President McCrossin opened the meeting. Mayor Gunter made an address of welcome and the Reverend Richard Wilkinson pronounced the invocation. The delegates and other members of the Order present then had the privilege of hearing a stirring address by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, a visitor to Montgomery Lodge during the

(Continued on page 70)

Beech-Nut FRUIT DROPS



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Specially wrapped to keep
them as good as the day
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*Protected from all climatic changes. Rolled twice in tough waxed paper, ends tightly sealed. Then re-rolled in foil. That's why their fresh fruit flavor is the same — any time and any place.

ORANGE • LEMON • LIME flavors



The pause that
gives poise



the **Pause**
that refreshes

Comes a time (as they say) every day, when it's good to drop things — relax — and take a calm, cool look at what it's all about.

Sign-off for just a minute now and then, and refresh yourself with an ice-cold Coca-Cola. Ready for you — anytime — around the corner from anywhere. Nine million times a day the Thinkers and Doers of the nation find the pause that refreshes is what keeps the world wagging.

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9 MILLION A DAY — IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 69)

period of the assembly of Alabama Elks. Mr. Andrews, speaking at both the morning and afternoon sessions, inspired all who heard him to an uncommon measure of enthusiasm. A report of his visit is presented elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, in "The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits." In addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler's address, a feature of exceptional interest was the contest between degree teams of Alabama Lodges. Birmingham Lodge's representatives won the event and, because it was their third successive victory, they came into permanent possession of the championship cup. A dance at the Whitley Hotel closed the first day's activities and a barbecue at Narrow Lane Inn concluded those of the second and final day.

Texas

AT THE annual convention of the Texas State Elks Association, held recently on four consecutive days at Del Rio, and attended by over a thousand Elks, representing fifty-one Lodges, the officers for the coming year were elected and installed. Julian La Crosse, of Del Rio Lodge, No. 837, was chosen President; and T. B. Phillips of El Paso Lodge, No. 187, reelected Secretary. The Association elected the following Vice-Presidents: S. W. O'Brien, Houston Lodge, No. 151; C. E. Smeltz, San Antonio Lodge, No. 216; H. E. Holmes, Temple Lodge, No. 138; Larry Pape, Dallas Lodge, No. 71; H. B. Buckalow, Burkburnett Lodge, No. 1489; Harry Logsdon, Ranger Lodge, No. 1373 and George Griffin, Waxahachie Lodge, No. 280. Trustees named were M. O. Richardson, Beaumont Lodge, No. 311; Parnot Donagan, Corpus Christi Lodge, No. 1030; H. S. Rubenstien, Brenham Lodge, No. 979; C. B. Dorsey, Dallas Lodge; N. R. Vaught, Burkburnett Lodge; Gus Farrar, Sweetwater Lodge, No. 1257, and Wallace Hughston, McKinney Lodge, No. 828. The installation of these officers took place immediately after the elections, with W. R. Dudley, Jr., Past Exalted Ruler of Dallas Lodge, No. 71, in charge of the ceremonies. D. Curtis Gano, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, represented Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. Speeches were made by Mr. Gano; the retiring President, W. W. Bridges; and President-elect La Crosse, of the Texas State Elks Association; and by Past Presidents P. L. Downs, James H. Gibson and Charles Mangold. The elaborate program of entertainment opened on Thursday evening with a banquet in the New Crosby Hotel, for the retiring officers of the Association and their guests. On Friday afternoon there was a golf tournament for visiting Elks, while the delegates to the convention were in session. There followed next a baseball game, and thereafter a ritualistic contest between El Paso Lodge, No. 187, and Houston Lodge, No. 151. This was won by the El Paso team. At the San Felipe Country Club that evening the grand ball drew the attention of the entire assemblage. Saturday afternoon Elks representing most of the fifty-one visiting Lodges paraded through the beautifully decorated streets of Del Rio. Another baseball game followed the parade; and later in the day a barbecue was served at the Sabinas Stadium in Villa Acuna. The celebration of a "Gala Night in Mexico" took place in the evening in the Mexican town of Villa Acuna, across the river from Del Rio. The next day, Sunday, no business sessions were held. However, in the afternoon, the visitors witnessed a comic bull-fight and rodeo. Later in the afternoon there was special entertainment for the ladies.

Tennessee

AT a meeting held recently at Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 72, Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, together with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. E. Mullins, took charge of the reorganization of the Tennessee State Elks Association. Forty delegates, representing eight out of the thirteen Lodges in the State, were present. In an address, Mr. Barrett explained the work of the State Association and outlined a plan for reorganization. A temporary body was effected with the following officers: L. Z. Turpin, Columbia Lodge, No.

686, President; D. Sovetts, Johnson City Lodge, No. 825, First Vice-President; F. B. Wilkinson, Jackson Lodge, No. 192, Second Vice-President; W. B. Mustaine, Nashville Lodge, No. 72, Third Vice-President; W. B. Carnahan, Murfreesboro Lodge, No. 1029, Secretary; and John T. Meneff, Chattanooga Lodge, No. 91, Treasurer. These officers were authorized to fix the exact date and place of a meeting to be held in September, when a permanent organization will be instituted.

Indiana

TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED Elks, including Grand Lodge officers, past and present; other notables of the Order, and delegates and members of every one of the sixty-four Lodges in the State, attended the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Indiana State Elks Association, held on three successive days early last month at the Home of LaFayette Lodge, No. 143. With the then President of the Association, Fred C. Cunningham, presiding, delegates at the business session upon the first day of the assemblage were welcomed in addresses by Mayor John B. Hudson of LaFayette; Mayor M. B. Morgan of West LaFayette; and Police Chief John H. Kluth, who presented to Mr. Cunningham the keys to the city. Exalted Ruler Louis Segal extended the greetings of the host Lodge. To these expressions of hospitality, the President responded for the Association. Short talks followed by Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; and by Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. In the afternoon there was held the ritualistic contest among Indiana Lodges for the trophy donated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning and emblematic of the championship of the State. Frankfort Lodge, No. 560, was the winner. While this competition was taking place, the ladies of Elks present for the convention were entertained at a bridge party. More diversion, in the form of a theatre party, was arranged for them likewise in the evening, when their escorts had deserted them to attend the convention banquet at the Fowler Hotel. Chief among the guests of honor at the dinner was Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. Others of exceptional note among the two hundred members of the Order present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Frank J. McMichael, Mr. Barrett, Past Grand Inner Guard Louie Forman, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Burke, Mr. Cunningham, W. C. Groebl, Secretary of the Association; and Mr. Scott. The principal speech of the evening was that of Mr. Andrews. Following it came addresses by Mr. Fanning, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Groebl. Mr. Burke acted as toastmaster for the occasion. At the conclusion of the banquet, those who had attended rejoined their ladies at the Memorial Union Building of Purdue University, for the grand ball. Early the next morning, on the second day of the gathering, began the golf tournament at the LaFayette Country Club. While this was in progress, the delegates assembled at the business session and there received the hearty praise of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews for their Association's work in charities and in Americanization. A second speaker was Exalted Ruler Harry E. McClain of Shelbyville Lodge, No. 457, whose address was devoted to the memory of those Elks who had died since the convention of the year before. At this session, too, the reports of the committees on resolutions, laws, auditing, social and community welfare, and relations with other associations, were received and the resolutions embodied in them adopted, and officers for the coming year elected. They were: Fred A. Wiecking, Bluffton Lodge, No. 706, President; Frank E. Coughlin, South Bend Lodge, No. 235, First Vice-President; Don Allman, Noblesville Lodge, No. 576, Second Vice-President; Lee F. Bays, Sullivan Lodge, No. 911, Third Vice-President; Joseph L. Clarke, Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13, Fourth Vice-President; W. C. Groebl, Shelbyville Lodge, Secretary; Harry K. Kramer, Michigan City Lodge, No. 432, Treasurer; and Frank Flanigan, Trustee. In the afternoon, the

convention parade was held. This proved to be a procession remarkable for its variety and brilliance as well as for its numbers. In addition to the hundreds of Elks marching in line, there were nearly fifty decorative floats, representing the city of LaFayette, its business and civic organization. State motor police and those of the municipality, the second group led by Police Chief Kluth, headed the procession, followed by the LaFayette American Legion drum corps. Next in order were officers of the Grand Lodge, in motors festooned with purple and white bunting. The Pythian Home band was next, followed by the floats of the Columbia Park Zoo, the Citizens' band of LaFayette, the Jefferson High School band, the LaFayette Lodge drum corps, the Frankfort Lodge drum corps, Michigan City Lodge drum corps, the Rushville Lodge, No. 1307, band, the Crawfordsville Lodge, No. 483, band, and the Gary Lodge, No. 1152, band. Among the more than two-score floats in the procession were those of LaFayette Lodge, the LaFayette Fire Department, the LaFayette Street Department, the West LaFayette Fire Department, those of a number of commercial companies and that of the Fashion and Business and Professional Women's Club. Immediately following the parade, the Purdue University band, through the courtesy of its leader, Professor P. S. Emrick, gave a concert for all visitors in the lobby of the Fowler Hotel. In the evening, the ladies who had accompanied the delegates and other members of the Order to LaFayette were again entertained at dinner and the theatre. Upon the morning of the next and final day of the assemblage, the newly elected officers were installed and, soon after midday, the convention adjourned. Simultaneously the second and last day's play of the golf tournament was held.

New York

ONE of the most successful conventions ever held by the New York State Elks Association recently came to a close at Niagara Falls. It was in session the first four days in June and was held under the auspices of Lodge No. 346.

After the opening exercises, held at the Home of Niagara Falls Lodge, the formal session of the convention was called to order in the morning, in the ballroom of the Hotel Niagara. President William T. Phillips, rendering his report of the activities of the year, disclosed that the Association is in a healthy and flourishing condition and that all of the ninety Lodges within the State are members of it. Mr. Phillips also stated that every Lodge in the State had been visited either by the President or one of the Vice-Presidents, and he commended the activities of Leon L. Abbey, Schenectady Lodge, No. 480; Thomas F. Cuite, Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22; Herman Engel, Peekskill Lodge, No. 744; William F. Edelmuth, Kingston Lodge, No. 550; Edward M. Meagher, Wellsville Lodge, No. 1495; John A. Weert, Ogdensburg Lodge, No. 772; L. S. Guard, Geneva Lodge, No. 1054, and Adolph C. Kudel, Lockport Lodge, No. 41, all of whom served as Vice-Presidents during the past year.

The election of officers for the coming year concluded this first session. The following were chosen to serve: President, Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Troy Lodge, No. 141; Vice-Presidents, Matthew J. Merritt, Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878; Isaac C. Hotaling, Ossining Lodge, No. 1486; Charles H. Levy, Liberty Lodge, No. 1545; Francis H. Marx, Oneonta Lodge, No. 1312; Grover C. Ingersoll, Herkimer Lodge, No. 1439; David D. Bailey, Lyons Lodge, No. 869; H. C. Price, Buffalo Lodge, No. 23; and William T. Rowan, Whitehall Lodge, No. 1491; Secretary, Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346; Treasurer, John T. Osowski, Elmira Lodge, No. 62; Trustees, Theodore F. Kalbfleisch, Jr., Glens Falls Lodge, No. 81; Joseph E. Steinmeier, Bronx Lodge, No. 671; Fred A. Onderdonk, White Plains Lodge, No. 535; William F. Edelmuth, Kingston Lodge, No. 550; and Michael T. Paquette, Ogdensburg Lodge, No. 772. In addition to these officers, Howard A. Swartwood, Binghamton Lodge, No. 852; Alonzo L. Waters, Medina Lodge, No. 898; and Perl W. Devendorf, Watertown Lodge, No. 496, whose terms as Trustees do not expire until next year, will serve the Association for the ensuing twelve months.

At the second morning session, the report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee,

of which Frank L. Armstrong of White Plains Lodge, No. 535, serves as chairman, was read. It indicated that Lodges of the State have spent \$366,000 during the past year for charitable and benevolent purposes. This amount included an item of over \$20,000 devoted to the care and entertainment of crippled children. The report showed also that seventy-nine Lodges in the State have subscribed to the Elks National Foundation Fund. Several of the remaining eleven Lodges subsequently reported membership in this undertaking.

Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, addressed the initial morning session. At the concluding session, at noon on the third day, the officers-elect were installed by the Reverend Dr. Arthur O. Sykes, of Lyons Lodge, No. 869, Honorary President of the Association.

Upon being inducted into office, President Gallico announced the appointment of the Reverend Father John F. White, of New York Lodge, No. 1, to serve as Chaplain during the year. Frank J. Hogan, Troy Lodge, No. 141, was appointed Tiler, and Warren S. Hastings, Albany Lodge, No. 49, reappointed Sergeant-at-Arms.

The parade, which was the closing feature of the convention program, was pronounced by on-lookers to be the finest held in recent years. The judges made the following awards: for largest delegation from the greatest distance, Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878; for neatest appearance, New York Lodge, No. 1; for regulation band, Binghamton Lodge, No. 852; for boys' band, Rochester Lodge, No. 24; for handsomest float, Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22. In the drill team competition, held at the State Armory just before the formation of the parade, the representation of Bronx Lodge, No. 871, was awarded first prize. In the fancy drill, in which Bronx Lodge did not participate, Binghamton Lodge's team carried off the honors, while Queens Borough Lodge's team received favorable mention. It was voted at the convention to hold the 1931 convention at Utica, in June.

Illinois

Activities in behalf of crippled children will be the prime object of attention at the coming twenty-seventh annual convention of the Illinois State Elks Association, to be held August 7, 8 and 9, in Chicago, and under the auspices of Lodge No. 4 there. During the year just past, the Association has established sixty clinic centers for disabled boys and girls and, through these institutions, given attention to an average of one hundred young patients a week. As a furtherance of interest in this relief work for the twelve months to come, the convention committee of the Association, headed by President Henry C. Warner, Secretary George W. Hasselman and Trustee Max Ephraim, has announced that one of the sessions of the meeting will be held in the auditorium of a hospital in Chicago and that there an inspection of the clinic and of the children being treated under Elks' care will be made. Another event of exceptional interest at the convention, in August, will be the ritualistic contest among Lodges of Illinois for the State championship. This at present is held by Aurora Lodge, No. 705, whose representatives, having won their way this year again to the finals, are hopeful of repeating their victory of last summer.

Scheduled Meetings

The following State Associations have scheduled annual conventions, to be held at the places, and on the dates, named below:

- California, at Monterey, October 16-17-18.
- Colorado, at Trinidad, August 28-29-30.
- Illinois, at Chicago, August 7-8-9.
- Maine, at Portland, July 23.
- Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia, at Salisbury, in August.
- Missouri, at Columbia, in July.
- Montana, at Virginia City, August 14-15-16.
- Nevada, at Tonopah, September 12-13.
- New Jersey, at Atlantic City, July 10-11-12-13.
- Ohio, at Cedar Point, August 25-26-27-28-29.
- Oklahoma, at Sapulpa, September 1-2.
- Pennsylvania, at Reading, August 25.
- Virginia, at Hampton, August 14-15-16.
- Wisconsin, at Racine, August 14-15-16.

FIND THE TWIN GIRLS!



Show me that you can solve this puzzle and I'll show you how easy it is to win an automobile or \$600.00 in cash by taking an active part in my new publicity plan. Be careful. Don't lose your chance. Study the ten 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.

I mean exactly what I say. In fact, if you send me the correct solution, my reward for your effort will put you fairly on your way to win one of my

10^{1st} PRIZES of \$600⁰⁰ each!

Surely You Can Win One of Them



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.

Look What These Folks Have Done



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 Henfling.

merely by solving the puzzle and following a few simple directions.

If you've never won before here's your chance!

For years we have awarded large cash and auto prizes to get publicity in new communities, but have given only one first prize at a time. Now, in our latest advertising plan, we want publicity in several communities at once. You and nine others now can each get one of the ten big first prizes. Just think—not one but ten equal rewards of \$600.00 each or, if you prefer, a brand new 1930 2-door Chevrolet Sedan, delivered by your nearest dealer.

Finding the Twins Starts You Off!

No other advertising plan like it. A few minutes of concentration on the puzzle sends you off with a flying start. The plan 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. Former winners of autos or first prizes and residents of Chicago, Illinois, are not permitted to take part.

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, Room 66, 54 West Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 41)

Department of the Public School. In her letter to the Lodge, Miss Irvin said, in part: "It is a privilege for any boy to take advantage not only of the musical opportunity which is offered, but to come in contact with men who can build up and maintain a Boys' Band which is a credit to our city."

Westerly, R. I., Lodge Is Host to Norwich, Conn., Elks

The members of Westerly, R. I., Lodge, No. 678, were hosts, a short time ago, to a delegation of Elks from Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 430. The principal event of interest was the initiation of a class of candidates. After the adjournment of the formal session, the Westerly Elks served a splendid hot buffet supper.

Wilkesburg, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its Thirtieth Anniversary

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener and many other distinguished members of the Order attended the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of Wilkesburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 577, held a short time ago in its Home. Addresses were made by Mr. Tener and by Lawrence H. Rupp, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Other prominent guests present were Past Presidents of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association James B. Yard and George Kambach; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. J. Schrader. Delegations came from Charleroi, Sheraden, Pittsburgh, Washington, Braddock, Jeannette, Canonsburg and Allegheny Lodges.

Alameda, Calif., Elks Visit Oakland Lodge

Under the leadership of their officers, about seventy members of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, journeyed recently to Oakland Lodge, No. 171, for a fraternal visit. The ritualistic team of the visitors performed with excellence for the Alameda Elks. After the regular Lodge meeting an Italian dinner was served.

Son Seeks Lost Father, Fred Palmer, Member of Elkhart, Ind., Lodge

The son of Fred Palmer, for fifteen years a member of Elkhart, Ind., Lodge, No. 425, has asked the Magazine to assist him in finding his father, who two years ago disappeared. The elder Mr. Palmer was last heard of in Cincinnati, in 1928. He was a stock and bond salesman and at one time had an office in that city. Upon the journeys that his work entailed, it was his habit frequently to visit Elks Homes and there present his traveling card. And it was his custom, until two years ago, to keep regularly in communication with his family, which includes his wife and six children. Mr. Palmer is a heavy man, although not exceptionally tall. He weighs 210 pounds and his height is five feet, eleven inches. His hair is sandy, graying a bit about the temples. He is fifty-five years old. In the event of any one's having seen or heard of him within the last two or three years, his son, Paul Palmer, asks that word of it be communicated to him in care of the Senseney Service Station, Harrison and Second Streets, Elkhart, Ind.

Dignitaries at Dedication of New Home of Alhambra, Calif., Elks

In the presence of Dr. Ralph Hagan, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, and with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hal C. Reynolds presiding, Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, No. 1328, dedicated recently its splendid new Home. Officers, both past and present, of this Lodge assisted in the exercises. The dedicatory address was made by Mr. Reynolds. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, and J. J. Doyle, Past Exalted Ruler of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, also spoke. The new Home is both spacious and modern. It is a three-story structure, containing thirty-two rooms. The largest of these, the Lodge-room, will accommodate 600 persons, and its facilities, comprising a broad stage at one end and an organ loft at the opposite, offer every opportunity for impressiveness in

ceremonial. Other important rooms in the Home are the gymnasium, the billiard rooms, the grill, the ladies' lounge, the gentlemen's lounge, the banquet-room, the trustees' and secretary's rooms, and two kitchens. The main lobby is tiled in red, the entrance patio paved with flagstones and the banquet-room has a floor of clear maple. One of the technical features of the Home is a ventilating plant which effects a change of air throughout the building every six minutes. The city of Alhambra, as well as the Lodge, is proud of the new Home. The municipal pride manifested itself on the day of dedication in decorating the Main Street of Alhambra with purple and white bunting.

Omaha, Neb., Elks, as Guests of Columbus Lodge, Initiate Class

A delegation comprising the officers and members of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, accepted recently the invitation of Columbus Lodge, No. 1195, for a fraternal visit. The Columbus Elks, after meeting their guests at the station, escorted them immediately to the Home for a luncheon. At the meeting thereafter, the Omaha officers conducted initiation ceremonies for their hosts.

San Juan, P. R., Elks Celebrate Their Twenty-fifth Anniversary

The members of San Juan, P. R., Lodge, No. 972, celebrated recently, at the Bellevue, where is the new Home for the Elks of the Island, their twenty-fifth anniversary. The scene, with the Bellevue, its brilliant lights mirrored in the Conado Lagoon, gaily decorated, was a striking one; and the festivities, which included dancing and singing and witty, informal talks, were thoroughly enjoyable. A feature of the evening was the bestowal of an Elks Medal of Distinguished Service upon all life members of the Lodge.

Southern California Elks Bowling Association Opens Season

The Southern California Elks Bowling Association, an organization active annually every summer, began its latest season auspiciously a short time ago. The Association comprises teams from sixteen Lodges in and about Los Angeles. At the end of its season, its members plan to hold a banquet in honor of their wives, in recompense for the solitude the Association will have inflicted upon them during the term of its activity.

Lodges Warned Against Robert Culp, Expelled from Oxnard, Calif., Lodge

L. J. Doerner, Secretary of Oxnard, Calif., Lodge, No. 1443, has requested the Magazine to issue a warning to members of the Order against the practices of a former member of that Lodge, Robert Culp. This man, according to the Secretary, carries a 1929-1930 membership card, No. 11; and he has, on several occasions, secured money from Lodges in the Middle West through the device of asking a Lodge to wire Oxnard Lodge for funds and, during the time required to get a reply, borrowing a smaller amount and then vanishing. Mr. Doerner declares that Mr. Culp, on charges preferred, has been expelled from the Order.

Notice to Lodges Wishing Films Of Visits of Prosperity Cars

If any of the Lodges visited by one of the Purple and White cars that made the recent ELKS MAGAZINE-Viking Prosperity Tour, wishes to have a print of the motion picture made at that Lodge, it may obtain it free of charge by communicating with the Kodel Electric and Manufacturing Company, of Cincinnati O. This concern is the manufacturer of the apparatus with which the cinematic record of visits to Lodges was made, and generously makes this offer to those interested.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Billings, Mont., Lodge undertook recently the refurbishing of a room in St. Vincent's Hospital

in their city, so that it may serve as a comfortable and inviting place of recreation for convalescent patients.

A. D. Schoenfeld, Sr., for the last fifteen years Treasurer of Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, resigned his office a short time ago. In leaving this post, Mr. Schoenfeld received tokens of appreciation for the ability and conscientiousness which had marked his tenure of it.

The tenth annual show, given recently by members of Helena, Mont., Lodge at a theatre there, earned a substantial sum for the Lodge's charity fund.

The Glee Club of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, under the direction of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance, sang at a well-attended session at Bronx Lodge recently.

Gardner, Mass., Lodge burned its mortgage at a meeting held recently at the Colonial Hotel.

The degree team and several members of Hampton, Va., Lodge journeyed recently by automobile to Suffolk Lodge, where they initiated a class of candidates for their hosts.

The Annual May Ball of New Orleans, La., Lodge for children and their parents, proved, for the Elks as well as for their guests, one of the most enjoyable in the history of such affairs.

Manchester, N. H., Lodge, in response to an appeal sent out by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Herman H. Rice for funds to aid the relief work in the fire-stricken city of Nashua, recently contributed a sum of money and asked its members to supplement this with individual subscriptions.

Business and professional men of Daytona Beach, Fla., a group of sixty in all, gave a banquet recently to Past Exalted Ruler W. Maxwell Hankins, of Daytona Beach Lodge, in honor of his election a short time before to the office of President of the National Board of Pharmacists of the United States. David Sholtz, member of the Ritualistic Committee of the Grand Lodge, acted as toastmaster.

With a cast numbering more than one hundred, Crisfield, Md., Lodge presented a short time ago its annual minstrel and revue. It proved a financial success as well as an entertaining performance. The proceeds are to be applied to charities.

Elks from many Lodges in Florida attended the celebration, held recently, of the first anniversary of New Smyrna Lodge. The events of the day included a street parade in the afternoon and a banquet in the evening, followed by an initiation of candidates at the Lodge session.

Upon the invitation of Frederick, Md., Lodge, the officers of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association held their fifth meeting of the year there recently. A delightful dinner preceded the business session.

To both the boy and the girl graduated with the highest general average this year from its city's schools, Hagerstown, Md., Lodge recently awarded diamond rings.

The orchestra of Mamaronock, N. Y., Lodge, for its playing during several fraternal visits recently, was highly praised by the audiences before which it performed.

The Fourth Annual ball, held by Jerome, Ariz., Lodge a short time ago, realized a substantial profit for the Lodge's Charity Fund.

The ladies associated with Pekin, Ill., Lodge, to whom the privileges of the bowling alleys of the Home are accorded several times a week, after having formed a league of twelve teams among themselves, recently completed their schedule of competition to determine the champion team.

President Fred B. Mellman, of the California State Elks Association, at a recent meeting of Alameda Lodge, addressed its members upon the activities of the State organization.

Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge entertained the members of Troop No. 1 of the Boy Scouts of that city a short time ago at the Elks Home there. Before the serving of an informal supper the youngsters gave a fine exhibition of first-aid work.

Olean, N. Y., Lodge mourns the loss of its Exalted Ruler, John J. Sheehan, who died recently in Olean. Mr. Sheehan became a member of the Lodge in 1907.

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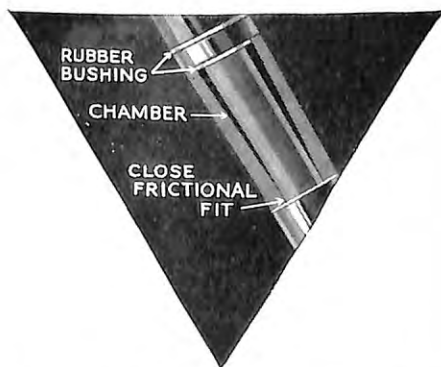
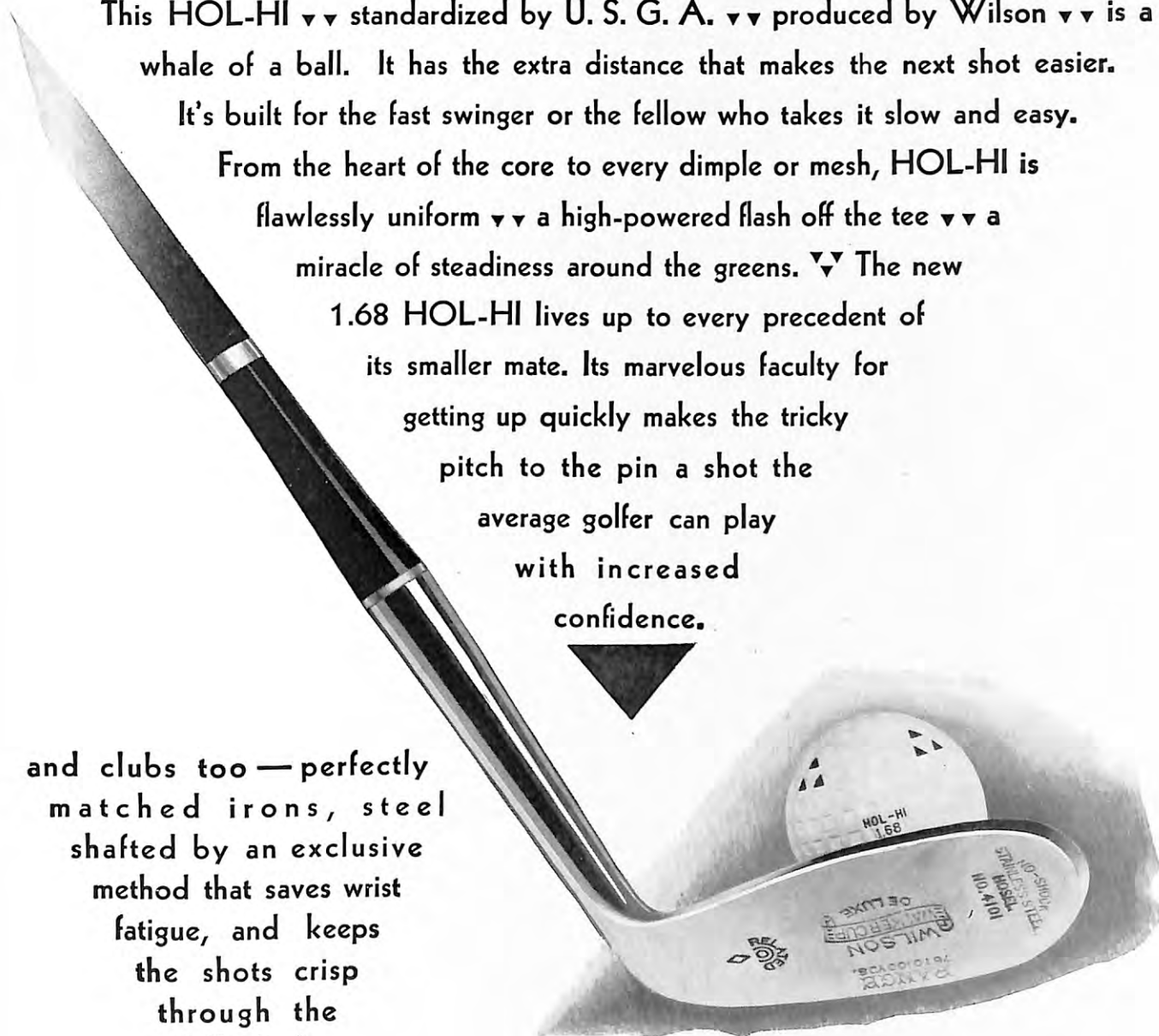
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